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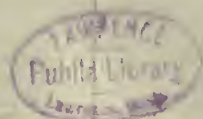


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THE
NATIONAL MAGAZINE

AN

Illustrated American Monthly



Volume XXXVI: April, 1912, to Sept., 1912



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INDEX

TO THE
NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Volume XXXVI: April, 1912, to September, 1912

COVER DESIGNS

APRIL—"Entering the Harbor," reproduced in three-color process from the painting.....	Jos. Knowles.
MAY—"When Wishes found Wings," reproduced in three colors from an oil painting.....	Arthur Hutchins.
JUNE—"The Tea Cup Girl," reproduced in three colors from original drawing by.....	R. F. McKenna.
JULY—"The Bathing Girl," reproduced in color from the original drawing by.....	R. F. McKenna.
AUGUST—"In the Old Swimming Hole," reproduced in color from the original drawing by..	Workman.
SEPTEMBER—Niagara the Beautiful, reproduced in color.....	

FRONTISPIECES

APRIL—"The Minor Chord," from a charcoal drawing.....	Leslie L. Benson.
MAY—The Late General Frederick Dent Grant.	
JUNE—Robert Burns, from a rare photograph now in possession of Lord Roseberry.	
JULY—The late Senator George Stuart Nixon.	
AUGUST—William Howard Taft and James Schoolcraft Sherman.	
SEPTEMBER—The Washington Monument.	

REGULAR FEATURES AND DEPARTMENTS

Affairs at Washington.....	Joe Mitchell Chapple, 5-129-255-531-691
Let's Talk It Over.....	Publisher's Department
Books o' the Month. Illustrated.....	Antony Dee, 129-241-381-517-679
The Nobility of the Trades. Illustrated.....	Charles Winslow Hall, 49-335-435-600-779
The Home.....	Contributed by Readers

FICTION

Across the Night, beyond the Day. Illustrated by A. C. Knapp.....	Louise Pond Jewell..... 827
Adventures of a Country Schoolmarm. Illustrated.	Katharine Kingsley Crosby..... 351
Back Porch, The. Illustrated by Marion L. Humphrey.....	Lotta Miller..... 221
Barrens, In the. Illustrated by Arthur Hutchins.	Grant Wilcox..... 61
Broken Pinion, A. Illustrations by Stanley Knowlton	Harold Strong Latham..... 357
Cabin No. 117. Illustrated.....	Robert A. Ward..... 563
Captain Eliphalet's Money. Illustrated by Arthur Hutchins.....	Mary Livingston Burdick..... 81
Casimir Jacques. A story of the Gulf Coast. Illustrated by Leslie L. Benson.....	Anne Bozeman Lyon..... 735
Cherries. Illustrated.....	Jennie Harris Oliver..... 589
Desert Angel, The. Illustrated.....	George Ethelbert Walsh..... 593
Dog in the Hotel, The. Illustrations by Arthur Hutchins.....	Jack Brant..... 430
Except for the "Bonehead." Illustrated by Orville P. Williams.....	Harrison C. Morning..... 281
Father. Illustrations by Arthur Hutchins.....	Emma Bates Harvey..... 327
Five Best Things in the World, The. Illustrated.	Rutledge Bermingham..... 501
Gold Girl, The. Illustrated.....	Nellie Cravey Gillmore..... 795
Graduate, A. Illustrated.....	Ladd Plumley..... 447
Henry Holman's Pilgrimage. A Serial. Illustrations by Leslie L. Benson.....	M. R. Ueberhind..... 314-427-617
Her Precious House. Illustrated by R. I. Conklin	Laura Tilden Kent..... 212
His Answer.....	Eugene P. Lyle, Jr..... 204

INDEX

Image and Likeness, The. Illustrated	Lambert Fahey	495
Kidnapped. Illustrated	Jessie Davies Willdy	491
Love that Lived, The. Illustrated	Fannie C. Griffing	470
Magic Hour, The. Illustrated	Lottie A. Gannett	578
Match-Making Bat, The. Illustrations by Arthur Hutchins	Isabel Anderson	559
Melissa's Elopement. Illustrated	Carrie Hunt Latta	569
Miner's Talisman, The.	William Alfred Corey	443
Minor Chord, The. A Serial		33-157
On the Trail of the Brothers Grimm. Illustrated.	Francis E. Clark	229
Padre Bernardo	Harold de Polo	790
Papa Buys Some Diamonds. Illustrated by Orville P. Williams	Ed. Cahn	817
Per Lesson No. 1. Illustrated by Arthur Hutchins	Minnie Barbour Adams	772
Sam Slick's Timber Speculation	Judge Haliburton	247
Sand Painter, The. Illustrated by Orville P. Williams	Will Gage Carey	505
Sentiment and the Senior. Illustrated	Marvin Ferree	345
Shadow of Greatness, The. Illustrated by R. S. Conklin	Jean Louise de Forest	89
Two and a Pocket Handkerchief. A Serial. Illustrated	Josephine Page Wright	766
Wanted—A Young Man. Illustrated.	Winifred L. Paddock	809
When Wishes Found Wings. Illustrated with pen and ink sketches by Arthur Hutchins	Katherine Hopkins Chapman	177

VERSE

Advance, The	Henry Dumont	689
All Soul's Eve	Edward Wilbur Mason	370
Between the Lights	From "Heart Throbs," Vol. II	562
Boy I Knew, A	Walter G. Doty	599
Chimney Nook, The	Margaret Grant McWhirter	568
Commonplace Life, A	From "Heart Throbs," Vol. II	446
Consolation	C. W. Hall	452
Darkness and Light	Henry Dumont in "A Golden Fancy"	306
Do It Today	Andrew J. Boyd	112
Family, The	From "Heart Throbs," Vol. II	233
Focus, The	Ralph M. Thomson	794
Forget It	From "Heart Throbs," Vol. II	350
"For He Shall Give His Angels Charge Over Thee," Psalm 91-11	Lotta J. Darling	48
Freedom	George Wood Anderson	808
Friendship	Frederick Moxon	478
Heart of Friendship, The	From "Heart Throbs," Vol. II	837
Hello	J. Andrew Boyd	287
Humility	Caroline H. Burgess	693
Idols	Cary F. Jacob	466
Joy of Battle, The	Florence L. Patterson	869
June Song	Edith Minitier	326
Jungle, The	Edward Wilbur Mason	434
Likeness	Henry Dumont	32
Love's Knock	Frances Irvin	802
Mother's Day	Edward Wilbur Mason	156
Man's Inhumanity to Man	Robert Burns in "Heart Throbs"	298
Now	From "Heart Throbs," No. II	119
Old Home, The	Helen T. Woods	826
Our Forbears	Edith Minitier	778
Paolo and Francesca (Dante's "Inferno," Canto 5)	M. Jay Flannery	325
Prayer, A	Henry Dumont	710
Smiles and Sunshine	J. Andrew Boyd	187
Song of Trust, A	Mary Brooks	588
Since Hearts are Hearts and Poetry is Power	Emma Playter Seabury	558
Sowing and Reaping	E. B. LaCount	355
Spring Courage. Written about 1550 and translated from the French by Helen F. Page	Pierre de Ronsard	60
Spring in Acadie	"Pastor Felix"	461
Spring Winds	Edward Wilbur Mason	79
Time	Arthur Wallace Peach	376
Tiny Things	From "Heart Throbs," No. II	128
Today	From "Heart Throbs," No. II	59
Trail o' Dreams	Jessie Davies Willdy	577
Two Viewpoints	Henry Dumont in "A Golden Fancy"	220

INDEX

Voyager, The	Lilla B. N. Weston	356
Waltz Song	Charles Winslow Hall	188
When Evening Comes if in Thy Heart Unrest.	Arthur Wallace Peach	420
When the Tide is Low	From "Heart Throbs," No. II	80
Who Seeks the Truth Seeks Heaven	E. B. LaCount	490
Wild Coreopsis	Floy Schoonmaker Armstrong	462
Woman's Prayer, A.	From "Heart Throbs," Vol. II	429
Young Man Absalom, The	Arthur J. Lockhart	678
Your Chance	Gillette M. Kirke	494

ESSAYS, BIOGRAPHIES AND ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES

Alias Jimmy Valentine. Illustrated	Ann Randolph	377
An Afternoon at "The Bungalow" with Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Illustrated	The Editor	870
Business Men in Politics. Illustrated	Flynn Wayne	694
Case of Senator Lorimer, The	W. C. Jenkins	863
Concerning William Sulzer. Illustrated	Mitchell Mannering	135
Danger of Patent Medicines, The. Illustrated ..	Harry Everett Barnard	467
David Starr Jordan	George Wharton James	189
Democracy's Prime Need.	Arthur Hendrick Vandenberg	609
Happy Couple of Literary Workers, A. Richard Tully and Eleanor Gates Tully. Illustrated ..	George Wharton James	753
Fish as a Food	William Clayton	690
Fresh Fields and Pastures New for the Traveler. Illustrated with rare photographs.	Francis E. Clark	671
Influence of California upon Literature, The. Illustrated	George Wharton James	65
International Congress of Business Men. Illustrated	Robert J. Bottomly	479
John Craig and His Institution.	Ann Randolph	417
John Fritz Medal, The. Illustrated	William Clayton	105
Leadership in the Resurrected South. Illustrated.	Farrar Newberry	453
Loss of the Titanic, The. Illustrated	Mitchell Mannering	276
McCreery, John L., the Author of "There is No Death." Illustrated.	Frank J. Metcalf	838
Napoleon of Methodism, The. Illustrated	James A. Metcalf	458
National League for Medical Freedom, The. Illus- trated.	B. O. Flower	113
Nation's Panama Exposition, The. Illustrated by Joseph Pennell	Hamilton Wright	746
Navy Yard Consolidation	George F. Stowers	20
New England's Textile Turmoil	John N. Cole	307
New York's Farmer Mayor. Illustrated	Edgar Pillsbury	207
Niagara—"the Mighty Thunderer." Illustrated..	Garnault Agassiz	711
Oil and Acid	Will Levington Comfort	771
On the Chau-Tau-King Circuit. Illustrated	H. C. Gauss	463
"Old Good-By's and Howdy-Do's." An appre- ciation of John D. Wells. Illustrated	The Editor	614
Our First Treaty with France. Illustrated	Chauncey M. Depew	150
Passing of National Political Conventions, The...	The Editor	623
Pitfalls for Investors. Illustrated	Charles G. Dawes	852
Prince of Story Tellers, The	Horace Hazzard	553
Putting a Village on the Map. Illustrated	Sylvester Baxter	120
Rare Burnsianist, A. Illustrated.	Henry C. Hansbrough	289
Real Kaiser, The	Oscar Frichet	97
Remarkable Development of Interurban Rail- roads. Illustrated	W. C. Jenkins	371
Royal Academy, The	Oscar Frichet	299
Roads. Illustrated	W. C. Jenkins	371
Standardizing Prices through the Patent Grant ...	William H. Ingersoll	803
Sweet Singer of the War, A. Illustrated	Mary R. P. Hatch	110
Taft Campaign Manager, The	Francis B. Gessner	708
Textbook of the Fourth Estate, The. Illustrated ..	Mitchell Mannering	859
Timely Topic, A	Howard H. Gross	238
Titanic, The. Illustrated	Arthur N. McGray	485
To Panama for Rest and Fun. Illustrated.	M. L. Blumenthal	840
Typical Americans. Herbert S. Duncombe. Illus- trated.	Mitchell Mannering	218
Typical Americans—Joseph Burr Tiffany	George Willoughby	367
Wealth from Sunshine. Illustrated.	Truman G. Palmer	655
Woodrow Wilson, Presidential Candidate. Illus- trated.	Joseph Lewis French	687
Woolworth Way, The	Flynn Wayne	234



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—See the Minor Chord, p. 32

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NATIONAL MAGAZINE

APRIL, 1912

Affairs at WASHINGTON

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

WITH the buds and showers of April comes a softening of the asperities of the winter campaign at Washington. Even solons of the most serious mien seemed to appreciate an April Fool joke. On the sidewalk lay the inevitable hat enclosing the customary brick, and this year the hats were labeled with the names of the various candidates for President.

Swinging down the avenue with the easy gait so familiar in Pike County, Speaker Champ Clark noticed an innocent-looking sombrero near the curb. With one swing of his foot he sought to push aside the obstacle in his path—but the brick was there.

Aside from President Taft, who continues his work at the executive office with apparently little worry incident to the Presidential campaign, Champ Clark is about the only prominent candidate living in Washington. According to the Washington point of view the two leading candidates of the two great political parties are living in the same city and meeting each other almost every day.

* * *

THE one great preliminary question settled in the early days of April was whether the Colonel said he would and wouldn't or wouldn't and would become a

candidate. The voluminous correspondence of several years past has been examined, and from various reports it would seem that letters have been discovered covering almost all the various angles and every possible solution of the matter.

In Congress new bills continue to be introduced at a rapid rate, with little hopes of reaching the engrossment stage, for most of them. The situation which presents the problem of reconciling a Democratic House with a Republican Senate and Republican President and securing needed legislation therefrom, looks as if little would be accomplished in the way of definite results, and that most of the measures are simply introduced for inspection rather than for enactment. And yet one political sage who has studied the different cycles of congressional activity since the foundation of the Republic, observes that there never has been a more amicable Congress.

The skirmishes for presidential delegates began early, and the usual crop of contests is likely to confront the committee.

The incoming campaign, however, will witness many a break in political families, and a decided upheaval and shaking up of old-time alliances, confirming the trite, familiar proverb that "politics makes strange bedfellows."

ECHOES of Colonel Roosevelt's Columbus speech promise to crystallize into important issues of the coming campaign. While some of his utterances have alienated a large number of Rooseveltian followers, the spectacle of an ex-President going about the country attracting all the attention usually pertaining to one clothed with the authority and dignity of office, is quite unprecedented in American political history. Many sincere friends held their breath in amazement. But, whether dashing about conservative Boston, tending to his duties as overseer of Cornell College, rushing to the West with a speech for a constitutional convention, or following his regular routine of duties as contributing editor of a periodical, there has ever been a widespread interest in Theodore Roosevelt, now for a second time a candidate for the presidency.

For a time following his announcement it was the subject of discussion on every lip, how much influence was exerted by the eight governors who wanted him, or by the nine governors who wanted Taft. The gubernatorial initiative is a new phase in presidential campaigns and is one of the notable consequences of the first governor's conference, called during Roosevelt's administration. The great question remains to be settled—that of determining just what is the will of the people.

The "band wagons" are being painted up ready for the parade, and each will carry the blazon "We are for the people." In the meantime the average individual voter is trying to discover just what candidate really has at heart the real interests of the plain people.

The refrain of "A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight" has been revived with an

idea of being played at least during some part of the proceedings, before or after the conventions at Chicago and Baltimore.

* * *

THERE was a flutter of curiosity in the House of Representatives when Count Francis von Luetzow, the Austrian diplomat, delivered an address on the subject of universal peace. The Count is a typical Austrian nobleman and some twenty years ago was conspicuous in international affairs because of a duel with Count Deym, then Austrian Ambassador.

The duel took place on Austrian soil in 1891 and was brought about, as report has it, through a quarrel over an affront given Countess Luetzow by dropping her from an invitation list. The affair occurred while Count Deym was Austrian Ambassador at London, and Count Luetzow secretary of the embassy. Count Luetzow resigned his office before sending the challenge to Deym, and the thrilling story would furnish Oppenheim another plot.

The years that have elapsed have made Count Luetzow look back on the duel as only a memory. His visit to the United



MAJOR GEORGE O. SQUIER

Who has been appointed military attache of the United States to Great Britain. Major Squier will be remembered as the inventor of multiplex telephony, the patent of which he gave to the government

States at this time is entirely unofficial, and a real home welcome has been extended to him. He was the guest of Representative Sabath of Illinois, and of Mr. John Hays Hammond, and insists that he enjoyed every day of his stay in Washington. He was entertained at the White House, and delivered speeches at the "Economic Club" in New York and in other cities and colleges on the subject of "Peace." He proves that nations, like individuals, are beginning to realize the futilities of war which may soon be quite as obsolete as the duel so popular in earlier times.

MEMORIES of William McKinley are awakened by the red carnation which he loved best of all flowers. During the latter days of his public life he always wore this flower in his buttonhole, and the warmth of his heart is typified in the ruddy glow of the blossom which he loved. The life and career of the martyred President will ever remain an inspiration because of the kindly, Christlike character of the man. To have felt the touch of his hand and have looked into those genial, blue eyes is a life memory. In his great heart there was the spirit of tolerance—that essential tolerance that is today more than ever in demand.

The world needs more men like William McKinley. His friends were indeed grappled to his soul "with hooks of steel." The son of an iron founder, he had a keen appreciation and sympathy with the wage-earners of the country. In the days of the panic of 1893, when he looked upon smokeless factory chimneys and men walking the streets without work, his tender heart was breaking with the fervor that made Lincoln beloved.

Never can I forget that scene at Canton, a few weeks before the great pall fell upon the world. With his arm about the invalid wife to whom he was so devoted, the President and Mrs. McKinley walked up the lawn, looking at the new porch and the newly-painted house. Prosperity had returned to the country, the clouds had passed away, and the mortgage on the home had been lifted. Turning to his wife, he whispered with all the affection of a lover: "Our home, Ida, our home."

It was Sunday evening, and friends had gathered from across the way; the electric lights shimmered down through the leaves on the home picture scene. A neighbor's little girl was playing the violin. Out from the darkness floated the strains of "Home, Sweet Home," which seemed sweeter than ever, for the pomp of the White House was left behind in Washington. Then came "Auld Lang Syne"; there was a hush; the chairs ceased rocking. "Old Folks at Home" followed, reminding us of the old-fashioned flowers below the veranda, which Mother McKinley loved so well. Then, almost as if prophetic, came the strains of "Nearer, My God, to

Thee." The little player stopped, and as she passed the President stooped and kissed her. The shadows of that night fell upon a scene never to be forgotten.

This picture of home devotion was followed in the swift kaleidoscope of a few weeks' time by the awful tragedy at Buffalo. The remains of William McKinley were brought to this home which he loved, and in the twilight shadows he was laid away in a tomb on the hillside, while the strains of "Nearer, My God, to



MRS. EDWARD B. VREELAND

The wife of Congressman Vreeland of New York, a charming and popular matron in the Congressional circle

Thee" died away in the distance. The activities of the nation were hushed in respect to his memory, and indeed nearer and nearer to God and His righteousness is the world today, because William McKinley lived.

* * *

AS the young boys and girls who visit Washington sit in the galleries with their charts indicating the location of different prominent Congressmen and Senators, they have a desire to look upon



SENATOR JOSEPH M. DIXON OF MONTANA, WHO WILL PILOT THE ROOSEVELT CAMPAIGN FOR THE PRESIDENCY

the men whose pictures they have so often seen in the papers and magazines. And as they go along the corridors and see the Senators and Congressmen and judges going to and fro, there is a whispered "That's he—that's so and so."

There are many cases of striking doubles. Colonel W. W. Smith of Topeka, Kansas, is frequently taken for Chauncey M.

Depew. The likeness is so impressive that in several instances when Senator Depew was in the Senate, Colonel Smith walked by the doorkeeper into the sacred precincts of the senate chamber during an executive session, without knowing that he was intruding. Even many of Senator Depew's colleagues looked upon the placid face of the gentleman from Kansas without

realizing that he was not Senator Depew, for Colonel Smith's beard, appearance and general bearing are much like that of the noted postprandial orator.

Colonel Smith was born in Massachusetts and served in the Civil War from that state, but went West shortly after the war. He insists that it is a pleasure to be confused with the beaming, benign and optimistic Depew. "The only difficulty I have in carrying out my part," he declares, "is to give that gracious bow to the ladies that is always characteristic of the distinguished gentleman from New York."

* * *

WE must rub our eyes to realize that it is only seventy-five years since the first Japanese came to America. He was Manjiro Nakahama, a boy of fourteen, who was picked up by the captain of a New England fishing smack in 1841.

According to the report of that time young Nakahama with four other lads had set out from the shores of Japan to do some deep-sea fishing. A violent storm came up and washed them ashore on an island far out in the north Pacific. For several months they struggled against starvation and exposure, but finally were rescued by the American captain. Three of the boys were left at Hawaii, but Nakahama stayed on board and became a favorite of the captain and crew. They brought him to the states and put him in a New England school. Later he returned to his native land, and when Commodore Perry arrived in Japan some years later it was Manjiro Nakahama, the shipwrecked boy, who acted as interpreter between the American envoys and the Japanese feudal government officers. The sympathetic and kindly interest of this sailor lad had much to do with the success of Admiral Perry's negotiations. How often these little incidental influences, so vital at the time, are overlooked in the writing of history.

* * *

THE "spirit of Odin the goer," as Kingsley expresses it, which has always been characteristic of the youth of the Norse and Saxon races from which we are descended, is still alive in the American of today, and now Sidney R. Francis, the

twenty-three-year-old son of former Governor David R. Francis of Missouri, is setting out to work his way around the world without money. He has started on board a trans-Pacific ocean steamer bound for the Orient, and will doubtless carry out his plans to "rough it" and work his way for a year or two. Young Francis graduated from Yale last spring, but "declined with thanks" the position offered him in his father's brokerage office. He would first complete his real education,



WALTER J. FAHY

A popular Washington newspaper man who has been selected to head the Wyoming colonization bureau in the east

he insisted, by "beating it" for a couple of years over the face of the globe. Unlike most fathers, Governor Francis thought well of the idea, and told his son to go ahead and have his own way, providing only letters of credit and introduction, which will insure him employment and, if necessary, care and assistance in sickness or trouble.

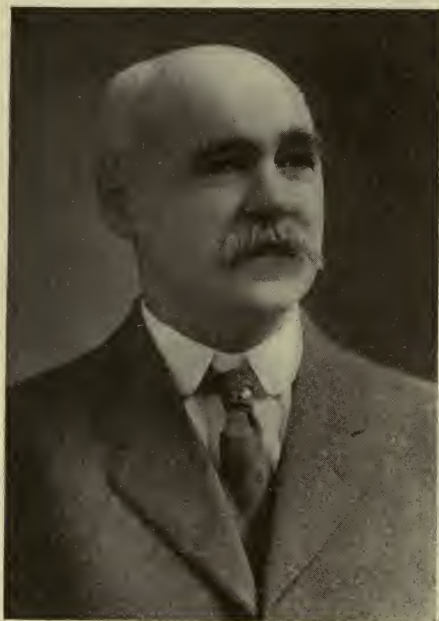
Young Francis insisted that "when a man has money everything comes his way and he does not appreciate the realities of life, nor get into the real swim." Therefore

he has left behind his little bundle of money and letters and has started out to get the real, rugged experience of a trip around the world, meeting and mingling with all sorts and conditions of men.

The old love of the sea and adventure which in the last century sent Dana and hundreds of other American boys to going

are, as a rule, in touch with the political thermometers in all sections of the country, representing as they do papers in every state of the union.

At this time the Standing Committee of Washington correspondents is receiving more letters from newspapers, weekly and monthly magazines and other publications than any other committee in the United States. The Washington Correspondents Standing Committee has been designated by the National Committees of both the Republican and Democratic parties to receive all requests for press seats at the two big conventions, and hundreds of



CHARLES S. ALBERT
Chairman of the Standing Committee of the
Washington correspondents

"before the mast" in a cruise "around the Horn" is not extinct even in these days of luxury, education and rapid transit.

"I am going to see the world with something more than a fish eye," said young Francis as he waved good-bye to his companions, and unconsciously echoed the sentiment of the thousands of American youths who have never quite lost their taste for romance and stirring adventure.

* * *

JUST above the Speaker's chair in the House of Representatives and above Vice-President Sherman's chair in the Senate is the press gallery of Washington correspondents, the galaxy described by Edmund Burke as the "Fourth Estate." The Washington newspaper correspondents



JOHN T. SUTER
Secretary of the Standing Committee of Washington
correspondents and vice-president of the
National Press Club

letters pour in daily to Mr. Charles S. Albert, chairman of the Standing Committee. Mr. Albert has for sixteen years been a member of the *New York World* staff. He reports the proceedings of the United States Senate, and his long service and large fund of information have made him an authority upon matters pertaining to the Upper House.

Mr. John T. Suter, of the *Chicago Record-Herald*, is secretary of the Standing Committee and is also vice-president of

the National Press Club. Mr. John E. Monk, of the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, the St. Paul *Dispatch* and the Sioux City *Journal*, Mr. Robert M. Gates, of the Memphis *Commercial-Appeal* and Mr. George E. Miller of the Detroit *News*, are also members of the committee who are kept busy with applications for press and other reservations.

The Standing Committee will assist the National Committees of the two big parties in assigning the various seats on the platforms of the different convention halls.

* * *

SINCE the days of William McKinley, Myron T. Herrick has been a prominent figure in national affairs. His recent appointment by President Taft as Ambassador to France has met with hearty approval. Mr. Herrick is already quite familiar with French affairs. He has made an exhaustive study of the loaning of money at small rates of interest to the farmers which is in fact the basis of the *Credite Foucier*. He has long been a student of public affairs and has kept quite abreast with progressive ideas and modern development.

The son of a farmer, Myron T. Herrick came to Cleveland, Ohio, years ago and started in business with all that energy and enthusiasm that characterizes the self-made man. His executive ability is manifested in the Society for Savings, one of the great financial institutions of the Middle West.

As governor of his native state he took hold of his work with the same vigor that has characterized his business career. He was the first Ohio governor to exercise the veto power, and he used it without hesitation.

An amiable man, ever ready with a smile and a kindly word, Governor Herrick has always been popular. He presented his home town with a library and is an uncompromising American in thought and ideals.

Mr. Herrick was among those who came to the aid of McKinley in the dark days of his financial disaster just preceding his nomination for president, and his close association with the late Senator Mark

Hanna has endeared him with the followers of that sturdy man.

As Ambassador to France Governor Herrick will bring to bear all the requirements of a distinguished diplomat.

* * *

A DIPLOMATIC flurry at Washington is always interesting. No sooner had Secretary Knox set forth upon his tour of American countries than a little hitch



SECRETARY OF STATE KNOX

Whose South American trip is expected to cement the friendly relationship between the United States and the Latin-American republics

occurred over affairs in Honduras. This will seem a rather significant commentary on a statement in President Taft's speech that in fifteen years there have been seven revolutions in Honduras.

Neutrality there has been difficult to preserve while surrounding nations are at war, and the force of treaties and international relations has naturally been weakened by the shifting of governments. It is believed, however, that Secretary Knox's diplomacy will bring about a unity of commercial interests. The President felt confident that the efficient work

accomplished in San Domingo would be followed by the same results in Honduras, and indeed, all along the route among our sister republics to the southward.

* * *

AT the right hand of Speaker Champ Clark sits Charles R. Crisp, who has succeeded Congressman Asher R. Hinds as Parliamentarian of the House of Representatives. Judge Crisp is the son of the late Hon. Charles Frederick Crisp



HON. CHARLES R. CRISP

Parliamentarian of the House of Representatives

unanimous vote to fill the unexpired term of his father. After this service he practiced law in his home, Americus, Georgia, and was later promoted to the bench. As a judge, impartiality made him noted far and wide throughout his state.

Judge Crisp has not only been a close student of public questions, but has spent much time in the actual performance of public duties. He is a progressive, hard-working young fellow, a true son of his father, and is as beloved by the home folks in Georgia as was the late Speaker. The announcement of his candidacy for Congress from the Third District of Georgia has been received with enthusiasm and gratification. When he comes to his active work as a member of Congress from Georgia his broad experience at the Speaker's stand should serve him well.

* * *

IT may be because I was born soon after the Civil War, when there was a strong life interest in the flag, but one of my delights has always been to see in every home, in every office and factory, the unfurled colors of the country. Memory harks back to that first little printing office in the West, in which the draped American flag gave the scene the atmosphere of patriotism. Ever since I have had a home I have displayed the flag in it.

When in Ontario some time ago enjoying the hospitality of hearty and loyal Canadians, I noticed on every hand the British Jack unfurled. "This is quite patriotic, sir," I said to the toastmaster, "but could you have one of our American flags displayed for a visitor?" In early years, a saintly mother taught reverence and love for the Stars and Stripes, and those oft-repeated words, "Never forget you are American born," made a lasting impression. But it has often been observed that our adopted citizens, who have always been a vital force in meeting and solving the problems of American history, have a keener appreciation of the flag than the native born. We are living in swift-moving times, we are perturbed by strife and struggle incident to growth, but over all calmly floats our flag—its red typifying the blood shed by our forefathers; its white, the purity of the mothers who bore

of Georgia, who was Speaker of the House during the fifty-second and fifty-third congresses. The son acted as private secretary to his illustrious father in Washington during the latter's incumbency as Speaker, and became somewhat of an authority on parliamentary law. Speaker Clark remembered this when ascending to the speakership and appointed the young Georgian as Parliamentarian of the House. Mr. Crisp is Georgia educated, and he has served one term in Congress, having been chosen by



HON. OSCAR W. UNDERWOOD OF ALABAMA

CHAIRMAN OF THE WAYS AND MEANS COMMITTEE OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
AND A CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION ON THE DEMOCRATIC TICKET

us; and its blue, our reverence for the God of heaven; while the stars—those eternal stars—radiate the luster of a united country and an invincible destiny.

* * *

THERE was just a flutter of excitement about the NATIONAL MAGAZINE plant when we were going to receive a visit from our Congressman. James M. Curley's district extends from the old "Cow Pas-



HON. JAMES M. CURLEY

The Congressman of the NATIONAL's district in Boston

ture" to Quincy—one of the "shoestring" congressional districts of Massachusetts—and there isn't a nook or a corner in it where he hasn't a speaking acquaintance. Congressman Curley has the happy faculty of "mixing." The people like him because he keeps in touch with his constituents; whether it is the G. A. R. post or Christmas festivities or a summer picnic, he goes ahead in that democratic spirit which has always characterized his public career. He always insists that he was elected to represent his whole district, and when he is at home the telephone is

busy and the front veranda—sometimes the back, also—is filled with those who come to tell their troubles, always sure of a sympathetic ear.

In Washington Mr. Curley is the same genial, good-natured man; busy from morning to night, doing things for other people. He has started out in earnest to make a congressional career that will be a credit not only to his district but to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

At the primaries and in the election later Mr. Curley's slogan was "Vote before going to work! Vote as your conscience dictates! Vote as your judgment directs!"

His record of public service began in 1900, when, as a member of the Boston Common Council, he introduced the first order for a Saturday half holiday. During his campaign for Congress he spoke at more than two hundred gatherings and pledged himself to vote in absolute alignment with what he had promised. He believes that a candidate should state his views on all vital questions, that he should be outspoken and candid with his constituents, and follow out ante-election promises to the letter.

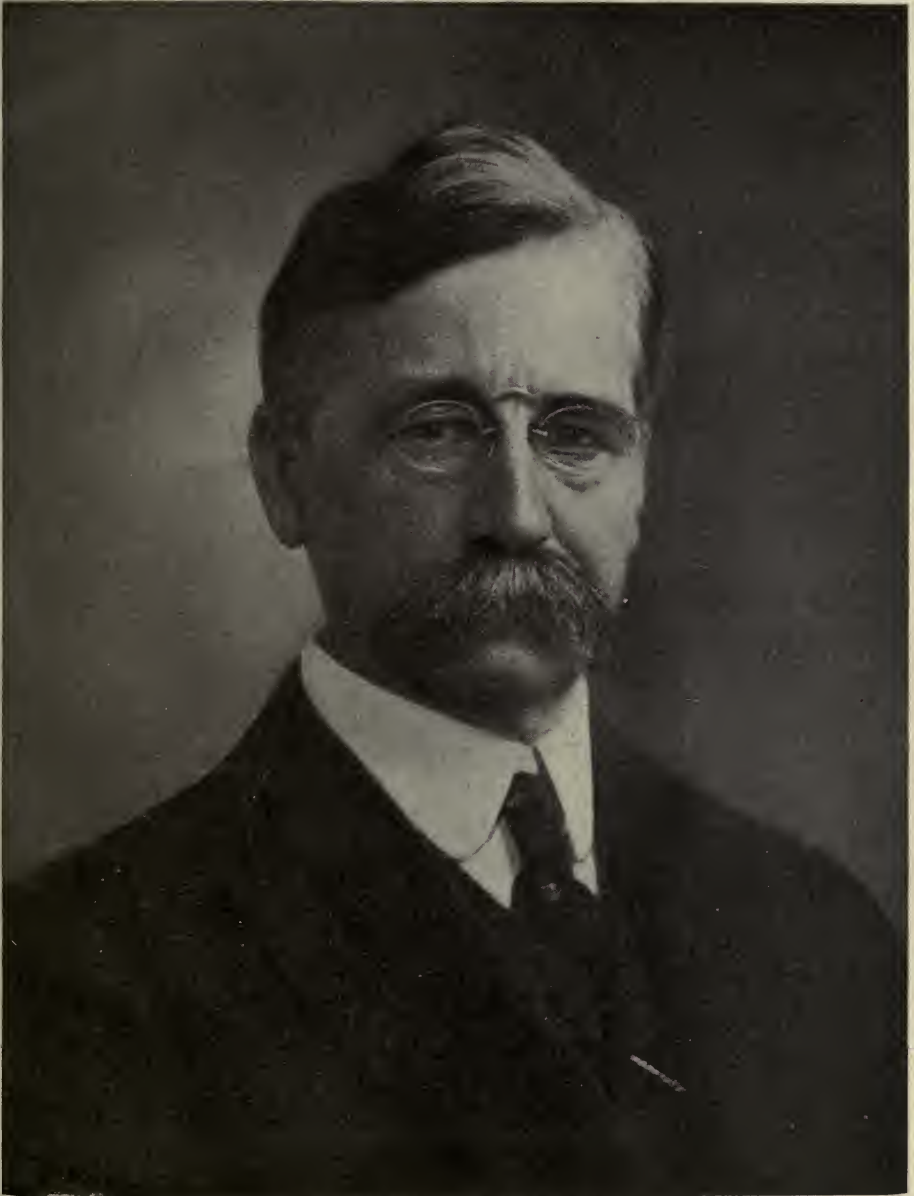
Between sessions at Washington you can usually find Congressman Curley chatting with a constituent in one of the windows of the lobby or about the rotunda.

While there are those who disagree with him politically, none can gainsay the personal popularity of the Congressman from the Tenth District of Massachusetts.

* * *

DURING the long, dreary days of the Lorimer investigation, Senator William P. Dillingham of Vermont was at work early and late. The program of the investigating committees has necessarily been tedious and exhaustive and has interfered greatly with the regular routine work on both sides of the House. At these times the members find refreshment in turning to the one subject in which they have a pre-eminent interest.

Senator Dillingham is chairman of the United States Immigration Commission and has made a most exhaustive study of the methods of restricting immigration. He is known as a rather conservative restrictionist, for he recognizes the fact



HON. WILLIAM PAUL DILLINGHAM

United States Senator from Vermont and an authority on immigration matters

that if the lines are drawn too closely, the very traditions and fundamental interests of the country are likely to be ignored.

Senator Dillingham believes that the immigration question is one of the great economic problems confronting us at the present time. From 1820 to 1864 about five

million aliens were admitted to the United States, and from 1864 to 1882, 6,108,794, three-fourths coming from France, Scandinavia, Germany, Great Britain and Ireland. Between 1882 and 1909, 15,239,570 immigrants arrived here, fifty per cent from Italy, Austria-Hungary and Russia.

Even this great influx, the Senator from Vermont observes, has not actually reduced the rate of wages, although it may have operated to prevent an increase.

John Mitchell, the noted labor leader, is unalterably opposed to the admission of Asiatic labor of any type. He insists that the false economic theory that "lower wages and cheaper products make for prosperity" has been exploded, and that quite the reverse is true. He also urges that the head tax be increased from four

comers. If they were to settle in certain unsettled portions of the country rather than in the large cities, the country as well as they themselves would be greatly benefited. The State of Vermont, which Senator Dillingham has represented for so many years, has a smaller percentage of immigration per capita than any other state in the Union.

* * *

THIS is the age of organization—and there are organizations of pessimists, although not bearing exactly that label. But one thing about an optimist is that he is proud of the label. The Optimist League of America has a slogan that makes the corners of the mouth turn upward: "Cheerfulness—the Perfect Duty."

Mr. Hugh V. Hazeltine, the Secretary, is located at fifteen South Market Street, Chicago, a city whose very history and spirit bespeak optimism.

The honorary membership includes Mr. John Wanamaker, Ambassador James Bryce and many other men notable in all walks of life. Even Thomas Hardy, in his dissonant notes decrying over-zealous optimism, by his protest proclaims himself an irredeemable optimist.

The longer I live the more I am convinced that the incentive for achievement comes primarily from optimistic hope and right thinking. You cannot scare or scold people into being happy and good-natured—and good nature is just as infectious as ill nature. The idea is to dissipate the clouds observed in these disgruntled times, and to distribute here and there a person who will leaven the lump.

In spite of the fact that there are a few defaulting bank cashiers, the Optimist League discovers that there are more than ten thousand who have worked faithfully for from ten to twenty-five years. It is also pointed out that there are twenty millions of married people who were not divorced last year; that there are eighty millions of citizens who have not committed suicide, and that over ten millions of people every week make railway trips in safety.

When you come to balance both sides of the ledger, there is a logical and reasonable ground for being an optimist.



AUSTIN A. BURNHAM

The able general secretary of the National Business League of America

dollars to twenty-five dollars, which he believes would make for a better citizenship.

Large numbers of immigrants obtain employment for a short time and then return to their native land. This migratory spirit has not been conducive to making them enthusiastic about becoming permanent American citizens. In 1907, nearly one hundred and fifty million dollars of American earnings were sent in small amounts to Europe.

As immigration statistics are gathered and studied the situation seems to demand a better distribution of the foreign new-

AN absorbing subject of the present session of Congress has been the Sherwood bill—involving an extensive discussion of pensions. The popular appreciation of old soldiers has not dimmed with the years. The number of Civil War veterans on the roll in June, 1911, was 529,848; and the compilations for the year reveal the pathetic fact that during the year 35,242, or ninety-six every day, four every hour, one every fifteen minutes, of the men who wore the blue passed away. Only about twenty-five per cent of the soldiers of the Civil War are now living, and the average age of the veteran is about seventy years.

Two hundred and eighty-seven pensions were forfeited because the owners thereof failed to call for them for a period of three years previous to June, 1911. The Civil War commissioned officers, now living, are given as follows in the last report:

Major-Generals	2
Brigadier-Generals	3
Colonels	174
Lieutenant-Colonels	423
Majors	758
Captains	5,844
First Lieutenants	7,697
Second Lieutenants	5,384
Total	20,844

Ohio receives the largest amount of pension money of all the states in the Union, and has a total of 86,474 soldiers on the pension rolls, receiving \$15,638,-286.83 yearly. New York comes next with 75,182 pensions, amounting to \$13,-172,398.83 every year. Pennsylvania receives 85,572 pensions, amounting to \$14,646,640.04. Iowa receives 31,402 pensions, amounting to \$5,698,518.38 every twelve months. Nebraska receives 14,635 pensions, amounting to \$2,507,084.41 yearly.

The United States pays pensions to people living in seventy-four foreign countries. The payments made to pensioners in some of the foreign countries are as follows:

Canada	2,712 pensions	\$483,539.60
Germany	532 "	95,853.30
England	486 "	86,650.80
Mexico	189 "	33,705.70
Cape de Verde	1 "	96.00
Algiers	1 "	108.00
Barbados	2 "	216.00

In the insular possessions Hawaii alone has eighty pensions. The youth of the Republic is emphasized when it is recalled

that within the last ten years the last pension of the Revolutionary War was paid. The pension history of the country is impressive because it proves beyond the cavil of cynics the firm and unalterable gratitude of the Republic.

* * *

VISITORS who stop off at Washington from all parts of the country, on pleasure or business, seem to have at this time



MRS. CHARLES LINTICUM

Wife of the popular Congressman from Maryland. Mrs. Linticum is noted for her charming entertainments

just one refrain—to give business a chance to move along. The old-time impression that a presidential year is a bad year for business cannot be eradicated, and seems to hang like a pall over many. But, according to William Livingston, president of the American Bankers Association, who was at the capital recently, 1912 promises to be an exception to the rule. He insists that large business interests are affected by uncertainty much more than by the actual realization of adverse conditions.

Conditions are ripe for decided improvements of basic interests, declares Mr.

Livingston, and state treasuries that a few years ago were borrowing money, are now loaning it. Farmers, weighed down by mortgages a few decades back, are now keeping good balances in the banks, building new homes and enjoying the substantial comforts of life.

"What business wants," said Mr. Livingston, "is a vacation from the continual

anniversary of Perry's victory on Lake Erie, September 10, 1913, will call attention to the commercial and maritime development of the great lakes in a most emphatic and interesting manner.

* * *

ONE of the presidential candidates, who has long been recognized as a forceful and aggressive leader, Senator Albert B. Cummins of Iowa has an interesting career. As a lawyer he won prestige in the field of corporation law, for he has drafted as well as interpreted railroad legislation. He parted company with the railroad interests, however, and determined to fight his way into public life along other lines, and to build up a strong political following. He has always had the hearty co-operation of the railroad workers, and his first defeat for the Senate by the railroad managers made him Governor of Iowa later.

The Iowa idea, as expressed by Senator Cummins, is that "the tariff must not be used as a cloak for a monopoly."

In all the contests of the progressive group, Senator Cummins has been looked upon as the suave and diplomatic leader who accomplishes results. While he bombards with force equal to that of any other progressive, he realizes that the Republican party is the party through which he hopes to accomplish the desired results.

Having been announced as a presidential candidate in Iowa, he will directly have the Hawkeye delegation for himself, but not necessarily for anybody else, for Senator Cummins understands the moves on the political chess board. It is believed that he will start with a strong progressive vote solidly behind him. He has kept himself within the folds of his party as far as possible by not alienating himself altogether from the protectionist principles and other policies that have for many years been associated with Republican politics.

No one can tell what a single turn of the wheel of fortune may bring to pass, and the old-time advice to be ready for these emergencies is well understood by the ardent and enthusiastic friends of Senator Cummins, who will not be inactive when the opening guns are fired at the national convention.

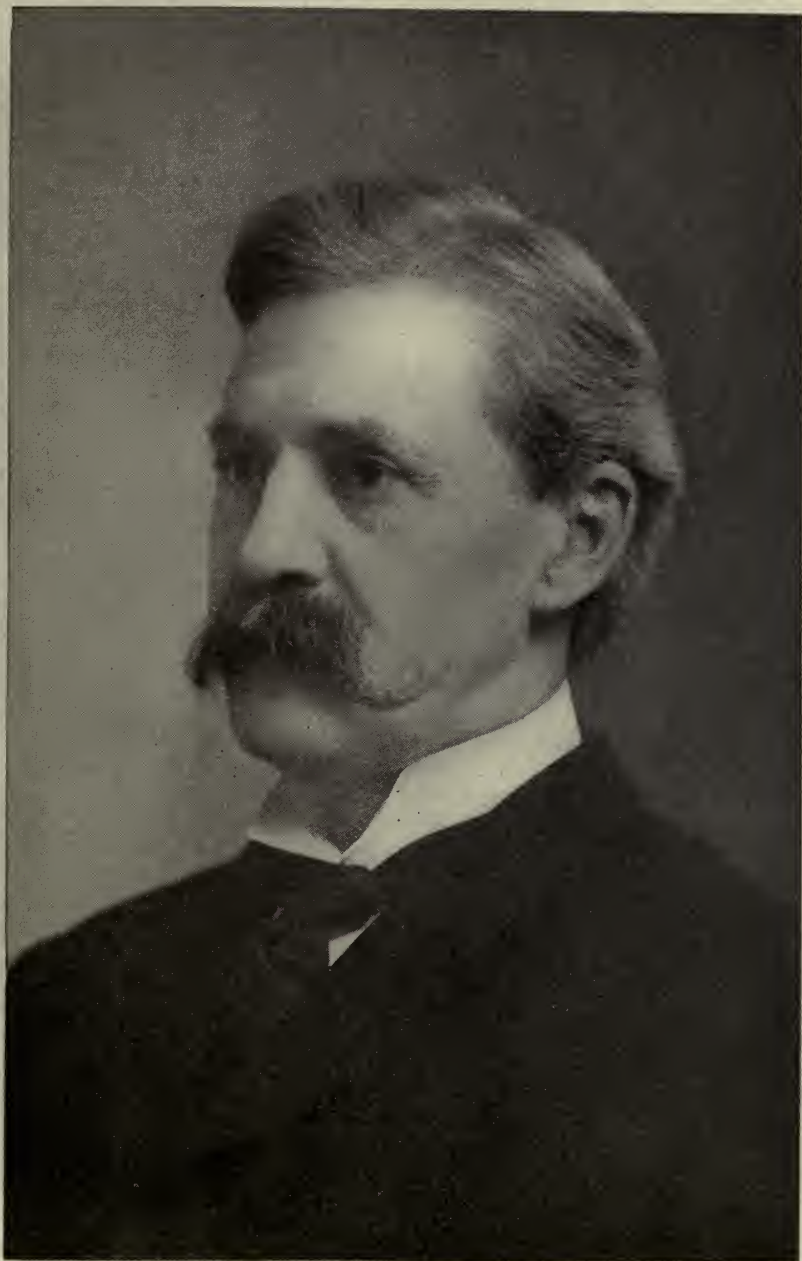


MISS SALLY GARLINGTON

Daughter of General and Mrs. E. A. Garlington, U.S.A.
Miss Garlington's marriage with Lieutenant Harry D. Chamberlin will take place in the summer

agitation that has been upsetting things. No matter what party may be victorious at the polls, business must be given first consideration."

Mr. Livingston, also president of the Lake Carriers' Association, keeps in close touch with the gigantic commerce of the great lakes, which has developed to proportions that surpass in tonnage even the ocean commerce of the republic. The coming celebration of the one hundredth



SENATOR ALBERT B. CUMMINS
THE ASTUTE IOWAN CANDIDATE FOR THE REPUBLICAN PRESIDENTIAL
NOMINATION

Navy Yard Consolidation

Should the North Atlantic Navy Yards be Sold by the Government?

by George F. Stowers

Inspection Department, United States Navy Yard, Boston, Massachusetts



ABOUT to retire to private life, Senator Aldrich electrified the country with the declaration that the conduct of Government business on a business basis would annually save to the people *three hundred million dollars!* This was truly a startling presentation of a situation with which the American public has long been familiar; to which, as a rule, it has been sublimely indifferent; for it has long been common knowledge that millions of dollars have been wasted annually in the reckless expenditure of public funds for the erection and maintenance of unnecessary and unnecessarily expensive public buildings; for the prosecution of ill-considered and unsystematic rivers and harbors projects; for our ever-increasing pension burden; and for the maintenance of certain navy yards and other Federal establishments the necessity for which has never been fully apparent to the average citizen. Indeed, this knowledge has been of such long standing, and attempts to obtain remedial action have heretofore been so futile, that the people have well-nigh accepted the situation as inevitable. Of course the people of this country would like to save three hundred million dollars annually; such saving would be a decided factor in the reduction of the present high cost of living; of course they absolve themselves from all responsibility for a situation that they firmly believe is strictly up to the public officials whom they send down to Washington to manage their business for them!

So with the passing of the first shock of

Senator Aldrich's somewhat spectacular announcement the people relapsed into their usual attitude of seeming indifference and the game went merrily on. But did it? Even as the Senator gave utterance to his opinion certain government officials, cabinet members, were actively engaged in the work of reorganizing and systematizing, with a view to increased efficiency and economy, the Executive Departments of which they were the responsible heads. Of these officials none has shown himself to be more zealous, or has brought to his work greater business acumen and capacity, than the Secretary of the Navy, George Von L. Meyer. There can no longer be any question that the so-called "Meyer scheme" of navy yard administration has justified itself in the economies already attained; but the economies so far effected are insignificant as compared with the millions that the secretary believes he can save to the public if Congress will but grant him the authority necessary to a comprehensive and complete application of his plans. It is the knowledge that the larger economies can only be attained through the influence of public opinion and the co-operation of Congress that has undoubtedly prompted the secretary recently to take the public into his confidence regarding some of his more important plans.

Thus it has come about within the last few months that great interest has been aroused throughout the country, particularly in those states which have navy yards within their borders, through the fact that the Secretary of the Navy has

let it become known that Navy Department officials are seriously considering the feasibility of selling certain Atlantic coast navy yards and concentrating their activities at three permanent naval bases, and that he personally believes that some such change in the status of navy yards is inevitable. The secretary now has before him for consideration two special reports, one submitted by the Joint Army and Navy Board, the other by the General Board of the navy; both of which reports recommend the sale of the Portsmouth, Boston and New York navy yards and the centralization of their activities at a great naval base to be established upon Narragansett Bay; this proposed naval base on Narragansett Bay to be one of three such naval bases to be maintained on the Atlantic coast, the other two to be located at Norfolk, Virginia, and Guantanamo, Cuba. As already intimated, such a plan can only be consummated as a result of favorable legislation by Congress, and the Congressional delegations from those states and cities threatened with the loss of navy yards, urged on by their constituents, are already planning a determined campaign in opposition to any legislation that may be introduced into Congress for this purpose.

This question of consolidation of navy yards has, in one phase or another, attracted the attention and received the consideration of naval authorities for years past, and its development to its present importance has been coincident with the development of the new navy and of the conditions that have prompted the extension of the country's industrial and political activities. Such a consolidation was partially effected in the early eighties under the direction of Secretary of the Navy William E. Chandler, who practically closed the Boston Navy Yard by the simple expedient of transferring its activities to the Portsmouth Navy Yard.

Now that the Panama Canal is nearing completion the effect that its use will have on the history of our naval expansion is patent to all, as it will permit of the fleet dividing its time between the Atlantic and the Pacific and will enhance the importance of the naval bases at Guantanamo

and upon the Pacific, including the great naval base now under construction at Pearl Harbor, near Honolulu. With the opening of the Canal, extensive fleet maneuvers and target practice can be held in the Pacific as well as in the Atlantic, and these and other activities incident to the opening of the Canal mean that whatever the Pacific navy yards in this way gain, the Atlantic yards will lose; and the loss will be particularly felt by the North Atlantic yards as their importance in the maintenance of the fleet will greatly decrease. It is this situation that now brings before the public the question of whether or not some of the North Atlantic yards should be sold.

Any discussion of this question necessarily involves the use of terms the different interpretations of which have caused considerable confusion, and to avoid misunderstanding it is here deemed pertinent to give certain definitions. The definitions of the terms *Navy Yard* and *Naval Base* are those published by the Navy Department in its General Order 135, of December 6, 1911, for the information and guidance of the Naval Service. A *Navy Yard* is a single establishment for docking, repair and supply. It may include building and manufacturing facilities. A *Naval Base* is a point from which naval operations may be conducted and which is selected for that purpose. Its essential feature is an adequate anchorage for a fleet with its auxiliaries, preferably sheltered from the sea and fortified against attack. *Naval Bases* are permanent or temporary. The latter would generally be established nearer the theater of war than any permanent base and would be called an advanced base. A permanent base would have docking and repair facilities. The *Industrial Establishment* of a navy yard is that part of the equipment and activities of the yard that constitute the industrial plant. The *Military Establishment* of a navy yard is that part of the equipment and activities of the yard that has to do with the strictly military aspects of our naval establishment.

The opposition to the sale of the Boston Navy Yard seems to have crystalized itself in the contentions that the sale of the navy yard would mean loss of business

to Boston; that the concentration of the North Atlantic navy yard activities at a naval base on Narragansett Bay would impair the military efficiency of the navy; and that such concentration would be an act of extravagance, in that large sums of money have been expended in building up an industrial plant at the Boston Navy Yard, in developing the military establishment, and in deepening channel

find that they give due consideration to impending changes in conditions, changes that demand recognition in the successful and permanent solution of the question; then, as fair-minded persons, we must perforce concede that these considerations are of sufficient weight to warrant the definite conclusion that the Boston Navy Yard should not be sold. The opening of the Panama Canal is an im-



*Courtesy of
Boston Herald*

U. S. S. FLORIDA

This Government-built ship cost \$2,182,000 more than her sister ship, the Utah, built by private contract

approaches. The opponents of the plan supplement these contentions with the assertion that there is no guarantee that the work now performed at the three North Atlantic yards would be performed materially cheaper when concentrated in one plant at the proposed naval base.

If we find that these arguments or contentions are correctly premised; if we find that they are based on the axiom that navy yards exist for the navy and not the navy for the navy yards; if we

pending change in conditions that has not only precipitated the question we are now considering, but it is a change that is fraught with great opportunities for the commercial expansion of Boston, and with positive danger to the industrial welfare of the North Atlantic navy yards, inasmuch as it will cause those navy yards to suffer a decided loss in work and importance; consequently it is a change that has a direct bearing on the issues involved, which are: Would the sale of

the Boston Navy Yard be to the advantage or disadvantage of industrial Boston? Would the sale of the Boston Navy Yard, and the concentration of the North Atlantic navy yard activities at a naval base on Narragansett Bay, promote or impair the military efficiency of the navy? Would or would not the sale of the Boston Navy Yard, and the concentration at a naval base on Narragansett Bay of the navy yard activities of the North Atlantic, result in an appreciable saving of expense—in other words, is the sale justified on the grounds of economy?

This last question naturally falls into the three following sub-divisions: (a) Would or would not such concentration result in a substantial saving in the cost of maintenance (indirect expense) of the industrial establishment or plant? (b) Would or would not such concentration result in a substantial saving in the cost of the labor and material directly chargeable to the output of the industrial establishment or plant? (c) Would or would not such concentration result in saving a large part of the present cost of maintenance of the military establishments at the Boston, New York and Portsmouth yards?

* * *

The Massachusetts Legislature of 1911 enacted into law a bill creating a Board of Directors of the Port of Boston and delegating to that Board the power to make all necessary plans for the development of Boston Harbor and to take immediate charge of the construction of piers and of improvements in connection therewith.* The bill creating the Board of Directors also provided for an initial appropriation of nine million dollars to enable the Board to perform its delegated administrative and other duties. The Board also considers itself responsible, under the law, for the conduct of a progressive campaign to stimulate the industrial activities of the city, and to increase its importance as an industrial and shipping center by taking active steps to increase its commerce. That the Board thus interprets its obligations is evidenced by the fact that it is now seeking additional funds with which to purchase, for the Commonwealth,

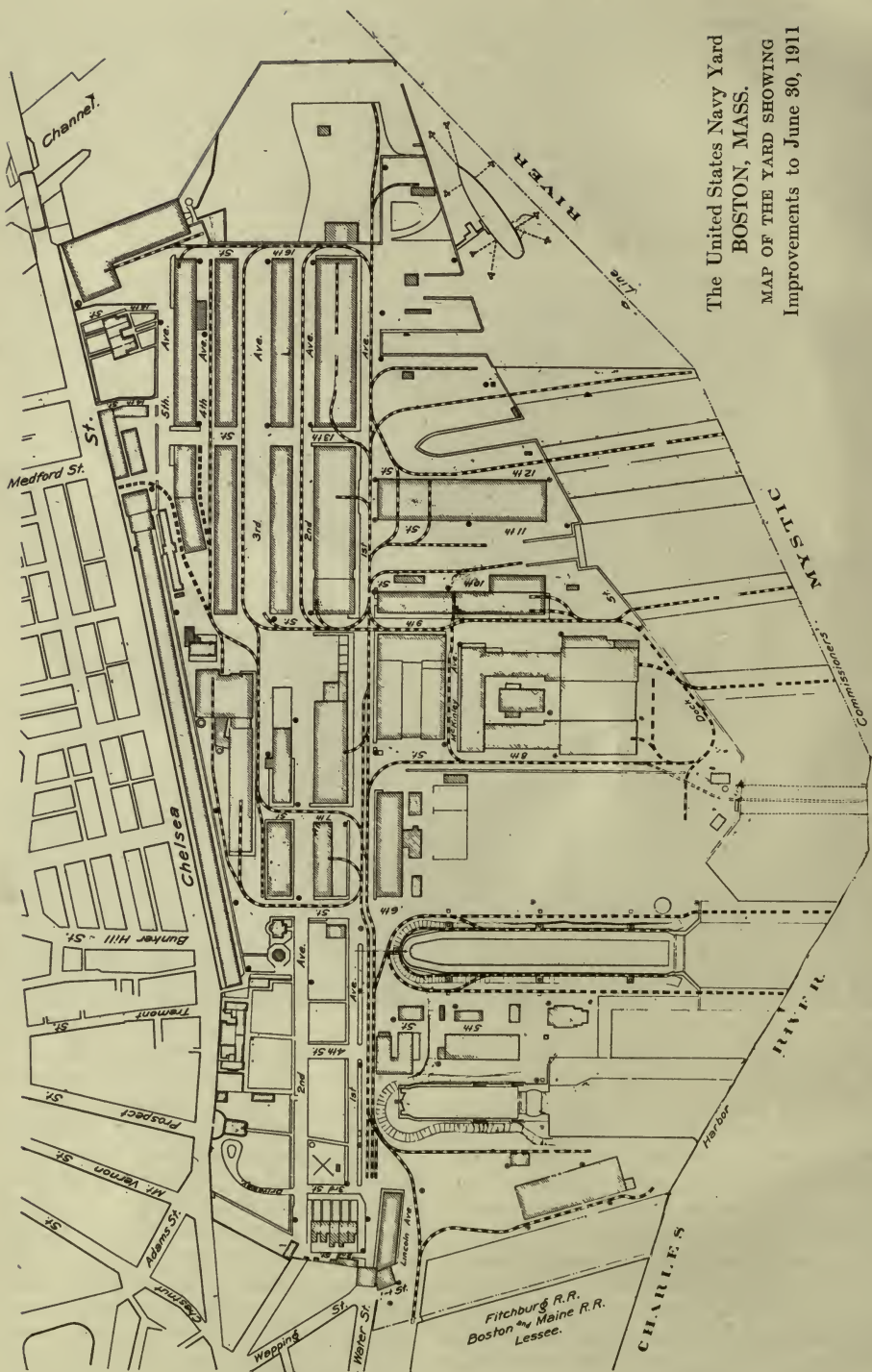
certain steamship terminals, the acquisition of which it considers necessary to facilitate the entry into Boston of the Grand Trunk and other railroads; also funds with which to encourage, by conservative financial backing, the establishment of new steamship lines, particularly a line to the Gulf that will ensure to Boston a share in the increased commercial activities that are expected to accrue with the opening of the Panama Canal. Thus the necessary administrative and financial facilities for the commercial expansion of the city already exist, with prospects good that the additional fifty million dollars requested by the Board will soon be forthcoming.

To quote its chairman, the Directors of the Port "enter upon their duties with all the developed water-front of Boston under miscellaneous private control . . . the acquisition of the important water-front is inevitable . . . New York owns ninety per cent of the water-front of Manhattan Island." There is much truth in the chairman's statement relative to the miscellaneous private control of the developed water-front, but *all* of the developed water-front is by no means under such control; on the contrary, one of the largest, best developed, and most valuable water-front properties—the Boston Navy Yard—a property the actual transfer of which could be effected easily and expeditiously, is available for, and peculiarly adapted to, the very purposes which the Directors of the Port have in mind.

The acquisition by the Commonwealth of the navy yard site and water-front would lead to commercial expansion that would far outweigh in value to the city the necessarily restricted activities of a local navy yard, as it would immediately and greatly increase the tide water terminal facilities of the port by adding over three thousand five hundred feet† to the commercial water-front, with many excellent docks and space for more, and by making immediately available for commercial purposes one large modern dry dock, one smaller dry dock, a selected site for a third dry dock, many large and substantial buildings (suitable for warehouses), power

† Official map of Boston Navy Yard, showing improvements to June 30, 1911.

* Ch. 748, Acts of 1911, Massachusetts Legislature.



The United States Navy Yard
 BOSTON, MASS.
 MAP OF THE YARD SHOWING
 Improvements to June 30, 1911

plants, railroad trackage, coal pockets, etc. The site contains about ninety acres* of land, and there is ample room for the erection of cold storage plants, grain elevators, additional warehouses, and any other buildings that may be required to meet the exigencies of a rapidly developing foreign and coastwise trade. That such a transfer of the navy yard property would immediately and materially aid the city of Boston in its competition with New York as a shipping port is very evident.

Commercial activities on the site of the navy yard would affect favorably far more wage-earners than the navy yard plant ever could, even if run to its full capacity, for a commercial plant would affect favorably a far larger number of local commercial enterprises employing many men of many trades. A commercial plant that would be constantly in operation would be of incalculably greater advantage to Boston than a navy yard plant operated to but a fraction of its full capacity.

With a comprehensive administrative and financial program for the commercial expansion of the city of Boston already well under way; with the necessity for state control of the Boston water-front already recognized by the Directors of the Port; with the opportunity afforded the state to acquire, at one transfer, what is probably the largest, best equipped, and best located water-front property in the harbor; with the surety that such acquisition would be to the great advantage of local commercial enterprises, would encourage the establishment of others, and would thus favorably affect a large number of wage-earners; with all these conditions assured, it is at once evident that the sale of the Boston Navy Yard would be to the advantage of industrial Boston.

When, through the irresistible political, social, and industrial tendencies of the times, a conflict is precipitated between sentimentalism or local pride on the one hand and progress on the other, local pride must ever be sacrificed in the interest of the larger efficiency and the general welfare. Experience has shown this to be axiomatic. Hence Boston, Portsmouth

and New York, with their wealth of historical associations ante-dating and overshadowing in sentimental importance the navy yards that lie within their borders, must rise to the occasion by recognizing and accepting new conditions that demand, in the interest of the common good, the removal of those navy yards.

* * *

If it were possible for Uncle Sam to enter into a contract with nature to supply the government with a location for a naval base that would meet the definitions and specifications of the naval experts, he could not hope to obtain more ideal conditions than those that now exist, ready made, at Narragansett Bay; for Narragansett Bay has all the essential features of such a base. It has an adequate anchorage for a fleet with all its auxiliaries, sheltered from sea.† As it has direct access to the open sea via broad and deep channels that afford unexcelled opportunity for submarine and mine defense, and as it is already defended by modern fortifications on the island midway of the entrance and on the nearby headlands, it can be made practically, if not absolutely, impregnable against direct attack. Inasmuch as it would be impossible for an enemy to effectually obstruct such wide and deep channels, and inasmuch as any attempt by an enemy to mine the entrance to the Bay would be foiled by the activity of our sub-marines and by counter-mining, all possibility of a foreign foe successfully bottling up any of our ships operating from the proposed base would be precluded.

On Narragansett Bay there are many acres of vacant land available for the establishment of a navy yard in which the work of docking and repairing an entire fleet, with its auxiliaries, could be carried on expeditiously, and in which, if necessary, new ships might be built. An entire fleet could not be accommodated at the Boston Navy Yard, for the necessary expansion of the yard would not be feasible because of the prohibitive cost; the yard is set in a crowded part of the harbor, with insufficient anchorage; and there is no chance for a rendezvous of

† United States Coast and Geodetic Survey (chart) of Narragansett Bay, Rhode Island.

* Records on file at the Boston Navy Yard.

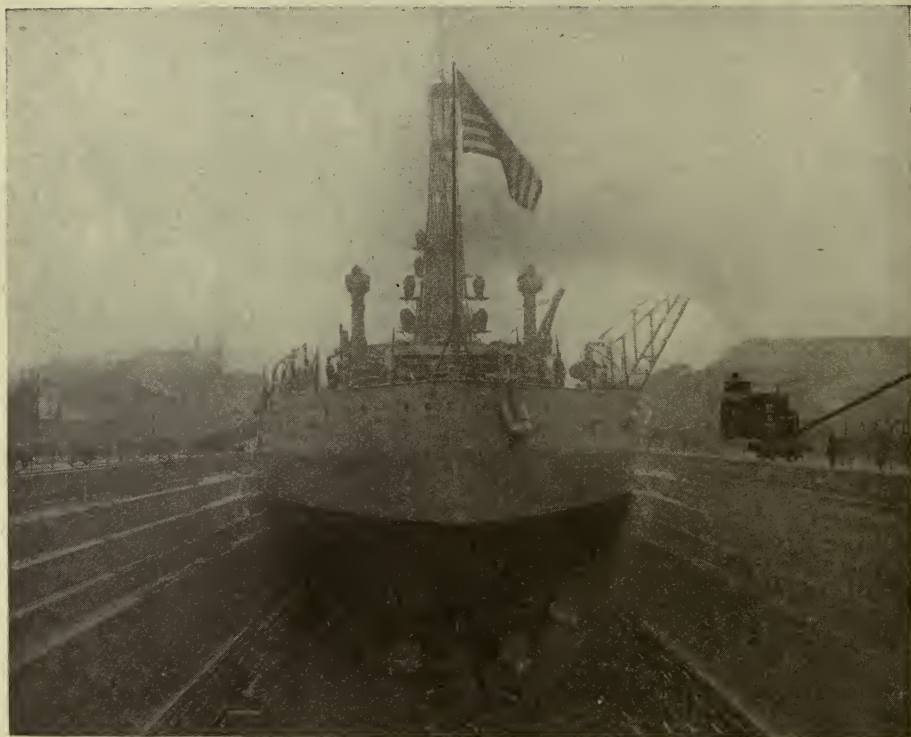
men or for drilling. These same conditions also apply in the case of the New York Navy Yard; and at Portsmouth there is practically no safe anchorage.

Although it is argued that it would be folly to place all of our naval eggs in one basket—on Narragansett Bay—yet this point is not well taken, for the proposed naval base on Narragansett Bay would be but one of three such bases on the

New York, points that do not meet the requirements of a naval base, and the concentration of the North Atlantic navy yard activities at a naval base on Narragansett Bay would promote the military efficiency of the navy.

* * *

As a thorough analysis of the third issue presented by a discussion of the question under consideration must neces-



U.S.S. UTAH IN DRY DOCK AT BOSTON NAVY YARD

The Utah, built by the New York Ship Building Company, cost the Government \$2,182,000 less than her sister ship, the Florida, built at the New York Navy Yard

Atlantic coast. It is also held by some that the Government should not part with the dry docks at the Boston Navy Yard, but this point is hardly material, for even though these dry docks were turned over for commercial purposes they would still be available for naval purposes in time of war, as they would be under the protection of the harbor fortifications.

Narragansett Bay, then, meets all the requirements of a naval base. This being the case, the sale of the navy yards at such points as Boston, Portsmouth and

sarily be largely based on data that is available only as the result of the activities of the Inspection Department of the Boston Navy Yard, it is considered profitable here to briefly describe the functions of that department. The Inspection Department is distinctly a feature of the "Meyer scheme" of navy yard administration. To it is delegated the duty of inspecting all work, during progress and upon final completion, performed by the two divisions of the Manufacturing Department, and all work must receive its

stamp of approval. It is also responsible for the proper performance of much the same functions in connection with the activities of the navy yard as the Boston Finance Commission performs in connection with the activities of the city departments; that is, the inspectors and sub-inspectors of the Inspection Department of the Boston Navy Yard are constantly investigating navy yard costs, and conditions and inefficiencies that operate to increase costs. In the performance of its interrelated duties of making physical inspections and cost inspections, the Inspection Department has exceptional opportunities for analyzing cause and effect, and hence is peculiarly qualified to make intelligent efficiency and betterment recommendations to the end that economy may be attained.

So much for the Inspection Department. Incidentally it may be said that the Inspection Department of the Boston Navy Yard has found, as will presently appear, that *all* navy yard costs are excessive—due to conditions that can only be eliminated by the concentration of navy yard work at a few plants and running those plants to approximately full capacity.

Two important classes of expense enter into the cost of the output of an industrial plant: the indirect or maintenance expense—variously designated as overhead expense, general expense, surcharge; and the direct or productive expense—labor and material directly chargeable to the output of the plant.

It is an accepted fact that when a large plant is running to but a fraction of its full capacity the indirect or maintenance expense immediately becomes an overwhelming burden on the cost of the output; this for the reason that the maintenance expense remains practically the same whether a plant is run to a fraction of its capacity or whether it is run to full capacity*. The officials of the Inspection Department of the Boston Navy Yard have repeatedly been impressed by the fact that the Boston Navy Yard is a large plant that is operated to but a fraction of its present capacity. Hun-

dreds of thousands of dollars have been expended on the yard machinery plant; machine tools of the latest and best designs have been purchased irrespective of whether or not the demand for their use warranted the expense; these machine tools are not run to anything approaching their full capacity as compared with navy yard standards even; as compared with scientifically determined standards, the present output is but a fraction of the possible maximum capacity of the plant; the efficiency of the machines is necessarily very low, as practically no attempt has been made to standardize speeds and feeds, to properly group the machines, or to eliminate inefficiencies in belting, etc. In short, little or nothing has been accomplished in the way of improving and standardizing conditions; largely for the same reason that little or nothing has been accomplished in the elimination of soldiering, or loafing; and this reason is the lack of that incentive and stimulus that only comes with the knowledge on the part of the foremen and workmen that there is at all times enough work ahead to tax the maximum capacity of men and machines. Indeed, present navy yard conditions furnish a direct incentive for perpetuating soldiering and other inefficiencies; inevitable changes, due to the opening of the Panama Canal, will only serve to accentuate these conditions; for, be it remembered, the opening of the Canal means an immediate decrease in the amount of work to be performed in the North Atlantic yards.

The output of the Boston Navy Yard for the calendar year 1911 was burdened with an indirect expense totalling more than \$1,575,000 when figured on a commercial basis.†

† At the Boston Navy Yard the indirect expense is figured in accordance with the following formula:

$$\frac{\text{Shop Expense} + \text{Power Expense} + \text{Pro Rata of Gen'l Industrial Ex.}}{\text{Productive Labor of Shop Concerned.}} = \text{Indirect \%}$$

In this way the percentage for each shop is figured each month, and the actual percentages for one month are used as estimated percentages for the following month. The indirect expense of a given shop for a given month is prorated to the output of that shop by taking the prevailing shop percentage of the *direct labor* of each specific job order and adding the amount thus obtained to the cost of the output covered by the job.

But from the indirect expense as figured at the navy yards is excluded the following items that would be

*Harrington Emerson, Efficiency Engineer, in pamphlet entitled "Shop Betterment and the Individual Effort Method of Profit-Sharing."



Figured on this same basis, the indirect expense at the New York Yard for the fiscal year 1911 totals over \$2,000,000, and at the Portsmouth Yard, approximately \$500,000. The total actual indirect expense of the three plants, exclusive of the salaries of the many officers who are heads and assistant heads of yard departments, runs well over \$4,000,000 annually.

Concentration would greatly reduce the burden of indirect expense imposed upon the consolidated output of the three industrial plants; for, as compared with the requirements of the present three independent plants, it would mean a great reduction in the non-productive labor expense—through the fact that fewer foremen, tool-dressers, repairmen, clerks, draftsmen, etc., would be needed; it would mean a reduction (due to elimination of duplication in buildings, machine tools, etc.) in the expense for repair material, depreciation, etc. Throwing the work of the three present plants into one consolidated plant would ensure a large consolidated output; there would be a decided reduction in the percentage of indirect expense chargeable to this output; hence there would be a decided reduction or saving in the unit cost of the output. Mr. Harrington Emerson, efficiency engineer, has stated that "the best way . . . to reduce the percentage of general expenses (indirect expenses) is to increase output."*

The argument often made, particularly by navy yard employees, that *all* the

larger navy yards should be allowed to build battleships and their auxiliaries, as well as repair them, in order to increase the output of the industrial plants to full capacity, is not economically sound; for the cost of government built ships is practically prohibitive. The U. S. S. Connecticut, built at the New York Navy Yard, cost the government about \$400,000 more than her sister ship, the U. S. S. Louisiana, built by private contract; and *this comparison does not take into consideration the indirect expense that should have been but was not charged to the construction of the Connecticut.*† The U. S. S. Florida, also built at the New York Navy Yard, cost the government approximately \$2,182,000 more than her sister ship, the U. S. S. Utah, built by private contract; notwithstanding that an indirect expense of about \$500,000 that should properly have been charged during construction, and would have been charged by a private shipyard, was *excluded* from the indirect cost of the Florida.

* * *

The saving effected in the productive or direct expense by the concentration proposed would be immediate, important, and would apply to both labor and material directly chargeable to the output of the industrial plant. Under present conditions a large sum of money is constantly tied up in the stock of material that must be maintained at each of the three yards, and most of the purchases for the yards are made independently; the stock of material for the one plant would be appreciably less than the aggregate stock it is now necessary to keep on hand for the three plants; furthermore, this stock could be replenished more systematically and consequently more economically.

But the greatest saving of all would be effected in the direct labor expense. It is but natural that the men in the shops of the Boston Navy Yard should feel, as they do, that they must "nurse" their jobs to avoid working themselves out of employment on account of lack of work; they reason, and their reasoning is based on experience, that nursing the

included by private shipyards and industrial establishments:

1. Officers' salaries (Heads and Assistant Heads of Departments).
2. Clerical wages and salaries.
3. Pay of draftsmen.
4. Pay allowed employees on leave.
5. Pay allowed employees for holidays.
6. Expense of handling and testing stores.
7. Depreciation.
8. Fire insurance.
9. Interest on capital invested.
10. Taxes.
11. Expense of repair jobs that cost over \$25.

The total indirect expense of the Boston Navy Yard for the calendar year 1911, when figured to *include* all but the first of the above *excluded* items of expense, is approximately \$1,575,000. The writer has computed this total on the basis of the value of the navy yard industrial plant as appraised by expert accountants; and depreciation, fire insurance, interest, and taxes have been figured in accordance with the usual commercial practice, the depreciation percentages used being those recommended by the accountants.

* Harrington Emerson, "Shop Betterment and the Individual Effort Method of Profit-Sharing."

† Data quoted by Chairman Foss, Naval Affairs Committee, Congressional Record of February 20, 1911 pp. 1910-1911.

work will postpone the inevitable lay-off. With the concentration of the North Atlantic navy yard work at the proposed plant on Narragansett Bay, the one plant could be run to at least approximately full capacity; a large force of men would thus have the assurance of permanent employment; and the most compelling incentive for systematic soldiering, or loafing, would at once be eliminated. With the elimination of the incentive for soldiering, there would be eliminated the practice most responsible for excessive

necessarily work at a disadvantage—is resorted to; with the likelihood that the emergency of bringing the work to final completion will necessitate the yet more expensive procedure of working the men over eight hours per day, and allowing them pay and a half for such overtime. Right now (February) extra shifts are at work on the U. S. S. Illinois; a ship that has been under overhaul at the Boston Navy Yard since the summer of 1909, and is due to go to sea March 15, 1912; an overhaul period within which a new battle



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE DRY DOCK AT CHARLESTOWN NAVY YARD

navy yard costs; for systematic soldiering is the greatest and most expensive of industrial evils.

This is demonstrated by the extremely high cost of the work performed on those ships laid up at the Boston Navy Yard for extensive overhaul and repairs. The tendency is to treat extensive work on a ship undergoing general overhauling as "knitting work," with the result that important jobs drag along for weeks and months, until a date is set for the departure of the ship from the yard, when, in order to finish the work on time, that most expensive of navy yard practices—the introduction of extra shifts of men, who must

ship could be built, commissioned, and sent to the other side of the world!

The Inspection Department has repeatedly noted and reported the existence of systematic soldiering on work for the Illinois. Here are a few specific examples. Four men consumed ninety working hours putting three sections of firemain and one tee in place; work that should not have taken more than eight hours each for one machinist and two helpers, or a total of twenty-four working hours. Sixty-six working hours were consumed by six men in erecting two sections of fire main; work that one machinist and a helper could have performed in eight working hours. Forty

working hours were consumed by two men in laying out *two holes* for gas ejector piping; work that one machinist could perform in half an hour. One more case just to drive home the fact that *all* navy yard costs are excessive, and be it remembered that these quoted navy yard costs would be even higher if the indirect expense were figured on a commercial basis: two six-inch drill guns were repaired for the Illinois at a cost of \$656.66. One of these drill guns, of the latest type, was made in a navy yard at a cost of \$258.49. Had these two guns been scrapped instead of being repaired, and had two new drill guns been manufactured at a cost of \$258.49 each, or \$516.98 for the two guns, the service would have had two new guns of the latest type, and \$139.68 would have been saved to the government!

Mr. Frederick W. Taylor, Consulting Engineer, and the author of the so-called "Taylor" system of scientific management, has stated that "The natural laziness of men is serious, but by far the greatest evil from which both workmen and employers are suffering is the *systematic soldiering* . . . which results from a careful study on the part of the workmen of what they think will promote their best interests."*

Concentration would permit of the introduction of a commonsense system of modern management that would, by the elimination of wasted effort, wasted material, clumsy methods, etc., and the introduction of scientific planning of work, result in increased economy without any impairment of the fighting efficiency of the fleet. The first aim of scientific management is to increase efficiency; increased efficiency unites high wages (paid in recognition of individual effort) with a low labor cost (the result of increased output), and this means economy. It will thus be seen that scientific management, to be successful, must result in increased output. Present navy yard conditions clearly indicate, however, that even the inducement of higher wages for the work they perform would not be sufficient to induce the workmen to increase their daily output if they believed that by so doing they would soon throw themselves out

of employment altogether—by reason of lack of work. Hence the knowledge on the part of the employee that there is plenty of work ahead of him, that when he is finished with one job another will be ready for him, is absolutely essential to the successful introduction of scientific management. This end can be accomplished by concentrating at one plant enough work to keep steadily employed a large permanent force.

Concentration would permit of a better, more just, and more economical classification of the trades; for with a large force always at work, the inducement of permanent employment would attract more and better workmen, and there would no longer be any necessity for over-rating men in order to compensate them for frequent lay-offs and to ensure their return to the yard when their services are again needed.

Although it is claimed that the proposed location on Narragansett Bay is impracticable, because of its being too remote from a labor market; yet this argument is not founded on fact, for Narragansett Bay is near the labor centers of Providence, Rhode Island, and Fall River, Massachusetts; moreover, Narragansett Bay is but a few hours' ride from Boston and New York. Large industrial plants that are comparatively isolated from labor markets experience no difficulty in securing an ample supply of competent help; this is exemplified in the case of the steel plant at Gary, Indiana. England has found it impracticable to locate naval bases near centers of population. The wages of the employees would mean more to them in comfort and health than in the congested conditions of this city or of New York.

It is clear that the proposed change would effect a saving in the direct or productive expense; that the saving would be substantial is evidenced by the fact that the productive labor expense at the Boston Navy Yard for the calendar year 1911 approximated \$1,100,000; that the productive labor at the New York Navy Yard for the fiscal year 1911 totaled \$2,367,000, that this expense at the Portsmouth yard totaled about \$642,000 for the last fiscal year; that the total annual productive labor

* F. W. Taylor, "Shop Management," pp. 30-32.

expense of the three yards is approximately \$4,100,000.

* * *

Centralization would save a large part of the present cost of maintenance of the military establishments at the Boston, New York, and Portsmouth navy yards, for it would mean the elimination of the duplication of expense that now exists by reason of duplication of military functions at the three yards. At the Boston Navy Yard the annual maintenance cost of the General Storekeeper's Department alone, none of which expense is charged to the industrial plant, is over \$100,000.

* * *

Everything else being equal, it must be the decision of an unprejudiced public opinion that the economies herein shown to be possible, economies that ensure annual savings aggregating hundreds of thousands of dollars, permit of but one inevitable conclusion—that the Secretary of the Navy should be given that measure of public support, and Congressional authority, necessary to a comprehensive and complete application of his plans; the justice of this decision becomes even more clear in the light of the knowledge that the consummation of these plans will be to the distinct advantage of industrial Boston, and will promote the military efficiency of the navy. The situation does not permit of a choice between *present* navy yard conditions and the conditions it has been shown would pertain under centralization; for with the opening of the Panama Canal *present* navy yard conditions will no longer exist. In the last analysis the people must choose between a policy that will not only perpetuate but increase present inefficiencies,

and a policy that will eliminate those inefficiencies, make possible an immediate and material saving in expense, and that will at the same time ensure the progressive attainment of further economies.

This question of selling useless navy yards is not a sectional question; it concerns every citizen in these United States, and it is a question the responsibility for the correct and sane solution of which the people cannot shift to their representatives at Washington. The time has arrived when the people must realize that in demanding of their representatives that they stand sponsor for present navy yard inefficiencies they are virtually demanding of these representatives that they aid and abet just such reckless expenditure of public funds as is exemplified in the disgraceful perpetuation of public buildings and rivers and harbors extravagances; for while the representatives from navy yard states are being importuned to prevent the sale of navy yards, other representatives are confronted by the insatiable demands of their constituents for ever-increasing appropriations for public buildings, etc., with the natural and inevitable result that, willy nilly, the representatives are forced to pool their interests—and complete the vicious cycle!

Not only because of the benefits that would accrue as a direct result of such action, but by virtue of the even larger Federal economies that would accrue as the result of such a conspicuous repudiation of a vicious and self-perpetuating practice—economies that would go far toward saving to the public the aforesaid \$300,000,000—the Boston Navy Yard, and the New York and Portsmouth yards, should be sold by the government.

LIGHTNESS

A NEW-PICKT daisy in her hand,
Between her lips a wisp of rye,
About her neck a fluttering band,
And on her hat a butterfly.

—Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy."

THE TRIUMPH OF TAFT

INTERESTING pages of political history are being written these days. The pre-eminent issue of the presidential campaign of 1912 has been focused, which has brought forth William Howard Taft as the man of the hour, moving surely and firmly in meeting an issue of more crucial moment to the government than that which characterized the sound money campaign of 1896. The line of cleavage lies between sound constitutional government that has stood the test of time, and "sixteen-to-one" judicial recall. The campaign of 1896 brought forth Marcus A. Hanna as a leader who, in the teeth of what at first seemed to be a sweeping gale, firmly stood his ground and conducted one of the greatest educative campaigns in our history for sound money, believing that the same rational common-sense of the people would prevail against



WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

the whirlwind of the silver agitation, that had always appeared when a crisis threatened the integrity of American institutions.

With all the strength within him, without equivocation, William Howard Taft has taken up the gauntlet for sound constitutional government. His reply to the challenge of his predecessor has defined an unmistakable issue of the campaign. President Taft insists that to destroy the independence of the judiciary is to take away the keystone from the arch of free government. He has further insisted that irresponsible assaults upon the judiciary are a serious menace to enduring government, that they launch a rudderless ship of state on a sea of troubles. To deny that the people have ruled, he insists, is a reflection on our form of government, the pole star of which always has been, and always will be, the will of the people.

* * * * *

To one who has closely followed public opinion during the past month, evidence accumulates that President Taft is the strong and growing leader who appeals to the sober sense of the people. This is evident not only in the receptions given him at Toledo, Chicago, New York, Boston and New Hampshire, as well as in the rural and manufacturing districts, but is also reflected in the trend of opinion as expressed in the newspapers, in the homes and on the streets. The people are influenced more by his sterling utterances than by spectacular defiance of judicial authority. Sure-footed and sound in his convictions as at the time when he sat at the cabinet table of his predecessor, his unswerving belief in American institutions, and his confidence in American manhood, are appealing subtly and strongly to thousands, who have just begun to realize the splendid qualities of his leadership.

It is in the homes, in the shops and on the farms—those places remote from noisy public gatherings—that the sentiment favoring the issues which Taft represents has been quietly crystallizing. Every man who has an appreciation of his own personal rights based upon the Magna Charta of property rights—that his home is his castle—realizes, in the issues joined, that the individual, as well as the collective welfare of the people is imperilled.

* * * * *

The cumulative force and experience furnished by the public career of President Taft inspire a confidence in his leadership that was not felt in the early days of his administration. Responsibilities often make the man, and the characteristic trait of William Howard Taft has been ultimately to secure results which are permanent and enduring, inspired by a spirit of broad-mindedness and fair play. He has patiently met the assaults from inside as well as outside his party ranks. The unswerving manner in which he confronted the tariff upheaval and pushed forward relentlessly for regulative and restrictive laws, safeguarding the interests of all the people irrespective of wealth or any other conditions, has back of it motives of real patriotism.

Thoroughly aroused, he has entered the campaign of 1912 with the purpose of conserving the results of progressive legislation. His record as an executive has impelled fair-minded people to feel that meritorious work deserves recognition by re-election, according to the party traditions of the country. Indifferent as to the exploitation of personal power or leadership, and with his mind and energy centered upon the fundamental principles of government, he has loomed up as a champion of sound principles and a leader to be trusted. Consistent, fair and judicial, he has never allowed the popular fever of the hour to sway him from the convictions that inherently find expression in a majority of the

people today, as in other days when the insidious impulses were met and checked in electoral combat.

* * * * *

A few months ago the wisest political prophet could not have defined the issue of the campaign of 1912. Issues are not created by men, but men are rather created by issues, and the issue that has been evolved from the restlessness of the past few months in political circles has clearly proven President Taft to be the representative of the constitutional forces. As has occurred previously in similar cycles of history, his triumph upon these issues is assured. The thoughtful people of the country are intuitively turning to him as a leader, not of a political party, but as one who has risen to the occasion, willing to face any odds rather than swing from the constitutional moorings which have in every crisis saved the nation from the disintegration occasioned by eruptive demagoguery.

From all parts of the world comes the indisputable evidence that President Taft as Chief Executive of the nation commands the respect and confidence of world powers. His position on international peace and his grasp of foreign affairs reflects the same ability that is now bringing him a recognition of his true measure to the people at home. Holding himself above the arts and wiles of political craftiness; conscientious, honest and able, his work and words have emphasized qualities that surprise and excite the admiration of even his closest friends. His triumph is not personal nor indicative of any love of prestige or power—except that power delegated to him by the people as his purposes and broadminded statesmanship in conserving the interests of a great nation are being understood and appreciated.

* * * * *

Power is delegated to a public man by the people just so long as he recognizes himself as a trustee for the people rather than as the exclusive and sole proprietor of public opinion. Public confidence is not the creation of any individual, but the collective faith of the people in a man, who leads issues directly reflecting popular will. American history is strewn with the wrecks of public careers where ill-considered statements made in a single speech have lost in the twinkling of an eye the very public confidence which created that individual's public career.

Free from the snarls and scowls of those who have lost faith in their countrymen, the genial, radiant optimism, the all-embracing confidence and faith of William Howard Taft in his fellow-man, has brought him in closer touch than ever before in his public career with the men, the women and the children. They have gathered about him in these days, finding in him the sympathetic qualities of the domestic affections enthroned in homes—an earnest advocate of the fundamental, inherent and irrevocable rights of American citizenship, irrespective of race, creed, sex or color. His popularity among the women of the country is an indisputable indication of his whole-souled qualities.

And all this because of that simple word which embraces all political hopes: **confidence**—one quality that foreshadows the triumph of President Taft. He has fixed his faith upon the anchorage that has held fast the sovereign will of all the people through more than a century of representative government in the United States of America.

See Mitchell Chapple

The Old Songs

by Sol. L. Long

WHITHERWARD have flown the Old Songs
Of the olden, golden days;
Songs of love, of life, of laughter;
Songs of color; songs of praise;
Songs with blood to riot through them;
Calming songs, to soothe the heart;
Living songs, not drunken reelings
In the masquerade of Art?

Oh, the Old Songs were not echoes,
They were tangible and real—
That which can arouse emotion
Must itself have power to feel—
They were kin to songs and anthems
That the Chorus Angels sung,
In the choir-lofts of Orion,
When both earth and life were young.

Still they live and still their cadence,
Low, or like spring-rain fed streams,
Steals within my soul and pulsates,
Through my retrospective dreams.
Where their tents are pitched I know not;
Save that 'tis on holy ground;
Not too far removed, by distance,
But that I can hear their sound.

Though I listen to some present
Over-Lord of raucous tone;
With its timbre titivating;
Over all I hear my own;
Hear my own, the Old Songs, sounding
Over all the strident dearth,
And I wonder if their benison
Will again return to earth.

Whitherward have flown the Old Songs;
They whose echoes linger still;
With the silver-throated songster;
With the tinkling, rippling rill;
With all nature, when she enters
Into harmony divine?
Take your own; I will not chide you
If you guide me unto mine.

THE · MINOR · CHORD ·



CHAPTER XX

SINCE the earliest Scriptural times, in the days of Jonah and the Roman journey of St. Paul, various attempts have been made to describe a sea voyage. It is something that is so thoroughly felt that mere word-painting seems inadequate.

The genial old pilot—an ideal sea-dog—was lowered into his boat off Sandy Hook, laden with last messages to friends behind. When I handed him a letter for mother, I felt as if I were bound for eternity. Once out of sight of land, the ocean appeared very calm, but the big steamer began rocking like a cradle. The “feeling” came on insidiously, and I soon retired below, trying to smile as I left the friends on deck.

I had often sung about the deep blue sea, but had never realized what it was before. The blue is almost an indigo, and seems to color even the white-crested foam in the vessel’s wake like the blueing in mother’s washtub. The first day at sea is never the most sociable of the voyage. There is a land reserve that needs to be driven away by the sea air. The bugle trumpet-call for meals is heard often—but at first few respond. In a few days the motion of the steamer begins to feel like the old swing at home, and you quite enjoy it. Concerts are given in the saloon as the patients are relieved from the hospital below. We learn in these few idle days in crossing the Atlantic more personal and biographical information from a fellow-passenger than

he would be likely to relate otherwise in a lifetime. The company on board were very agreeable, and we began to feel like one large family, and conversed pleasantly on musical and literary matters. It was altogether very entertaining; but there is always someone whom you find most congenial. While there were many attractive and pleasant gentlemen on board, my fancy was quite taken with a lonesome, shy, fair-haired young man of twenty. No one seemed to take much notice of him, and his loneliness created a bond of sympathy between us, so that we were soon good friends.

“Aren’t you a singer?” he asked, looking at me earnestly.

“I hope to be some day,” I replied.

“Yes, and I think you must be Madame Helvina. My mother heard you in ‘The Creation’ in Boston, and she says you are going to be a great singer—and my mother is a musician.”

Bless his heart! He struck my weak point—mother-love—and I could have hugged him for those words.

“Who is your mother?” I asked, growing interested.

“A Polish woman. I am American born and am going back to join my parents, who have returned to Poland. It’s a poor place for musicians, but mother had the old home left her recently and they have decided to go there to live.”

“Do you take after your mother and sing also?”

"No, I am simply a violinist."

We passed many happy hours together. He played for my singing, and also sang in a beautiful, rich, robust tenor voice.

"Why don't you take up voice culture?"

I asked, turning to him quickly.

"Because father hates singing. He was an operatic tenor once, and I suppose there is good reason for not wanting me to become a singer, although I love to sing."

"Well, Gene," said I, for that was his name, "you must sing. Study the great art, for me!"

He took the matter rather seriously and gave me a reflective look which indicated an underlying determination.

The men in the smoking-room continued their games until late at night, and during the day would make a wager on every possible incident which involved doubt—on the number of miles the ship would go, on how many vessels we would sight during the day, on fog or no fog; and it was carried to my ears by interested parties that a wager was pending between two men, one of whom was known as "Fuzzy-face," as to whether or not I would kiss the fair-haired young man on parting.

Was I so much of a flirt? It provoked me and I determined to frustrate their wager, so that neither side should win.

What a thrill passed over me as I first gazed on England, the home of my forefathers! Even the bleak, bare cliffs of Portland Bill seemed fascinating as we sailed up the Channel, past the Isle of Wight. What a great part in the world's history that little island has played!

At the landing, after the blue-capped Customs officer had finished the examination of his portmanteau, Gene Paroski turned about hurriedly to catch his train, which was waiting.

"Madame Helvina, I am going, and—and—"

He stood bashfully, cap in hand. I forgot my determination.

The fuzzy-faced passenger caught sight of us and was unhappy. He had lost his wager.

"Don't forget that voice, and we'll sing together again some time, perhaps. Good-bye," I said, as he hurried off.

He waved his hand to me and was gone.

It was my first meeting with one who I felt would become a famous tenor.

Was it my last?

CHAPTER XXI

London! An American is at first disgusted and later falls in love with the great city. There is only one London on earth. The crush of vehicles, the lamp-post islands in the center of the streets, Old Father Thames with the tide in and out, Trafalgar Square, Piccadilly Circus—it all rushes back in one gleam of memory. How I longed to visit the sights of London! but work, work, held me captive.

My grandfather lived a short distance from London, in one of the prettiest little villages in England, on the banks of the classic Thames. Dear old grandfather! He had seen seventy summers, and was a typical jolly Englishman. His proverbial good-nature and contented mind were the secret of his long years.

"Welcome, Minza, welcome to Ashley! How like Robert you are!" he said as he gave me a searching look on arrival.

We had never met, but there is something in blood relationship that is felt at first greeting.

I am afraid I was not so diligent in my studies at first as I should have been. I wandered down past the old bridge where father and his brothers had spent many happy days in youth. Lord Tonquay's old place, with its high wall, Stompy Pond, Birwood Park, the old inns, all had their history. I revelled in ancestral scenes. The old churchyard, with moss-covered gravestones and epitaphs, among which I found the resting-place of my great-great-grandmother—all this was entrancing even to an American. The sight of my name in such a place thrilled me. I found among the old records in the vestry, in faded ink, the date of father's christening.

Every evening grandfather sat in the ivy-covered porch in the long summer twilight. One evening, when I had just finished singing for him, I came out and kissed that dear old face.

"Grandpa, who were our ancestors?" I asked, sitting down at his knee.

This question naturally expresses the curiosity of all American girls. Of course

they do not care for ancient and noble lineage, but they would "like to know," just for curiosity.

"They do say," said grandpa reflectively, with a twinkle in his eye, "that many of our very ancient ancestors are buried in Cornwall, and that they were a branch of Lord Grundy's family."

"Ah, but who were we before that, as far back as the time of William the Conqueror?" I continued inquisitively.

"My dear Minza," said grandfather, as if beginning a long narrative, "my memory does not run back quite so far as that. However, the dove and the linnet is our coat of arms."

"But who were our ancestors?"

"You inquisitive little minx! And do you want to know the real truth? As an American, the question of ancestry ought not to interest you to any great extent."

"Well, I should like to know, grandpa—out of curiosity, you know."

"Oh, indeed! Well, Minza, the first Maxwell that we have any trace of in the genealogical investigations was—a Cornish pirate!"

"A pirate!" I gasped.

"Just so—ha, ha, ha!" and he laughed heartily at my discomfiture.

This revelation paralyzed my curiosity; I asked no further questions and discontinued my studies of the family tree.

The next day a regatta was given at Ashley-on-the-Thames. The morning was wet, but in England everything starts punctually, and the first race was called at 9.30, during a heavy shower, by firing a pistol. It was a single-scutt race. The contestants were brawny fellows, and their bare knees seemed higher than their heads as they pulled the long narrow scutt, almost bounding through the water. It was a close and exciting race, and a shot fired when the first boat crossed the line announced the finish. Later in the day the river filled up with steam launches from London, and rowing-boats from neighboring towns. There were also many punts, which resemble the Venetian gondola, and are pushed along by means of a long pole. It was altogether a gala day, and the broad English spoken almost made me feel as if I were in a foreign land; I could scarcely understand a word.

When the race between the Ashley Blues and the Rushtons was called, there was great excitement. It was the event of the day. All craned their necks to see the contest between the rival towns. The Ashley crew wore blue and the Rushtons red. I was out in the middle of the river in a boat, with grandpa's young gardener lad to look after me. My fancy chose the blues as favorite. I stepped on the seat of the boat to obtain a better view of them as they passed by on their way to the starting-post. I turned; slipped—a splash—and I was in the water.

Oh, the thoughts that flashed through my mind in those few seconds. The leader of the Ashley blues jumped from his seat, nearly upsetting his comrades in the scutt, and soon had me safely on shore. How awkward and ashamed I felt as I stood looking at him, with my skirts dripping with water!

"Are you all right?" he asked of me, as the crowd pushed forward.

"Yes, thanks," I said, trying to make the best of my appearance.

"Let me help you home," he said, as I started for the house, which fortunately was nearby.

"Don't let me hinder the race," I protested.

"Bother the race!" he said, walking by my side. "They must wait."

"How can I ever thank you?" I said, as he turned away from the gate.

"Oh, never mind! See that you don't catch cold from your bath. I'll call tomorrow, if I may, to see how you are."

He raised his cap and was gone.

"Well, well, my girl, what's this?" said grandpa, coming to meet me and thumping his cane.

"Fell overboard, grandpa."

"What! and where is James? Are you wet?" he said, touching my dripping gown. "Well, I never! Go and change your things and come and have a cup o' tea."

Some of the young ladies in the neighborhood were so cruel as to remark: "Ah! that's the way of these impudent American girls; that's how they catch our handsome young men. They fall overboard and are fished out. They are always fishing."

The Ashley blues won. Mr. Waldie, for

that was my rescuer's name, came to tell me so that evening, and he smoked his pipe with grandpa on the porch and listened while I sang.

On parting, he looked at me very sentimentally and held my hand quite too long, I thought.

"Good-night, Mr. Waldie," I said lightly. "I wish my husband were here to thank my rescuer."

He let go my hand rather suddenly and left me with a hurried "Good-night."

CHAPTER XXII

Every morning, as the dear old landscape of Ashley and the Thames opened to my eyes, it seemed like a continued dream. The coaches from London were laden with merry throngs of tourists, and I began to envy them. The purpose of my life was beginning to be a burden to me; there are times when we reflect "Is it worth all the struggle?" But I had determined to consecrate my life to music, and the singer, like the prize-fighter, the gymnast, the author, the barrister, or even any trade or profession, must always "go into training"—a sacrifice of self-indulgence, a drugdery of apprenticeship. Nothing is won without effort.

In another week I was to be on my way to Milan to complete my studies in *repertoire*. The young "Ashley Blue," Mr. Waldie, would persist in calling frequently, and I could not be rude to such a handsome young fellow. Of course, I may have flirted mildly with him, but then, you know, he saved my life. My woman's intuition told me that he kept his eyes too much on me when we were alone together.

"I am going on the Continent, too. May I see you there?" he softly whispered, as we were about to part under the dear old oak trees in the park.

Mén have a way of putting a woman on the defensive. His eyes were eloquent. Why are men always falling in love?

"No. I must work with all my concentrated energy. No more pleasure now. Some day we may meet again," I said firmly.

"Some day!" he echoed sadly.

How many hundreds of people we meet and find that parting from to meet "some

day!" But life's current seldom drifts them together again.

On my journey to Milan I met many family parties traveling about with nothing in view but pleasure. Pleasure—always pleasure—their sole pursuit in life! Their happy faces always made me keenly homesick, and set me to longing for that sweet-faced little mother in Iowa.

The busy portions of our life are always the most difficult to describe. My studies that winter were simply a period of endless hard work, trying to master the Italian language, until even the practice of scales and exercises became a positive relief. The trills bothered me, until I longed for a magic wand to convert me into a bird.

How hungry I was for one word of English—with the real American accent!

Oh, those dear old Italian teachers! They inspired me with the real love of music. An Italian has a passion for music such as no other nationality possesses.

The dreamy, soft sunlight of afternoon and the pale, liquid moonlight in Italy—it is all music. Young lovers passed my window cooing in that soft musical Italian. From them I caught the inspiration for my operatic *debut*. I studied every glance, every motion, for hours, for art's sake.

I received a number of letters regularly from home, but they seemed to be written almost in a foreign language. I had so steeped my brain in the study of Italian that I could scarcely read my native tongue.

In one of mother's letters during the following spring she wrote: "I think it is quite time that you made your *debut*, Minza; you are going on in years."

Growing old! Oh, how a lonely woman dreads it! With her, there is no responsive mother love, no little arms about her neck to compensate for those gray hairs and wrinkles. Oh, mothers, mothers! you may be worn out with the cries and boisterous play of those little ones, but in them you have the only true happiness known to a woman. A pure mother-love is the nearest approach to heavenly happiness given us on earth.

Mother's letter decided it, and the next day I told my tutor of my determination.

"Professor, I want to make my *debut* this season."

He looked at me rather startled.

"No, you are not ready. You must dazzle the world. Your trills need more finish. Your voice is not strong enough to stand the strain and blend with those shrieking, bellowing Germans."

He disliked the Germans very much.

There was another reason why I was anxious to make that *debut*. I had a rival. She was a sweet girl, had plenty of money and friends, and her voice was really captivating; but I will confess I could not love my rival. She was announced to appear later in the season, and I was anxious to come out first and settle my fate before I had to suffer a contrast. My weak point was in acting—I was awkward and could only take slow and dignified roles.

The tenor with whom I rehearsed had a very bad breath and his face was pitted with smallpox, although he made a handsome lover on the stage. His Alfredo in "La Traviata" was a finished conception, and our voices blended well, though I found it difficult to put any spirit and enthusiasm into our love scene during the rehearsals.

"You must have Signor Tonza," said my teacher, "your voices blend like a chime of bells—so beautiful, exquisite!"

The last dress rehearsal had ended. My teacher, Signor Gellani, was to direct the opera. How his *baton* inspired me! I found every retard, and soon cultivated the art of watching the wave of that wand without looking at him. The rehearsal was anything but encouraging; my high notes would shriek shrilly, and a huskiness was apparent in the lower tones that would ruin any *debutante*. The *impresario* wanted to postpone the opera. I said, "No, my fate must be decided tonight."

What a tremor I felt in the dressing-room that night! The maid brought my slippers first, and after carefully adjusting the blonde wig announced me as "made-up." I would wear no flowers.

"Just a simple rose, signorita!" pleaded the maid.

"No, I must win my laurels first," I whispered.

Hark! The orchestra began softly the *adagio prelude*. As the *tempo* increased, my heart beat faster and faster. The dashing chromatic runs of the *Intro-*

duzione had just commenced when the call-boy appeared. The curtain bell tapped as we reached the wings, and I hastily threw away the lemon I had been enjoying and took my position as the curtain was raised and the male *coro* began.

A short prayer before my first tone! The wand fell before my eyes. The crisis of a life had come. Was I to succeed? I responded to the signal of the *baton*—dancing like a black demon before my eyes—and sang the opening and touching phrase of Violetta's welcome.

Many times had I sung those notes, but never before had I realized that, although a joyous response of welcome, it was a Minor Chord. Would that Minor follow me through life and influence my whole career?

I cannot remember many incidents of that night. The dear old director was so furiously excited that he nearly lost his place. It was that first phrase which must decide my fate. A Minor strain!

I gathered all my strength for the *duettino* with Alfredo. It must be music. The singing of birds seemed to break upon me, and I half closed my eyes to the blinding sea of light in front, for the supreme moment had come, and the high note was approaching. I took a careful breath and sustained the note easily with a crescendo and diminuendo. My mind flashed on every note in the score. The orchestra was sympathetic, so that I soon forgot the notes themselves—the glides, the rests, the holds; my soul seemed fired with the spirit of the dashing, defiant Violetta. In fact, my chief concern was the precise location of my hands and feet rather than the score of the music. It is the last phrase that usually impresses the audience for good or ill. I threw into the song a tone that expresses despairing passion, but which can never be written in notes—a wail of despairing love. With it came a vision of mother and home, and tears burst through my heavily pencilled eyelashes. I held the last two notes fervently, loth to leave them. I was afraid they were falling short of the mark. What mockery there seemed in those last two measures of the opera, "How joyful!"

It, too, was a Minor refrain.

Even the accelerated dash of the orchestral finale as the curtain fell was a crash—a Minor Chord.

There was a wild outburst of applause when the curtain had fallen upon the finale. Handkerchiefs waved, and the little colony of Americans who were present were fairly frantic, and as I stepped before the curtain I was crowned with a handsome wreath of flowers. I was so dazed by the rush of events that I forgot to bow my acknowledgments until I was reminded by Tonza, who had led me on.

A few moments later there was a knock at my door.

"Come in," I said wearily.

"Signorita vas e-exquisite!" said Gellani excitedly. "Ze signorita's a great prima!" he continued, dancing around.

The next day the musical critics scored poor Tonza and me severely, with an occasional modification. But I had made my operatic *debut*, and my career now began in earnest.

I sat down and wrote to mother, enclosing translations of the most favorable portions of the criticisms. I also wrote to dear Howard Wittaker, my newspaper friend at Boston, and also to my enthusiastic benefactor, Mr. Bluffingame. But before that letter reached Howard he had had syndicate letters and correspondence wired all over the United States: "Great Conquest in Italy of the Young and Beautiful American Prima Donna, Madame Helvina!"

Here is where the deception of my stage biography began. He knew little of my real history, and, like the usual American newspaper man, arranged a romantic career for me. Howard was warm-hearted and impulsive, and I never had the heart to contradict his fairy stories.

"I have taken the flood-tide to work up a great reception for you when you return," he wrote, "and you will be received in a chariot of honors."

He kept aglow a curiosity concerning my personality, which always increases public interest, and gave my career enough mystery to whet the public appetite. Even mother did not recognize her own daughter in the newspaper articles, and today very few of the old Smithville friends

know that "Madame Helvina" is Minza Maxwell.

I thought much of home during these days, and one night I dreamt that I was back with Tim at the old limekiln. It was moonlight and I was on the island in the center of the millpond. Tim was standing on the shore crying, "Come, Minza, come!" But there was a gulf between us. Mirrored in the placid waters was the face of Angela. Angela! O Angela! sister of my childhood!

I awoke and found my face wet with tears. Even my budding fame could not bring back the lost love of youth.

CHAPTER XXIII

We always cling to whatever we first succeed in. The author who makes a hit with a certain idea seems to have that idea forever after hovering about him, and the same cast of character remains with him throughout life.

We may theorize upon the essentials and ingredients of success, immortalize hard work, genius, and careful study; but thousands sink into obloquy, into unknown graves, whose efforts are perhaps more admirable and perfect, from a theoretical standpoint, than those who flash the flint and fire of fame.

My success was in many ways a chance; it struck a popular vein, and my ability was equal to the emergency that presented itself.

The vigorous attacks of the critics said that I was awkward in my acting and had evidently never known the joys of a real lover and the art of love-making. To strengthen this weakness I decided to go to Paris and study with Delsarte, and take boxing lessons if necessary, in order to be able gracefully to embrace a lover.

Dear, gay Paris!

The course of lessons which I took in posing and in plastiques was arduous. It seemed as if I had my every natural motion to reform. My fingers must not spread out; my arms must wave in curves—no sharp corners in Art, no rectangular motions—all in graceful arcs, as the sky above. I must confess I grew to enjoy it, and the staid old butler who accompanied me on my walks lost his hat several times when I took a sudden and erratic fancy to box.

This was Delsarte, you know.

What a flood of historical recollections came upon me as I walked through the streets of Paris! The pavements were covered with tables and chairs, and everyone seemed to be drinking yellow absinthe and reflecting. The Parisians ought to be sober-minded people, considering the amount of meditating they do. The Theatre National, with its imperious bronze figures, fascinated me. Should I ever sing in that temple of opera? At Pere-la-Chaise I came upon the tomb of Heloise and Abelard. Under a canopy of stones from the monastery of Abelard were the two recumbent figures—monk and nun. They were buried side by side, the emblem of disappointed love. The story is old; and as I stood looking over the iron fence at the beautiful flowers, young French girls with pensive eyes passed by and flung withered bouquets upon the dingy old tomb.

I thought of Tim.

It was nearly dark when I left behind me the shadows of the cemetery. As I passed through the gates, the chimes echoed once more a Minor Chord.

But, as soon as I was safe in my snug and cosy room with my music, the dismal feelings were dispelled.

Late that evening there was a knock at my door. It was a woman clad but poorly and about to become a mother.

"Madame Helvina," she said in pure American accent, "it is you or the Seine." This with a tragic gesture, pointing to the river.

"What is the matter?" I said, coming closer to her.

"Two years ago I came to Paris from America, a happy, ambitious girl," she said. "I wanted to be an actress. I studied and made my appearance, but, oh, the temptations, madame! It's the old story, and here I am, ready to die."

She broke down crying and I pitied her. I knew something of the temptations of an actress. Worshipped, flattered and adored, she has temptations that those who so heartlessly condemn her never dream of.

We sat talking far into the night and she told me her story in detail. She said her name was Lila Lingham, and when she referred to the young lover whom

she had left behind in America and pulled from her breast a picture of her mother, I was soon crying with her.

My means were scant, but she should not be turned out into the street.

Her babe was born a few days afterward. Lila improved slowly, but her face grew hard and solemn when she nursed the child. Three or four weeks later, on my return from a lesson, I found Lila gone and the baby crying pitifully in its cradle. I waited anxiously for some weeks for news of her, but nothing could be learned as to where she had gone. I had communicated the matter to the police, and one day received a message from the *gendarmier* to visit the Morgue at once.

What a chapter of human misery is pictured behind those glass partitions! The row of ghastly faces look out upon you with all the conceivable horrors of death. On the last table in the corner, No. 618, was the face I sought. There lay Lila—beautiful in death; the cruel waters of the Seine seemed to have washed away the deep lines of sorrow on her face.

It was the old story over again, and now my thoughts were for the child. I prepared to be a real mother to him, and gave him the name of Tim; but two weeks after I followed the tiny coffin to the cemetery. The little life had faded like a tender flower and with it my hopes.

The death of the little nameless infant had occasioned me a great deal of anxiety. I should never have been able to go through it all had it not been for a Mrs. Campbell, an elderly Scotch lady, who was then residing in Paris, occupying the rooms adjoining mine. She always wore a neat white widow's cap and her kind heart sparkled in her smiles, and even seemed to glisten through the gold-rimmed spectacles.

It was in Paris that I witnessed a balloon ascent with Mrs. Campbell. It brought back the old sad memories of Bob. I confess that I had almost forgotten the husband to whom I was still wedded—a husband in the air! Not a word had I heard from him since that last voyage of his. A young girl was to make the ascent and it was made a *fete* day in the Bois de Boulogne. The great swaying balloon started on its aerial voyage slowly and majestically. It gave me a shudder as it

lurched now this way and now that, on, up, up into the clouds!

"Why do they allow such nonsense?" said Mrs. Campbell excitedly. "I call anyone crazy that would venture on such an expedition. It ought not to be allowed."

"Yes, but anything is allowed that makes money, auntie," I replied, for I had begun to call her by that endearing name.

"Well, it's tempting Providence, and a man who would make a balloon has sold himself to the devil!"

Dear auntie! She did not know how every word cut me. She was so kind to a lonesome girl! Was I widow or wife? Had I done my full duty in trying to find poor Bob? We often meet people who become a conscience to us, and Mrs. Campbell was mine. Should I tell her my story? That night I fell asleep at her side—for she now shared my rooms—dreaming of Bob and his balloons.

CHAPTER XXIV

When success is once under full headway, it is accumulative. The world worships success. While in Paris I received the offer of an engagement at Covent Garden in London. I had long looked forward to it, and now my dear grandfather should go to the opera, although he held to the old ideas that an actress was in the lower levels of society. He had served many years as butler in a very aristocratic family and had assimilated all the notions of the gentry. His faithful life of service had developed an ideal character, and I consoled myself for the lack of a pedigree by thinking that the best people must come from servants, as they transmit virtues, while their masters inherit and re-inherit the vices of luxury; so that every few generations the servant becomes master and the master servant. I was bound to cling to the belief that somehow I had good blood in my veins.

On the first night of my engagement at Covent Garden there were members of the Royal Family present, and while I affected not to consider it a special event, I must confess it put me into quite a flutter. The opera to be given was "Lohengrin." Elsa was my favorite *role*, and how happy I was to see dear grandfather's bright, beaming face in one of those red plush-

lined boxes! His big blue eyes were wide awake like a child's with wonderment, and he reminded me of father. In the box with him was Mrs. Campbell. His courtly gallantry was quite true to the ideals of the old school, and Mrs. Campbell's face beamed brighter than ever.

The violins began with the plaintive high notes of the opening measures, the chords began to gather for a crash and climax as only Wagner's master-hand could make them.

I prayed to God as the soft, sad notes which preceded my entrance were given by the orchestra.

Attired in pure marguerite white, I stepped down to the front of the stage with measured steps. Every note I studied before reaching it. "Music, my heart! music!" was my cry.

I watched for the response. It was to grandpa that I was singing. I caught his eyes sparkling with tears, and it gave me a thrill of delight. Every pantomimic action of the opera now seemed easy. The tenor was rather stiff at first, but I soon had him devoted to me. Our bridal chamber duet was the best we had ever rendered. The spirit of the composer came upon us. The curly wig and jaunty cap of Lohengrin was my ideal of Tim, and I threw myself into a trance of childhood once more. The quiet dazed look—the innocent Elsa expression which I had rehearsed for hours before a glass—it was all so natural to me now. No matter how many times I may sing a *role*, there is always some particular part that I dread, and once it is passed I feel a sense of relief. The duet was my dread that night, but it proved to be the greatest success of the evening.

Grandpa was satisfied and I was happy, although the critics were rather harsh next day.

"Minza, little Minza! Rob's girl!—and such a singer! I never dreamed of living for so much happiness," said grandpa, as he kissed me after the opera, as father always did. "So like your dear grandma! How I wish she were here! Poor mother!" and he brushed away a tear.

* * *

Grandma was dead, and buried in the pretty little churchyard at Ashley. Aunt

Manda was the only daughter living, and she had been in service all her life with an earl. She had almost been a mother to the family, including the viscount and four daughters. They all seemed to love her and were much attached to her.

"My young ladies' dogs," said Aunt Manda, one day when I met her in Hyde Park by appointment. There were ten of them—all sorts and colors—out for an airing. "I have just been to the doctor for little Pete."

"Doctors for dogs, auntie!"

"Oh yes, they have all the luxuries of life."

These four young ladies and their dogs, how I pitied them! Clever, beautiful and yet vacant young lives, simply existing, waiting for the matrimonial market to be more active, and concentrating their inert affection on dogs.

I went to visit Aunt Manda one day at the earl's London house. I entered by the servant's door at the rear. We took tea with the housekeeper and upper servants, the butler, the valet and powdered footman, and gossiped; they knew more about the doings and "goings on" of English aristocracy than the lords and ladies themselves. Every carriage and coachman was known to them. Family secrets were peddled out by the yard. We had scarcely finished tea when there was a commotion outside in the hall.

"Maxwell, Maxwell, why do you leave poor Pete alone?" It was my lady calling poor auntie because she had left the dog, which did not look worth a decent burial, and in the hum of conversation at the table she had not heard the bell ring.

"The doctor's here and you must mind his instructions," continued my lady.

The doctor felt doggy Pete's pulse and winked at the butler.

In the beautiful boudoir upstairs no fewer than ten little dogs revelled in luxurious ease with the four young ladies taking tea. They kissed the dogs and drank some tea, then drank their tea and kissed the dogs. It was an ideal scene of an English lady's passion for dogs. True, they are faithful friends who never tell secrets and are always grateful. Another kiss and hug for doggy. Under those very windows were a score of little children

—London street waifs—crying and starving for bread. Even a hungry dog will be given a crust when it is denied to human beings.

"Maxwell, you must not loiter here. Come along; bustle about, attend to the dogs and feed them properly." It was one of the daughters, who spoke in a rather languid and irritable tone. My fist doubled instinctively. My auntie, a slave—a keeper of dogs—for these vacant, idle and shiftless beings who happened to be born under an earl's roof!

I caught a glimpse of the viscount as he passed by the door. He was a handsome young fellow, but his sister's words burned into my heart. He was a member of Parliament—Lord Hamper, eldest son of the Earl of Elferton.

I took a cab home and arranged that auntie should take tea with me on the following Wednesday.

That night, after the opera, a card was presented. "Lord Hamper." We met. My eyes drooped—perhaps I put an extra dimple in my cheeks—I tried to be winsome. He was very clever and sympathized with some of my pet philanthropic ideas. He called the next night and the next. It was becoming truly interesting, and the chorus girls all gossiped as to how cleverly Madame Helvina had caught the son of an English earl. Lord Hamper was a musician, and I confess it was rather nice to receive his handsome presents and adoration.

"May I see you tomorrow?" he said on Tuesday night. "I have something important to say to you."

I dropped my eyes quickly and blushed.

"Perhaps," I murmured.

"But I must. I have come to—"

"Isn't that a beautiful likeness of Tonza?" I broke in, anxious to change the subject and pointing to a photograph.

"May I come tomorrow?" he persisted.

"Tea at four," I said rising.

"You make me so happy!" he said, as he bowed himself out.

The next day he appeared promptly at four o'clock.

I always liked to make the tea myself, and he watched me with interest—even helping me; the scene was altogether charmingly domestic.

I was about to pass him a cup of tea.

"Before I drink a drop I must know my fate. I—I—adore you, Madame Helvina! Will you—will you—" In his ardor in kneeling he had knocked the cup from my hand and its contents poured down his shirt-front, and almost made me laugh outright. But he was in earnest.

"You must marry me," he continued, getting up, trying to wipe away the yellow stain, and picking up the empty cup.

"Well, I'll see," I replied coolly. "Why, I expected more company to tea," I said, endeavoring to set matters right.

"Why didn't you tell me? I shall go; but let me say I love you and will make you happy as my wife. Say the word, my queen! My queen—"

He was on his knees again, in order to prolong our *tele-a-tele*, and determined to have his say.

At that moment Aunt Manda bustled in, with her delegation of ten dogs, from a walk in the Park.

She was startled; he was confounded.

"My Aunt Manda, Lord Hamper," I said, introducing her.

"Why, she is my sister's maid!" he exclaimed.

"Is that so?" I said innocently. "She is my own flesh and blood, my father's sister."

"The devil!" he gasped, as he started to take his leave, with scarcely a glance at Aunt Manda.

The rumor was circulated that I had refused the hand of an earl's son. But I hadn't.

There is a tinge of class distinction left in England. Aunt Manda was amazed and tried to disown me, so that Lord Hamper should not be so miserable, but she could not change my birthright. I was Minza Maxwell, descended from a Cornish pirate and English servants; but, above all, an American, and proud of it.

CHAPTER XXV

After I had enjoyed a few days' rest at Ashley, Howard Wittaker, the Boston newspaper man, made his appearance. He gave me quite a surprise and announced that he had come to act as my business manager.

Now that the *debut* was really over and the critics had opened their heavy artillery

upon me, the doors of the large theaters in Europe swung open and the wrestle with managers began.

From London I went to Berlin, the engagement there being entirely devoid of any special incidents. The handsome German army officers with their *pince-nez* were quite gallant and attracted my admiration. My Elsa was severely criticised—I cried over the bitter words—but it aroused the old spirit. The Germans should yet praise me in my favorite Wagnerian *role*.

Everything in Berlin was strange: the Thier Garten, with its delightful and romantic drives; and the boats on the Spree which are pushed along by means of long poles. Yes, there was worse drudgery than a prima donna's career! The dingy old palace, the flashing statue of Victory, dear old Linden Street—all these were charming. The Germans live in their beer gardens, and truly cultivate the social spirit. I stole a few hours to visit the National Gallery, with its rooms radiating from a center like the spokes of a wheel. The pictures thrilled me, and I quite fell in love with Art; but my life's mission was Music, and I had to tear myself away for rehearsals.

A week later I was at Dresden. As incidental to a prima donna's career, I thought a visit to the Green Vaults, with their priceless jewels, was quite proper.

What is the worth of jewels, after all? We struggle to own them and yet the humblest tourist can enjoy these matchless gems quite as much as the royalties who once owned and used as everyday trifles those great swords studded with diamonds and rubies! The radiance and reflection of sapphire, amethyst, emerald, opal, the sheen of pearls, quite bewildered me with their blaze. Like all women, I was fascinated with beautiful jewels and was a wee bit envious.

Another weakness I discovered while in Dresden was china. I enjoyed selecting presents for those at home, and I think, if Howard had not given me a very strong hint, I should have been another thousand dollars in debt if I had remained longer within reach of temptation.

The second night of our engagement there, Tonza fell ill and an understudy

was brought from Berlin to take his part. We were called hastily for an extra rehearsal that afternoon. In the dim light of the Opera House, with my mind quite under the spell of the china shops, I did not notice who was to sing Lohengrin. It was a new voice, and yet—surely I had heard it before. I came up from the dressing-room hurriedly.

It was Gene Paroski!

How my heart thrilled! In two years the fair-haired boy had developed into full and robust manhood. It brought back the memory of my first meeting with him.

"Madame Helvina!" he whispered hurriedly as the orchestra began and we were about to sing.

The rest was told in the songs.

He made music of every note—not that tiresome, quavering vibrato, that seems uncertain and wavers about a semitone; not that expletive angry gush that tenors love to gurgle when in the last stages of despairing love; not that clever falsetto and head tone—but a voice robust, firm, clear, manly and musical.

They say prima donnas and tenors must fall in love to sing well. Musically, perhaps they do, for I felt an affinity in singing with Gene Paroski that I had never felt before.

That performance decided that I was to go to Bayreuth. At last my Elsa was appreciated and I had found what I wanted—a sympathetic Lohengrin.

During the opera we had scarcely spoken a word together, but the music and looks expressed it all. His eyes glistened with fervor, but we were both unconscious of those in front. We were Elsa and Lohengrin.

After the curtain on the last act he kissed my hand.

"To you, madame, I owe everything," he said.

"Hush! you are talking nonsense," I replied.

"We will live for music, madame, real music. And you will yet be the unrivaled queen of opera," he continued warmly.

"Don't flatter, Gene," I said. "There is a long road with many turnings in a public career. But I'm so proud of you!"

"Are you? Well, you're responsible. I can never forget those kind words of

encouragement you gave me on the steamer."

He told me his story, giving me a picture of his mother and himself, and we got on famously in our friendship; and, happily, he did not mar it by persistent love-making every time we were alone.

The ways of managers are past understanding. Although critics praised our joint efforts, the understudy was kept in the ranks, and I continued with Tonz. The managers would not agree to my suggestion of an engagement for Gene in "Lohengrin."

"You will be getting married and that will spoil it all," was the heartless conclusion.

They did not know that Madame Helvina already had a husband in the air!

The more stubborn they were, the more friendly we became and managed to sing together many times—alone.

We worshipped at Apollo's shrine.

CHAPTER XXVI

Going home! going home! I believe I must have jumped about like a little girl when Howard announced it one day in Berlin. Howard was developing into an ideal and practical manager.

I had just returned from an excursion to Sans Souci gardens at Potsdam, where I had revelled among the fountains and grounds made famous by Frederick the Great. The terrace which the great monarch used to pace for his morning walk was now overgrown with flowers. The little low palace of one story, Voltaire's room, the Death Gate—all this regal magnificence and yet the owner died unhappy. The scenes of the day impressed me, and I looked forward now with pleasure to reading Carlyle's "Frederick the Great," but Howard's good news dissipated my intention.

But going home! going home! How sweet it seemed to an American who had been exiled for so long! There is no lustre in fame that can dim the radiance of home love.

When the great vessel steamed into New York harbor my eyes filled with tears. O America! How I loved my native land! It makes us better patriots to travel. During the years I had been absent I

had witnessed no grander scene than the old Stars and Stripes floating everywhere in the great city; for it was Memorial Day—a day set apart to decorate the graves of soldiers by the children, as they sing patriotic songs and do honors to the heroes, living and dead. My father was a soldier; was his grave strewn with flowers?

I had not heard from home for some time, and my old fears of death in the home circle were upon me.

During a few engagements in the eastern states I had the honor to thank and repay my noble benefactor, James Bluffingame. My generous patron was an ideal Boston gentleman. As we went to his handsome home in Back Bay my heart overflowed with gratitude.

"And this is my noble benefactor!" I said, advancing to him and introducing myself and Mrs. Campbell. "To you I owe my stage career—"

"Do not talk to me of the stage, madame. I hate it!" he said excitedly.

"Why!" I exclaimed in surprise. "You were always considered the great patron of the stage in Boston."

"Yes, but that was before—before—" And he broke into tears.

"Well, madame, perhaps I am unreasonable," he continued; "but the stage robbed me of my pretty little girl, my only hope in old age. She wanted to become an actress and went to Europe, like you. I gave her the money, as I did you, but—but—" He broke down again.

"Was she in Paris?" asked Mrs. Campbell, with a kindly sympathy.

"Yes, and there all trace was lost of her for a time. She wrote that she was married and then came that last letter, her death-warrant. Poor Lila—"

"Was it in the Morgue?" I broke in quickly.

"Only No. 618," he said sadly. "Photographs were sent us and there was no doubt of the horrible truth. We brought her home and she now sleeps in Auburn, beside her mother. The stage was her hell, her doom. Do you wonder that I hate it?"

Should we tell him all we knew? The old church bell just then sounded a Minor tone. It seemed like a knell for poor

Lila. We did not tell him the sad story—it would have been too cruel.

When we returned, I urged Howard to hurry on to Chicago and told him I should have to have a fortnight's holiday alone after that.

"Where are you going?" he asked, puzzled.

"Never mind. I don't want to see you for two weeks."

Was I ashamed of my home and my mother? No, God forbid! But the deception had commenced and even he must not know that I was a plain Iowa girl.

"All right," he said good-naturedly. "If you can trust me with all your money, I can trust you."

"How much can I have?"

"You've some heavy orders for costumes."

"I must have one thousand dollars."

"Oh, that's easy," he said, giving his elk charm a whirl; "but the engagement here must be filled first."

There was over a fortnight yet before I could leave the World's Fair grounds, and I telegraphed for mother to come to me from that little Iowa town—my home. The next day we met in Chicago—mother and I. Oh, how happy I was when we walked together through the grounds—mother and I!

The oratorio first rendered was "The Creation," mother's favorite, and how that little face in the center riveted me! The "cooing dove" passage caught my whole spirit—I sang to mother.

Planzo Gendar was the baritone and Signor Tonza the tenor, and it seemed so easy to sing the difficult trio! The choruses were inspiring.

I was proud, as an American, to wander down the Court of Honor, past the Fountain, and across the bridge at the peri-style and feel that the wonders of the ancients had been outdone. There was a gorgeous harmony and yet a soft, subtle symmetry in that white city that never can be surpassed. It seemed like a dream. The Circular Music Hall was difficult to sing in, but to stir again the enthusiasm of an American audience outweighed all other considerations to me.

As was the rage, during the early part

of the Fair, mother and I went on a tour through Midway Plaisance. The Ferris Wheel had just begun lazily to turn, and the Captive Balloon—what a shudder it gave me!—brought back memories of poor Bob. The streets of Cairo, the Java village, old Vienna, the Dahomeys—it was all a collection of wonders never before gathered in one place. We wheeled each other about in chairs, mother and I, for no carriages were allowed in those great grounds. The Exposition seemed like a continued national circus day. There were surging seas of happy faces, and yet I was looking for one face!

When mother was tired out in the evening, I used to wander along the beach of Lake Michigan, as it sang the memories of childhood. I wandered into the Iowa building, with its gay decorations of corn and wheat, and the verandas filled with the happy country people.

I was looking for a face among them. Would it be there?

I dared not express my feelings even to mother. It was a heart secret, and the pictures of childhood's scenes seemed incomplete without that face.

I almost feared that the handsome Columbian Guards were beginning to know me, as I took those lonely walks along the beach every night toward the little gray stone Iowa Building.

I believe I was almost foolish and crazy about it. In the little groups about the Iowa building I occasionally caught a glimpse of a familiar face, but I shrank away for fear of recognition. It was not the face I was looking for. I quite expected to meet him. Yes! even among the glories of Jackson Park, the regal magnificence of American achievement, with a promising career before me, and even mother with me—there was one thing lacking—one face missing.

Is it so with all of us? We can answer only to our heart's heart.

I was glad when the last day of my engagement arrived. Mother now timorously ventured to come with me to the dressing-room.

"Why, Minza, you don't always have to whitewash that way, do you?"

It was the hare's paw and make-up box that startled her.

"Yes, mother. My real self is dead; I am a public statue now. Do not ever let the secret be known that Madame Helvina is your daughter. Let me always remain Minza—only Minza—to you."

The orchestra began and I walked out to take my seat. In oratorios we can always study the faces before us more than in opera. That day I felt the opera-glasses levelled at me with heartless scrutiny. When I began my first solo my eyes caught a face in the gallery.

The sight so startled me that I nearly broke down; my voice quivered; the orchestral tones seemed a din of confusion; my voice sounded distant and far away. I did not dare look again for those eyes. Could I be mistaken? No, they were there still, and I felt I could keep up no longer. A moment, and I sang to him with my heart aching, and felt those eyes upon me—it was Fred Burroughes. Did he recognize Minza?

But it was not the face I looked for.

Mother was startled when I came out.

"Why, Minza, child, what's the matter? Are you ill?"

"No, mother, I saw Fred Burroughes in the audience, and it quite upset me."

"Did he recognize you?"

"I don't know," I replied sadly.

"I hope not, Minza. Fred's gone to the bad. He ran away from his wife and married an actress—now they are 'vaudeville' people, and he has served a year in prison for bigamy. They are not considered respectable in Smithville."

"But, mother, remember what he did for us!"

"Yes, my child, but we cannot help him now. It would ruin you were it known that—"

"Mother, I will see him and thank him tomorrow," I said firmly.

But it was too late. The flashing headlines in the newspapers the next morning told of the tragic suicide of Fred Burroughes, the variety actor. Poor Fred! I never expressed the appreciation I felt. But perhaps that is the way of the world. The pendulum swung me up, he went down; and if no one else mourned his death, Minza, the friend of childhood, wept tears of sorrow.

An "unknown friend" secured for him

a resting place in Oakland, and a few months later saw the little violets from the old home in Iowa blooming over his grave.

CHAPTER XXVII

Fred's death delayed our trip to Iowa a few days. Every passing tree, I fancied, nodded a greeting as we sped away over the rolling prairies. How dear the large green fields of the old Hawkeye State seemed! How rich and fertile and smiling the landscape appeared that bright June morning!

"Won't it be a surprise for them?" thought I, as we stepped from the train at dusk at Smithville, and started to walk home.

I rushed along the village street ahead of mother, for fear some of the old neighbors might recognize me.

Where was the dear old house? I did not see it nestling among the trees. A larger, new-fashioned house stood in its stead. Why had they not written to me, and why had they torn down that little cottage I loved so well?

A tall young man was busy with a lawnmower in the front garden.

"Does Mr. Robert Maxwell live here?" I inquired.

"Well, rather. And this is my sister Minza, I'll bet. I'm Jim."

The way I hugged that young rascal was a caution.

"Where's father—and Tod?" I said all in one breath.

"Father's over at Rathbone's. She's very ill."

"Who? Tim? Children—Angela!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, she's had trouble enough to die," said Jim. "But come in. My! but, Minza, you wear fine dresses now," he continued, with admiring brotherly glances.

It seemed impossible to realize that this was the little baby I had nursed. I could not take my arms from his neck.

"I must see father!" I exclaimed, jumping up hurriedly, as Jim, lazily, as a boy that age always acts, grunted out:

"I'll go and get him. You sit still, or don't you want to—" He stopped and looked at me.

"Yes, I'll go," and without taking off

my cloak I started across the road under the towering row of maples, and passed the sand pile where Angela and I used to play together.

Father saw me and rushed out.

"Minza, my daughter!" and the little gray-haired man embraced me tenderly. "She's very low," he whispered as we went in.

The room was dark; the light of a flickering lamp only was on her pale face; her cheeks were sunken, her lips parched. It was Angela! What must she have suffered. I took the thin hand and kissed it affectionately.

"Who's this?—Mrs. Brady?" she whispered in a faint voice. "No, no, it's—it's—Minza."

With a cry, she feebly placed her arms about my neck.

Angela, Angela, sister of my childhood! About the room were three little children, all Tim's, the alternate image of father and mother.

"You've come—come! O Minza! forgive—" continued Angela.

"Hush," I said, kissing the dry lips. "Now rest quietly."

What a flood-tide of memories came back, as I watched at that bedside! Would Tim come?

As I bent over the suffering woman I could see but little trace of that happy girlish face I had left behind me.

I held her in my arms and she slept. It was not long before I heard a noise at the door, and the children began to scamper to the kitchen.

"It's papa, it's papa!" they whispered in concert like frightened birds.

I was to meet him at last—the face I had so long sought in vain! My heart stood still.

"Gi' o't my way, there! she's allus sick—hic—I'm a lord mayor, I am."

Tim was drunk!

This told the story of that pallid face and those frightened children. I laid her down gently.

"Don't go—go—Min—za—he's only—ah, my—"

I walked out into the other room. With a light in my hand I faced the drunken man.

Was *that* the face? "Tim!" I said, as he staggered toward me.

"Mush 'bliged, mum, eh! Neighbors always in the way."

"Tim!" I said a second time, "it's Minza."

That seemed to sober him. What a wreck he was, though his bloodshot eyes flashed the old fire!

"Minza, Minza!" And he sat down and cried.

I shook his limp hand as he sat with bowed and shamed head. After kissing the sleeping face, as the other neighbors came to take the watch at the sick bed, I returned home.

This saddened my home-coming.

I found Tod at home, proud as a king in his new scarlet band uniform.

"Minza, Minza, my famous sister!" he cried as he hung to me.

How swiftly those few days at home passed! and yet I was not sorry when they were over! Everything was so changed!—there were no familiar faces to greet me.

The day before I was to leave I went to see Angela. She was much better and sitting up, although very weak.

"Yes, I shall get well now," she said faintly, but there was something strained in her expression. I had not seen Tim since that first meeting.

That afternoon we were aroused by the cries of children from across the street.

"Mother's dying, mother's dying!" and when we arrived we found those three little girls clinging to the bedclothes and being kissed "Good-bye" by the dying mother.

Tim stood weeping at the opposite side of the bed.

"I have killed her, Minza! Oh, if I could die, too!" he cried in despair.

One last glance as her eyes looked into mine and she smiled in recognition.

That was the last on earth. Angela, sweet sister Angela was dead.

I remained to attend the funeral. The songs we used to sing together at Sunday-school were to be sung at Angela's funeral.

The next morning Tim and I stood face to face over the coffin.

"Minza, I am a wreck, and I wrecked her life, too," he said, pointing to the dead face, now calm and peaceful. "Minza, in God's presence, I must confess it all."

I could stand it no longer, and over that coffin we wept together.

She was buried at the old limekiln. What a funeral it was! My voice broke in those simple songs of childhood. My heart was too full. As we stood at the graveside the rustle of the leaves of the old walnut tree came as a whisper from the dead. "Dust to dust!" Underneath the very spot we used to sit as children Angela was buried—the place where I had first plighted my troth to Tim!

(To be continued)

THE SEED

THE sower sows a little seed;
The hands of God attend it,
The tears of heaven befriend it,
The harvest fills a need.

The poet hears a little word;
Into his heart he takes it,
Into a song he wakes it,
And kindred hearts are stirred.

With seed and word the world is rife;
If loving hands will plant them,
A Sovereign Love will grant them
Life, and the joy of life.

—Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy."

**"For He Shall Give His Angels Charge Over Thee to Keep
Thee in All Thy Ways."—Psalm 91: 11**

LOTTA J. DARLING

ANGELS bright are ever near us
Through the changing scenes of life,
Strewing blessings on our pathway
As we meet its toil and strife;
Gently guiding all our footsteps
With a kind and tender hand
From the ways of sin and error
To the glorious "Summer Land."

Earth is lovely—field and forest,
Shadowy vale and mountain steep,
Murmuring rill and rolling river
Rushing flood and ocean deep,
Blooming flowers and whispering breezes
Feathered songsters of the grove
All join in one harmonious concert,
Ever singing "God is Love."

God is Love—and we, his children,
Objects of His loving care,
See the tokens of his mercy
Scattered 'round us everywhere.
If we suffer—'tis our folly
Causes all our grief and pain,
But our guardian angels lead us
Back to peace and truth again.

Oh, let the worldling pass thee by
With scornful look, averted eye—
Let the friends who knew thy youth
Doubt thy goodness and thy truth—
Canst thou not their love forego
Our sweet ministry to know,
And unmoved their scornings see
While bright spirits walk with thee.

Let the vanities of earth
Perish at their hour of birth
For the things of time and space
Breathe not of our influence.
Earth worms clinging to the dust
Know not of thy holy trust;
Let them rave; they cannot see
The angels bright who walk with thee.

Starless nights and days of pain
In thy pilgrimage remain,
Hours of grief and heart's unrest,
Soul and body sore oppressed;
Yet about thee, night and day,
Brightening all thy dreary way,
Spirits from the form set free
Shall protect and comfort thee.

Unshackled soul, rejoice, rejoice,
Joy in the glory of thy choice.
Shout, for the small and trembling ray
Shall brighten into perfect day.
The scales that now obstruct thy sight
Shall fall before the glowing light,
And all about thee thou canst see
The angels bright who walk with thee

The Nobility of the Trades

THE FARMER, 1066-1600

By Charles Winslow Hall

IN ENGLAND, after the Romans abandoned Britain, the people seem to have chiefly lived in villages, and to have cleared and held the "plow-land" in equal shares, giving each man an acre here and an acre there, so that every householder should have his fair proportion of good and inferior corn-land. Once allotted, however, he farmed and held it by custom and land-right, until the harvest was ended, when his holding, with all the rest of the common land, was thrown open to pasturage for some months.

With the next spring the common labor and united teams of the hamlet ploughed the arable land, each man retaining the right to his own allotment, and gradually this communistic right became to a great extent absolute ownership. The meadow-land, however, with a view of maintaining an absolute fairness of distribution, was re-allotted every year, until, not long before the establishment of the Saxon heptarchy, most of the English lands were held in fee-simple; but even then, and for generations thereafter, the rights to use the pastures, and a "pannage" or acorn-fruitage of the woods, were held in common, limited only by the number of animals, swine and geese, which any one villager could subsist. From this common interest, we derive such rights as the American public now has in such city parks as Boston Common, which was set aside and used in just such way, at the very foundation of the city.

At first "extensive" cultivation prevailed, and new lands were reclaimed

from time to time and the comparatively exhausted soil abandoned to become "old fields" for pasturage, or meadow; and the new corn-lands re-allotted in their place; but this process could not continue, and men soon began to hold and cultivate their allotments from father to son and generation to generation.

The size of the parcels of land allotted was almost universally an acre, which was then held to be the amount of land that an average team could plow in a day, in most English shires, a furlong (a furrow long), forty rods (of five and a half yards each), in length, by four rods in breadth. But this popular unit of land measurement was largely varied by custom in England, as before the Norman conquest the rod was sometimes only twelve feet in one district, while in another section it might be twenty-four. Even as late as 1830, the acre in Bedfordshire was two roods; in Lincolnshire, five; while in Dorset it was only 134 rods, instead of 160. In Staffordshire, it was equal to two and a half acres; and even today

the Cheshire "acre" is 10,240 square yards—about two and one-sixth acres.

Naturally, in some places there were only half-acre lots left to make fair division, but all the lots were separated by the narrow grassy strips, called "balks" or "lands,"

and ended at the "headland" where the plough turned, a term still used today, and in some cases grown into the name of a locality by long usage.

"Intensive" farming soon became necessary and at first a man planted one-half



ANGLO-SAXON SWINEHERDS

his land every year, letting the other half lie fallow. Next the "two-field system" was exchanged for the "three-field" plan, by which the owner of a piece lying fallow through the summer had it sown to wheat or rye in autumn; next spring plowed back the stubble of last year's wheat and sowed barley or oats; then harvested his



ANGLO-SAXON MANOR HOUSE (TENTH CENTURY)

winter wheat or rye, ploughed it up and let it lie fallow. Crops and hayland were carefully fenced, but arable lands were usually thrown open for pasturage from Lammas-tide (August 1) to Candlemas, (February 2), and the meadows from mid-summer day (July 6) to February 2.

The community was sometimes a compact and roughly-fortified village of from fifty to an hundred houses—say five hundred souls—or a less compact hamlet of a few scattered freeholders, each having his own "town" or "garth" rudely protected by mound and stockade. For in the "Merry England" of old, the multitudinous peoples from whose miscegenation we are descended, knew no long season of peace for centuries.

The Anglo-Saxon was still at war with the Briton on the west and southwest; with the Pict and Scot on the north; the Dane, Norwegian, Swede and Baltic hordes on the seacoast and wherever a Norse Jarl had made a conquest of the east and northeast.

Besides these the piratical forayers of Western Europe, less formidable but efficiently annoying, made occasional raids along the Channel coasts, and carried

off spoil and captives. The lance and the sword of the freeholder, and the club, axe and knife of the thrall, were seldom laid aside in those years of piracy and warfare which eventually fused into one sterling cohesive ingot, the English people.

So we see in the crude illustrations of Saxon and early English manuscripts the one-story hall of the Anglo-Saxon chief,

with its lean-to additions, added probably from time to time, as his family and servants became more numerous; the dole of bread to the dependent poor, and varied aspects of family life; but the house-carles, or armed servants, are near at hand with their long lances; and even the swineherd driving his greedy charges into the distant woods is armed as if for war, while the rude gallows of the central villages is seldom without the "sea-thief" or "wood-thief," whose capture

and whose execution were seldom separated by many hours.

From these holders, big and little, the king derived service in war and a "feorm," or "farm-rent," paid in animals, grain, etc., which in the early days he collected, and literally "ate up" when making his visits to the various parts of his domain. At an early date the church began to acquire large grants from the crown, and

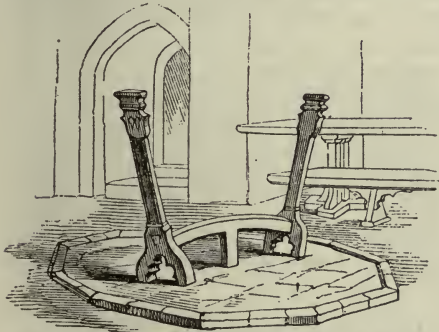


THE HIGH SEAT OF A SAXON OR NORSE KING OR CHIEF (NINTH CENTURY)

these rents were brought into the abbey or monastery or collected by a resident reeve or overseer. Chiefs and thanes also made grants, and even the poorer householders, by way of penance, or seeking the protection of Mother Church; in those days often the only savior of the weak and unfortunate. Giving the title to their land, they generally retained its tenancy, and as in time man-service and

payment of money or in kind took the place of the old royal provender rentals, the manorial system gradually erected itself over the ruins of the old fee-simple holdings of the Anglo-Saxon regime. The conquests of the Dane, and the enormous taxation of the "Dane-gelt," levied by the later Saxon kings to buy off the Norse invader, could not be paid by the average farmer, and as a result was paid by king, thane and abbot, who acquired the fee of most of the English lands long before the Norman invasion.

The furnishing of a king's palace or a thane's hall was very rude and sordid according to our ideas of comfort and elegance. A bare floor of stone or wood paves the great hall, whose roof and walls may have some decoration in carven work



THE GREAT HEARTH, CENTRE OF HALL
(Tenth Century)

and garish coloring, or display of colored tapestry and suspended armor and weapons. A stone hearth, perhaps two or three in the centre of the hall, holds the wood-fires whose smoke passes out through the openings in the roof overhead. The tables are, as their ancient name implies, literally "boards" supported on rude trestles, and taken away from between the long rows of seats or settees, when the meal was finished. Most of the fighting men and younger people lay at night on straw spread on the floor or benches, many of the thralls among the cattle, and only the women and the principal people had a closet or shut-in bed or chamber.

If such were the rude dwellings and furniture of the wealthy and powerful, it may well be imagined that the average farmer had little more than a hovel of

wood or stone, with a hard clay floor, and little or nothing in the way of movables beside a pot or two, some clay jugs and cups, and his rude weapons and implements of husbandry. This dwelling was very commonly shared with a part of the live stock, a custom not extinct in Yorkshire until well into the last century, and not yet unknown in the Emerald Isle today.

There were parts of England, however, even before the Norman conquest, where the farmer was often of a nobler and more intelligent type. The Danish, Swedish and Norwegian Vikings who at first harried, then conquered and later settled the eastern and northern coasts of England, were often of kingly or at least noble descent from ancestors who in their best days did not disdain to aid in the cultivation of their hereditary acres, to care for their flocks and herds, or ply the woodsman's axe or ship-builder's tools as sturdily and effectively as they had wielded blade and bill in battle. Among these people a greater variety of household furniture, proper provision of sanitary conveniences, and table equipage, superior weapons, tools and buildings, and a greater reliance on the sea as a source of food and profit, reflected the greater resources and manliness of the freemen of the Norse lands. There were also in southeastern Scotland certain Flemish adventurers, who before the conquest implanted no feeble outgrowths of the enterprising, industrious and ingenious peoples of Belgium and Holland.

It is true that the original occupants of the "Danelagh" and indeed their Norse contemporaries, wherever found, were by their own showing pirates of the most ferocious type, who made cruising along-shore and to foreign lands a recognized business. Thus one worthy Norse farmer, in the early days of Christianity, was strongly impressed with the idea that he should abandon Odin and Thor, and worship the "White Christ," but he was a man of established habits, and he had been accustomed to "go leding," that is on piratical raiding twice every year, once after the crops were all in, and again when the harvest was over and the "out-land men" were presumably better off

than at any other season. He had made the spring excursion, which had not been so satisfactory as could be wished, and he declared that he would make the autumnal raid as usual. This over, he gave his solemn promise that he would abandon both heathenism and piracy.

Unfortunately for him, he found his match at last, and his associates carried

if cold, with their cloaks and outer clothes. Their great vice of uncleanness made these conditions even worse than those of an Indian camp, for they not only never bathed, except by swimming in summer, but emptied all sorts of abominations outside the door until it was actually difficult to see into or to enter it. Their food consisted chiefly of grain, the average allowance to a servant being thirty-six bushels a year. Salt herrings and a modicum of beer or milk; and in some localities fresh fish and small game were accessible to a favored few, but poaching was severely dealt with by most landlords.



ANGLO-SAXON HAYMAKING (TENTH CENTURY)

back to Norway only the dead body of this promising proselyte. The Icelandic Sagas, which indeed have preserved more of the biography and living history of Northeastern Europe than any other records, are full of testimony to this remarkable combination of pride of birth and station, passionate desire of military glory, agricultural and mechanical skill and industry, and piratical greed and cruelty in our Norse ancestors.

But the furniture of some of the smaller English manor-houses was very scanty; that of the Manor of Waleton valued in 1150, consisted of four carts, three baskets, a winnowing basket, a pair of millstones, ten tubs, four barrels, two leaden boilers with stoves, three three-legged tables, twenty dishes and platters, two tablecloths, half a load of salt, two axes, a trestle table and five rush beehives. These articles were handed down from father to son and a part of them reappeared in a lease made one hundred and fifty years after.

The laborer's house was of very cheap construction; one built in 1305 for two laborers by Queens College, Oxford, was probably of masonry or good lumber but cost only twenty shillings. The goods and chattels of such a laborer in 1431 consisted of a dish, an adze, a brass pot, two plates, two augers, an axe, a three-legged stool and a barrel. The common people slept in a huddle on the floor, with or without straw, and covered themselves,

The farming tools and vehicles varied little from the types used in Italian fields centuries before. The plough of the eleventh century had a very high wheel and very short handles, and its parts, as now, were the beam, handles, tongue, mould-board and share. Often drawn by two oxen, it was sometimes attached to four, six and even eight, the day's work lasting only six to eight hours. The harrow appears to have been a kind of big rake, and the clods were crushed by laborers using a mattock or big beetle. The



ANGLO-SAXON FARM CART (TENTH CENTURY)

scythe and sickle were much the same in shape as some in use within the memory of living man.

Money values were very low according to our ideas, but as the purchasing power of money then equalled from eight to twenty times what it is today one must not hasten a comparison. In Athelstane's time, a horse was worth 120 shillings, an ox thirty pence, a cow twenty pence, a sheep five pence, a hog eight pence, a slave



MAYPOLE AND MAY-DAY SPORT (FOURTEENTH CENTURY)

twenty shillings, making a slave worth eight oxen; and these prices, except in times of famine, appear to have changed little under the Norman. In 1156 wheat sold at eighteen pence the quarter of eight bushels, and in 1243 it brought only twenty-four pence, but in 1024 seed wheat sold at three shillings a bushel, barley at two shillings and oats at one shilling per bushel.

The roads of that day were wretched, and remained so for many centuries, for the average man had rather break gear and wear out teams than do anything to clear away even one projecting root or dangerous stone. Water carriage was largely and effectively used, and many rivers, now silted up, were once busy canals of inland commerce.

With all their sordid surroundings, and feudal surveil, the popular expression,



ANGLO-SAXON WHEAT HARVEST (TENTH CENTURY)

"Merry England," was not wholly misplaced. They had the habit of working in common, and frequently meeting together for universal merriment, worship and manly exercises. Religion itself catered to public entertainment with miracles, which were impressive if deceptive, and mystery plays which even today excite deep and universal interest in our blase generation. Then there were church ales and parish entertainments at which cakes and ale were sold for the benefit of the parish, and the latter part of Sundays and holidays were given up to wrestling matches, quarter staff, sword and buckler and archery competition, as well as to tennis, bowls, football, quoits, casting the stone, and other popular exercises, wherefrom sprung that cool, steady courage, strength and endurance, and especially that skill in archery and swordplay, which at first profited their feudal lords, but at length brought feudalism and chivalry to a common defeat.

The women and girls also daily met at the common well, pitcher in hand, or washed the family rags, and exchanged gossip and scandal at the common washing-place. They brought their great loaves to the common oven, and discoursed of births and marriages and deaths, and those occasional comedies and tragedies which were wont to break the monotonous history of even the most isolated manor. A murderer to be hung, a petty thief to be whipped soundly with a view to his amendment in life, an interesting vagabond, or "masterless man" set in the stocks, until he could be claimed by his old master or, given to a new one; and, treat of all treats, the ducking of some unpopular harridan, whose vitriolic tongue had at last broken all limits—these and more lovable and tender associations made life and labor of interest, as with us today.

Under William the Norman, the village system of Saxon and Norse freeholders was practically replaced by the "manors" with which he rewarded hundreds and thousands of his barons and knights, after the conquest of England. The manor might comprise one or more villages, or a wide range of moor and forest, sparsely inhabited, but for its possession the lord of the manor owed service and certain payments of money or property to his sovereign, and in return had practical sovereignty over the people of his domain. His were the rights of "pit and gallows" to drown any woman and hang any man whom he might adjudge guilty under the stern Draconian code of a period when thief and poacher, heretic and railer, were fortunate if they escaped with mutilation or a whipping that was scarcely to be preferred to death.

Such manors usually contained five classes of inhabitants; the freemen who owed no service, but were obliged to pay rent for the lands which their fathers had "held of God and the sun"; the socmen, who also appear to have been free but burdened with heavier exactions of service, dues and obedience to their superior, and the villeins or non-free tenants, who were not slaves, yet belonged to the manor, passed with it by deed or forfeiture, and could not leave the land without

their lord's permission. The average holding of a villein was a "virgate" of land, about thirty acres English, with meadowland, and rights of common pasture and woodland; about equivalent to one hundred acres of varied territory. But for this land the holder must furnish a man to labor on the lord's land for two or three days in the week during most of the year, and four or five days in summer, and often in harvest "at the request of the master," the greater part of the week. He also paid "gafol" or tribute in money or goods, and was bound to have his grain ground at the manor mill, to fold his sheep at night on his lord's land to fertilize it for him; to pay fines upon the marriage of his daughter, or the sale of a horse or cattle, and to bear other and often illegal exactions from greedy superiors, or tyrannical stewards.

The most onerous exaction was perhaps the "boon days" or "days given in harvest" to saving the crops of the lord of the manor; which, it may well be believed, were often saved at the expense of the villein's own harvest in unfavorable seasons. In most manors the estate provided the laborers at harvest with a meal of bean or pea porridge, half a loaf each of white and of "mixtil" bread, made of wheat, barley and rye meal mixed, with a ration of meat and beer; and in the evening a small loaf of "mixtil" bread and cheese.

Some of the freemen, who did not owe this service, were often employed to keep things moving, being mounted on horses and provided with rods to discourage hesitation and repress disorder.

In addition to these services the villein was also generally bound to furnish transportation for the products of the manor from one holding to another, from the manor to market, and in time of war to distant camps and seaports. It is almost beyond belief that the holder of one hundred acres of land should have endured from generation to generation such slavish bondage.

But there were two classes inferior to this: the crofters, who held a cottage and perhaps five acres, who hired out as laborers and in some counties were miners and woodsmen, a class who never ex-

ceeded some 80,000 according to the Norman records; the cotters, estimated in Domesday book at only 66,800 in number, and the boors, who were probably without land, furnished a cheap class of laborers, or occupied waste and unsettled woodlands, where their presence alone redeemed it from utter desolation. Some 25,000 slaves, or thralls, then existed a class that rapidly diminished in England, as skill in agriculture and the growth of manufactures, mining, etc., demanded greater intelligence and initiative on the part of the workman.

The manor-house of a small estate was usually built of wood and consisted chiefly of a hall in which as late as the seventeenth



ANGLO-SAXON THRALLS AND SERFS
(Tenth Century)

century most of the inmates cooked, ate, slept and amused themselves. A bower for the women and a chamber for the lord of the manor with a private chapel were often added. A larger manor-house might have two floors, and in some cases the house was built of stone, and with walls of immense thickness and stairways imbedded in masonry and closed against assault by several massive doors and bars and bolts of great thickness. Such a house stood in the midst of the lord's arable lands, with its courtyard surrounded by the homestead walls, barns, stables, cattle stalls, sheep-fold and hen-houses, and within the square the ovens, kilns, salting-house and brewery. Outside, the home farm, kitchen garden, grapery and orchard were enclosed and a large dove-cote or two was a usual orna-

ment and efficient tribute gatherer from all the surrounding fields.

Not far away stood the village of the tenants, each of whom had his rude cottage enclosed in a "toft" or yard, and the three common fields with their rotation of crops stretched away from the common centre, and the meadows and woodlands filled up the background, where the nature of the country did not bring them in closer proximity.



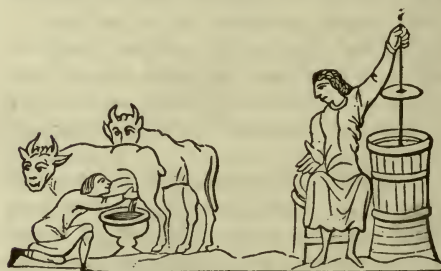
FRENCH MEDIEVAL GRAIN HEADER

But the manorial system was doomed, and in the fall and winter of 1315-16, incessant rains having destroyed the crops, a dread-pestilence destroyed myriads of the farming population, and a murrain also slew a large part of the cattle and sheep of Great Britain. The winter of 1348-49 was fatally remarkable for the ravages of the Black Death or plague, which destroyed from one-third to one-half of the entire population of England. So many of the tenants and villeins were swept away that laborers could not be got to take the places of the victims, and wages became so high that Parliament stepped in to legislate in favor of the old rates for both labor and the staple foods of the people.

In spite of several acts of this complexion, the old order of things was passing away, and the lords of the manor rapidly became landlords, leasing their lands at a fixed rental without exacting service of any kind, except military service at the call of the king. Still the old manor system survived to some extent in most English counties for many generations. At an early date lands were leased with the stock thereon, and the arable land or some part thereof sowed to cereals, and this custom naturally increased after the

pestilence had swept away a vast number of experienced servants. The average landlord found it to his interest to let the lands and stock which he had formerly cared for himself. In the fifteenth century the Wars of the Roses more than decimated the people of England, and in 1477 the plague, in four terrible months, swept off more than three times as many as the sword had devoured.

At an early date some great men had begun to enclose and acquire the waste and common land, and in the fifteenth century many manors had become uninhabited by any but the owner or his representatives and servants. Much suffering and injustice was wrought in this land-grabbing operation, but there was still an enormous amount of forest, waste moorland, fen, marsh and swamp which remained as deserted and unimproved as when they had been the scene of the march of the Roman legions. The population of England estimated at the time of the Conquest at less than two millions, and increased to nearly four millions previous to the Black Death in 1348-49, was by it reduced to at least 2,700,000, and some



ANGLO-SAXON DAIRYING (TENTH CENTURY)

claim to less than two million souls. Succeeding wars and pestilences probably prevented any material increase up to 1485, when the population was probably two and a half millions. Henry VII and Henry VIII tried to legislate to prevent the increase of sheep farms and the decrease of tenancies for humble people, but "Bluff King Hal," having decreed the dissolution of the monasteries, and divided the church farms among his favorites, the best-managed lands of England were turned into sheep-walks,

and once comfortable farmers were reduced to beggary.

Immense accumulations of land and sheep were vested in one person at this period; for during the reigns of Henry VIII and Edward VI, about one-fifteenth of the lands of England were sequestered, allotted to new owners, most of their former tenants driven out, and the live stock itself often taken with no regard to the interests of the tenant. Flocks of 10,000, 15,000 and even as high as 24,000 sheep are chronicled at this period, and this of course meant the utter destruction of many a once populous and thriving village and hamlet.

During Henry's reign, Fitzherbert, a justice of the Court of Common Pleas, wrote a work on husbandry, which has preserved some details of English farm life in 1523 and thereafter. He describes the plough as unchanged since the fourteenth century, except that in some counties it is preceded by wheels and in others not. The poverty of most farmers precluded its purchase, although its cost is estimated at from one to eight shillings. It must be remembered, however, that a shilling in good sterling silver was equal to two dollars and a half of our money in purchasing power, and most of the cost of the plough lay in the small amount of smith's work guarding the mould-board, etc. With

"Vorty eggs a penny

That were both goode and newe."

as described in a contemporaneous ballad, a good deal of food was represented by an English shilling, now worth twenty-four cents.

He describes the big ox harrow "made of six final peeces of timber called harow bulles, made either of ashe or oke; they be two yards long, and as much as the small of a man's leg; in every bulle are five sharpe peeces of iron called harow tyndes, set somewhat a slope forward." After this broke the great clods a "horse harow" sometimes having hardwood "tyndes" was used to further pulverize the soil. For weeding wheat, etc., he recommends "a pair of tongs made of wood, and in dry weather ye must have a weeding-hoke with a socket, set upon a staff a yard long."

According to this writer, some reaped their grain high up, and after mowed the straw, while others cut closely with the sickle, and mowed their barley and oats. The common practice was to sow two bushels of wheat or rye to the acre. The farmer's wife is expected "to wynowe all cornes, to make malte, to shere corne, and in tyme of neede to helpe her husbände to fyll the muck wayne or dounge carte, dryve the plough, lode heyne, corne, and suche other."

But a better time was coming, and in the reign of Elizabeth, the flood of silver and gold from India and America, the expansion of commerce and the growth in wealth and independence of the great seaports, had greatly benefitted the farm-



NORMAN MANOR HOUSE, MILLCHOPE
SHROPSHIRE, 1150-1200

ing class. Tillage had improved, insomuch that rye or wheat that in the Middle Ages bore only six to eight bushels to the acre, now often produced fifteen to twenty; barley, thirty-six bushels; oats, thirty-two to forty bushels to the acre. A larger use of "garden sass" was common even among the poorer cottagers, and a well-kept English garden in the time of Spenser, Raleigh, Drake and Captain John Smith, furnished "melons, pompions, gourds, cucumbers, radishes, skirets (supposed a kind of carrot), parsnips, carrots, cabbages, navewes (turnip radishes), turnips, and all kinds of salade herbes." "Also we have most delicate apples, plummes, pears, walnuts, filberts, etc., and those of sundrie sorts planted within fortie years past, in comparison with which most of the old trees are nothing worth, so have we no less store of strange fruite, as abricots, almonds, peaches, figges,



NORMAN-ENGLISH HARVEST-HOME (FOURTEENTH CENTURY)

corne-trees (probably cornels) in noble-men's orchards."

Harrison also says of the husbandmen that while in former times, in spite of their frugality, "they were scarcely able to live," that now the industrious farmer had generally saved by the end of his term six or seven year's rent besides "a fair garnish of pewter on his cupboard" and odd vessels, and also "three or four feather beds, so many coverlids and car-

pets of tapestry, a silver salt (cellar), a bowl for wine, and a dozen of spoones to finish up the sute."

His diet consisted, beside beef, of "mutton, veal, lamb, pork, besides souse, brawn, bacon, fruit, pies, cheese, butter and eggs," washed down with plenty of ale, cider or perry, as tea and coffee were unknown in those days. There were of course multitudes of farmers who seldom ate white bread, and some even at times

had to make their bread out of beans, peas and oats, and even acorns; but meat was much cheaper than wheaten bread and every laborer, according to Tusser, ate meat twice a week.

"Good plowmen looke weekly of custom and right,
For roaste meate on Sundaies, and Thursdaies
at nighte."

Harvest-home was still celebrated, and Hentzner, a traveller in 1598, ten years after the defeat of the Spanish Armada, writes: "As we were returning to our inn (at Windsor) we happened to meet some country people celebrating their harvest-home. Their last load they crown with flowers having besides an image richly dressed, by which perhaps, they would signify Ceres; this they keep moving about, while men and women, men and maid-servants riding through the streets in the cart, shout as loud as they can till they arrive at the barn."

The growth of flax for home consumption, and spinning and weaving, had become a recognized industry of rural life, and the woolen and linen garments and "household linen and napery" of the farmer were generally of home production. Potatoes had been introduced into Ireland by Sir Walter Raleigh, but had not become an article of general cultivation.

In 1563, iron-clad laws were passed to compel the poorer classes to take up farming as laborers, and to restrict the rates of wages. As these rates were to be fixed by the landed proprietors of the several counties at "the quarter sessions," it may well be believed that the arrangement was considerably one-sided; but these laws remained in force until 1814. In 1564, the Rutland magistrates fixed the wage schedule as follows, probably carry-

ing with the money payment, board and lodging:

A bailiff in charge of two plow-lands, forty shillings a year and eight shillings for livery; a skilled servant, forty shillings the year and six shillings for livery; a common servant, thirty-three shillings, four pence, and five shillings for livery, and an inferior servant, twenty-four shillings, and five shillings for livery. The day laborer was to receive six pence in winter, seven pence in summer, and eight to nine pence in harvest time, "finding himself." A mower, with meat, five pence, without meat, ten pence per day; a man reaper, with meat, four pence, without meat, eight pence; a woman reaper, with meat, three pence, without meat, six pence per day. The fact that one half the laborer's wages were taken for his food shows that the laws were unfairly administered, in the interest of the landed proprietor.

The close of the sixteenth century, however, ushered in changes that are of the greatest interest to American farmers, and enough has been said to show that even the unfortunates, who were sold as servants into the American colonies, were ushered into a new world of greater freedom and opportunity. Many readers will also recognize the fact, that even the gentlemen and yeomen who came out with their servants in the Seventeenth Century, could not be expected to be free from narrow and sordid ideas as to the rights of their inferiors, and that "they builded better than they knew" is very obvious.

That the tools and methods of farming brought by them from England long remained unchanged, will be gathered from the succeeding article.

TODAY

I'D laugh today, today is brief,
I would not wait for anything;
I'd use today that cannot last,
Be glad today and sing.

—*Heart Throbs, II.*

SPRING COURAGE

From the French of Pierre de Ronsard. (Written about 1550)

TRANSLATED BY HELEN F. PAGE

L ORD love ye, joyful heralds true
Of spring's new life, swift swallows' crew,
Fond doves, cuckoos, and soaring larks;
Ye thrushes brown and songsters coy
That dart from bush in nesting joy
- To fill with life the greenwood parks!

Lord love ye, Easter daisies fine,
Narcissus, nodding columbine,
Sweet jessamine and lilies tall,
The hawthorn pale, and flow'ring lime;
Ye anis, fragrant balm, and thyme,
Right hearty welcome to ye all!

Lord love ye, parti-colored sea
Of butterflies, that on the lea
Light flutter over heath and broom;
And ye, new swarm of velvet bees,
Impartial sucking honeyed fees
From coral bud and amber bloom!

A thousand times I hail again
Your lovely, joyous, tender train!
I love this pulsing season rare
When streamlets flow with rippling purl,
Rememb'ring winter's stormy swirl,
When thus abroad I may not fare!

* * * * *

Quick, boy, my horse! Straight forth I'll ride!
With springtime's hope to be my guide
I'll go to seek my lady dear:
Perchance, by spring's soft zephyrs wooed,
She'll greet me in less cruel mood
Than she was wont in winter drear!

IN THE BARRENS

by .

Grant Wilcox

AUNT HANNAH, I seed the white deer ag'in this mornin'. Hit stood facin' me at the crossin' o' the slough in the Big Cypress swamp. I tried to raise my gun to shoot it, Aunt Hannah, but hit looked so much like her out'n its eyes."

"Oh, my po' Adam! You air sartinly bewitched, my son. Yes, that is the 'casion o' all yo' troubles."

Adam sat in the lowly doorway of the humble log cabin beside the little clearing in the pine barrens.

There was not a sound to wake the dreary echoes, not an echo to indicate that there was life in the dreary expanse. It was the quintessence of desolation. The great solemn pines might have stood brooding there just as they were for untold years. There was nothing to indicate that they might not remain there in the same indifferent posture for a million years to come. There was something appalling in the inflexible loneliness of the landscape.

Poor Adam! Child of poverty, inheritor of privation! The absence of hopeful aspirations had saved him from the burden of disappointments. His life was on a level with the mediocrity of his surroundings. There was not a ridge that rose to the dignity of a hillock in the miles and miles of that sombre scenery. Even so, there was no sentiment within all the wide stretch of the colorless environment to lift his soul above the humble plans and meagre wants of his uneventful existence.

Now and then a baby was born. Now and then an old man died. Now and then there was a bride and a wedding feast. Now and then a wornout woman crossed her pallid hands upon her shrunken bosom, and there was a funeral gathering.

So the lackluster years came and went as Adam Bender grew to manhood.

There was no perceptible development. Apparently he was neither older nor younger than when his dying mother left the imprint of her last kiss upon his wrinkled baby face, stamped with the pathos of poverty. He had simply gone through certain transformations. It took more cloth to cover his ungainly body than in former days. Then he had learned to talk, or rather to articulate. His vocabulary was but little fuller than that of the birds that chattered to each other among the gloomy cypresses in the swamp hard by.

Aunt Hannah was one of those negative-souled creatures, simply good because she was incapable of being bad; harmless because there was no incentive to harmful deeds. She loved Adam as an elderly dog loves a docile and companionable puppy. Her instincts rose no higher than that, and instinct occupied the place of discerning intelligence in her makeup.

"Adam," she called in an even tone of voice, devoid of inflection, and with accent and emphasis neutralized by the drawling whine patterned after the sighing of the wind in the tree tops, "Adam," she called, "come here."

"I'm here now, Aunt Hannah."

"I know it, Adam, but mind what I'm telling you. D'ye know that people is sometimes bewitched?"

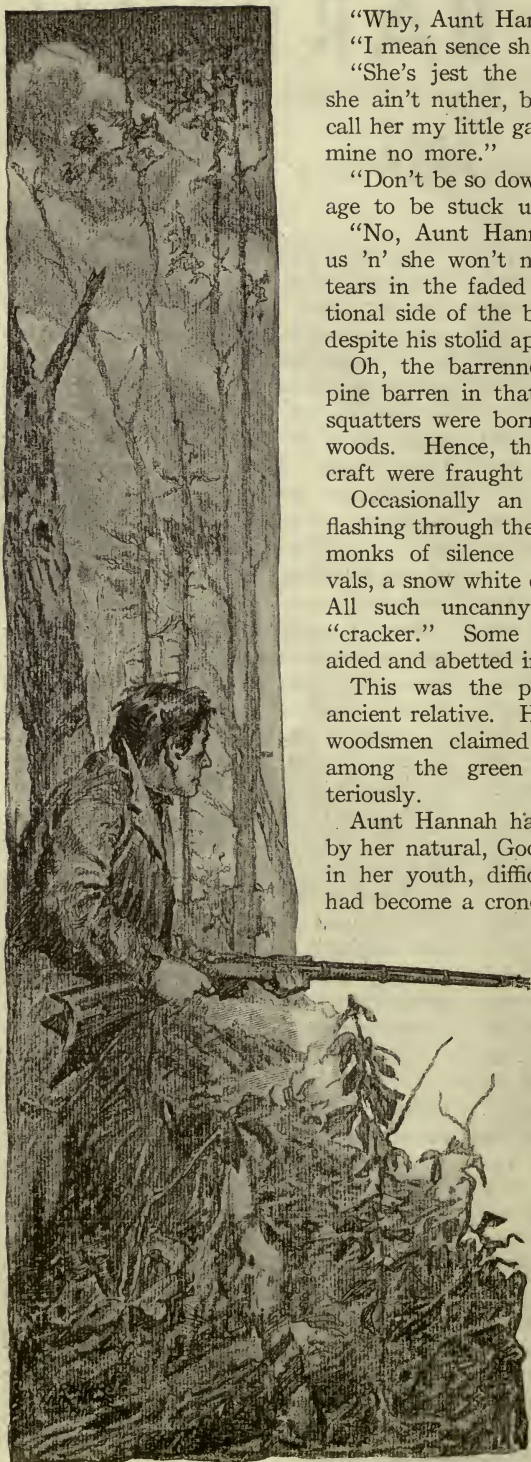
"Yes'm, I've hearn tell o' the like."

"That's what's the matter with you, Adam. How many times have you seen that 'ere white deer?"

"Twict, Aunt Hannah."

"Twict a'ready! Adam, beware of the third time! I've hearn yer granpappy say that when a white deer 'peared in the woods that hit meant good luck to some 'un and bad luck to some 'un else.

"How long have ye knowed Molly Brand, Adam?"



"Why, Aunt Hannah, I've knowed her all my life."

"I mean sence she's growed up, Adam."

"She's jest the same to me that she allers was—no, she ain't nuther, but oh, how I wish she was! I useter call her my little gal, Aunt Hannah, but she'll never be mine no more."

"Don't be so downhearted, Adam. She's jest at the age to be stuck up a little. She'll be better bimeby."

"No, Aunt Hannah, there's somethin' come betwixt us 'n' she won't never be mine no more." There were tears in the faded blue eyes. It seemed as if the emotional side of the boy's nature was going to assert itself despite his stolid apathy.

Oh, the barrenness of that unfathomable waste of pine barren in that day and time! Those ambitionless squatters were born, bred, died and were buried in the woods. Hence, their superstitions and all their woodcraft were fraught with signs, omens and presentiments.

Occasionally an albino partridge or hare was seen flashing through the cloistral forest aisles where the wood monks of silence crouched brooding. At rarer intervals, a snow white deer appeared in the feeding grounds. All such uncanny interlopers boded no good to the "cracker." Some perverse nature, however, might be aided and abetted in its machinations by the witch beast.

This was the position occupied by Adam and his ancient relative. Hunters had seen the white deer, and woodsmen claimed to have seen Adam stealing about among the green shadows of the big cypress mysteriously.

Aunt Hannah had passed the age of bewitching men by her natural, God-given charms. From being bashful in her youth, diffident and curious in later years, she had become a crone in her old age. One hunter averred that he had seen the white deer licking salt from her hand on the banks of the Bloody Run in the depths of the Big Cypress.

Another had seen Adam and the white deer romping together down by the Dead Lakes where the gray moss hung in funeral festoons in those umbrageous solitudes where the great magnolias shut out the summer sunbeams and the light of the wintry stars.

For a long time the brands stuck to Aunt Hannah and Adam. Their mentality had reached a little higher stage of development than was usual among the denizens of the barrens. But they, too, had been driven by public opinion, expressed in hints and innuendoes, to withdraw their

"His heart stood still. He had caught the soft patter of feet"

recognition of and association with their humble neighbors.

Molly Brand was the adored of Adam and the petted and caressed favorite of the community. She was an only child more or less spoiled, and all the latent beauty of that unlovely environment had blossomed in her being and found expression in her form and features.

The sun had now sunk behind the barred blackness of the Big Cypress.

"Adam," called Aunt Hannah, "come here, my son."

"I'm here a'ready, Aunt Hannah."

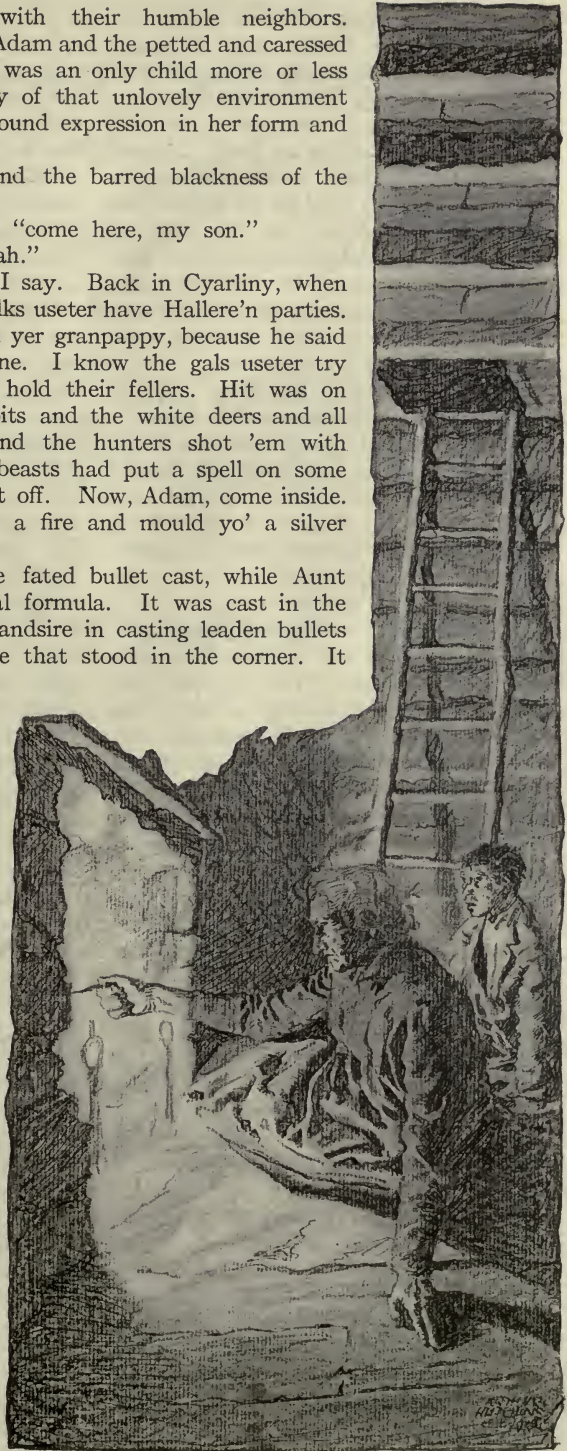
"Listen to me and mind what I say. Back in Cyarliny, when I was a leetle gal, the quality folks useter have Hallere'n parties. Their doin's allers sorter bothered yer granpappy, because he said that they was temptin' the evil one. I know the gals useter try their conjurements to ketch and hold their fellers. Hit was on them 'casions that the white rabbits and the white deers and all the witch beasts acted cur'us and the hunters shot 'em with silver bullets. When the witch beasts had put a spell on some un that was the only way to git it off. Now, Adam, come inside. Bring some chips and we'll build a fire and mould yo' a silver bullet."

The coin was melted and the fated bullet cast, while Aunt Hannah mumbled some traditional formula. It was cast in the mold used by Adam's sire and grandsire in casting leaden bullets for the long-barreled flint-lock rifle that stood in the corner. It took a long time and much hard blowing to melt the metal. But the bullet came out round and bright and shone in the fitful twilight.

The morning dawned cheerless and gray. Troubled clouds came scurrying up from the leagues distant sea, and the wind moaned drearily through the barrens.

Since midday Adam had been crouching by the deer path that traversed the moss-carpeted waste between the Dead Lakes and the Bloody Run. He could hear the gurgle of the wine-red waters among the gnarled roots like the ominous rattle in the throat of a dying man.

Adam tried hard to conquer his misgivings. Molly was not afraid of "ha'nts." She had been taught to laugh at them. Why should he be afraid? But she was so pure and good that "ha'nts" nor goblin nor wizard malevolent dare harm her. But the spirit of superstition was strong upon him as he crouched there in the cypress thicket in the waning light of the fading day.



"The coin was melted and the fated bullet cast"

Less than a hundred yards away, the bypath from the Brand home to Aunt Hannah's cabin wound along from tussock to tussock through the marshy fen.

Hush! His heart stood still. He had caught the soft patter of feet. Nearer and nearer they came. It was the hour of feeding time, and it must be the white deer.

Noiselessly he drew back the hammer and sprung the trigger and raised the long-barreled weapon to his shoulder. Usually he was nervous under such circumstances, but now his muscles were drawn as tense as fibres of steel.

Pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, the swish of palmetto leaf—the glimmer of the—bang!

A wild shriek of agony froze the blood in his veins. It was the voice of Molly.

The roar of the discharge echoed and re-echoed and was flung back again from the depths of the solitude like the united cries of a hundred voices.

"Oh, God, have mercy!"

His first impulse was to fly to the rescue, and with a leap and a bound he tore through the bushes. Then he heard the voice of her father calling to her as he ran rapidly toward the spot where she lay.

Swiftly as a frightened animal, Adam turned and fled. He sped across the slippery foot-log that spanned a narrow place in the Bloody Run as though it were a broad bridge of stone. On and on he went till he fell breathless in the door of his humble cabin, senseless with terror. But not for long. The tell-tale rifle lay in the deer path where he had dropped it. There were his footprints fresh in the mud on the banks of the Run.

"Fetch the dogs." Hither and thither the fleet-footed messengers sped. Adam Bender had waylaid and shot Molly Brand, the pride of the settlement. In a few hours the hue and cry began.

Adam opened his eyes and regained consciousness just in time to hear the baying of the deep-voiced hounds. The terrible cry floated across the barrens. He started to his feet and fled out through the darkness and the dreary drizzle of rain—fled he knew not whither.

Nearer and nearer came the avengers. The poor old woman stood in the narrow front yard, her bare head exposed to the rain, wringing her hands and calling, "Adam, Adam, O Adam!"

The lead hound leaped the fence and bore down with his sinewy paws, and pell-mell the fierce pack pounced upon her, tore her scant garments to shreds and buried their fangs in her withered flesh. There was a flash of torches.

"Begone, begone! They've killed the old 'oman!" exclaimed the leader of the chase.

"Good enough for her. She was an ol' witch anyhow, blast her picter!" cried another angrily.

"Call off the dogs an' circle round till you strike the trail. He'll git to the swamp an' 'scape befo' we kin ketch him." The pack broke away in full cry.

On through the lonely depths and the darkness and the dismal rain fled the fugitive, with that wild cry of agony ringing in his ears and drowning the revengeful roar of the hounds. He reached the banks of the sluggish stream. He knew by the low gurgle of the dark waters.

There was a wild cry of despair, a leap in the dark, a plunge and a splash.

The baffled hounds stood howling with rage and disappointment upon the margin of the Bloody Run.

Meanwhile two hard-faced women bathed the wrinkled brow of Aunt Hannah and wiped the blood from her mangled limbs.

She opened wide her eyes and muttered incoherently: "Hit wus the silver bullet—po' Adam—the white deer ha'nted him. I he'ped him mould the silver bullet. He mistook the child for the deer—." There was a gasp, a quiver of the stiffening limbs, and all was over.

The village surgeon had ridden twenty miles through the rainy night, and by the uncertain flare of the kerosene lamp he removed the clumsy bandages. The fair-faced sufferer lay there sobbing hysterically. The probe touched a hard substance in the soft flesh of the shoulder. A few deft turns of the flashing instruments and the surgeon held up the missile triumphantly. It was a silver bullet, fresh from the mould and untarnished, save by the flesh of the young sufferer.

"She's all right—only a flesh wound—heal up in a week and will hardly leave a scar—narrow escape—did they catch the assassin?"

"No; he drowned himself in the Bloody Run."

The Influence of California Upon Literature

by George Wharton James

EDITOR'S NOTE—The following is an address delivered by Dr. George Wharton James to the American Library Association at its 1911 annual meeting held in Pasadena, California. It has been deemed best to retain the oral form as originally delivered, instead of putting the matter in more formal dress. Owing to the arrangement we have made with Dr. James for the continuation of his interesting and instructive series of articles on California's literary men and women, we feel that this address will make a most illuminating introduction.



YOU HAVE heard much of the wonders of California in your rides about the city of Pasadena and its neighborhood, and you have heard, doubtless, many wonderful things about our material progress. You have seen for yourselves what wonderful mountains we have. You have tasted some of our climate; you have gathered our beautiful

flowers; you have wandered about our old missions, and you have enjoyed the pleasing sight of our bungalows; you have listened to the Governor, who has told you of the marvelous progress we have made in our governmental matters and our politics, and now it is to be my pleasure to ask you, for a little while, to look upon the influences of California upon the literature of the world.

You doubtless felt in the air, before you came, that Californians carried with them an atmosphere of exuberance and enthusiasm, and some of you doubtless regarded it as an atmosphere of exaggeration and extravagance. But I venture the assertion that since your arrival, after seeing what Nature has done for us, you have begun to realize that this exuberance and enthusiasm, and this apparent extravagance and exaggeration are justifiable. In fact, we believe that you will go back to your Eastern homes and be more enthusiastic

than we have been. You will exaggerate apparently more to your friends than we have seemed to exaggerate to you. As one good lady said to me last night, "Why, yes, there is a crime of understatement as well as overstatement. I always thought yours were the crimes of overstatement, but instead of that I find they are crimes of understatement." [Laughter.] This sense of enthusiasm and exuberance is in the California air. You cannot help feeling it. Even the mocking-birds succumb to it so that they are compelled to get up at midnight to give full expression to it. It is generated here every day. There is, therefore, always a new and fresh supply.

Everything we have helps to produce it, and I do not hesitate to say that I shall speak under its influence. I do not know any other way of speaking. It belongs to California. It comes with the flowers, the sunshine and the fresh breezes that blow from the face of the fair Pacific, and no man or woman can be long in California without yielding to it. There are four distinct reasons why California should influence the literature produced by its sons and daughters or within its environment. Let me briefly present these reasons to you. I will be as lucid and clear as possible, in the short time placed at my disposal.

The first reason is this: Ever since civilization began, the hand of God, in directing history, has been pointing to California.

This is not a question as to whether you think I am too enthusiastic or not; it is a question of history. I am an Englishman, proud of my English birth, but I cannot ignore the facts of history, even though I am a so-called dumb-headed Englishman. [Laughter.] What are the facts? Civilization began, as far as we know, on the banks of the Hindu Kush. There it had its first development and in time gained its maximum expression. Then it declined and—? what happened? It was at this time that it began to point to California. It moved away from the Hindu Kush and began a movement that has never once halted. Never going north of a certain zone, or south of it, the trend of civilization has ever been westward—Californiaward. From India to Persia, Persia to Egypt, and, in turn, to Greece, Rome, the Empire, Great Britain, the Eastern states of the United States, and now, by the last census, the reports clearly show that the tide of population has begun to move from the Eastern states across the Rocky Mountains into California. When I say "California," I want the word understood in a larger sense than it is generally used. I would have it include all the Pacific states, Washington, Oregon, Idaho, New Mexico, Arizona, and all this great Western region. The term "Pacific Coast" would perhaps better express the real sense of what I have in mind. The facts, as proven by history, show that the hand of destiny has been pointing and directing civilization westward to the Pacific shores of America as definitely and as distinctly as the sun has apparently made its revolutions in the same way. In both these things the order once established has continued; it has never failed.

The second reason I have in mind is this: Where in the world will you go and find such a climatic and topographic cosmos as you find here in California? Is there any climate under the heavens that we cannot give to the people here in this Pacific Empire? [Laughter.] When I published my book on "The Wonders of the Colorado Desert," I made the statement that within four and a half hours of this semi-tropical paradise of Pasadena one could reach a desert that, in the three things that go to make a desert, is worse

than the Sahara. The figures of the Sahara Desert for twenty-five years and those of the Colorado Desert for the same period demonstrate that in the three things that go to make desert, viz., heat, dryness and area below sea level, the Colorado is a greater desert than is Sahara.

It is a fact that here in California we have a region where our horses are compelled, during a part of the year, to wear snowshoes. There are thousands of Californians who, when this statement is made, look at it askance, yet it is a true statement. In the High Sierras in the northern part of the state, the mail is carried in sleighs, and the snow is so deep that the horses are compelled to wear snowshoes. I myself have crossed over ravines twenty, fifty, and one hundred to two hundred feet deep in snow.

We speak of the beauties of the Alps. We use the word "Alpine" to indicate the perfection of mountainous beauty, glory and majesty. Yet we have mountain summits, mountain outlooks, forests, glaciers, valleys and lakes that not only equal, but far transcend anything that can be found in the Alps. Why should we use the word "Alpine" to designate the beauty of Lake Tahoe, when there is no lake in the Alps to equal it. With but one exception it is the largest lake at its altitude in the world—over six thousand feet above the sea, twenty-three miles long, thirteen miles wide, and of an average depth of two thousand feet. Read Mark Twain's "Roughing It," and you will therein see what an impression its exquisite beauty made upon this then rising writer of pure American literature. There are dozens of other lakes in this Pacific region, all of which are as beautiful as anything found in the Alps.

As for the mountains, are you aware that in California alone there are over one hundred peaks more than ten thousand feet high? And this takes no account of the snowclad and glacier-lined mountains of Oregon, Washington, Idaho and the other Pacific states. Think what such a fact means to the topography of a country; to its scenery. Think of what it means to the mentality of those people who look upon such scenes daily. Right here in Pasadena, surrounding us, we have Mount



DAVID BELASCO, A CALIFORNIA WRITER WHO TURNED TO DRAMA

Lowe, six thousand feet high; Mount Wilson, a little higher; Mount San Antonio, nine thousand feet; the two Cucamonga peaks, nine thousand feet; Mounts San Bernardino and San Geronimo, about twelve thousand feet, and a little further to the southeast, Mount San Jacinto, eleven thousand feet; while over here [pointing to the south] is Mount Santiago, over four thousand feet high. Then you can look to the west and the north and



WILLIS GEORGE EMERSON
A California fiction writer

by the majesty of its nearby neighbors. And Mount Washington, with the other mountains of the Presidential Range of New Hampshire, are the highest mountains found in the East, South or Middle West until you come to the Rocky Mountains. What do you know about mountain scenery, anyhow? [Laughter.] You scarcely know a mountain when you see it. [Renewed laughter.]

Then think of our rivers! [Great laughter.] You laugh and remark, "Don't talk to us about your rivers. We have seen the dried-up bed that you call the Los Angeles River." I will admit there is a difference between your rivers and ours. Many of ours in California run underground, and while we seldom use "cuss words," we do "cuss things" to our rivers, for we go underground and dam them when we want to bring them above ground to utilize their water. Over here is the Arroyo Seco, where you might see these underground dams. Since you have been here you have been drinking water from our underground rivers thus brought to the surface.

But this great Pacific wonderland has its majestically flowing rivers that have compelled literature from the days of the Spaniards to the present day. The Colorado River inspired Costaneda, Garces, Ives, Powell, Wheeler, Gilbert, Lummis, Wharton James, Dellenbaugh and many others, and the Columbia, the Wilamette, the Oregon, the Fraser, the Thompson, and the Yukon have all been the stimulating sources of verse and prose that will live.

Do you recall, too, that we have a shore line in California alone of a thousand miles in length? A marvelous thing is that shore line! Think also of our wonderful canyon valleys, the Yosemite, the Hetch-Hetchy, the Tehipite, the Kern and King Rivers canyons, etc. Remember, too, our redwood trees, the *sequoia gigantea* and *sequoia sempervirens*, the like of which are not to be found anywhere else in the world. Think of the *Neo-Washingtonia filipera*, the desert palm which are now found all over the state, and yet their only original habitat is in the Colorado Desert of Southern California.

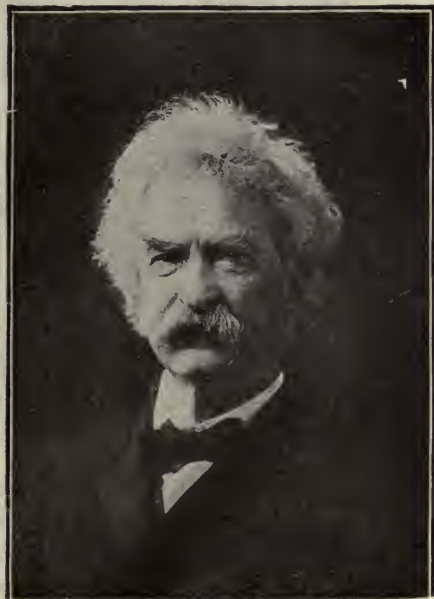
Think of the cypresses that are to be found only on the Monterey Peninsula

see the Tehachapi Range, the Sierra Santa Inés, and in the far distance catch a glimpse of the great Sierra Nevadas. You good people who come from the East can scarcely realize what you are looking at when you are surrounded by such a galaxy—you, who have but one solitary mountain, 6,600 feet high, with a few lower peaks scattered around it. [Laughter.] You glory in Mount Washington, but here Mount Lowe (named, by the way, in honor of one of New Hampshire's distinguished sons), which is pretty nearly as high as Mount Washington, is dwarfed

and no other place in the United States. Think of the glories of sun-kissed Catalina Island, that beauteous island of summer twenty miles from the mainland. Think of the fact that our climatic conditions are such that we are teaching the world how to have out-of-door flower and blossom festivals, such as those of Saratoga and Santa Barbara, where millions of flowers are used. Each year California sees a marked increase in the number and variety of these out-of-door festivals. Truckee has a winter snow and ice carnival, Lodi and Fresno grape festivals, Riverside one of oranges and orange blossoms, San Leandro one of cherries, Venice, San Diego and Santa Cruz of aquatic sports, Los Altos of poppies, Boulder Creek of the big trees. Pasadena's tournament of roses has been heralded far and wide, until now it is world-famed. It is a proof that California is, indeed, a climatic miracle that in one part of it in midwinter a snow and ice carnival is being held, and in another a festival in which millions of flowers are being used. For twenty-one years this festival of flowers has been held, and each year the attendance has grown larger. But this is only one phase of what a New Year's Day in Southern California may be. Ten or eleven, out of the twenty-one times of this tournament of roses, I have left my home in Pasadena, where birds, bees, buds and blossoms have gladdened the heart, and have gone up to Mount Lowe, an hour's ride away, there to revel in six feet of snow, in all the sports of winter. Tobogganing, snow-balling, building a snow man, etc., gave one all the feeling of an eastern winter. The landscape to the north was purely Alpine in its snowy character. Drifts of snow, ten, twenty feet in depth were common. After these winter experiences it was a marked change to return to the streets of Pasadena and there stand in the brilliant sunshine for two hours while floats, automobiles, tally-hos, bicycles, motor-cycles, wagons, buggies, carriages—vehicles of every description—passed by in rapid succession, each blazing in the glory, beauty and splendor of hundreds, thousands, of flowers. Yet when one drove around the city afterwards there was no apparent diminution of the flowers in the grounds.

Then an hour's ride on the electric car took my friends and myself to the Pacific, where, for an hour or more, we frolicked in the surf, waves and breakers of the ocean. What a New Year's Day experience—from snow to roses and warm waves on a midwinter's day; from Alpine snow to semi-tropical sea. Such experiences as these compel literature, or will do so, when the right person comes along fully to appreciate and present them.

At Berkeley we have an open-air Greek theater where plays, concerts, lectures,



MARK TWAIN
Who achieved fame in California

entertainments, services, etc., are held. Eight thousand people can there sit at one time and under the open sky and listen to an address by the President, a play by Bernhardt, Marlowe, Ben Greet, a concert by Russian Band, or Bispham, Melba, Nordica, or Sousa's instrumentalists, or enjoy a student's frolic, or be uplifted by some Christian orator's sermon. We have out-of-door schools, and at Bohemian Grove the out-of-door plays of the Bohemian Club. California is essentially the land of the open air, and as such will ultimately create an open-air literature.

Take these things—all in all, our wonder-

ful mountains and lakes, our deserts and fertile valleys, our wonderful shore line, our snows and our sunshine, our glaciers and semi-tropical vegetation, and you will readily admit that this Pacific world possesses a topographical and climatic cosmos that is not to be found anywhere else in the world.

Let us now proceed to the third reason why California should influence literature, viz., that of its marvelous history. Where will you find, in the history of the United

history of this country and made it practically a part of the United States; then the discovery of gold and the overwhelming inflow of gold seekers from all parts of the world. It was while under this thrilling influence that California made its constitution, and came, almost mature at birth, into full recognition as one of the sisterhood of the United States. Scarcely had this excitement subsided than it and the world were thrilled again by the wonderful discovery of the silver mines in the Com-



JOAQUIN MILLER AT WORK

States, where will you find in the history of the world, a country that, in the brief sixty years of its state existence, has had so many and so marvelous changes? Go back prior to the epoch of American occupation when the Indians were here alone. Then came the epoch of its discovery by Spain; then the period of Mission building by the Franciscan Fathers; then the change of government from Spain to that of Mexico; then the earlier American pioneers; then the influx of our military men, the wonderful exploits of Fremont, Stockton and others that changed the

stock region of Nevada. Then came the development of that marvelous transcontinental stage line and the pony express—wonderful things in themselves and more wonderful in what they led to, viz., the construction of the Central Pacific Railroad, the greatest railroad proposition at that time ever undertaken by man, and which had a stimulating influence on the railway enterprises of the world at large. For a while after the discovery of gold the cry in California was "Gold is king," then came the day when the cattleman was king, and now Irrigation and Oil are

its kings. It is a marvelous history, stimulating and creating a rich and varied literature.

The fourth reason why California should influence literature is found in the pioneer basis of its civilization. Who were the founders of the California and Pacific civilization? What class of people was it who came to California sixty years ago? It is a very different matter to come to California today than it was in the days of the pioneers, who came either around Cape Horn, across the Isthmus of Panama, or Nicaragua, by way of Mexico, or by the more common method of crossing the plains. There were those also who came by way of China and Japan across the Pacific. Every one of these pioneers must have been possessed of a large share of the *power of initiative*, or he never would have undertaken the difficult and responsible task of completely uprooting himself and sometimes his family and making that long, wearisome and uncertain journey to a new land. He must also have been possessed of considerable *fore-sight*. Imagine a wagon train starting to cross the plains. Everything must be provided. Nothing must be left behind, for there were no halfway stations to supply deficiencies on the way. Then, too, these pioneers were all men and women of *strength and health*. If they started in a weakly condition the hardships of the journey did one of two things for them—they either became strong or they died and were buried by the roadside. Journeys like these, too, develop *bravery and courage*. No craven could have lived on such a journey. Indians, wild animals, scarcity of food, terrific storms, perils from lightning, fording of rivers where treacherous and dangerous quicksands lurked, building roads in and out of deep and precipitous canyons, scaling the heights of stupendous mountain ranges, these were things to try men's souls, and only the brave and courageous could have dared

then at the outset when foreseen, or have lived through them when met. Then, too, these men and women naturally lived the *out-of-door life*. Day and night alike they spent in the open. They gazed in the eye of the sun during the day and looked up into the pure vault of the starry heavens at night. They were familiar with the winds and the rain, the snows of winter and the sunshine of summer; the fertile plain, the luxuriant growth of the forest and the barren desolation of the desert. The whole life of this journey was stimulating and invigorating to both the body and the mind. At the same time they were being disciplined by the hardships

they had to endure. Manhood and womanhood come through experience, and there is no experience like that of *hardships* for bringing out the noblest and best, as well as revealing the weakest and worst. They naturally became *cosmopolitan* for they were thrown in contact with people from every region, not only of their own kind, but of all the nations of the earth. The little, narrow prejudices of their provincialism were compelled to give way before the cosmopolitanism which is the natural result when people of different training, different heredity, different



JACK LONDON
One of California's most
notable sons

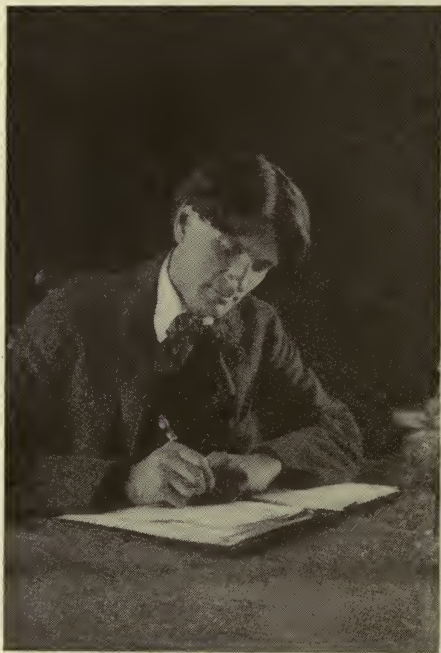
environment and different races associate together. There never was such a cosmopolitan gathering as was the gathering of the gold pioneers of the "days of '49," They were a *generous* people. Contact with humanity in all its differing forms led them to realize a *common brotherhood* and common suffering and hardship generally leads to a greater generosity and open-handedness than is common to those who are provincial and self-contained. The pioneers, as a people, were as generous as the sun and the rain, each of which gives to the just and unjust alike. Need was the only requirement for open-handed helpfulness. Then, too, when they arrived at their new home, they naturally developed a high degree of *independence of*

thought. The very fact that they had been self-willed and self-contained enough to start on such a journey clearly indicated an independence of thought superior to that of the majority of their fellow-townsmen. In a new land, under new conditions, with new problems to meet this same power of initiative developed into a more sturdy and determined independence, for while it was natural that they should band together for mutual helpfulness, it was equally natural that, where all men were

cide this question now and to our best interest?" And in matters social, domestic, civic, legal and religious, they were bound by no tradition, hampered by no conventional modes of thought, and restrained by no reference to established precedence. I have no hesitancy in affirming that the *justice* administered by these rough and ready pioneers who neither knew nor cared anything about the established legal order, in those mining camp days, contained immeasurably more justice than the brand administered in our cumbersome, precedent-hampered, hair-splitting, technicality-cursed law courts of today. Under such conditions it was natural that these men should be more interested in justice than in law; more interested in life than in profession; more likely to be interested in realities than concerned about appearances. In other words, real men rather than that they should appear real.

Naturally, they were *inventive*. They had to be. They were thousands of miles away from any base of supplies, and they had to meet new problems in new ways and under new conditions. The result was that they developed methods that had hitherto been undreamed of and in many departments completely revolutionized the methods of the past. Taking them all in all, they were a new race, the like of which we shall never see again if this age of luxury, and self-indulgence, ease-loving and treasure-worship continues.

The very isolation of California during the first twenty years of its state life helped to develop and strengthen these elements of character to which I have so hastily and cursorily referred. The whole Pacific Empire was shut in from the outside world. Two thousand miles of desert and plain separated it from the Eastern states. The Sonora Desert shut it in on the south from Mexico. There was no entrance, practically, by way of the north, as the Canadian Northwest was then a wilderness, and on the Pacific side there were seven or eight thousand miles of sea voyage which had to be taken before its shores could be reached. The result was an isolation that gave the fullest possible opportunity for self-development along the lines I have indicated. While I revere to the full the heroism of the men who engineered



CHARLES KEELER

One of California's greatest writers on birds

self-reliant and self-dependent, all of them equally masterful and resourceful, there should be a freedom in the expression of thought and idea and independence in action entirely different from that found in established communities where the majority of the people follow their respective leaders. This same independence of thought manifested itself in a total *disregard of any precedent* that did not commend itself to the immediate judgment of those concerned. It was nothing to them what men had done elsewhere under similar or different conditions. The question they asked themselves was, "How can we de-

and constructed the Central Pacific Railroad, which made access to California easy, I am free to confess that, personally, I would have been glad had there been no railroad into California for another thirty years, that this pioneer spirit might have had a fuller opportunity for development and larger scope for extension. It would then have been able to hold its own more than it has done against the influx of the enervating and debilitating influences of the conventionalized life of the eastern world, and would thus have helped forward the progress of the human race in an incalculable degree. And yet, though, by means of the railroad, the East poured its people into the state, these pioneer influences were so virile, so strong, so dominant, so insistent, that even with the tremendous dilution to which they have been subjected, they still retain much of their power and make of this Pacific Empire a world different from any other on earth. Everybody recognizes the large freedom of the West, the big-heartedness, the open-handedness, the intellectual toleration, the individual manifestations of freedom—these qualities are in the atmosphere; they are part of our life, and yet, they are as much our inheritance from the mental and spiritual qualities of the pioneers as they are a result of our climatic environment.

In this hasty manner I have presented to you the reasons why California should influence the literature of the world. Let us now, very briefly, survey some of her achievements in literature. I shall not make any attempt to give an academic definition of what literature is, nor shall I limit myself by any such definition. I shall content myself with what I would term a Western definition, which is, that "literature is that which a man has to say that is worth saying and is well said." [Applause.]

Time prohibits more than the scantiest reference to the wonderfully imaginative literature of the Pacific Coast aborigines. At the beginning of the last century there were fully seven hundred thousand Indians in California alone, and this makes no account of the nomadic Apaches and Navahos, or the sedentary Pueblos of Arizona and New Mexico, and the many

tribes of Oregon, Washington, British Columbia and Alaska. In their remarkable nature-worship, totemism and cultus hero-worship we find a range of conception, vividness of imagination, and simplicity of mental action that is almost past the belief of the ordinary American student. If we had a complete pantheon of the gods and lesser divinities of the Indians of this Pacific Empire, it would be found to be more vast and comprehensive than that of Greece, and the calendar



CHARLES WARREN STODDARD (SEATED)
AND JAMES CARLETON YOUNG

of their religious ceremonials far more elaborate, more comprehensive in detail and more strictly original in imagination than the religion of any nation, civilized or uncivilized, in the history of all the ages.

In spite of the fact that several writers and so-called historians have declared that the Indians had no religion, no mythological or legendary lore, we now know that they were abounding in it, and that we are serious losers in that so much of it has been allowed to die without being written. A few writers have had the foresight to seize what they could before it was too late, among them Jeremiah Curtin,

Stephen Powers, Charles F. Lummis, Washington Matthews, Joaquin Miller, Constance Goddard Du Bois, Mary Austin, Bertha H. Smith, Earle Pliny Goddard, A. L. Kroeber, George Wharton James, Galen Clarke, Idaho Meachem Strobridge, and others, and every line of it is valuable for its rich suggestiveness.

Then there is the literature of the epoch of Spanish discovery and the literature of the Padres, both of which must be passed with this mere mention.

When we come to the *Literature of the pioneers*, we find a richness and wealth that very few are cognizant of. We read Homer and Plutarch and the writers of the great epochs of the past. It is well we should do so, but it is not well that we ignore the stories written by the simple-hearted, brave, resolute and daring pioneers of the days prior to the discovery of gold, and those who came to California in the romantic days when the news of Marshall's wonderful find had been flashed to the most remote corners of the earth. In these simple narratives we find epics as startling and as thrilling as any in the history of literature, and in them is enshrined that large-hearted, manly spirit that I have dared to call the "California spirit." This spirit is found everywhere in the world, and always has been existent, but never before in the history of the ages was it so marvelously developed and intensified as in "the days of old, the days of gold, the days of '49." Even prior to '49 there were narratives written that thrilled and stirred the heart, such as Pattee's "Story of His Adventures as a Trooper," edited by Timothy Flint in a book published in St. Louis in 1831. No romance could be more interesting than the simple story of the experiences of this man and his party. Equally interesting are the life of "Kit Carson," Dana's "Two Years before the Mast," Forbes's "California," and Robinson's "Life in California." Then came the reports of Fremont's explorations from '42 to '46, and Greenhow's "Oregon and California" (1844). There is no story of Arctic adventure and exploration more thrilling and heartrending than the story of the "Donner Party," and "The Life of Jim Beckwourth" is so replete with exciting adventures as to raise doubts in the

minds of the unfamiliar as to its veracity. A hundred or more books might be mentioned dealing with the experiences of the pioneers before and after the discovery of gold, all well worth reading and all portraying the genuine life of these rough, turbulent, great-hearted, resolute, manly men. Take the articles on the "Gold Seekers of California," published a few years ago in the *Century Magazine*. The influence of those articles is yet felt in every remote field in the United States and throughout the English reading world, and many a man has been nerved to a higher endeavor, to braver achievement and attempt at carrying out his highest ambitions, as the result of the putting on record of the achievements of these men and women in this widely-read and popular magazine.

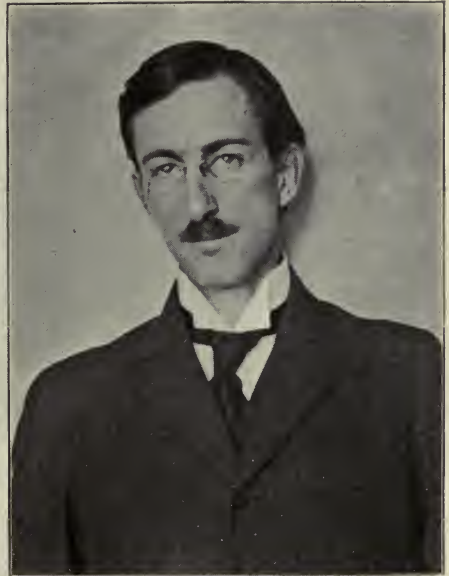
Now look for a few moments at the influence of California upon the world's literature, set in motion by the *founding of the Overland Monthly*. This altogether unpretentious, brown-covered little magazine, with its grizzly bear standing on the railroad track, gave not only a new editor to the world, but a story-writer regarded in England and Germany to this day, by many, as not only the equal, but the superior of Poe. It offered the first largely circulated vehicle for the expression of the writings of the greatest humorist, perhaps, the world has ever known, Mark Twain. In it Henry George made his first essay into economic fields. Joaquin Miller, John F. Swift, Ross Browne, Charles Warren Stoddard, Ina Coolbrith, Noah Brooks, W. C. Bartlett, and a score of others of national fame, were first introduced to the outside world of literature by this little magazine. Millicent Shinn, whose "Biography of a Baby" has been read with great delight throughout the world, and her brother Charles, whose "Mines and Mining" and "Story of a Mine" are standard works on the subject, Jack London, that young giant of primitive virility, W. H. Rhodes, W. C. Morrow, and a score of others of later date, all first stretched their untried wings in the literary atmosphere created by the *Overland*.

In its *nature writers* California refuses to take second place with any literary

people on the face of the earth. In the short time of its sixty years of existence it has given to the world more and better nature writers than all the rest of the world combined. Its Indian lore is full of quaint and childlike interpretations of nature. Theodore Hittell wrote the "Life of Adams, the Grizzly Bear Hunter of California," in the early days. W. C. Bartlett, whose "Breeze from the Woods" was the primary article in the first number of the *Overland Monthly*, was a writer of classic English. His work reveals a keenness of observation and a lightness of humor that place him forever in the front rank of nature writers. Clarence King's "Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada," Joseph LeConte's "Ramblings in the Yosemite," John Muir's "Mountains of California," "Our National Parks," and "Stickeen, the Story of a Dog," T. S. Van Dyke's several books on Southern California, Charles Frederick Holder's dozen or more excellent books on "Life in the Open in California," Charles Keeler's books on birds, David Starr Jordan's "Alps of the King and Kern River Divide," and stories of the earthquake of 1906 and the Seal Fisheries of Alaska, Stewart Edward White's masterful stories of The Forest, The Trail, The Mountains, etc., the descriptions of the desert by Mary Austin, John C. VanDyke, Idah Meachem Strobbridge and George Wharton James, the books of Elizabeth and Joseph Grinnell, Olive Thorne Miller, Mrs. Harriet Myers, and Florence A. Merriam, Charles F. Lummis' "Strange Corners of Our Country," "Land of Poco Tiempo," "Tramp across the Continent," and many other authors and books that might be mentioned, are my justification for the wide and sweeping assertion as to the nature writers of California. How could it be otherwise with such a wealth, majesty, glory and beauty, in this wonderful climatic and topographic cosmos. If environment influences at all, surely California should produce a plethora of literature of the highest character, descriptive of that which it has within its own confines.

In *humoresque literature* the world owes a debt to California, the extent of which few can conceive. John Phoenix wrote most of his "Phoenixana" in San Francisco

and San Diego. Bret Harte gained his highest development here. Ross Brown and John F. Swift at one time had a larger vogue than Mark Twain. In fact the critics said that Mark Twain was the poorest wit of the three. In a recent number of the *NATIONAL MAGAZINE* I wrote fully of Mark Twain's debt to California. It was here that his manhood was developed. It was in the newspapers and magazines of the Pacific Coast that his genius first found expression. It was the experiences he had here and in the Hawaiian Islands



RICHARD WALTER TULLY
Author of the popular plays, "The Rose of the Rancho" and "The Bird of Paradise"

that gave him the material for "Roughing It." It was San Francisco money and faith that urged him to take the trip on the steamer "Quaker City" which produced the series of letters, first written for a San Francisco newspaper, "The Alta Californian," which were afterwards published as "The Innocents Abroad." It was for a San Francisco magazine that he wrote his inimitable "Jumping Frog of Calaveras County." It was in San Francisco that he gave his first lecture and received his encouragement to appear upon the platform. It was his association with Charles Warren Stoddard that made

possible his lecturing in England, where his quaint humor soon made thousands of friends. It was also to Stoddard that he owed the incitement of the writing of "Joan of Arc," the tenderest, sweetest, most exquisite piece of feminine biography ever written, and by many regarded as his masterpiece. It was in the mining camps of California that Joaquin Miller developed much of his quaint humor, and Dan de Quill (William Wright), Sam Davis and Fred H. Harte of the Sazerac Lying Club, and C. C. Goodwin of the Comstock Club, all gained their humoresque training in the same prolific field. It was in California that Charles Warren Stoddard was urged by the poet-preacher-patriot, Thomas Starr King, to try his hand at writing, and his genial humor has given delight to thousands. Ambrose Bierce first tried his wings and gained strength and power for his highest and most lofty flights in the realm of humor and satire in the clear and pellucid atmosphere of California. "Chimmie Fadden" (Townsend), Palmer Cox's "Brownies," E. S. Field's "Child Harold," Gelett Burgess' "Lark," Eleanor Gate's "Cupid, the Cowpunch," Miriam Michelson's "The Madigans," and Wallace Irwin's "Hoodlum" and "Hashimuro Togo" all came to life, or at least to literary birth, in the genial climate of California. Lionel Josphare has written some humor that ranks with that of the masters. All of Burdette's latest work has been done in Pasadena, and when the Southern Pacific Railroad made Paul Shoup a railroad man, it deprived the world of a humorist who might ultimately have ranked as high as any of those with whom the world has lived during the past two generations.

In *satiric and vindictive literature* California holds a high place. While his satire lacks those elements of universality and humaneness that alone make for immortality, there is no satirist, at any time, of any people, who, in some regards, has surpassed Ambrose Bierce. Who, that has been bored by the eloquent (?) rhetorical platitudes of the old-time conventional

orator, cannot feel the force of this couplet of Bierce's:

"The more he rocks the cradle of his chin,
"The more unruly grows the brat within."

And where, in all literature, is there to be found a more concentrated essence of contempt than in Bierce's description of the man who, digging up a shovelful of earth, formally declared a certain exposition duly opened to the public, when the event was described as follows: "And now a shovelful of earth was picked up by a skinful of dirt."

There are but few individual magazines in the world, yet it was the vituperative power of Frank Pixley that made the San Francisco *Argonaut* a welcome visitor to every club in every city in the civilized world. And the same strength and power manifested in defending those friends in whom he believes and attacking those persons to whom he is opposed, has helped to make the Los Angeles *Times*, in many respects, the foremost newspaper in the United States. Those who love to read a verbal flaying alive of "some other fellow" cannot do better than to hunt up Charles F. Lummis' *Out West* and read some of his scathing editorials entitled "In the Lion's Den." Talk about iconoclasm and the pulling down and



JOHN MUIR
One of California's
greatest nature writers

smashing of popular idols! Read Lummis' sarcastic criticisms of Dr. Smith, the editor of the Century Dictionary, upon matters pertaining to the Mexican and Spanish language and kindred topics. The very atmosphere that conduces to an appreciation of the beauties of nature and the development of the highest in art, in poetry and literature generally, seems to have quickened, in some men, their satiric and vituperative power and given to it a literary quality that makes it interesting in spite of its virulence and inhumanity.

In the field of *poetry* California has many precious and beautiful flowers. A long list might be called, all of them entitled to consideration. Had Bartholomew Dowling written nothing but "Hurrah for the Next that Dies," he would have been classed with the immortals. Of lesser fame

are Pollock, Ridge and Frances Fuller Victor. Sarah Carmichel's "Origin of Gold" is a poem that Bryant immortalized in one of his collections. Charles Warren Stoddard, Bret Harte, Ina Coolbrith, Joaquin Miller, Edwin Markham, Edward Roland Sill, Herman Scheffauer, James G. Clark, Herbert Bashford, Madge Morris Wagner, Thomas Lake Harris, John Vance Cheney, Louis Robertson, Richard Realf, Frances L. Mace, Rose Hartwick Thorpe, Lowell Otis Reese, Edward Robson Taylor, Clarence Umy, John S. McGroaty, Charles Keeler are all names that are familiar to English-speaking readers of poetry the world over.

And I claim for California the coming poet of the century. When George Sterling wrote his "Testimony of the Suns," Joaquin Miller declared it the greatest poem since Dante, and I venture the prediction that the three thin volumes of verse, published by Mr. A. M. Robertson, of San Francisco, under the title of "The Testimony of the Suns," "A Wine of Wizardry," and "The House of Orchids," demonstrate that for brilliant, vivid, weird and far-reaching imagination, for that cosmic consciousness that seems to grasp the universe, whether near or far, for a felicitous use of words that betokens the keenest musical ear and critical discernment, George Sterling has not his compeer today in America, nor has he ever had. and I further venture the bold assertions, based on a careful study of that which he has already written, that the next twenty-five years will see him recognized as the pre-eminent American poet, and, if he continues as he has begun, the great poet of the Twentieth Century.

In the imaginative field, both in the *short story* and the longer *novel*, California demands attention as vividly as does the bougainvillea that clusters over so many of her beautiful homes. If one begins the list with Bret Harte and Mark Twain, he at once presents names that are used in Europe as types of perfection. The French and Germans, while differing so materially in their opinions of each other, are unanimous in their declaration that Harte was one of the greatest masters of the short story that ever lived, some claiming even that he surpassed Poe. John F. Swift

wrote a novel on the Comstock mining camps that is well worth reading today, and the list of California novelists includes such notable names as Joaquin Miller, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Frank Norris, W. C. Morrow, Warren Cheney, Helen Hunt Jackson, James W. Gally, Archibald Clavering Gunter, Ambrose Bierce, Flora Haines Loughead, Josephine Clifford McCrackin, Stewart Edward White, Gelett Burgess, Mrs. Fremont Older, Lucia Chamberlain, Mary Austin, Elizabeth Prescott Smith, James Hopper, Willis



MRS. JOSEPHINE CLIFFORD McCRACKIN

The California writer who has preserved to the nation the California redwoods

George Emerson, Idah Meacham Strobbridge, Adeline Knapp, Margaret Collier Graham. Where else can one find a sextet of women novelists who rank as high as Gertrude Atherton, Geraldine Bonner, Miriam Michelson, Eleanor Gates, Frances Charles and Gwendolyn Overton? And few young novelists have reached a greater audience than have Frank Norris, Jack London and Herman Whitaker?

California has also given its quota of editors of renown to the world. I have already referred to Frank Pixley of the *Argonaut*, Harrison Gray Otis of the *Los Angeles Times*, Bret Harte and Millicent Shinn of the *Overland*. It sent Will Irwin

to be editor of the New York *Evening Sun* for a time, Bailey Millard to the *Cosmopolitan*, Robert Davis to *Munsey's*, and J. O'Hara Cosgrove to *Everybody's*, while Lute Pease edits the *Pacific Monthly*, and John S. McGroaty, the *West Coast Magazine*.

In the world of drama many California names stand high, amongst which are Clay Greene, David Belasco, David Warfield, Martin V. Merle, Richard W. Tully and Herbert Bashford.

While the world of book-buyers scarcely recognizes the West as a publishing center, California has yet produced three noble book publishers—William Doxey, A. M. Robertson and Paul Elder. It behooves the well-informed librarian to keep in touch with the books issued by these men. Already many of them are exceedingly scarce, as the patrons of libraries wake up to the riches they contain.

I wish particularly to call attention to another thing that California has done for literature. She has given to the world the greatest, the most comprehensive, the most complete, the most perfect, the most ideal collection of local historical material the world has ever known. She took a New York business man into her bosom and gave him occupation for his commercial instincts, and reasonable prosperity; then, with her aspiring mountains, boundless stretches of desert, illimitable ocean, gigantic trees and impenetrable forests, unfathomable canyons, immeasurable resources, incalculable possibilities, and thrilling historic potentialities, so fired his imagination and stimulated his patriotic ambition that he set to work to gather, before it was too late, the original material of which written histories are made. With a business sagacity that never failed, an energy that nothing tired, a perseverance that overcame all obstacles, an instinct for discovery that left nothing unexplored, a passion for thoroughness and completeness that covered the whole ground, a persuasiveness that led everyone else to acquiesce in his plans, he persisted year after year in his laudable purpose. Agents in Mexico, Madrid, Paris, London, Berlin, and even in Moscow, Vienna, Copenhagen and Lisbon felt the keen throb of his desire. Occasionally he went himself to these European centers and searched for

what he needed, or what he imagined might exist. Twice fate seemed to overwhelm him with misfortune, and a man of lesser imagination and smaller purpose would have given up his quest, but to this man the Holy Grail was clearly visioned and nothing but the thing itself would satisfy his life's passion.

What if small minds do find fault with the history he and his co-laborers wrote from this material. Let me say it loudly, let me say it earnestly, let me say it so that it can never be forgotten. Never in the history of the world was there a man so gifted with the requisite imagination, dowered with the mental and physical qualities, and blessed with the business instincts requisite to bring together such a marvelous collection of historic material. The only other transaction that deserves to be mentioned in the same class is that of Thompson, who gathered together the tracts upon the English Civil War, but his labors were mere kindergarten efforts compared with the colossal achievements of Hubert Howe Bancroft.

The Bancroft library is unique in the history of all historical research. Bancroft is the one man of the ages, of the world, in his quick perception of the needs of the historian and his persistence in gathering the material necessary to satisfy those needs. And he has made it possible that the University of California may teach the world—when the right man comes—how history may be and should be written. Ignored, laughed at, criticized with a harshness as ungracious as it has been undeserved, sometimes as foolishly praised as he has been unjustly criticized, his great and lasting gift to the world was never rightly understood save to the discerning few, until Henry Morse Stephens came and informed the president of the State University that with such an opportunity before him as the purchase of this priceless material, no self-respecting historian could be induced to accept the chair of history in the University if they allowed it to go by. Then it was that the purchase was made—largely made possible, too, by the unexampled generosity of its owner, Mr. Bancroft—and thus Berkeley has been placed in the proud position it now occupies. I once heard Professor Stephens

say that it will be laudation enough of his own life if there be inscribed upon his tombstone: "He was largely instrumental in saving for California and securing for the State University the Bancroft Library."

In this connection let me add that California is suggesting to the world another great idea in connection with literary material in that it has already formulated a plan for the co-ordination of all its libraries. The inestimable advantages of this system will at once be seen by every student. It should not be necessary that every city in a state should possess a complete library of the rarer books. Let there be one great center for special lines and such a co-ordination of affairs that whenever something is needed that the central library does not possess, any, or all, of the libraries can be called upon for that which is required. In the field of historical research now made possible by the possession of the Bancroft Collection at the State University at Berkeley, there should be no attempt made to build up local libraries of historic material at the cost of this larger central library. Every librarian should regard it as a duty and a privilege to send all original material that can possibly be secured from local centers to this main center, so that one who wishes to pursue a complete course of study on state history will not be compelled to visit

several widely-separated centers, but can find everything that the state affords upon his chosen subject in the one main center. The possession of the Bancroft Library has forever determined California's historical center as the State University at Berkeley. Other centers for other subjects may ultimately be established elsewhere, and when they are, the State University should be willing to follow this principle in building up these other centers as the latter should now be willing to unite to build up the historical department of the State University.

In conclusion, let me ask your pardon for the hurried, cursory and fragmentary nature of my address. It is merely suggestive, and necessarily could have been no other, but there is one thought worth carrying away, if my address means anything, and that is that, in this highly favored Pacific land, with its marvelous climate, topography and spirit, there is not only the possibility, but the certainty of the development of the highest in civilization, art, science, literature and religion that the world has ever known. This I confidently believe to be the destiny of California and the Pacific Coast, and this destiny, I believe, Californians gladly welcome not only as a divine blessing, but as a divinely placed responsibility. [Continued applause.]

SPRING WINDS

WHEN winds of March like silvery trumpets blow,
The whole dead world awakens with new birth;
The sun smiles forth, and verdant grasses grow
Green mantling the earth.

When winds of April flute like pipes of Pan,
The brooks and rills awake to dance and sing;
The birds across the continent's wide span
Come back on eager wing.

But when the winds of May all laugh in glee,
Ah, then, like Orpheus from heaven's bowers,
The spring leads back to earth with melody
The thronging, thronging flowers!

—Edward Wilbur Mason.

When the Tide is Low

SOME time at eve, when the tide is low,
I shall slip my mooring and sail away,
With no response to a friendly hail
Of kindred craft in a busy bay.
In the silent hush of the twilight pale,
When the night stoops down to embrace the day.
And the voices call in the waters flow—
Some time at eve, when the tide is low,
I shall slip my mooring and sail away
Through purple shadows that darkly trail
O'er the ebbing tide of the unknown sea.
I shall fare me away, with a dip of sail,
And a ripple of waters to tell the tale
Of a lonely voyage, sailing away
To mystic isles, where at anchor lay
The craft of those who have sailed before,
O'er the unknown sea to the unknown shore.
A few who have watched me sail away,
Will miss my craft from the busy bay;
Some friendly barks that were anchored near,
Some loving souls that my heart held dear,
In silent sorrow will drop a tear;
But I shall have peacefully furled my sail
In moorings sheltered from storm and gale,
And greeted the friends who have sailed before
O'er the unknown sea to the unknown shore.

—*Heart Throbs, Vol. II.*



Captain ELIPHALET'S MONEY

by

Mary Livingston Burdick

CHAPTER I



HE island was of white sand; its shining glitter unrelieved save by a low growth of palmettoes, and complemented by the tall light-house, whose fiery eye guarded the surrounding water.

For twenty-six years the lamp had been carefully fed and burnished by Captain Eliphalet, who had watched it with an anxiety almost jealous in its intensity. Then a sharp attack of rheumatism had kept the old man prisoner in his tidy bedroom, so that his duties were of necessity assumed by his granddaughter Betty, a willing and faithful "slave of the lamp," as she styled herself to her friend Jack Henderson.

"Just for a few weeks, you know," Captain Eliphalet had said when first taken ill; but the weeks had grown into months, and still his crutches were used for a walk of even a few yards, and still it was from the highest window that Betty often waved good-morning or good-evening to Jack as his oyster boat went by.

The government inspector had visited the premises three times since Betty had relieved her grandfather of his responsibility, but each time he had found everything ship-shape and had heartily commended the young girl, saying that she deserved a medal for goodness as well as for her services.

Half annoyed that a woman could take his place, and half pleased that "Little Betty" was so capable, Captain Eliphalet alternately grumbled and praised.

"You do manage pretty well, child," he said, "and Cassandra's cooking is fair to middling. You wouldn't think she could bake beans so well, even though your grandmother taught her from a pickaninny. They have a regular brick-oven

New England flavor. New England! I'll never see that country again. Raised there, and my ancestors, too, for I don't know how many generations, and here I am on a sand-heap in the Gulf of Mexico, crippled and laid by. Your grandmother and your mother dead; your father lost at sea, and only you and your little brother Eliphalet for company."

Little Eliphalet, or Lefty, as he was more frequently called, pushed aside his empty plate and raised a tanned and rosy face to his grandfather, but a determined one for a four-year-old.

"I'm going to sail like father," he said. "When I grow up I'll sail away like him."

"And be drowned like him, probably," was the muttered answer. But the old visage softened, as the child took his straw hat and disappeared through the doorway calling "Good-bye, grandpa, I'm going to decorate my soldiers."

"Tell him to keep away from the pier, Betty, the pier's no place for him."

"He'll not go on the pier, grandpa," was the soothing answer. "He's given his word, and Lefty always keeps his word, though he's scarcely more than a baby. He's just going to put some caves or shells on the graves in the soldier's burying ground beyond. Cassandra's hanging out the washing, too, so he's in plain sight. And he knows he's not to set his foot in a boat without you or Jack."

"If he waits for me to take him, guess he'll never go," said her grandfather drearly. "Looks so, anyway, and Jack's off oyster-gathering mostly, except Sundays or an evening now and then, when he's so taken up with you that Lefty's chance isn't great. I believe he did tow the boy to town last month, and that's where he got his idea of decorating graves. Maybe

it's well the soldiers camped here once while waiting to attack New Orleans, for they left us six people for all time, dead, to be sure, but more in number than those living here since then. And I don't know but they're as good company as some that are alive seem to be. Lefty must think so from the way he hangs around them."

"Lefty's never had a real playmate," said Betty patiently. "He doesn't know anything but the waves and sky and shore. and I shouldn't, either, if you hadn't sent me away to school the year after mother died. But Lefty loves us, and he looks as much like you as one drop of water does like another. 'Chip of the old block,' Jack says."

"And Jack unquestionably knows," responded the old man in a voice rather dry, but indicating distinct pleasure at the suggestion. "Maybe there is a resemblance—only Lefty's just starting up one side of the hill, and I'm more than half way down the other. It's early morning with him and late afternoon with me. Isn't that Jack's boat coming?"

Betty's deepening color showed that it was Jack's boat approaching, but she brought her grandfather's crutches, and shook and folded the white tablecloth before going to meet the boat's occupant.

* * *

There are Elysian moments in all lives. The day was fine, the sky blue, the breeze fresh, and Jack and Betty were young and honestly devoted to each other. No wonder that time sped, and that it was nearly dinner hour before Captain Eliphalet heard a bit of important news.

Captain Scott had offered Jack the opportunity of sailing with him in the ship "Viola" on a four-months' cruise.

"Go out as first mate, with privilege of a venture for myself," said Jack eagerly, "and be Captain next time, with a half interest in the boat, for Captain Scott has promised his wife that he'll leave the sea after this trip, and I can buy half ownership for two thousand dolalars—five hundred to bind the bargain, and the rest when I take charge. I've three hundred of the money now, and Dalrymple has about agreed to give me two hundred for my oyster boat."

"Looks like a good chance," mused

Captain Eliphalet, "Scott's a man of his word."

"It is a good chance, and I thought that maybe you'd be willing for Betty and me to be married after I get back. Say about the middle of September. The next voyage I'd go to Cuba, 'twould be cool then, and I'd take Betty if she'd like to go and you'd think it best."

"Perhaps, we'll see. When do you sail with Scott?"

"Wednesday, and today's Friday. It's time for me to go. I must get some matters under way in the town. Please think it over, Captain, and let me know when I come over Sunday. Good-bye."

Captain Eliphalet thought it over again and again. He was attached to Jack, whom he had known from Jack's boyhood, and who had taken many a meal at the lighthouse cottage by the old man's invitation. For a long period he had felt that some day the young fellow would claim Betty, and had mentally accepted the situation—"some day" being in its vagueness so easy to consider. But now that there seemed a definite figure in life's calendar, Captain Eliphalet experienced a strange feeling of unrest, and it was very late on Sunday when he made known his decision.

Betty and Jack were strolling on the beach when the summons for their presence came by way of Lefty.

"Did you want us?" asked Betty quietly as they entered the living-room, where the grandfather sat at his desk.

"Yes," he answered, "I've just this to say to you, child, I've no objection to offer. I give you as I gave your mother and as her mother was given to me. It's hard, but there's never a life that has only getting and keeping. Remember that."

Speaking to Jack he went on, "I've taught you all I know about sailin', my boy, but you're going to sail a different ship and sea than ever you've reckoned with. Look well to your compass. Betty's a good girl."

He turned to his desk, drew out an empty drawer, and from behind the space where that had been removed another one. Within was a small buckskin bag tied tightly and stuffed with hard, circular



A broad path of silver led from the town almost directly to the lighthouse, and in it Jack's boat sped along

objects. Captain Eliphalet unfastened the string and motioned to Betty to seat herself. The next moment he emptied the contents of the bag into her lap. Ten shining yellow disks clinked together as they rolled about, while Jack and Betty looked at them with surprise.

"Twenty-dollar gold pieces," explained the old man, with modest pride. "They're for your wedding clothes, Betty, and I'll take as much more from the bank after your marriage if you want new furnishings here. I reckon you'll stay with me whenever you're on land," he added anxiously.

Betty threw her arms around his neck. "Always," she whispered, and Jack echoed her assurance.

Then Jack and Betty and Lefty went out to prepare supper, for Cassandra was spending two days in the town, her mother being "shuah poohly, Miss Betty honey," according to her account.

The next afternoon Jack came over again, but this time he did not stay long, as Captain Scott had left many of the minor responsibilities to him. The cargo was being loaded very rapidly and demanded close attention. In addition to this Dalrymple had not appeared to pay for the boat, so Jack had still to arrange with him.

"But I'll surely get over again, Betty," Jack concluded, as he said good-bye. "We'll have fine moonlight tomorrow evening, too, just as lovely as tonight's will be."

And he stepped into his boat with the deft swiftness of long practice.

"Yes, it will be beautiful," assented Betty. "Good-bye."

"Good-bye," said Jack once more. "Please tell your grandfather I'd have gone up to the house to see him, but I promised to relieve the second mate at four, and it's two now. But there's a good breeze blowing and I'll make it. Good-bye."

The sails filled in the wind which fluttered the ends of Jack's handkerchief so that it seemed like a scarlet flag waving farewell. Betty watched the athletic man in the flying boat until he was lost to her vision. A few minutes she stood lost in happy dreams. Then a sea-bird flew by with a sharp scream, and she roused with a start from her castle-building and went back to the lighthouse.

When Jack Henderson reached the town wharf he was instantly hailed by Captain Scott.

"Dalrymple left a message for you, Jack. He finds he can't raise the money for the boat now, but that needn't make any difference with us. Just pay the three hundred, and let the rest go till the other settlement. You needn't thank me. I'd rather have your word than most people's bonds. And I'm glad you're back. Munroe says everything will be loaded by eight tomorrow morning, so we can sail then instead of waiting until Wednesday. Every hour I can make is a gain. You'll be ready?"

"Yes, sir," said Jack.

There seemed nothing else to be said. In the face of the Captain's kindness and wish, it was no time to ask for delay.

So Jack took Munroe's place on deck, and in one way or another was occupied steadily for the next eight hours. During that time he determined his course of action. He would take his sailboat and go over to the island as soon as he should be off duty. Not with the idea of seeing Betty. To disturb her and Captain Eliphalet in the middle of the night did not accord with Jack's view of propriety. His thought was simply to leave a note explaining the change of plans, and to make good his words that he would surely get over again. As for his disappointment, Betty would understand that, but he must hurry.

As he hastily scribbled a few lines, the young girl on the island climbed the long iron ladder leading to the lamp, replenished the oil, and stealing softly to her room after one glance at the moonlit sea, sank into slumber, dreaming of Jack to be sure, but not that he would so soon be near.

A broad path of silver led from the town almost directly to the lighthouse, and in it Jack's boat sped along, gaining its destination in good time. Keeping clear of the graveled walk, so that no noise should follow his footsteps, Jack made his way to the veranda, where he deposited his note. It was instantly sent scurrying across the boards by the breeze.

"I'll anchor it with a stone," he thought, then immediately changed his mind.

"There must be no mistake, nor any chance of it's being lost. It would be best to put it inside."

He could easily slip a window-catch with his knife blade and get into the living-room. Indeed, he had once done that very thing when Lefty had locked himself within and been unable to reverse the bolt.

To think was to act. Two minutes later Jack left the folded sheet on Captain Eliphalet's desk by a framed photograph of Betty's mother. Betty dusted the picture every morning, so she would be certain to see his message.

The eyes of the photograph seemed to follow him with a mournful expression. Over him came a feeling of pity for the mother who had left Betty and the baby boy.

"It was sad for you," murmured Jack, unconsciously addressing the likeness, "and for them as well. I'll try to make her happy and the little fellow, too."

With the thought of the child came the memory of a promise made—that he should have a knife. In Jack's haste he had forgotten to buy one, but he would redeem his word by leaving his own, which was almost new. So he laid it on Lefty's high-chair and passed out into the night.

CHAPTER II

"Sister, oh, sister," called Lefty persistently the next morning. "Please button my waist. I want to go down to my soldiers. May I take breakfast outdoors? I'd like five pieces, sister, 'cause I'm going on five."

Betty awakened to Lefty's voice and a sense of happiness. "Why, yes," she answered, "you may have your 'pieces' on the shore. Two buttered biscuits, two cookies and an orange, but remember, the fruit and biscuits first, then the cookies."

"I'll remember, sister, truly," said Lefty, "and after that I'm going to decorate."

So he trudged sturdily along the beach while Betty made a hasty toilet and sought the kitchen, felicitating herself with the thought that Cassandra would soon return by a tug which made bi-weekly excursions past the lighthouse to the

quarantine island beyond. Cassandra was such a good cook, and Jack would take supper with them.

Captain Eliphalet ate his breakfast almost silently, looking from time to time half wistfully, half approvingly at Betty, who, in her blue and white gingham seemed the personification of attractive neatness. At last he spoke:

"You'll want to go to town before long, I suppose."

A vivid blush swept the girlish face. "Tomorrow, grandfather. As soon as Jack has sailed, I'll go over and get materials for my white sewing."

"Guess the money will come in nicely," went on Captain Eliphalet with a chuckle. "You've put it away?"

"No, I left it with you in the drawer, you know, when I made the coffee for supper."

"So you did. I remember replacing the bag, but you'd better take it now. 'Hold fast all I give you.'"

Betty smiled. "Thank you again," she began, but smile and sentence died upon her lips, for the drawer which Captain Eliphalet extended was empty! The bag with its yellow contents had vanished. And search revealed nothing but Jack's note and his half-opened knife.

Betty turned pale as she read the lines, almost abrupt in their directness:

"The time has been changed and we sail at eight tomorrow. So I cannot see you to say good-by, but I leave this to tell you. Dalrymple disappointed me about the payment, but the matter is arranged as well. I will write from port.

"With love,

Jack."

"He's gone, Jack's gone!" cried Betty in surprise and regret.

"Gone," echoed her grandfather, "gone where? Let me see the letter. 'Time changed. Dalrymple disappointed him.' What was the sum to be paid for his boat?"

"Two hundred dollars," Betty answered.

"Two hundred? And we've lost two hundred, and Jack Henderson has been here, and 'the matter is arranged.' Oh my poor girl! I was going to let you marry a—"

"No," shrieked Betty, "Jack never took the gold. Don't say it. Don't say it."

But even as she denied the terrible implication her strength failed her. She clutched at a chair for support and fell, fainting, to the floor.

There is nothing more pitiful in life than the spectacle of uncomplaining, lasting sorrow. As the days dragged by after the discovery of the loss, Captain Eliphalet's heart was hourly wrung and tortured. Once he essayed to discuss the trouble with Miss Betty, but the usually docile girl was unwilling to hear it even mentioned.

"There is no purpose in talking of it, grandfather," she said. "I know what you think, and I know you're wrong. If you refuse your consent, I cannot marry Jack, for I promised mother to be guided by you, but he never took anyone's money, and some day the truth will be shown. Please do not speak of this again."

And something in her expression silenced her grandfather. He hobbled away muttering to himself, "I'd have given a thousand dollars, yes, all I have in the world, to have prevented it. I believed in the boy. And Betty is hurt for all time. Her life is wrecked."

In the months ensuing Betty followed the routine of her duties, waiting upon her grandfather more assiduously than ever, and watching and teaching Lefty persistently.

Of the four people in the household, the child alone seemed unaltered. Cassandra, as well as Captain Eliphalet, felt keenly the loss of the spirit of hope, and longed for the power of administering comfort in the sadness of her young mistress—a sadness whose cause she could not comprehend.

"Seems if Miss Betty were the ghost of her old self," she said once to her mother. "Only ghosts do rest sometimes, don't they? I wisht I could help her some way."

"Gen'ally folks have to work out their troubles for themselves," said the old negress sagely. "Just you wait and watch out and don't say anything."

Cassandra followed the advice, hoping one day when she gave Betty a little package covered with foreign stamps that

an old-time smile might reward her. But Betty only said gently,

"Thank you, Cassandra. Was it pleasant sailing over from the post-office?" Then she continued sewing.

Later, however, Betty walked down to the sea, and sitting on an old spar, opened the parcel with trembling fingers. A pasteboard box was disclosed, and within it were a white silk fan with carved ivory handle and a letter.

Yes, there was indeed a letter, manly, sincere and affectionate, and bringing deepest anguish to Betty. For it told her that the "Viola" would sail the next week on the return voyage, and that weather favoring, Jack would be home about the twenty-fifth of August, a fortnight earlier than she had supposed possible. She would have less than a week in which to prepare herself to tell him. To tell him? That her grandfather believed him a thief? Believed that he had stolen her wedding gift? Never!

What, then? That she had changed her mind? Leave him to think that his love and her confession of her own meant nothing, that she was a cruel woman without heart?

Oh, she could not! she could not!

Even in the greatest agony of spirit one is seldom free from the intrusion of one's kindred. Betty was brought back to a realization that there are petty cares as well as large ones by Lefty, who rushed at her like a small tornado crying:

"Sister, sister Betty! There's a steam-launch coming from the other side of the island with people, a whole lot of people, and grandpa thinks that they'll want you to show them the lighthouse."

Hiding the fan and letter in her blouse, Betty smoothed back her hair and went forward with flushed face, but imperturbable bearing. As Lefty had implied, the visiting party was composed of many members, and it was over an hour before the last one, a fair-haired girl in deep mourning, had climbed and descended the stairway. She turned to Betty, looking at her deprecatingly.

"You have been so kind that I am sorry to ask for further courtesy, but I have been told that General Butler's old flagstaff is still here. Will you tell me where I can find it?"

"At the lower end of the shore," Betty answered. "It fell a long time ago, but was not removed. I will point out the place so you need have no trouble."

"Oh, if you will! My father was here for a while with the other soldiers, so I am especially interested. I'd like to tell mother when I go home that I saw it."

"Better still," Betty suggested, "I'll go there with you, and we can whittle off a piece of the wood, if your mother would care for it. Grandfather will be pleased to have your friends rest with him. We are alone so much of the year that he is always delighted to see people."

Then the two girls set off with Lefty as close attendant. Betty carried Jack's knife, the only one in the cottage which was sharp enough to secure the desired memento. She had hesitated an instant before getting it, then had taken it quickly, thinking that it could make no difference. For every object reminded her of Jack, and he was ever the underlying current in her mind and heart.

"Hurry, sister," said Lefty, "or the sun will be down before we get back. I want the lady to see my soldiers' decorations."

"You're right about the sun, dear," Betty acquiesced, quickening her pace. "It takes a very little while for him to disappear after he's made up his mind to go."

Her new acquaintance looked at the glowing rose-colored ball in the West, and then at the beach, where waves were softly breaking. Gulls were flying to and

fro, and the mystery of the ocean deepened with the fading day. "It seems to strange to see it all," she said shyly. "Father used to tell us of it, and sometimes I have dreamed that I was here, but now I *know*, and mother will be so glad."



"Good old-fashioned New England discipline ought to begin at the other end of the line, ought to begin with me, Betty, and keep straight on until I know something"

Betty looked at her with the understanding of one who, suffering herself, recognizes grief in others. Instinctively she felt that the one-time soldier had answered to his last roll-call, leaving a sorrowing child who tried bravely to conceal her sadness for the sake of others. In silence her hand was offered and taken.

Neither spoke until they had cut a fragment of the soft pine from the mast, which was more than half imbedded in the sand. Then, tying her treasure carefully in her handkerchief, the visitor addressed Lefty as if to hide her emotion.

"I'd like to see your soldiers now, if not too late."

"Just a little further," said Lefty, walking on while Betty whispered a brief explanation, "there, behind the palmettoes."

Enclosed by a low paling were six graves, each having a tiny flag and a headboard, and each outlined with small shells.

"They are my soldiers," said Lefty proudly, "and I decorate them. They have the shells always, and sometimes I use my best decorations. I'll get them."

And digging into a little mound by one corner of the fence he produced a discolored buckskin bag. Betty's heart beat wildly with alternate hope and fear as Lefty tugged at the string, for she had seen that bag before, and what, oh, what, would its contents be?

It was Jack's knife which had helped to strengthen Captain Eliphalet's suspicion, and it was Jack's knife which cut the Gordian knot of suspense. Betty drew the blade across the fastening. A shower of coins fell tinkling at her feet.

Her voice was low and very gentle as she said to Lefty, "Where did you get these decorations, little brother, these pretty decorations?"

"Grandpa gave them to me. I said I'd like three or four pennies for decorations, and he said, 'Yes, Lefty, tomorrow.' And then tomorrow he was asleep. So I just took them from his desk and I opened Jack's knife and sawed the string, and I had my pieces outdoors, and then I put the decorations away for best. I want them to keep nice and bright."

The truth was told. Betty could have cried aloud in joy, but she remembered her guest, who was listening in astonishment, and said with gentle dignity:

"There was a misunderstanding about the money. It was lost and has occasioned

much unhappiness. Thanks to your coming here it is found. I can never tell you how grateful I am.

"We'll take it up to grandpa, Lefty, and this evening we'll tell him about it, for these 'pennies' are not what he intended for you, and they must be changed."

Then she tied up the gold and put it away next to Jack's fan and letter.

An hour more and the girls whom Providence had chosen to serve as instruments of happiness in each other's lives had parted. Strangers till that day, they would henceforth be bound together by indissoluble ties of memory.

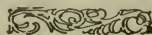
On board of the launch Helen Curtis watched the great lamp shed its beacon-like rays over the waters and found peace in the thought that her father, like his old comrades in the island cemetery, was at rest.

On the shore Betty gazed after the boat until it was lost to sight; then mutely blessing Helen, she went in to hold council with Captain Eliphalet and Lefty.

It is always much simpler to speak of a pleasant event than of a tragedy. In less than five minutes Betty and her little brother had told their brief stories, and Betty had exhibited the tangible proofs of Jack's innocence. After that she left her grandfather to reflect while she put Lefty, all unconscious of the trouble he had caused and ended, to bed.

When she returned, she found the old man on the verandah with his unlit pipe in his hand. He blew his nose with a trumpet-like blast and addressed her:

"You said Lefty thought the gold pieces were pennies, and that I had given them to him. I'm glad to hear it, Betty, glad to hear it. For it does away with the need of disciplining him, and when I think that I, seventy-one years old, believed that Jack, as good a boy as ever lived, was guilty of stealing, it seems to me, Betty, that discipline, good old-fashioned New England discipline, ought to begin at the other end of the line, ought to begin with me, Betty, and keep straight on until I know something."



The Shadow of Greatness

by Jean Louise de Forest

Author of "Enroute," "Aunt Maria's Xmas," etc.



It had been raining all day. The tall buildings and electric light signs and moving trolleys were reflected in the glistening pavements as clearly as they would have been in some still lake. The cars were crowded with steaming, swaying humanity, which overflowed to the very steps. Automobiles moved cautiously along, buttoned up tight against the downpour.

I preferred to walk, however. I was wet, and a good two miles lay between me and my home at the other end of the town. Nevertheless I would walk. I was in the humor for it and by that I mean that I was out of humor with the world and all therein, especially with editors.

I had just left my last story, the one I meant to enter for the five hundred dollar prize, with my typist. Would it capture the prize? No. I was not a prize winner. Would it even be considered for publication "at our regular rates"? No, not much. It would be among those "destroyed, so no stamps for return need be enclosed." I knew that full well. Why did I compete at all, and rewrite and rewrite that particular tale, and correct and polish and count it word for word to be sure that it fell within the eight-thousand word limit? I leave it to the ten thousand more or less other struggling aspirants to answer.

Only that morning I had decided to give up the warfare. I spent a full hour considering the respective advantages of suicide and school-teaching. One appeared

about as attractive as the other, since either one meant an end to my ambitions. I had reveled in a consideration of pleasant poisons, and yet here I was again on my way home from Miss Murdock, who typewrites my stories or doles out encouragement as the occasion requires.

When I appeared with my usual roll of pencilled manuscript and with the corners of my mouth drooping, she smiled brightly at me.

"Well, and what's the good news today?" she said. Whereupon I gave her distinctly to understand that good news from me was a contradiction in terms.

"Pshaw, nonsense!" she made answer, "haven't you heard from those dear little stories about the boy and girl, the ones I enjoyed so much?"

"Yes," I replied grimly, "they all came back this morning with three others. I don't see how it happens so, but again and again I've waited three or four weeks without a sign from any of them, and then they all rush home in the same mail."

"It's a shame, but don't grow discouraged." Miss Murdock is always optimistic. "Those stories are salable, and I just know that you are going to succeed. I love that little boy."

"He is my own little brother," I replied, "rather, he was. He is a man now and has a little boy of his own."

"Is that so?" Miss Murdock smiled charmingly. She is a beautiful, cultivated woman, with thick, puffy, snow-white hair, that has been white since before she was nineteen. She had financial reverses once upon a time, and fitted herself to

do this work. I never saw her anything but buoyant and overflowing with good cheer, and yet she works all day, and sometimes far into the night. I don't believe that I could stand it as she does. It would be worse than having manuscripts rejected.

"Now be a good girl," she said, as I opened the door and stepped into the long corridor, after leaving wet spots all over her office floor where I had dripped upon it. "You are going to succeed."

But I was too discouraged to so much as smile.

"I don't believe it," my voice was as pessimistic as I felt. "It is all a matter of fate anyway. A hundred writers fail to every one who succeeds; they eat their hearts out year after year, and year after year, and they grow old, and lose their health and die. Sometimes their work is as good as that of those who succeed."

"You'll feel better tomorrow," she answered, and in my heart I knew that I would, so I said "Good-night," and passed out into the rain.

Oh, yes—I'd had two or three tales accepted, enough to whet my appetite for more, enough to make my family sit up and take notice and say:—

"Well, I always knew Marie would make good some day. That was quite a clever story now, wasn't it?" But they hadn't thought so at all. They were as surprised as I was, and in all kindness every mother's one of them tried to make me teach school. They knew what was before me and didn't want to see me break my heart. And yet—there always comes the tormenting thought of the men and women who to all practical purposes have never had a rejection.

What makes the difference? Genius, you say? Well, that tale of mine about the girl and the old man is as good as any they've written. I don't care if I do say so. Two of my most critical friends have admitted it, women of culture, women who stand for the reading public. Bah, it's not what the public wants, it's what the editors want, and God only knows what they do want. I don't.

I'm sick of the whole business. I'd like to quit, but I can't. Next year will

find me pegging away, bombarding editorial rooms with my manuscripts, and rushing down to meet the editors—when nerves grow clamorous. Someone told me that it was wise to establish the "personal relation," and "find out what is wanted," yes—I'll be doing all these things, and yet, I won't have advanced a step. Perhaps I'll have sold one or two stories, but no more. Fate has been against me from the beginning.

I had left the lighted district behind me, by this time, and began to climb. The rest of the way would be up-hill, and I must go more slowly. My feet began to ache with the careful walking, and the heavy rubbers; but the fever in my head grew less. That is the way to deal with brain storms—get your body good and tired.

No doubt I was foolish, but at this point in my progress I began to cry. I was just half way home. My throat ached horribly, and the tears ran down in streams and mingled with the raindrops. Yet all the time there was another self, possibly my literary self, which looked on and smiled and said, "There, that is the climax. You will feel much better now. When the heroine becomes mad enough to cry, she usually recovers." Then that selfsame self began to wonder whether the walk in the rain, and the shiny pavements, and the tears—couldn't be worked up into copy, somehow or another. The trouble was about a plot.

That other self is always peeking and peering around for copy. I may suffer agonies of sympathy for the misfortunes of a friend, it may be spontaneous and sincere; but there stands that relentless other self right at my elbow, pad and pencil in hand, ready to jot it all down in her notebook. Sometimes I grow fairly ashamed of the whole proceeding, and try to stifle my emotions fearing lest they may be made to order.

Yes, that was another trouble—I needed plots. I had a whole note book full of ideas, but there must be people and events to carry them. I was hemmed in by the four walls of my little room. I had not enough income to turn around on comfortably. I could not go into society, and had no desire to do so. I



I preferred to walk, however

had never traveled and seen things. How could I hope to succeed?

My case was similar to that of the inventor who needs money in order to float his invention and make more money. If I could only travel and meet interesting people and go to theatres and operas when my head was tired and needed rest and change—then I could succeed.

I stopped for breath, since I had reached the top of the long hill. I turned my back and my umbrella to the wind, which had been directly in my face, and stood there. Somehow, I felt better. I had grumbled out my grievances and my discontent to the wet, blustery fall evening and soon I'd be sitting among friends, laughing and chatting with them, completely forgetful of the fact that I was a budding authoress, whose flowering season was held back by the editorial frost.

And then I fell to musing on my table mates. I'd wished many a time that I might weave a story around them, particularly around Miss Martin, who provides us with our food and shelter and makes it—home.

Miss Martin is in middle life, a woman who, like my typist, has seen better days. Of all the people I know, she is, I think the most lovely and lovable. She never says much, she does not profess 'ologies and 'isms, but she has lived on year after year supporting by her own efforts an invalid mother, verging now on ninety, and a brother who has been blind for twenty years. She goes out to walk or to town perhaps once a week, when some near friend can come and sit with her mother, but she does not go oftener.

"Old people do not like to be left alone." she said to me one day in answer to my urgent invitation, "I won't have mother with me very much longer, and when she goes, I want to feel that I have made her happy."

Miss Martin does all her own work. Often I've pitied her because of that, but then again I am glad that she has to work. Her body grows so tired that when night comes, she cannot lie awake and think.

But she is human, after all. The other day when my manuscripts had been held so long that I was sure one of them at

least must have found an abiding place, I said to her:

"I am so happy. I have a sort of presentiment. I just know that something lovely is going to happen to me." I was in a twitter of excitement.

She looked at me strangely. We were alone at the table, for I was late, not an uncommon occurrence at breakfast time, and she had come in to chat with me a bit, while the blind brother washed the dishes. It is quite wonderful, the number of things that he can do.

Then she said slowly, "I don't feel that way, for I know that nothing ever can happen to me."

She had not meant to cry, but she did, and she trembled all over. I was around the table in a moment and on my knees beside her.

"Don't," she said—"I will get over it sooner if you pay no attention to me. It looks as though it were going to be a nice day after all, doesn't it?"

I couldn't say much, because I recognized the finality of it all. How could anything happen to her? Yet, would she have given up the remembrance of her years of service to her mother and to her brother? No, never!

Cases like hers make me feel like an anarchist. Think of the fat, unlovely, bejewelled, coarse women who drive along Fifth Avenue and through Central Park. I don't mean the nice ones, but the soulless women, lapped in luxury and rolling in wealth. I've often felt as though I would enjoy dragging them bodily down and out. I'd like to empty one of those victorias and put Miss Martin in. Sometimes I want to climb in myself, but just now I'm thinking of her.

Then there is her blind brother. You would never know, to look at him, that he is blind, for his eyes are clear and beautiful. He has the face of a saint, the face that comes after twenty years of patience. I've never heard him complain and as he sits at the table, laughing and joking with the rest, I doubt whether any of us ever remembers that he is not as we are. It is only when he asks if the sun is shining or some such question that we realize.

Old Mrs. Martin sits at the end of the

table. I can best describe her by saying that she sums up in herself all the characteristics that the greatest artists have painted into their pictures of age—that is, all the physical characteristics. Mentally she is as sound as she ever was, though she says little. The great tiredness has begun to pervade her. Soon she will pass from us like some frail shriveled white blossom, borne away by the autumn wind.

But it is her smile that I shall always remember her by. It is John Neihardt, our western poet, who tells a story about an old tramp printer who had a smile with a halo. He described it in such a way that I've been looking for one ever since.

Mrs. Martin's smile has a halo. It lights up her whole face. In it I can read long years of devoted motherhood, long years of successful labor, long years of self-respect and high principle, all of which have flowered in her children to surround her last days with fragrance.

These three constitute the family, to which must be added two teachers and myself, a jolly young doctor, who brings in the breeze with him when he comes, a pharmacist, and a new young chap, whom we have discovered to be engaged. His happiness sticks out all over him, and he took the very first good opportunity to tell us about it. We liked him for that. So many fellows try to conceal it in order to enjoy the freedom of the unattached.

One of the girls is engaged too, but her case is sad. She is a little fluffy, fair-haired thing, and expected to be married this fall. She had her wedding clothes all made. During the summer her lover was stricken with an incurable disease. He may grow better, but can never be well, and it is doubtful if they ever marry. She is teaching again and spends every free moment with him. She looks very tired some days; but she is always smiling and is the life of the table. On the whole I'd rather be a disappointed authoress than bear what she is bearing. Her name is Moore.

As soon as I reached home—we never say boarding-house—I went to my room, shed my wet garments and plunged my

face into a basin of cold water. That completed my cure and left me ready to take up the battle again. I could scarcely believe that it was I who had harbored such pessimistic views of life one short half hour ago.

When I reached the table Miss Martin, her brother and her mother and the two girls were there; together with the pharmacist. He is tall and slender and young with a serious expression and nice eyes. He never says much, but gives one the impression of taking in and storing away for future reference all our daily doings.

"There's a lecture at the Teacher's Club tomorrow night, Miss Van Wald. It is by Dr. Charleston, so you mustn't miss it. It will be great. You can go with Miss Weston and me."

It was Miss Donald who greeted me thus upon my entrance. She is the other teacher, a frank, open-hearted, independent girl. I like her immensely. To her I owe many an hour of self-forgetfulness, and that is an important benefit to a woman whose last thought upon Saturday night is—"There will be no more mail until Monday morning."

I was ill a while ago with complaint diagnosed by my physician as "too much watching for the postman," and ever since, Miss Donald had made my physical well-being her especial consideration. Never a day but she suggests some mind-compelling diversion.

Then the doctor blew in. "Isn't it a bully night?" he said, rubbing his hands together. "Isn't it a gorgeous storm?" We all laughed. We always do when he appears.

"What's become of Buffum?" he inquired. "He's usually early." Buffum was the engaged man.

"He'll be here soon," replied Miss Martin, "and he is going to bring a friend with him."

"Oh," we said, and looked expectant, as we always do over a new guest.

Then came a stamping and cleaning of feet on the front porch. Mr. Buffum and his friend were arriving.

There was nothing extraordinary about Mr. Peterson's appearance. Peterson was the friend's name. He had fine, keen blue eyes, clear skin and yellow hair.



He had completely forgotten where he was

His face was strong rather than handsome. It was rather long and square-chinned, He was broad-shouldered and of a trifle more than middle height.

Mr. Buffum introduced him, and that being accomplished our conversation, which had been on college matters, drifted to football. Then it was that Mr. Peterson began to talk.

It would be difficult to give you a true idea of what followed.

Mr. Peterson had a resonant voice of the variety which overtops without drowning out other voices. One would naturally turn to him to hear what he was saying. He talked eagerly and kept the floor with that assurance which comes from confronting an eager and enthusiastic audience.

As I said, he began to talk. He took a flying leap from football to a bull fight in Spain during the Spanish War, where a daredevil companion, looking for trouble, waved the American Flag. The two of them, Peterson and the flag waver, were forced to take to their heels, the entire Spanish audience after them with knives and pistols, every one of them yelling like mad. We held our breath as he described the ride through the streets to the English man-of-war, which afforded them neutral ground. Peterson tumbled the cabby out into the highway's dust, after securing the reins—flung himself upon the back of one of the horses, and dug his spurs into him. The people along the way joined the chase. When they finally reached their home the horse he had ridden dropped dead and the two men were cut and bloody from the knives and broken bottles that had been hurled at them by those whom they had passed.

"Have you killed anybody?" the English officer on the wharf inquired. "If you have you'd better get on board."

We scarcely breathed until the tale was done, and it was not so much the facts that held us, as it was the language of the teller. We, too, seemed to be taking that perilous ride before the yelling Spanish mob, and when we at last reached safety, we sighed in relief.

Then Peterson carried us as though by magic through country after country. I never experienced anything like it. We

sat wide-eyed and listened. When we wanted more bread or meat or pickle, we nudged our neighbor or caught Miss Martin's eye and then looked hard at the article of food which we desired.

Peterson talked right ahead without stopping. How he managed to eat his dinner I cannot conceive.

Story after story fell from his lips, a finished production, vivid with color, brilliant with epigram, alive with action and man passion, impregnated with real knowledge of men and events. He had hobnobbed with foreign officers, ambassadors, statesmen, soldiers and beggars. He was familiar with manners and customs of the world over. He had read the best books of all writers.

At first I was so carried away by what I was hearing that even my second self, the literary self which sits apart and criticises and makes copy, forgot and become interested. After a while, however, it withdrew and began to soliloquize.

"Genius, genius, genius!" I heard it say. "Great heavens, girl, don't you see why you are not a success? It's not the editors, it's not your circumstances, it's not your tired nerves that are to blame, you are just one of the thousands who possess a little gift—so little that only once in an age you do something really worth while. You are only one of the thousands, all of whose work is so of an equality that the editors can scarcely make a choice, when there is not enough genius on hand to fill their pages. This man who never attempted to write could be a second Kipling if he chose. He has talked more and better stories this night than you ever conceived. Genius, my dear, is a God-given gift."

We finished our dinner, but still we listened. Mr. Buffum pushed back his chair and eyed his friend as Oscar Hammerstein might eye his latest star. His face beamed affectionate and respectful admiration. I noticed that now and again he looked at his watch, and imagined that they had some engagement of which he was keeping track, and that at the appointed moment he would lead his lion away.

And that is what happened an hour later. We sat there just that length of

time after the evening meal was done, and might have continued sitting there until midnight had not Mr. Buffum boldly interrupted the flow of his friend's narration. I believe he had completely forgotten where he was. Mr. Buffum held up his watch, and we all rose from the table.

Every one of us followed Mr. Peterson to the door, and stood around him as he struggled, still talking, into his overcoat. He finished his last tale, standing on the porch, while we clustered before the open door. Then he went out into the rainy dark, towed along by Mr. Buffum, who hailed a car while his captive shouted a final good-bye, and waved his hat. We waved too.

I've never seen Mr. Peterson since, and I do not even know his first name. He may be a god or a devil in private life, there was nothing about him to show which, but one thing is certain, and that is that he possesses in full measure the divine fire.

I laid awake a long time that night. I felt as though my mind were undergoing some fierce illumination.

"That comes," said I to myself—"of travel, that is what I need, see what it does for one. How can I ever hope to accomplish anything, held down so by circumstances, without means, my nerves worn out with struggling?"

Then that inexorably honest other self made answer.

"Genius, my dear, genius! That man could write tales to which the world would listen, were he behind prison walls. He would make the very stones interesting."

"But," I cried out, "I am so tired and used up. I could do it if I had a fair chance."

Still the voice made answer, "George Eliot, Carlyle, Stevenson, Elizabeth Browning. What of these? They were tired, too."

Ah, yes, what of these?

Toward morning I slept, but it was a sleep tormented by dreams.

And what came of it all?

Oh, no, I didn't stop writing. My lot is no harder to bear than Miss Martin's, or Miss Moore's, or the blind brother's.

We cannot all succeed and be happy. Some of us must watch for the postman.

TO MY INKWELL

FULL many a poet hath made sport of thee,
 Thou thing of jet, or else thy praise hath sung.
 Some say thou'rt filled with goblins old and young
 Which merry are when they would thoughtful be.
 Within thy murky depths some seem to see
 A drop of venom from a slanderer's tongue;
 Others, again, have placed thee chief among
 The weapons prized in Freedom's armory.

But I imagine thee a spreading stream
 Flowing through hidden caverns in the heart
 Of things (where lurk the elves of thought
 Weaving in darkness, in whose web is caught
 All gleaming threads of Fancy and of Art)
 And on thy flood what argosies of dream!

—Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy."

The Real Kaiser

by Oscar Frichet

*A Character
Sketch of the
Ruler of
Germany*

Illustrated from Rare Photographs and a Drawing by the Author

HE greatest of the Hohenzollerns, as the German Emperor may be found to be entitled, is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable men in Europe. It is a fact that the public and national history of his reign throws no light upon his personality, and it is very difficult to divest him of the trappings of the trade of royalty and peer at the naked man beneath.

"What is this Kaiser?" cried Prince Czartoriski, fulminating in the Galician Diet in 1901. "I can find no name for him, unless it be Legion."

Wilhelm II is a descendant of the illustrious House of Hohenzollern on his father's side, while his mother belonged to the most ancient dynasty of Europe, the House of Hanoverian Guelphs, who have reigned in England since 1713. The Emperor has among his male ancestors such world-renowned history-makers as the Great Elector and Frederick William I. His mother was Princess Victoria Adelaide Mary Louisa, Princess Royal, the eldest child of Queen Victoria. From such ancestry came his Majesty of Potsdam, the third Emperor of United Germany. To speak truly, he is not Emperor of Germany, but German Emperor. The title of Emperor is in the gift of the Princes of the German Federation, who have not been willing to confer it upon Wilhelm von Hohenzollern. It is commonly stated that the Kaiser has made more than one effort to secure the consent of the Princes to his coronation as Emperor, and that he has met with rebuff on each occasion.

It is Prussia that made the Hohenzollerns, not the Hohenzollerns that made

Prussia. History tells us that less than five centuries ago when Frederick of Hohenzollern first acquired princely rank as Elector of Brandenburg, his dominions were about the size of New Jersey, and held a minor place among the duchies and principalities into which Germany at that time was split up. If Frederick's descendant came as a cipher in the sum of Germany he is today its ruling factor. Since he became head of the first military state of Europe, that state has avowed ambitions for the commercial and maritime supremacy of the world.

It was on January 27, 1859, that Frederick William Victor Albert, as is the Kaiser's full name, first made the acquaintance of the world. At the time of his birth Germany was on the threshold of a great national crisis. That policy of "blood and iron" which was to sweep away the old German Confederation and to build up the Empire on the basis of German unity was setting in. There were stirring times when the Kaiser was a child. At five years of age his nurse held him to the nursery window and pointed out to him the hundred Danish guns, captured at the storming of the redoubts of Düppel, being dragged from the "Linden." Two years later the boy who was to rule over Germany heard the cannon of Sadowa spitting their balls over Europe, and at the age of eleven he saw the dynasty of Napoleon III broken down, and a nephew of the Great Napoleon made a prisoner of the Prussian King.

As is well known, a Crown Prince of the Hohenzollern family ceases to belong to the nursery after his tenth year—the army claims him. And so we find the

present Emperor, at ten years of age, a lieutenant in the historical Foot Guards, those giant Potsdam grenadiers who have always been the flower of Germany's army and who were the pride of Frederick the First. A year later the regiment was sent to the war against France, and we are told that the juvenile officer wept piteously with disappointment when his father told him that he was not old enough and not big enough to go into battle with his men over the Rhine.



THE LATE EMPEROR OF GERMANY
Died June 15, 1888

"If God preserves the life of my son," said the Emperor Frederick when Berlin was welcoming the birth of his first-born, "it will be my dearest task to educate him in the feelings and principles which bind me to the fatherland."

For the first time in the history of the House of Hohenzollern, young William was sent to the gymnasium or public school of Cassel when he was in his sixth year. One of his mother's friends was Robert Morier, the English Minister at the Court of Darmstadt, and he recommended to her an obscure tutor named Doctor Hintzpeter, who was afterward partly responsible for the dismissal of

Prince Bismarck, the German Chancellor, who, when the Kaiser was a child in arms, took the reins of government into his strong hands, and who piloted the ship of state through the troubled seas of diplomacy.

With Hintzpeter at his side, the Kaiser, accompanied by his brother, Prince Henry, went to the Cassel Gymnasium. Here the royal brothers underwent the ordinary course of teaching given to boys whose parents wished them to prepare for a scientific or military career. When William left Cassel at the age of eighteen, after having passed the ordinary examination (*Abiturienten-Examen*), he spent several months with his regiment at Potsdam, and then became a student at the University of Bonn-on-the-Rhine. For eighteen months he studied at Bonn, rising at five or half past every morning. During his stay he went through the course of law, history and political economy.

During his spare hours the lad studied current events and the intricacies of diplomacy. For some reason which cannot be explained he fell entirely under the influence of Prince Bismarck, and once a week he visited the German Chancellor and received from him lessons in the mysteries of statecraft. To young William fell all the sorrows of German student life as well as the romance. He was trained with great strictness both by his masters and parents, but he was much more fortunate than Frederick the Great. The latter was brought up with such brutality that Macaulay declared that *Oliver Twist*, in the parish workhouse, was a petted child in comparison with him.

After leaving Bonn, the Kaiser, in accordance with what has been a rule with Prussian princes for close upon two centuries, was passed into the civil service, where he made abstracts of papers, wrote *precises*, and went through all the routine of a government office.

His purely military training was thorough, and because he has worn a sword and marched the step since his tenth birthday, he is today a soldier from the crown of his head to the toe of his boot—a credit to the German army.

Kaiser Wilhelm's passion for the sea is notorious. When a boy he spent many months on the shores of the Solent, and

there he daily watched the floating fortresses by the aid of which Britain rules the Seven Seas. Moreover he was delighted when he was allowed to wander about the shipyard, dockyard, and arsenal of Portsmouth. No wonder that when he came to the throne he set about creating a fleet—building a great navy to assure the Fatherland a future upon the oceans.

At the time the Kaiser was receiving lessons in the mysteries of statecraft from Prince Bismarck a famous French writer described him thus: "Prince William is unmistakably a whole man. He possesses intelligence, rare tact, and a big heart. A great future is before him. Prussia is likely to realize in him a Frederick the Great, without the latter's scepticism. If ever he succeeds to the throne he is certain to continue the work of his grandfather, and Germany's enemies will find in him a terrible antagonist; in short, he is likely to become the Henry the Sixth of his country."

In many ways the Kaiser is undoubtedly a monarch of whom the haters of Germany can only speak well. At twenty-eight he was the owner of the Marble Palace at Potsdam, the father of four sturdy boys, a mayor in the historical Foot Guards, and the crown almost within his grasp.

On the day of his father's death (June 15, 1888), he addressed to the army his first words as King of Prussia and German Emperor. In a proclamation to the forces he said that he and they were "born for one another, and would stand together in peace and storm, as God might will it." He swore ever to remember that the eyes of his ancestors looked down upon him and that he should one day have to render an account to them of the glory and honor of the army.

It has been said that the Emperor is the hardest-worked soldier in the Fatherland, and for that very reason his army officers are declared to train their men with the frankest brutality. Old warriors in Berlin will tell you that on the morning of his wedding, the Kaiser was on the parade-ground till an hour before the ceremony, polishing the drill of his guardsmen. And next day, at early cock-crow, he left his young bride and hurried off to Potsdam to take part in a review there.

The Emperor's quarrel with Bismarck

is a matter of history, and it started owing to the Chancellor having a private interview with a certain political personage unknown to his Majesty. The Kaiser, hearing of this, wrote to Bismarck telling him that he expected to be informed of all such interviews before they took place. The Prince's reply to the letter was a



THE GERMAN EMPEROR AS THE AUTHOR PICTURES HIM

verbal one and was spoken to the Emperor's private secretary. "Tell his Majesty," it ran, "that I cannot allow anyone to decide who is to cross my own threshold." When the message was delivered to the Kaiser he drove round to the Chancellor's palace, and asked him what the discussion in question was about. In excited tones the Prince declared that he could not subject his intercourse with political per-

sonages to any restraint, nor would he allow anyone to control the passage to his private apartments.

"Not even when I as your Sovereign command you to do so?" shouted the Emperor, enraged.

"The commands of my Sovereign," coldly replied the Chancellor, "end at the drawing-room of my wife!"

At the same time he offered to retire from office. This was on a Saturday, and on the following Monday the Emperor



THE LATE EMPEROR FREDERICK, PRINCESS ROYAL AND FAMILY. THE KAISER IS STANDING BESIDE HIS MOTHER

politely asked Bismarck to send in his resignation. On the eighteenth of March, 1890, the Tuesday after the quarrel, the abdication was written, and Germany lost her pilot.

There are some who say that Prince Bismarck was dismissed because the Kaiser imagined that if the Chancellor remained in office he would again manipulate affairs in such a way as to force Germany into war, precisely as he had made the first William take up arms against France; but what truth there is in this must be left to the imagination.

Someone compared Wilhelm II with the third Napoleon, but that person evidently overlooked the fact that there is a salient point of difference between the two—and that difference is that while the third Napoleon made three wars in eighteen years, the second William made none. It is a remarkable fact that the German Army—the greatest army in the world, the most superb fighting machine in existence—has never been employed in war, not counting expeditions and police wars, since the Kaiser became its head. Threats of war have hovered in the air for a long time, but there has been no war—not even over Morocco.

In earlier times the possession of a crown generally meant a life of luxurious indolence, but nowadays the monarchs of Europe find, that while the thrones they hold are dignified and highly coveted posts, their emoluments are scarcely proportionate to the arduous duties they entail upon them. There is no harder-worked man in the Fatherland than the Kaiser. He never wastes a single minute, and his passion for work has won for him the nickname of "busy Billy." He rises at five in the morning throughout the year, and after attending to his toilet and taking breakfast with the Empress, he enters his study where piles of letters and official documents await him. His secretary is in attendance, but he prefers to go through everything important himself, marking with a cross such letters and documents as require immediate attention.

Directly after the correspondence has been waded through, the Emperor receives the palace officials and decides questions of household expenditure, travel, entertainment, and so on. Then public functionaries are given audiences, and when they have left, the Emperor puts on his riding clothes, mounts his favorite horse, and goes off for an hour's canter.

Returning to the palace, he changes his attire and resumes his official work, giving audiences to people of all stations in life. These audiences may necessitate several quick changes of raiment. For instance, if a foreign ambassador puts in an appearance, the Kaiser dons the uniform of his honorary rank and the decorations conferred by the ambassador's country.

At 2 P. M. the Emperor sits down to lunch, and spends the afternoon in paying visits, calling upon generals and ministers, and looking in at barracks and fortresses. The navy and army engrosses much of his attention, and he may be said to exercise the functions of not only commander-in-chief, but also of minister of war. As a matter of fact the German minister of war holds the position of a secretary, his principal duty being to place on record the decision of his Sovereign. It is the Kaiser who determines the movements of troops, and the despatch of battleships to one place or another.

The Emperor dines at 7 P. M. He entertains a number of guests almost nightly, thus keeping in touch with the aristocracy, the bureaucracy, and the officers of his army and navy. After dinner His Majesty settles any important business placed before him by his secretary, spends a short time with his wife and children, and retires to rest at 10.30 regularly.

The Emperor is often called upon to make a public speech, and he can deliver an oration in English quite as well as he can in his native tongue. The Kaiser inherited from his father, the late Emperor Frederick, deep-seated religious convictions, and in his public utterances he constantly calls attention to the fact that he still clings to an unshaken belief in God.

* * *

M. Ayene, the Parisian writer, visited Berlin and on his return home published the following opinion of the Kaiser: "The German Emperor is somebody. He is ever original, ever interesting. He animates everything he does with a fullness of spirit and life, infuses into it such sincerity, shows such a fund of knowledge and healthy activity, as to electrify those around him. He is unmistakably a soldier, but no less a statesman. Above all, I regard him as a speaker of the Ciceronian order, with a musical voice and an electric cadence. I have often thought that if Emperor Wilhelm were King of France, his court would have rivalled that of Louis IV. He would have captured our hearts with his incomparable display, his knightly spirit, and untiring energy. He would have elevated the genius of France in the fields of art, knowledge and mili-

tary glory, and we should have followed him implicitly and with enthusiasm."

A man of many varied talents is the Kaiser. Besides being a compositor, he is a composer of music, a poet, an expert telegraphist, and a fine artist. He inherits his artistic ability from his mother, the Princess Royal. When quite a child he learned to handle the pencil and brush, and now, when fatigued by the country's business, he finds it refreshing to his mind



PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF PRUSSIA
Sister of the Kaiser; born July 24, 1860; married
hereditary Prince of Saxe Meiningen,
February 18, 1878

to devote an hour or so to drawing or painting. It was not so very long ago when a series of interesting postcards were reproduced in Germany from original drawings by the Emperor, and a percentage of the proceeds of the sale was devoted to the funds of hospitals and sanatoria.

According to a recent issue of the *Paris Gil Blas*, the Kaiser has been busily engaged on the composition of an opera entitled "King Augustus of Poland." His Majesty composed the libretto of Leoncavallo's opera "Roland of Berlin," and Weber's "Oberon," as well as the scenario

of a ballet which was produced in Berlin under his personal supervision.

The Kaiser has always taken a great interest in the theatre, and in a speech he delivered to the members of the Schauspielhaus company in 1898, he said: "I am convinced and determined that the theatre should aid the monarch in the same manner as do the school and the university. The theater is one of my weapons. I therefore ask for your support in the fight which I am waging against



PRINCESS IRENE OF HESSE
Daughter of Princess Alice, and wife of Prince
Henry of Prussia

materialism and other non-German elements to which the national stage is falling a prey."

Everything that appertains to inventing and technical science fascinates the Emperor, and he is a pupil of Professor Slaby, in whose laboratory he went through a course of studies. A little while ago he invented a hub brake, which he claimed offered the greatest possible security against the risk of refusing to act. The device is said to be most suitable for motor-cars, and I believe that the Emperor applied for a patent for his idea.

When the German monarch paid a visit to the late King Edward at Sandringham, some years ago, he brought with him a member of a firm engaged in the manufacture of appliances for lighting, cooking, and so on. But it was not the latter who described in detail to the British king the advantages of his firm's appliances. The Emperor did the "commercial traveller" business by taking matters into his own hands, translating catalogues and price lists, and lecturing on the use of the apparatus, giving practical demonstrations of the use of cooking-stoves, lamps, the heating of flat-irons and curling tongs and so forth.

The Kaiser is continually prominent before the world as a sportsman. Riding, shooting and yachting are his chief pastimes, though he is good at tennis, which he generally plays at the fine courts at Wilhelmshöhe, near Cassel. The officers of the garrison are invited to the games, and the Empress pours out the coffee and often butters the "Knüppels." Once a young lieutenant, who was not hungry, politely declined the roll offered by the Kaiserin, quite in ignorance of the fact that to do so was a serious breach of etiquette. The Kaiser was close to him and noticing the youngster's mistake quietly observed: "My dear fellow, when the Empress offers you a roll buttered by her own hands you will doubtless not want to eat it, but you can surely have it framed!"

On one occasion while on a military round the Emperor came across a private with a very melancholy visage, and he asked the reason of the troubled face.

"It's like this, sir," said the soldier, "I've fallen in love with a sergeant's daughter and she loves me all right, but the father won't let her marry anyone of lower rank than his."

"Oh, that's it," laughed the Kaiser. "Well, trot off and tell him the Emperor has made you a sergeant."

The kettledrummer of the First Cuirassiers used to be a favorite with his Sovereign, and his Majesty would often measure wits with him. When the Crown Prince was gazetted to his company the kettledrummer proffered his congratulations to his monarch.

"Yes," said the Emperor, "I think the Prince takes after his father."

"Never mind," was the reply. "He'll grow out of it!"

The Kaiser's sons, by the way, have been brought up from the cradle like boys at a Kadettenschule, and they used to parade in uniform for their father's inspection first thing in the morning.

"Remember," he once said to them, "that you are the sons of the Kaiser. But you," he added turning sharply upon his heir, "remember that I have my eye on you!"

Between the Emperor and his brother, Prince Henry, there is a relation which reminds one strongly of the two brothers in Thackeray's "The Virginians." Henry is the sailor Prince of the Fatherland, though he has a rival in his nephew, Prince Adalbert. For long he has represented his imperial brother, and again and again has he been intrusted with delicate missions on behalf of Germany. Born in 1862, Prince Henry married in 1888, his cousin, Princess Irene of Hesse, and, in consequence, is brother-in-law to the Czarina of Russia. His facial appearance closely resembles that of the Russian monarch, who is a living image of King George of England.

Talking of these family matters recalls a good story told about the Kaiser when he became a grandfather. He was in the yacht "Hohenzollern" off Norway at the time, and only heard the news indirectly. Angry at not receiving a wire from home he went ashore, and there found a big pile of telegrams conveying congratulations. The first one he opened was from the dethroned Sultan of Turkey, Abdul Hamid, and he immediately wired to his heir-apparent: "I learn from the Sultan that your wife has had a son."

* * *

The average person pictures the Kaiser as a clean-cut, straight man, with the alacrity of a tenacious youth, and the photographs the public are allowed to see of him certainly convey that impression. But the Emperor has lost a great deal of his agility during the last five or six years, and if you were to see him closely you would notice that his neck is thick, his face fleshy and of a bloated ruddiness,

the ensign of dull blood. He is by no means of strong constitution, and he suffers from grave bodily limitations. His weak left arm has handicapped him severely in the battle of life, or rather the battle of the throne. There are times when he holds himself erect with an obvious effort, and those who come in close contact with him realize that he is not the man he used to be. Overworked,



PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA
The Emperor's brother; born August 14, 1862; married
Princess Irene, daughter of the late Grand
Duke of Hesse, May 24, 1888

is the verdict of many, and true it is that as a military commander he is a worker to the bone.

On one memorable occasion he led the Berlin garrison through a rain storm to the Tempelhofer Field, and remained with them throughout seven hours of hard exercise, returning late in the afternoon at the head of his column, dirty and hungry, and drenched to the skin.

His passion for building battleships has led many Englishmen to impute to

him aggressive designs against their country; but he said himself some time ago that he increases his navy as John Bull increases his so that he will have a complete and able apparatus for keeping the peace and warding off an unprovoked attack. The Kaiser, by the way, knows quite as much about the technical side of his navy, as do the experts of his Admiralty. Sir Edward J. Reed once remarked that he possessed "a perfect far-seeing penetra-

tion" which he imagined he recognized, and pointing a finger to the shivering submarine crews, said:

"Ah! I see that Gondola Willy has fished up the aquarium this morning!"

"Ah! I see he has!" was the reply; and it was then that the colonel recognized his Sovereign in the officer he had addressed.

Although his Majesty of Potsdam is said to employ a dozen valets and possesses a wardrobe worth over one hundred thousand pounds, he oftens dresses shabbily. Once, when returning dust-covered from a long tramp in the suburbs of Berlin, a farmer refused pointblank to give him a lift in his cart, declaring that he never conversed with disreputable strangers.

This reminds me of an amusing adventure which befell the Emperor when he went to London last May to attend the unveiling of the Queen Victoria Memorial which faces Buckingham Palace. On the 17th of the month he visited Kew Gardens, down the River Thames. The hour fixed for opening the gardens to the public was two o'clock, and when his Majesty's carriage drew up at the gates opposite Kew Green before that time, the keeper in attendance declined to allow the Royal visitor to enter, stating that his orders were to admit no one before the right hour save by special order of the Curator. Notwithstanding that he was informed that the Kaiser desired admittance, he remained politely obdurate. As a result the German monarch had to drive to the Curator's office in order to secure the necessary permit.

Take him for all in all, Wilhelm II, King of Prussia and third German Emperor, is considered by many the greatest and most interesting personality now on a European throne, although he has been described as Europe's enigma and Europe's Poo-bah. Whatever enemies might say, his record since Prince Bismarck's secession has been more than brilliant, and more than sixty millions of critical people—the people of the Fatherland—he has ruled in but one way—wisely. If his health does not altogether fail him, many things may yet be expected of him—the central figure in Germany, the greatest of the Hohenzollerns.



PRINCESS VICTORIA OF PRUSSIA

Sister of the Kaiser; born April 12, 1866; married on November 19, 1890, to Prince Adolphus Schaumburg Lippe

tion and a more thorough information than either his own technical minister or I myself possessed, and this knowledge has been gained by experience in a practical and trustworthy way."

The Emperor is not exactly liked for his little knack of making surprise visits upon his garrisons and naval stations. Early one morning he called up a naval detachment with a submarine section. An elderly colonel who dropped upon the scene strode up to another officer, whom

The John Fritz Medal

by William Clayton



SA TOKEN of appreciation for services rendered in connection with the Bessemer process of making steel, Captain Robert W.

Hunt of Chicago was awarded the John Fritz medal for 1912.

This medal, established in 1902 by professional associates and friends on the eightieth birthday of John Fritz as a means of perpetuating the memory of his achievements in industrial progress, is awarded annually by the four national engineering societies—the American Society of Civil Engineers, the American Institute of Mining Engineers, the American Society of Mechanical Engineers and the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, for notable scientific or industrial achievement. The medal was awarded in 1905 to Lord Kelvin for his work in the development of the telegraph and other scientific accomplishments; in 1906 to George Westinghouse for the invention and development of the air brake; in 1907 to Alexander Graham Bell for the invention and development of the telephone; in 1908 to Thomas Alva Edison for electrical inventions; in 1909 to Charles T. Porter for his part in the origination and development of the high-speed steam engine; in 1910 to Alfred Noble for notable achievements as a civil engineer; in 1911 to Sir William H. White for notable work in marine engineering; and in 1912 to Captain Robert W. Hunt for his work in developing the Bessemer steel process.

Captain Hunt is now seventy-three years of age and is gay, cheerful and hearty. He keeps a splendid home in

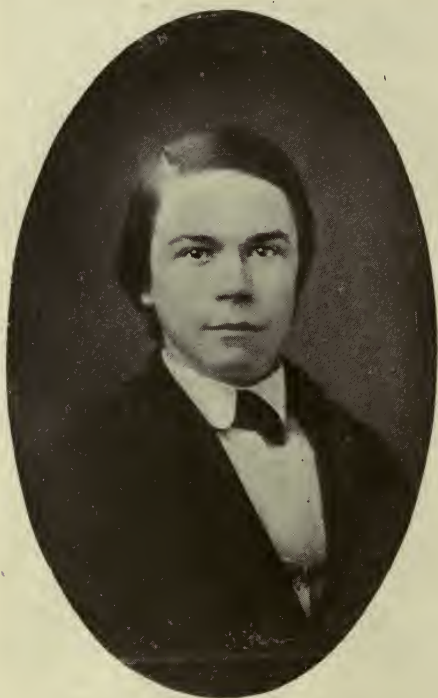
Chicago, overlooking Lake Michigan, where he and Mrs. Hunt entertain their friends. He is a great lover of mankind, and at all times there is a genial cast in his behavior, which induces love as well as esteem. He is as much the dominating factor in his great consulting institution today as he was twenty years ago. Every day he is at his desk giving advice or direction, and he displays the same cheerfulness which has characterized his entire life.

Captain Hunt was born in Fallsington, Pennsylvania, December 9, 1838. His father, Dr. Robert A. Hunt, was a graduate of Princeton University and the University of Pennsylvania. His mother was Martha Lancaster Woolston, a member of an old Quaker family. Captain Hunt was born in a house built by William Penn for a meeting place, which was later remodelled into a residence. Owing to failing health, his father was compelled to give up his medical practice and move to Kentucky. In 1855 the father died at Covington, Kentucky, leaving the boy with but little money to provide for himself and his widowed mother.

After conducting his father's drug store for two years, Hunt moved back to Pennsylvania with his mother and joined his cousin, Col. Thomas W. Yardley, who at that time owned a rolling mill at Pottsville. In the mill young Hunt worked at puddling, heating and rolling so as to acquire a practical knowledge of the business. He was soon convinced, however, that chemistry would play an important part in the future iron business, and he entered the laboratory of Booth, Garrett & Reese at Philadelphia, where

he studied analytical chemistry. On August 1, 1860, he entered the employ of the Cambria Iron Company, of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, and opened a chemical laboratory for the firm—the first laboratory to be established in connection with an iron or steel plant in America.

In 1861 Mr. Hunt was given a leave of absence, so that he might go to Elmira, New York, to assist Colonel Yardley in starting a rolling mill to make rails for the Erie Railway.



ROBERT W. HUNT WHEN A BOY IN KENTUCKY

When the War broke out, young Hunt entered the military service, and continued in various capacities during the Rebellion. He was mustering officer for the state of Pennsylvania, Sergeant in Lambert's Independent Mounted Company of United States Volunteers, and in command of Camp Curtin, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, with rank of captain.

When the war ended, he returned to the Cambria Iron Company, and on May 1, 1865, was sent to Wyandotte, Michigan, to study the Bessemer process of making steel in an experimental plant which sev-

eral firms had built for that purpose. In a short time Captain Hunt was placed in charge of the plant, and in the following year returned to Johnstown to superintend the construction of a steel plant to be built in connection with the Cambria Iron Works.

Sir Henry Bessemer's invention was made at a time when such a material was absolutely required. The increase of the weight of railway locomotives and cars and the speed of trains, all of which had become necessary to handle the increased and increasing business, had demonstrated that rails made of iron, no matter how manufactured, were not equal to the requirements. In fact they were breaking, crushing and otherwise wearing to such an extent that without some great improvement further railway progress was impossible. Bessemer steel solved the problem and also led to many other engineering accomplishments.

While the Bessemer steel process was at that time in an experimental stage, the desirability of steel rails was manifest to every railroad man. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company had imported a few rails from England and used them with satisfaction, and based on that experience were anxious to try some made in America from American iron. The Pennsylvania Steel Company had completed converting works at Steelton, near Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, but their rail mill was not finished, therefore to satisfy the railroad company an arrangement was made under which steel ingots manufactured by the Pennsylvania Steel Company were shipped to Johnstown, where they were rolled into rails for the Pennsylvania Railroad in the Cambria Company's rail mill. Mr. Hunt was in charge of the work, and hence might be said to have manufactured the first commercial steel rails in this country. Upon the completion of the Cambria Company's Bessemer plant in June, 1871, he became its superintendent.

Captain Hunt remained with the Cambria Company until August, 1873, when he moved to Troy, New York, to take charge of John A. Griswold & Company's Steel Works. Following its consolidation with several other companies, he became general superintendent of the resulting Albany & Rensselaer Iron and Steel Company, which

later became the Troy Iron and Steel Company. During his connection with the company, he completely remodelled the various works of the corporation and added blast furnaces. In 1888 he resigned his position and moved to Chicago, where he established the firm of Robert W. Hunt & Company, consulting and inspecting engineers.

Up to this time, as already stated, Captain Hunt had been a salaried employe, but he now determined that instead of accepting another position he would embark in business for himself and selected the Western metropolis as his headquarters. His firm was the first of its kind ever launched. He recognized a demand for some agency to stand between the manufacturer and consumer of steel in all its forms, so that the buyer could be protected in his contract rights and at the same time justice given to the seller. Robert W. Hunt & Company undertook to make scientific examinations and tests and report the actual quality of the material. During Captain Hunt's identity with the iron and steel industries, he had seen the opportunities for such services. His experience and acquaintance as a manufacturer had given him the confidence of both parties; the field was not covered, and hence his opportunity. Captain Hunt's long identity with the mills, and his thorough knowledge of metallurgy gave him a commanding position which the manufacturers were bound to respect, and it became a comparatively easy matter to get firmly established in his new business. That the company has been wonderfully successful is evidenced by the fact that the firm has established branch offices at New York, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, St. Louis, San Francisco, Seattle, Vancouver, Montreal, Toronto, Mexico City and London, England. About three hundred engineers and metallurgists are employed in connection with the various offices.

In the early days of the firm, Captain Hunt brought to the company John J. Cone, a Stevens Institute man, who took charge of the eastern end of the business. Later A. W. Fiero, of Joliet, Illinois, was admitted; then came James C. Hallsted of New York and D. W. McNaugher of Pittsburgh, the two latter gentlemen being

graduates of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute of Troy, and Mr. McNaugher having been with Captain Hunt in the Troy works.

The business soon embraced the inspection of structural material in all its forms and included the installation of chemical and physical laboratories, and the organization of a staff of metallurgical,



CAPTAIN HUNT WHEN IN COMMAND OF CAMP CURTIN

chemical, electrical, mechanical and civil engineers.

Mr. Hunt has persistently refused to identify himself or his firm in any manner with any manufacturing enterprises, on the theory that it would not tend toward impartiality when there is a self-interest in either end of the deal.

The versatility of the company's corps of employes may be understood when it is stated that examinations and reports are made on coal, iron and cement prop-

erties; also on the efficiency in operation of railways, power plants, lighting properties and general manufacturing institutions. The object of these examinations is to determine whether or not the proper degree of efficiency is produced from the coal consumed and help employed and whether the mechanical installation is of the most economical kind.

Captain Hunt has taken out a number of patents, some that are now in use throughout the civilized world. His invention of automatic tables for handling steel rails reduced the number of men required for this work from seventeen to five, and permitted greatly increased production. In the development of these tables, Mr. Max W. Suppes, now general manager of the Lorain Works of the United States Steel Company, and the late Capt. William R. Jones of the Carnegie Steel Company, were associated with Captain Hunt.

That Captain Hunt stands high in the profession is evidenced by the fact that he has twice been president of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, was president of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers in 1891, and of the Western Society of Engineers in 1893. He is also a member of the American Society of Civil Engineers, American Society for Testing Materials, of which he has been nominated as its next president, Institution of Civil Engineers, Iron and Steel Institute, and Institution of Mechanical Engineers of England, and Canadian Society of Civil Engineers. His contributions to the literature of metallurgy have been of great value. He is a trustee of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, New York, the oldest engineering school in America, and the oldest English one in the world. He takes an active part in its affairs and has been of great service to the institution.

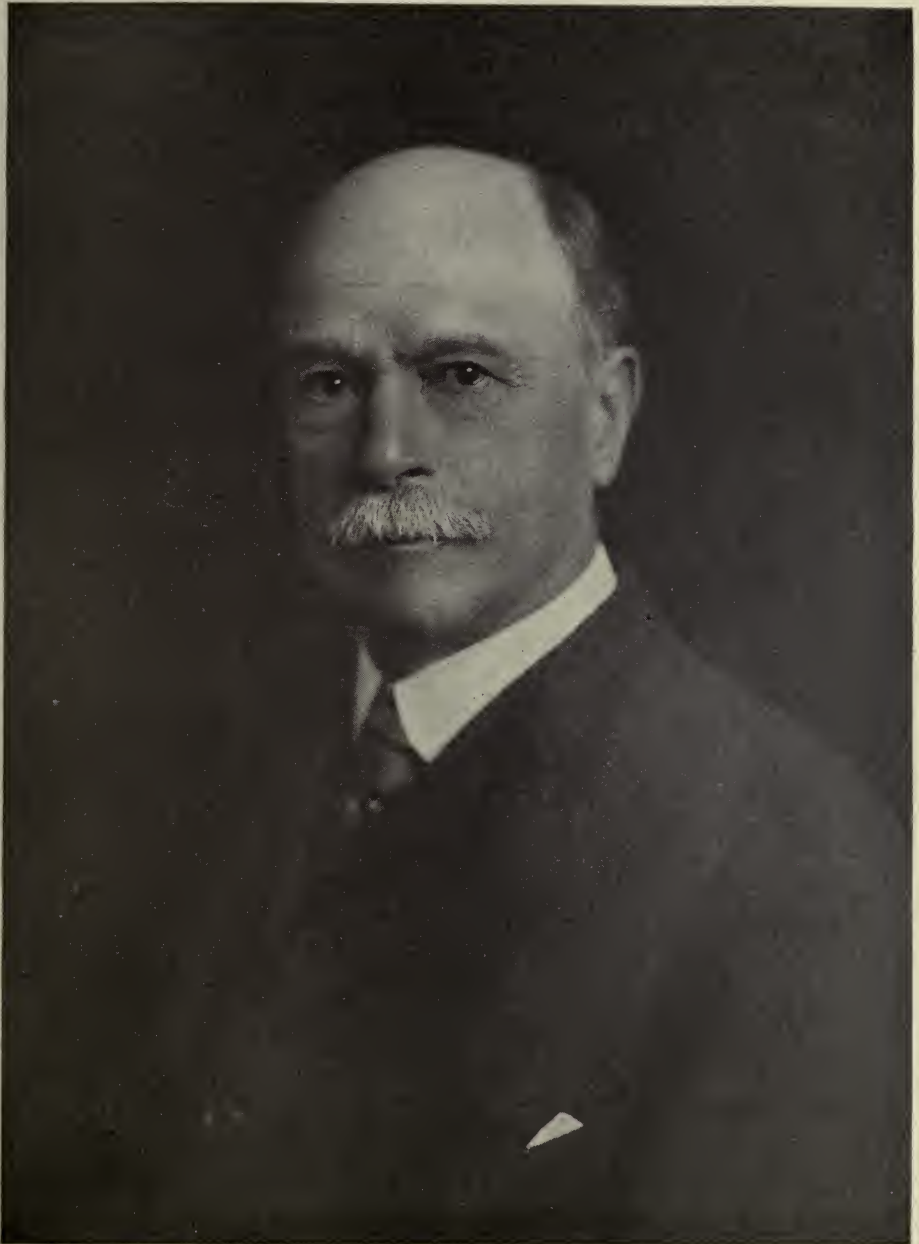
Captain Hunt frequently lectures before the engineering classes of Rensselaer, Cornell, Universities of Illinois, Wisconsin and Indiana.

Mr. Hunt married Miss Eleanor Clark of Wayne County, Michigan, in 1866, who has been a valuable aid to the Captain in his active social and business life.

Last fall the American Institute of Mining Engineers accepted an invitation

from their Japanese members to visit Japan as their guests. Over eighty Americans, including Captain and Mrs. Hunt, made the trip, and as President Kirchhoff of the Institute was unable to accompany the party, Captain Hunt was chosen as acting president. The party was royally entertained in Japan, during which time Captain Hunt made several speeches, in which he complimented the Japanese engineers and their government upon the remarkable progress which has taken place in that country during the last fifty years. Captain Hunt asserts that the Japanese are not so much imitators as they are assimilators. They have systematically sent their brightest young men to the colleges and institutions of the foremost nations and have applied every feature of progress which was considered adaptable to their country. As a consequence, the most modern machinery and the most up-to-date methods may be seen in Japan today. Mr. Hunt was particularly impressed with the hospitality and courtesy of the Japanese people. The visit of the American engineers was one continual day of hospitality and pleasure. The feeling toward the Americans, Captain Hunt says, is most amiable, and any talk of a desire on the part of the Japanese to be on unfriendly terms with the United States is utter nonsense.

Captain Hunt takes a deep interest in every movement which is calculated to aid in the conservation of the resources of this country. What the American engineers are doing in this direction has never been fully recognized. It is a story in itself. But it would be vain for characters like that of Robert W. Hunt to endeavor to completely conceal their share of merit in the great commercial drama which has given this country prestige and distinction wherever civilization has reached. Mr. Hunt has carefully studied the paths which the successful men of our own generation have trodden. Knowledge of how to acquire wealth is often, with many men, a lantern which hides those who carry it, and serves only to pass through the secret and mysterious paths of their own; but in the possession of a man who is interested in humanity it is a torch in the hand of one who is willing



CAPTAIN ROBERT W. HUNT

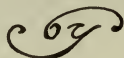
Who was awarded the famous John Fritz medal for 1912

and able to show those who are bewildered the way which leads to their prosperity and welfare.

A generous concern for his country and a passion for everything that is truly great and noble actuates Captain Hunt's life

and action, and no better object lesson to those who have passed the half-century milestone could be gained than a brief conversation with this man of seventy-three who is still as young in mind and body as a college graduate

A Sweet Singer of the War



Mary R. P. Hatch



A CROWD of Union soldiers who had just returned from three months' confinement in a rebel prison, after being captured at Bull Run, stood, dirty and dejected, under the towering dome of the Capitol. The enthusiasm with which they had enlisted was gone; they were demoralized by defeat, disaster and suffering.

Presently a pleasant-spoken young gentleman approached and said, "Boys, how would you like to hear a little song this evening?"

"Oh, very well, I guess," was the rather languid reply.

The young man stepped away for a moment and returned with a young lady, whose modest manner and flushed face plainly told the onlookers how unaccustomed she was to making a public exhibition of her vocal powers.

As she started the first stanza of "The Star Spangled Banner" the soldiers started as if electrified and drew nearer the fascinating singer. They formed a circle about her, but as those on the outside complained that they could not see her, one of them said, "Make a stand for her." Instantly fifty knapsacks were unslung and piled in a pyramid before her. She stepped thereon and sang the remaining stanzas with warmth and enthusiasm.

The effect on the soldiers was marvelous. The dreary days within the prison walls were forgotten, they only remembered that the glorious old flag still floated and that America was still the "land of the free and the home of the brave."

This is a summarized account of the story which appeared in a Washington

daily paper. The "pleasant-spoken young gentleman" was Mr. John A. Towle, now secretary of the Dorchester Historical Society, and the fascinating singer was Miss Alida Rumsey, a young girl still in her teens, who with her family lived opposite Judiciary Square. There were several Soldiers' Hospitals nearby, and she applied to Dorothea Dix for permission to be a nurse.

"You are too young," said Miss Dix, but the girl was allowed to sing and read to the soldiers and write letters for them, until she became known as the "Soldiers' Friend."

The young couple met at a rehearsal at the House of Representatives, where Mr. Fowle, of the Navy Department, led the singing at the Sunday service for many months during the most troublous days of the war.

When they were married, on March 1, 1863, by the request of several of the Senators, who were personal friends, the ceremony took place in the House of Representatives.

From the newspapers of the day one learns of the appreciation in which the young people were held, for one newspaper, *The Daily Courant*, of Hartford, Connecticut, has a column from the Washington correspondent describing the event. The *New York Express*, dated Sunday, March 1, 1863, says:

The last Sabbath of the Session found the House jammed full, notwithstanding a very inclement day. Every seat and entering place were full. Rev. J. W. Stockton preached, but the great attraction was Miss Rumsey, the "Soldiers' Friend," who was to be married after the service to Mr. Fowle, of the Navy Department. This ceremony

brought out the biggest crowd of the session, and it was a sight worth beholding to look upon such an audience in such a place.

After the singing of the doxology, the couple to be married advanced to the space in front of the Speaker's desk, and were united by Rev. Dr. Alonzo H. Quint, chaplain of the Second Massachusetts regiment, Mr. Fowle's former pastor at Jamaica Plain, Mass. Mr. Fowle was colonel of the Massachusetts Coast Guards, of which R. B. Forbes was commander.

After the benediction the newly married lady sang with "full, glorious voice" "The Star Spangled Banner," and so ended the last Sabbath of the thirty-seventh Congress in the Capitol of the United States, a round of applause closing the ceremony.

Another account speaking of the notable people present says:

"In the center aisle, and only a few feet from the couple, we noticed the fine head and manly form of Secretary Chase."

Abraham Lincoln, who hoped to be present, was kept busy by the telegrams coming from the front, but he sent in the official carriage an immense bouquet of japonicas, and the attaches of the House presented the couple with a purse in which was a hundred dollars.

Her dress was described as of "modest drab (ashes of roses) lighted up by a knot of red, white and blue ribbon at the throat," but it may not have been known that she said to herself as she pinned it on:

"Now, what shall these stand for to me *personally*; these Union colors? I know! I will never *answer back*. It takes two to make a quarrel."

The half century of wedded happiness of the couple speaks volumes for the Union colors worn that day.

On the day that the young girl descended from her rostrum of soldiers' knapsacks she became inspired with the noble purpose to devote her musical talents to sustaining and cheering the boys in blue. After their marriage, the couple continued their unselfish work for the Union cause. Half of the sum given as a wedding gift was given to the Soldiers' Free Library fund, which was further augmented by three hundred dollars, the net result of

two concerts given under the leadership of Mrs. Fowle.

In a Washington paper is this statement:

"Congress yesterday passed an act granting Mr. John A. Fowle a lot of ground on Judiciary Square, on which to erect the building for the Soldiers' Free Library, and a noble-hearted Massachusetts woman on a visit here, has paid one hundred dollars for one seat, to help build this much needed building.

This noble-hearted woman is Mrs. Walter Baker, of Dorchester.



MR. AND MRS. JOHN A. FOWLE

Who had the unique honor of being married in the House of Representatives

So it was Mr. and Mrs. John Fowle who built the first free library in Washington and not Andrew Carnegie. A letter written by the Scotch philanthropist to the Fowles attests to this fact.

From the *Washington Chronicle's* account of the institution the following is summarized:

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Fowle started their enterprise and from a small beginning the library has risen to four thousand volumes. It occupies a fine building sixty-five feet long by twenty-five feet wide. Here in the capital of the nation is a spot where soldiers are supplied with books, daily papers,

with a great variety of religious matter—Bibles and Testaments—also with pen, ink and paper and a quiet place in which to write a letter home—all free of charge.

In the reading room, which is fifty feet long, there is a melodeon which any soldier who understands music can enjoy. The walls are decorated with flags and about a hundred handsome mottos.

This same melodeon is now at the Blake House in old Dorchester, where are stored many other war relics. Notable among them is the Farragut flag and the document signed by President Lincoln and Secretary Seward, granting the land for the Soldiers' Free Library. "The Soldiers' Directory," keeping account of 34,000 sick and wounded soldiers within a radius of eight miles, was instituted by Mr. Fowle.

The Fowles have done more than any others to furnish the Blake House, making it fit for the occupancy of the Dorchester Historical Society. The old Blake House Chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution is the rallying point of Old Dorchester Day, where the civic ceremonies are given.

The nucleus of the Municipal Building Library on Columbia Road was the work

of this public-spirited couple, who began by hiring a room and furnishing it with reading matter to keep the children from the streets.

The flag erected not long ago, the removal of the statue of Edward Everett to Edward Everett Square, the "curfew" movement, and many other civic and municipal movements attest to the continuous public efforts of this interesting couple.

At the Blake House are many letters from distinguished personages, expressing their appreciation of the long-continued service for the public good of Mr. and Mrs. Fowle.

Among the most cherished treasures is a bit of wood, once a part of the war vessel, the "Merrimac," presented to Mr. Fowle by Abraham Lincoln; a button from the uniform worn by General O. O. Howard at the battle of Gettysburg, presented to Mrs. Fowle a few months before his death; and there has just been received a bullet which Mr. Theodore Roosevelt said, in an autographed letter to Mrs. Fowle, killed a rhinoceros in Africa last year.

DO IT TODAY

By ANDREW J. BOYD

IF you would speak a word of cheer
To fellow-traveler on life's way;
If with the sorrowing drop a tear—
Do it today.

If you would greet with pleasant smile
Each passerby—if you would say
"How are you?" life would seem worth while—
Do it today.

If you would aid the needy poor,
If with the penitent you'd pray,
If you would help when sins allure,
Do it today.

The past has gone forevermore,
Tomorrow never comes, they say.
If you would help hearts sick and sore,
Do it today.

The National League for Medical Freedom

*Its Aim
and
Its Contention*



B. O. FLOWER

EDITOR'S NOTE—Is the National League for Medical Freedom the creature of the patent medicine interests and the adulterators of the people's food, as has been widely charged? If not, are its members irrational extremists who are frightened by imaginary dangers, as has been claimed? Or is this organization, which now has over a quarter of a million members, a great patriotic body of highly intelligent men and women of strong moral convictions, who are battling for a cherished principle that is vital alike to scientific advance, the rights and happiness of the people and the cause of fundamental democracy? These are questions that have been asked by hundreds of thousands of American citizens during the past year and a half. To give an intelligent answer to them and to set before the reading public the aim, purpose and contention of the National League for Medical Freedom and its reasons for opposing a National Health Department or Bureau, we present below a discussion prepared for this magazine by B. O. Flower, the founder of The Arena and The Twentieth Century Magazine and the president of the National League for Medical Freedom.

DURING the past year and a half, I have been literally bombarded with questions in regard to the National League for Medical Freedom and the charges so persistently and positively made against our organization by the American Medical Association and its allies; and I know of no way in which I can more clearly answer these general questions, and at the same time present in the briefest possible space the position and contention of our League, than by reproducing in substance one of the typical conversations which I have had in relation to this subject.

In the case which I have selected the interrogator was himself a publicist whose personal experience with modern sensational journals and the tactics of privilege-seeking bodies, no-less than his confidence in my sincerity and integrity of purpose, made him distrust the reckless charges made against the League and refuse to take them seriously until he had heard the other side.

"Have they caught you fellows with the goods, or is it all a bluff?" exclaimed

this gentleman in his breezy journalistic manner.

"To what do you refer?" I said.

"Why, according to the American Medical Association and its friends, your League is backed by the patent medicine dope dispensers and the food adulterators; or, to be more explicit, by the baby killers and wholesale poisoners of the people. Now tell me all about it. Is there any truth in these charges, or is it another case of the thief crying, 'Stop thief!' to divert public attention from himself?"

"There is not a scintilla of truth in these charges," I answered, "and the opposition knows this to be the fact, as I can show by its own action. But all the same, there is a reason for the charges, and that reason is the desire of the American Medical Association to divert the attention of the public from its real purpose in seeking this special national legislation that would necessarily enormously increase the power of the old school doctors and naturally strengthen them in their annual campaigns in the various states for restrictive or monopoly legislation

which would take from the citizens the right and power to employ the practitioners of their choice, if those practitioners did not belong to the law-protected or privileged class."

"The American Medical Association and its agents make clear-cut and definite charges. You deny them in an equally positive manner. That is a stand-off, perhaps, but it does not prove anything."

"You are entirely right, but our League was not content with denials, backed up

cerity and afforded a simple test of the good faith of the opposition. We suggested that if the Committee of One Hundred would appoint a special committee, composed of such well-known members of its body as Dr. Lyman Abbott, S. S. McClure and Mr. Choate, we would give them free access to our books containing receipts and disbursements and our roster of membership, and would assist them with all the facilities at our command to make a full and thorough investigation of the charges, provided such committee would give to the facts as they found them the same publicity which the Committee of One Hundred had given to the false charges. Could the opposition have asked for a better opportunity to prove the truth of its contention, if it believed it? Yet this proposal was not accepted.

"In like manner, our League desired to convince Senator Owen of the rectitude of our purpose and the error of his assumptions. Hence two leading officials met the Senator at the Waldorf-Astoria, answered his questions, and described to him fully our aim, purpose and contentions, after which they invited him to the League office to inspect our accounts and roster and to make such investigations as he desired. Furthermore, they offered to introduce him to the proper officials of the Astor Trust Company and to request them to give him such information as he might wish in regard to receipts and disbursements of the funds of the League. Senator Owen did not see fit to accept this offer. What more could we do to prove our good faith?

"The claim that our League is opposed to sanitation or pure food laws is the exact reverse of the truth, but sanitary engineers and not doctors with a strong theoretical bias and intolerant of other schools or methods of cure, should have charge of public sanitation. The people have a right to be protected from adulterated or impure foods, but this protection should be secured in a constitutional manner and in accordance with the democratic theory of government, and not by the Russian bureaucratic system. Their protection should be secured by laws, the execution of which should be given



B. O. FLOWER

President of the National League for Medical Freedom

by the sworn affidavits made by myself and other responsible officers of the League as to the absolute falsity of the charges. We were unwilling to believe that those making the charges were insincere, and we determined to convince them of their error. Hence we did precisely what any organization with nothing to hide would do.

"Dr. Lyman Abbott had, unhappily for himself, rushed into print, repeating the American Medical Association's charges, and our League at once made the following proposition, which demonstrated our sin-

to the executive department of government, with the judiciary left free to pass on the judicial aspects. Only in this way can we preserve freedom and justice for all the people. To give to a bureau what is in reality legislative and judicial as well as executive power, is to pattern after despotic Russia. Such action is incompatible with free institutions and must sooner or later result in injustice, despotism and the overthrow of popular rule.

"Our League is opposed to anything that points toward state medicine, exactly as we are opposed to state religion. State medicine, as the Rev. Reynold E. Blight well observed in a recent address, 'means tyranny of a most obnoxious character. Let any clique of physicians of any school get control of the government, and entrench themselves behind legislation, and they will impose their theories and methods of treatment upon all citizens, without respect for the individual opinions or conscientious scruples of such citizens.'"

"The fact that your challenge was not accepted would indicate that the opposition did not believe its own charges. Now tell me just exactly what your organization stands for."

"The aim and purpose of this League is, as our prospectus points out, the maintenance of 'the rights of the American people against unnecessary, unjust, oppressive, paternal and un-American laws, ostensibly related to the subject of health.

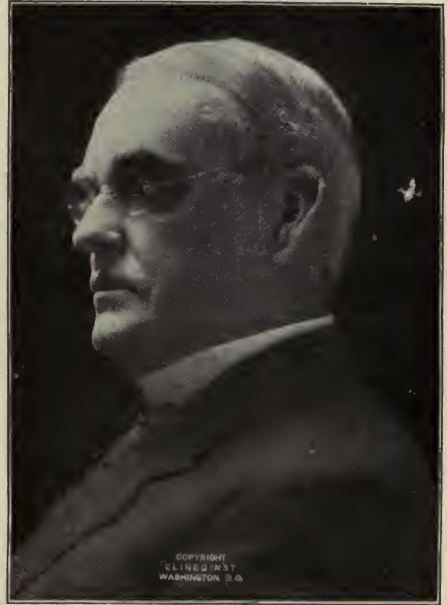
"It will strive to protect the people in the enjoyment of one of the most sacred rights for which man has had to contend against privilege-seeking classes—the right to select the practitioner of his choice in the hour of sickness.

"It will seek through publicity and education to unmask and oppose any legislation which endeavors to put into power any one system of healing and use the Government prestige, money and machinery to enforce its theories and opinions upon citizens who believe in other forms of healing."

"Here is a clear-cut and exact statement of the mission of our League."

"Yes, that is an admirable statement of very noble purposes; and yet in this materialistic age one does not expect to find an organization strong enough to

put up such a fight as you did at Washington, conducting an educational campaign of unprecedented activity and effectiveness, and perfecting state organizations throughout the Union, actuated merely by sentimental, idealistic or moral principles. And I think that the fact that you have been supported in such a way as to enable you to accomplish so much has more to do than you imagine with giving color to the charges of self-interest that have been made. Have you any explanation to offer?"



HON. JOHN D. WORKS

A strong champion of the League in the United States Senate

"Yes, in one sense there is a powerful self-interest involved. Many millions of our people are absolutely convinced in their own minds that they owe their lives and the lives of their loved ones to schools of medicine, methods of treatment and systems of cure which the dominant school has, during the last half century, with increasing persistence striven to outlaw. These millions of intelligent people, who had vainly sought health at the hands of the regular practitioners and are today enjoying life and health because of the success of newer modes or systems of cure, are unwilling to have the right to

employ the practitioners of their choice jeopardized or taken from them and from their friends.

"But behind and beyond all this, there is a great vital, moral principle involved; and history teaches no fact more clearly than that the great and really powerful movements which have shaped the course

phenomenon presented by this League is perfectly natural.

"Since the dawn of modern times Western civilization has made certain fundamental demands and has taken epoch-marking stands against privilege, oppression and reactionary ancient thought. First came the great struggle waged by the apostles of the New Learning within the Catholic Church, and the leaders of the Protestant Reformation without, to establish the right of freedom of thought and research, and later the right of the individual to enjoy the ministrations of the spiritual adviser of his



HON. C. W. MILLER

Member of the Board of Directors of the League



SENATOR R. L. OWEN OF OKLAHOMA

Whose bill for a National Health Department was presented during the present session of Congress

of civilization have been dominated by moral conviction or ethical principles. Men who are wholly dominated by the spirit of commercial greed, who are ever seeking to secure special legislation that would enable them to enjoy power and revenue at the expense of the rights and wishes of the people, cannot understand how our fathers in 1776 risked their lives and poured out their fortunes like water in support of a great fundamental, but more or less abstract moral principle voiced in the Declaration of Independence. Indeed, the Tories of the Revolutionary days denounced the patriots very much as the American Medical Association denounces our League; but to students of history, who are also idealists and believers in fundamental democracy, the

choice. The battle was a long and oftentimes a savage conflict, but with freedom came the splendid and rapid advance of humanity. The brain was emancipated and civilization made giant strides in science, philosophy and ethics.

"Then came the second notable stand: that of the people against political privilege and despotism. They demanded the recognition of their own sovereignty in

the place of the sovereignty of privileged classes. Thus the demand for intellectual freedom was complemented by the demand for political freedom, and this constituted the great victory of democracy over all forms of class-rule. After its triumph in the more progressive and enlightened lands came the stand for economic freedom, whose aim was to complement political freedom with industrial emancipation. And lastly comes the stand of the people for medical freedom, or the right of the individual to employ the practitioner and the method of cure in which he has the greatest confidence.

"With the establishment of the broad principles of human rights and the freedom of the individual, new systems of cure for bodily ills arose and, through their success, flourished. Homeopathy and eclecticism are striking examples of noble schools of healing, which under the freedom that existed in our own country have made phenomenal progress, although for one hundred years homeopathy has had to fight for its life, as has eclecticism since its birth during the last century, owing to the organized and determined opposition of the old school of medicine, which sought to hold its control over the people not by virtue of success in practice, but through the refuge of the unsuccessful—legal restrictive laws, that placed other systems at a disadvantage, when they did not outlaw them, and that necessarily jeopardized when they did not destroy the right of the individual to employ the practitioner of his choice.

"The basic principle of human rights that was deeply grounded in the hour of democracy's triumph, and the splendid advance of science under freedom, made it difficult for the monopoly-seeking doctors to outlaw their more successful competitors and destroy progressive and new systems that arose outside the pale of orthodoxy. New systems of cure and schools of healing have arisen, through whose efficacy hundreds of thousands of despairing invalids have found relief, after the regular doctors had signally failed. The phenomenal success of these newer systems and modes has aroused the old school to renewed efforts in seeking throughout the various states more drastic

restrictive laws—laws that in granting monopoly to the privileged class or classes would take from the citizen the right to enjoy the practitioner of his choice. For over a quarter of a century the battle has been waged between the people and the monopoly-seeking doctors with ever-increasing intensity; and during the past twenty years the American Medical Association has striven with unceasing persistence and determination to secure a National Health Bureau or Department



DR. A. F. STEPHENS

President of the National Eclectic Medical Association and member of the Board of Directors of the National League for Medical Freedom

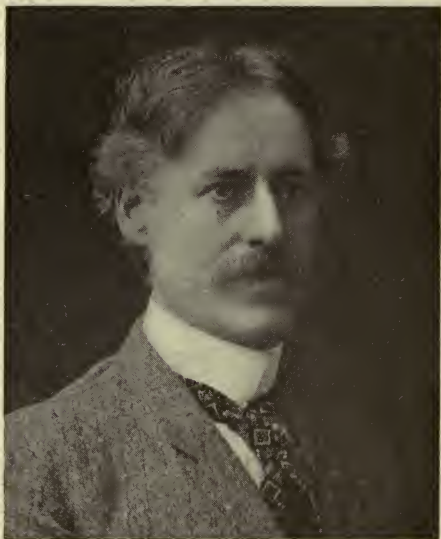
which would enormously increase its power in the national government and in a less direct manner throughout the states, while enabling it to flood the country, at the tax-payers' expense, with the fads and fancies of the ever-changing practice of the dominant school.

"Nor is this all. They would seek to force their serum therapy and other dangerous experimental treatments on hundreds of thousands of persons, not only in the army and navy, but engaged in interstate commerce, though a large proportion of those citizens might strongly

object to having their pure blood polluted with deadly serums."

"Stop right there!" exclaimed my friend. "You assume that such legislation would result in an attempt at compulsory medication, while jeopardizing the right of the general citizen freely to select the practitioner of his choice. Now, on what do you base these assumptions?"

"I could give you any amount of authoritative medical utterances from the master spirits among those who are working for this legislation, which prove beyond the shadow of a doubt the clear-cut,



WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE

Famous sculptor and member of the Advisory Board of the National League for Medical Freedom

definite purpose of the American Medical Association to be precisely what the League contends; but perhaps the latest public utterance of Dr. John B. Murphy, the present President of the American Medical Association, and a few words from another great authority of the Association will be sufficient, as they are strictly typical in character.

"At the annual meeting of the American Medical Association, held in June, 1911, President John B. Murphy arraigned the lawmakers of the land because they 'have almost universally failed to enact sufficiently strict state laws controlling the practice of medicine, notwithstanding the

repeated and urgent requests made by the profession for their enactment.' And furthermore, he boldly said: 'There must be a national, legal standardization of medical educational institutions and medical practice laws, corresponding to that controlling interstate commerce.'

"Dr. Samuel G. Dixon, in *The Journal of the American Medical Association*, after advocating an elaborate system of paternalistic medical supervision of all the people, said: 'The law we must have. These laws must reach into all the relations of life. . . . Compulsion, not persuasion, is the keynote of state medicine.'"

"Those are illuminating," said my friend. "There is one thing more. Of late I have noticed that the opposition is emphasizing a new charge. It claims that the League is composed of irresponsible extremists, frightened over imaginary dangers. In several quarters it is charged that the League is composed principally of Christian Scientists."

"An examination of our roster of membership is the best answer to such charges. Here you will find several thousand physicians among the active members of the League. A great many of these are the very flower of the homeopathic and eclectic schools of medicine. There are not a few old school physicians among our members, as well as a large number of the leading osteopaths. On our National Board of Directors and Advisory Board there are more than twenty physicians; and among the 180 executive officers of our state branches, over fifty are physicians; while among the active officers and members of the League are a great number of jurists, statesmen and publicists of distinction; many of the foremost business men of the land, as well as lawyers, editors, authors, philanthropists and men and women justly famed for their enlightened humanitarianism and broad culture.

"Our League claims that at the present time there are ample national provisions for all the legitimate health activities in which the Federal Government can rightfully engage; that the moment you give to the Federal Government powers which properly belong to the states and cities, you weaken rather than strengthen the efficiency, as you remove the responsibility

from the seats of government where it is most important that that responsibility should rightfully belong.

"There is no country in the world where quarantine regulations have been more efficient than in our own government under the present activities; while to place all the health activities in one bureau or department would enormously augment the power of the one dominant school that is recognized by the government, and would open the way for the carrying out of the plans already voiced by the leading members of that school, from President Murphy down.

"We claim that medicine is not and never has been a science. The most that can be truthfully said of it is that it is a progressive art; and in all realms that are largely theoretical or speculative, the cause of science no less than the right of the individual demands the widest possible freedom, and also that the government should not exert its great power or deplete the resources of the people for the purpose of scattering broadcast theories and speculations which are diametrically opposed to the convictions, beliefs and experience of millions of our people."

NOW

IF you have hard work to do,
Do it now.
Today the skies are clear and blue,
Tomorrow clouds may come in view,
Yesterday is not for you;
Do it now.

If you have a song to sing,
Sing it now.
Let the notes of gladness ring
Clear as song of bird in Spring,
Let every day some music bring;
Sing it now.

If you have kind words to say,
Say them now.
Tomorrow may not come your way.
Do a kindness while you may,
Loved ones will not always stay;
Say them now.

If you have a smile to show,
Show it now.
Make hearts happy, roses grow,
Let the friends around you know
The love you have before they go;
Show it now.

—Heart Throbs, II.

Putting a Village on the Map



Sylvester Baxter



TO SEE a big thing in its beginning is worth while. Certain spots seem destined for big beginnings. Think of all the big things begun at Boston; at Concord! The originating habit once contracted tends to persist.

On the shore of the Connecticut River down below Hartford, a sturdy settler founded a family whose sons have kept on doing big things from then till now: In patriotism, in religion, in literature, in commerce, in industry, in agriculture, in transportation. His name was Hale.

We have here to do with two big beginnings at that place: one in agriculture, or more specifically, horticulture; one in transportation. To develop a big thing in horticulture, to demonstrate it, to prove its wider applicability, may demand a generation or longer. In this case it is more than a matter of but yesterday; long enough to have borne fruit in a handsome fortune and to show that what has been done here can be done by hundreds elsewhere. But in transportation a big advance may be demonstrated over night, as it were.

Two landscape elements contrast themselves here. They stand for the actualities and the potentialities of New England agriculture. The fat-soiled bottom-lands of the Connecticut have been cultivated for two centuries and always will be fertile. They are characteristically of New England. This was the first great river-bottom cultivated in the United States. Had these lands stood for a greater por-

portion, there would never have been any talk of "sterile New England."

Now look at these hills. They rise right from the river and roll away into the distance. Climb to any of their crests and you will see nothing but these solid land waves almost everywhere you may look. Then remember how it looks out on the Western prairies and plains; man in evidence everywhere; his habitations always in sight. Nearly all New England, even around the great cities, looks like an unpeopled wilderness, when thus viewed; the trees hide the houses. Out West the country is like a sheet of plain paper all smoothed out; you see everything at once. Here nature has crumpled up the paper. Once the hill towns had most of the people, but the population long since settled down into the creases, following the factories and the railroad lines into the valleys. Now with the densest population in America lying all about, the stranger looks out over a seeming wilderness and wonders if anybody lives anywhere around. More than a million acres of these hilly brush barrens overspread the New England country; they have outcropping ledges and are peppered full of boulders. Yet here, too, is fertility. These forbidding hillsides are pregnant with the promise of luscious fruitage. California, Oregon, Missouri, Florida, have nothing better to show than what has been achieved out of them. Right here in South Glastonbury a man named Hale has led the way. His place of six hundred acres, some of the finest fruit lands in America, spreads out into the wild hills from the ancestral homestead. As far as the eye can see, from

the nearest upland's vantage-ground, the orderly peach-rows run straight into the distance. Beyond the vanishing points they continue a third as far again. Being of the same color and texture as the brush hills the vast orchard gives the effect of once ragged arrays now dragooned into disciplined battalions drilled for human service. The latest addition to their ranks, made a few years ago, was one hundred and fifty acres of that wild land, assessed at three dollars an acre. Now it is in full bear-

these desert wastes blossom as the rose. It provides the approach to these wild lands and makes it profitable to open them up. It now seems extraordinary that such an obvious thing was not done long before. Indeed, the instruments have for a good while been at hand. The trouble has been that some have been in the hands of one party and some in those of another party. That is why they could not be used to advantage. One of the hardest things in the world is to induce



THE PEACH KING AND HIS KINGDOM

John H. Hale of Connecticut is the largest fruit grower in the world

ing with the finest of peaches. It is all just as good, the whole million acres and more of rock-ribbed fruit lands that spread away to the north and east. And John H. Hale, the world's most successful peach grower, has shown the way to make the best of them. That is the first of the two big things that find themselves in their beginning here beside the Connecticut.

It is all a matter of ways and means. The second big thing, a practical advance in transportation methods, literally supplies the way to the means for making

men to work together instead of each on his own hook. Even when at last they are ready for effective team work, somebody else will then step in and tell them they mustn't; it is not the regulation way; it is against the established order.

* * *

In the present instance the two sets of instruments had to be used together to be completely effective. These were the steam lines and the trolley lines: the primary and the secondary elements in a complementary system of transporta-

tion. Like the steam lines in the early days, the street-railways, as a rule, were long restricted to passenger traffic; only in recent years have they been permitted to carry freight. But the development of this twin function has been further impeded by a prevalent disposition to keep street railways rigidly apart from steam-line relationships. While the great auxiliary service they might perform for the primary lines has been ignored, their potency for a competition that could be exerted only upon ludicrously unequal terms has been absurdly emphasized. But in the end logical tendencies have necessarily prevailed. It is now very generally recognized that the function of trolley-lines as feeders and distributors for the primary, or steam lines, is comparable in importance with their initial function of local or interurban transit.

The strongest incentive for making this relationship economically effective resides in identical ownership. The steam lines and trolleys are respectively the primary and secondary elements in one great transportation system in Connecticut, in Rhode Island, in the Berkshire section of Massachusetts; to a considerable extent this is also the case in New Hampshire, New York, Pennsylvania and California. Street railway practice has been developed along such different lines from steam railroad practice that their methods cannot well be altogether blended in operation. But under common ownership these methods can be so mutually related that apartness in operation will offer no material barrier against desirable movement between them. An efficient traffic movement must be fluid and subject to the least possible interruption from start to finish. Hence the tendency is, so far as these ends are concerned, to deal with the secondary lines in a way that makes them actual branches of the primary lines.

One of the several trolley lines that radiate from Hartford runs over the great stone bridge to East Hartford and thence down through Glastonbury to South Glastonbury. Here the track comes to an end, nine miles or so down the river (the Connecticut). A glance at the landscape, and it is easy to see why; also why it is that no steam line runs down the east

bank of the river. From far up in New Hampshire and Vermont, down across Massachusetts into Connecticut, the river has been coursing through a wide expanse of meadows and alluvial plains. Here it forsakes its smiling fields and forces its way to the sea through a barrier of rocky hills. Beyond this point the towns and villages that nestle against the slopes on the east side depend upon ferries for connection with the tracks on the right bank, the "Valley Line" of the New York, New Haven and Hartford. These communities are correspondingly handicapped and "off the map" in a transportation sense.

This trolley line like all the others hereabouts, is owned by the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, and is run by the Connecticut Company, an operating and accounting convenience of the proprietary corporation. It serves a region of the sort that makes a traffic manager's mouth water. From East Hartford down, it runs through a continuous "shoe-string town"—a single-street village much of the way; houses set near together, but with liberal yard-room between, along both sides of the broad and elm-arched highway. An ideal farming community, the homes of prosperous and intelligent families that take the magazines, have plenty of books, send their boys and girls to high school and college—and run automobiles, many of them. Handsome dwellings with well-kept grounds, some fine Colonial mansions, now and then a weather-beaten great farmhouse getting well along into its third century. Along here lived the celebrated Smith sisters, who studied Greek and translated the New Testament when over eighty years old—and one of them got married after that. Tobacco is the crop that underlies this affluence; in autumn one smells it in passing the dozens of drying-sheds where, through the slats, the long cut leaves are seen hanging light brown in the gloom; the tobacco fields border the road and run down toward the river.

Just before the meadows end against the hills, where these extend to the river's edge, three magnificent trees make a triple landmark for the Hale homestead. These noble and vigorous survivors of the forest primeval, spared by Hale, the



TROLLEY LINE SIDING IN A CONNECTICUT VILLAGE

With steam line freight cars and an electric locomotive; from the trolley siding on the right sixteen years ago the first shipment by an electric railway from the farms to a city market was made

forebear, when he cleared away the woods and made his farm, are white oak, a white pine and a scarlet maple. The oak must be at least a thousand years old; in the records of 1642 it is called "the Great Oak." It is such a tree today as its brother, the vanished Charter Oak at Hartford, must have been in its prime. Almost in the shadows of the Great Oak is a street-railway siding. In September, 1895, this siding was the scene of an event that marked the commencement of our second big beginning. Another and a longer siding of heavy steel rails was laid down on the opposite side of the main track late in the summer of 1911. Here, on this second siding, sixteen years later, the big beginning came to its culmination.

These sidings are a few rods below the little white office where Mr. John H. Hale transacts the business of his six-hundred-acre fruit farm. Here a twin coincidence plays an essential part in the matter. Eighteen years ago Mr. Hale was in the Connecticut legislature. Representing the farming interests he headed a

successful movement for a general law permitting street-railways to carry freight. It was strongly opposed by the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad under a former management. But Mr. Hale maintained that it was really for the railroad's benefit; that for the incidental loss of some short-haul traffic there would be an immense compensation in a general rural development; a corresponding increased movement over its own lines would be thus promoted. That is precisely the view taken by the present management at the start. And with the ownership of the trolley lines since achieved the railroad company derives a double advantage.

* * *

Sixteen years ago, when the peach-crop ripened, the first freight ever carried direct from a farm to a city market by an electric street railway company came from the Hale orchard and was shipped from this siding. Two ancient horse-cars, racked up to hold 350 half-bushel baskets each, and in tow of a regular passenger

car, carried the shipment into Hartford for the local market. This service was kept up for some years, but later the inadequate facilities for handling in the city hampered the good work, and teaming was again resorted to.

The twin coincidence here becomes complete: The author of the street-railway freight act that found its first rural exemplification at his own door has lately returned to public life invested with extraordinary authority over the transportation conditions of his native state. Mr. Hale is now one of the three members of the new Connecticut Public Utilities Commission, constituted this year with wide powers over all public service corporations: transportation, light, heat and power, water, telephone, telegraph.

All these sixteen years he had persistently advocated the widest practicable development of the freight-carrying possibilities of the trolley lines, holding that it should prove one of the most powerful instrumentalities for advancing the prosperity

of the rural sections of New England, and at the same time largely increase the business of the railroads.

The problem of rural development had also been receiving careful attention from the railroad point of view. The New Haven's vice-president in charge of traffic, Mr. Campbell, had lately been making an automobile tour of eight thousand miles through New England, keeping so far as possible to the back roads. When he learned from Mr. Hale what might be done with the unutilized facilities of the trolley line at Glastonbury, steps were at once taken to put the line into shape for an efficient freight traffic. All the arrangements to this end had for some time been made when, early in 1911, Mr. Hale was appointed a railroad commissioner, later becoming a public-utilities commissioner when the new board replaced the old. The new efficiency in transportation had been arranged for months before his first appointment. So it was that in September of the same year



A TROLLEY FREIGHT TRAIN

[Four big steam line freight cars hauled by an electric locomotive at regulation trolley car speed through the main street of Glastonbury

the peaches from the Hale farm were loaded into steam-line freight cars, the modern forty-tonners, on both of these sidings at his door, and shipped direct to his customers at a distance.

This again is the first time in the history of American transportation that an electric street railway has loaded regular steam-railroad freight cars at a farm and transferred them direct to through freight trains on the steam line.

Twelve cars a day have thus been loaded and taken through the streets to the steam line at East Hartford. They were in four-car trains, hauled by electric locomotives. These electric locomotives were simply snow-plows. When ants settle down to a life of industry they shed their wings. These snow-plows shed their wings and changed their habits. A snow-plow for a trolley line, built for hard work, has the making of a good locomotive. Two loaded cars were tackled first. They went away so easy that next they tried three. And then they had no difficulty in hauling four.

A flat rate of fifty cents a ton, with a minimum of ten dollars a car was made for hauling to East Hartford. Altogether 113 cars were loaded from the Hale farm alone. The entire peach crop of that farm, had it all been shipped by rail, would have amounted to 150 carloads. The rest was taken away by customers who came to buy by the basket; in one day three hundred automobiles drew up to the door for that purpose. But neighboring peach-growers joined in, so altogether the season's record for South Glastonbury was 150 carloads. Heretofore the peach crop had been carted and ferried across the river to Rock Hill station on the "Valley Line." This year's crop was a bumper, three times as large as last year's. It was shipped at considerably less than the cost for one-third the quantity the year before. That is, the local transportation cost was reduced to less than a third of the previous year's figure; a reduction of more than seventy per cent. Is that not an object lesson for shippers to work for like facilities wherever conditions may make them practicable, and for public authorities to encourage such developments?

The benefits thus accruing by no means end with reduced transportation costs. The despatch gained made it possible to pick the fruit till past four o'clock in the afternoon; to work at a packing-shed far up on the hillside, where 41,000 baskets was the season's record, up to 5.30; to team to the siding and ship there as late as 6.30, and to have the fruit on sale at Faneuil Hall market in Boston, 124 miles away, at 6 o'clock the next morning. There was yet another advantage. Boston had become the established market for the Hale peaches. But this year the Boston market was congested and the crop at "The Elms" was phenomenally large; so there was danger of a large surplus perhaps difficult to dispose of. But the new transportation facilities were amplified by giving like promptness in forwarding to the New York market, and carload lots were also shipped to Albany, to Burlington in Vermont, and to other points. This gave a great flexibility in sales-radius. Think of what all this means for market-extension in the best purchasing section of the country: both reduced costs and quicker service! There should be no doubt as to the future of a fruit-growing region so favored with markets at the very threshold of production.

* * *

The peach shipments are but one instance of what is in store for this hitherto side-tracked Glastonbury country, now brought onto the transportation map of the United States. There is the business from the great apple orchards growing up between the peach rows. There are grapes from fine vineyards Italians are creating on the hillsides. A big tobacco crop is to be handled. Quantities of fertilizers are to be brought in every year. There is a pickle factory in Glastonbury. Sixty carloads of cucumbers were hauled to its door last season from a Connecticut farm in the outskirts of Rockville, about twenty-two miles away. These were formerly teamed the whole distance. Many carloads of tomatoes for ketchup have been brought in for this factory, and the finished products are taken out as high-grade freight. Glastonbury has a large soap factory. Local transportation costs were a handicap.

Its materials and its output had to be teamed for miles to and from the railroad. But its product is peculiarly excellent in quality, widely advertised and of national celebrity, so it has more than held its own. Now a half-mile spur track from the trolley line takes the freight cars to its doors, and the handicap has been eliminated. There are other local industries; among them a knitting mill, a woolen mill and two large feldspar factories. The latter average six carloads a week.

express service at regular freight rates. This new freight yard runs through to the water, and the trolley tracks will be extended to a new dock where coal, lumber and other bulky freight will be brought by river to the trolley line for local distribution.

How about running freight trains through the street? Was there no objection to that! Yes, there has been some kicking on that score. But the common-sense view prevails. Long freight-trains, of



LOADING THE PEACHES FOR SHIPMENT DIRECT TO THE BOSTON MARKET

One hundred and twenty-four miles away in less than twelve hours; this is the first time in the history of American transportation that steam-line freight cars have been taken by trolley to and from the farmer's gate

In the middle of the town a farm has been purchased for a freight yard. At the station here "L. C. L." freight (less than carload) will be received and collected, and a large business is assured. Parcel freight consigned to Glastonbury parties from any part of the country will be re-loaded for Glastonbury at the regular Hartford transfer of the steam line, and freight will be received at Glastonbury for any outside point just as on a steam line. That makes practically a cheap

course, are out of the question for a street-railway line. But four cars, or so, make no trouble. The peach-trains, by nature of the traffic, had to run in the evening rush hours. They pulled out just ahead of the passenger cars; with a free track they ran through to East Hartford inside the regular headway without stopping.

Take the one item of manure: hundreds of tons from the New York stables are brought every year for the tobacco fields. This has all had to be teamed from the

boats on the river. Hitherto, in the fertilizing season, there has been an endless procession of carts all day. The loosely contained loads trailed droppings all along the road; the air was saturated with the intolerable smell. Hereafter the closely packed carloads themselves will be speeded through the streets to their destinations, and whatever odor may arise will quickly pass. Moreover, there is the relief of the streets from teaming by the concentration of freight in the cars; also the saving to the public in highway repairs and consequently in taxes.

This sort of advance in traffic efficiency is full of possibilities for rural communities. It means large developments in agriculture and manufacturing. It means the revival of languishing industries and the building up of new ones where, except for discouraging distances, local conditions may be favorable. Wherever a street railway runs there the freight may go direct. They are now building a new trolley line through an unpeopled region from Lee across to the Connecticut River in the Massachusetts Berkshires. It was boldly undertaken by the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad for through connections between the Housatonic valley towns and Springfield. But the waste country, now dormant in a desolate grandeur, can be developed for orchards, lumber can be hauled out, water-powers improved, quarries opened, immigration promoted.

On the Worcester-Springfield trolley route the line between Southbridge and Palmer runs nearly all the way through brush-covered hill country, now next to worthless. But there is the making of California or Florida fruit-land values for anybody with the energy, industry and intelligence that has brought up South Glastonbury and Seymour in Connecticut, Apple Valley and Huntington in the Berkshires, and numerous other major and minor instances in all the New England States, from like conditions. The contemplated extension of a suburban trolley line out of Springfield into the isolated town of Hampden will open up a great peach-growing district and beautiful country-residence region.

This advance in traffic methods may seem only a little thing in itself. It is

achieved simply by regarding already existing means and instrumentalities intelligently and comprehensively rather than unrelatedly. That is precisely what makes it a "big thing," a very important step forward in railway practice. To save large transportation costs, to extend markets, to build up waste places—all this necessarily makes a big thing, just as the little completing touch in a chain of developments brings forth some extraordinary invention.

* * *

It has been estimated that more than one-half of the vast sum which New England annually pays out for transportation goes to meet the costs of teaming. That makes the transfer charge for the average shipment equal to the railroad charge. A shipment may be carried by rail a hundred miles, or even twice that distance, for what it costs to carry it one mile by team. Transportation vitally concerns everybody. Good transportation means efficient service, reasonable rates. The variation of a fraction of a cent in the mileage unit—say the charge for carrying one hundred pounds one mile—may mean all the difference in the world to a shipper. A reduction of local transfer costs must effect a great reduction in the total transportation charges upon a given shipment. This should enormously extend the radius within which a merchant or manufacturer may profitably do business. Competent authorities hold that practicable methods for increased efficiency, as in the employment of available instrumentalities for economically organizing the service, can save at least seventy-five per cent of the existing transfer costs. Since one-half of the total transportation charge is represented by the local transfer cost this means a possible saving of thirty-seven and one-half per cent of the entire transportation bill. Hence out of every million dollars now paid for transportation something like \$375,500 might be saved. The proportion of the total transportation cost that now goes for teaming would thus be reduced through more efficient methods from fifty per cent. to something like twelve and one-half per cent.

The problem varies according to lo-

cality and circumstance. In cities the conditions to be dealt with are nearly the same everywhere. The non-urban aspects differ widely in different sections of the country. New England has its own peculiar conditions. Traffic officials transferred from the West to the New England field are deeply impressed by this difference. One of them said: "The amount of teaming that enters into New England traffic operations is simply appalling." This is mainly because New England industries grew out of conditions that preceded the railroads; in the West the railroads came first. New England manufacturing was developed about water-powers; when the railroads came the lay of the land often carried them some miles away from many mill villages. In the West the industries followed the railroads and clung to them. But taken all in all the foremost traffic experts say that the teaming charges in this country are quite fully

equal to the railroad charges upon the same tonnage.

Good roads and mechanical traction in place of animal traction are other desirable factors for reducing transfer costs. But nothing is more effective than to utilize and amplify to the greatest practicable extent the secondary railways through achieving the closest possible relationship with the primary lines, thereby extending the facilities and connections of the latter to the very threshold of warehouse, factory, shop, and to the farmer's gateway. When the public that is served by trolley lines once begins to appreciate what these benefits mean there will be an insistent demand for their realization. Already in Western and Central Massachusetts this is so appreciated that the demand fairly amounts to a popular uprising against the inertia that would forbid railroads to make full use of their possibilities in this regard.

TINY THINGS

THE murmur of a waterfall a mile away,
 The rustle when a robin lights upon the spray,
 The lapping of a lowland stream on dipping boughs,
 The sound of grazing from a herd of gentle cows,
 The echo from a wooded hill of a cuckoo's call,
 The quiver through the meadow grass at evening fall;
 Too subtle are these harmonies for pen or rule,
 Such music is not understood by any school,
 But when the brain is overwrought, it hath a spell
 Beyond all human skill and power to make it well.

The memory of a kindly word far long gone by,
 The fragrance of a fading flower sent lovingly,
 The gleam of a sudden smile or sudden tear,
 The warmer pressure of the hand, the tone of cheer,
 That hush that means: I cannot speak but I have heard
 The note that bears only a verse from God's own Word.
 Such tiny things we hardly count as ministry,
 The givers deeming they have shown scant sympathy,
 But when the heart is overwrought, oh, who can tell
 The power of such tiny things to make it well.

—Scranton Truth, in *Heart Throbs*, II.

But
You
Must
Always Have
SAPOLIO



EMERSON'S SONS
N.Y.
SAPOLIO

for it is a matter of health. Every room needs it because it Cleans, Scours, Polishes. A genuine necessity in these days because it cleans almost everything.

Works Without Waste



GENERAL FREDERICK DENT GRANT
COMMANDER OF THE DEPARTMENT OF THE EAST AND SON OF THE FAMOUS CIVIL
WAR GENERAL, WHO DIED SUDDENLY IN NEW YORK CITY AT MIDNIGHT, APRIL 11



NATIONAL MAGAZINE

MAY, 1912



Affairs at WASHINGTON

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

OUTER doors were thrown wide open in the Senate Chamber; doors and windows admitted the balmy breeze in the House, and the radiant May-time air made the proceedings seem as drowsy as are schoolroom exercises to the boy who longs to be out-doors fishing when May comes around.

In the Senate, Vice-President Sherman sat with due dignity in the chair, fanning himself vigorously, possibly thinking of other fans, and the crowded bleachers on the baseball grounds.

In the House, Speaker Clark was attending strictly to business, but he looked toward the window now and again, thinking perhaps of the coming June convention days in Baltimore. In both houses there was a drowsy after-school air early in the afternoon.

Interest in the calendar lags, and legislation is carried on by little groups heading the various committees. The average attendance for the month barely covers a quorum, and the galleries are nearly deserted, for the call of the wild in these May days is irresistible. The first white suits of the season are already making their appearance, and cloak rooms are not so crowded as usual.

Never before, however, has there been

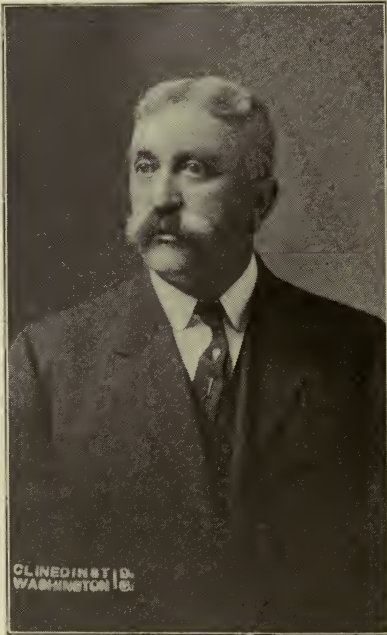
so much activity in Washington over the coming presidential nominations and the great contest that follows. Bulletins are issued hourly as to the gain and loss of delegates to and from factions and parties. The absorbing topic is not legislation, but nomination. Who will be nominated? Who will ride up the Avenue in the inaugural chariot in 1913? The Washingtonian begins to see in fancy the Avenue lined with thronging visitors and the progress of the great procession that will escort to the Capitol the chosen leader of the people. Who will it be? The answer to that question "lies on the laps of the gods," and seldom before has it been so difficult even to guess at the probable victor in the great quadrennial election.

* * *

IF there ever is a time when one feels thoroughly in sympathy with nature and life, it is when walking down Pennsylvania Avenue, or in the Washington parks, during the month of May. Here are a host of pretty nurses out with bebies of happy, gayly-clad children; here, parties of tourists enjoying every moment of the balmy day, and there are even groups of congressmen walking down the Avenue with the abandon and jollity of schoolboys.

The witchery of May-time in Washington is said to have had a magical spell from of old and to have compelled the original decision of George Washington that here on the banks of the Potomac should be built the capital of the nation.

There is something in the balmy fragrance of the air and in the genial spirit of everyone you meet in May days that takes out all the rancor of partisan or factional feeling. Even opposing candidates bow graciously to each other. The



SENATOR MARCUS AURELIUS SMITH
Of Arizona, who took his seat in the Senate April 1

subtle, witching, dreamy sense of restful happiness seems to permeate both head and brain; the great dome of the Capitol glistens in the soft radiance of the spring sun; the lilacs and snowballs are laden with blooms, and the botanical garden, ablaze with rare foliage and flowers, seems a sacrificial gem lying at the foot of Capitol Hill. In the evenings the promenades are thronged; the electric lights in the capitol grounds illumine kaleidoscopic mutations of passing and repassing humanity, and ripples of joyous laughter and happy converse lend a charm that one does not seem to find in other months.

AS the long cruise progressed, the worldwide importance of Secretary Philander C. Knox's tour of South America was revealed. The Venezuelans gave the Secretary a warm welcome. Caracas was garbed for the feast. Among the intertwined decorations busts of Washington and Bolivar were conspicuous. The popular welcome given Secretary Knox in the Latin-American republic is a significant overture to a broad national policy that will follow the opening of the Panama Canal. President Gomez and his cabinet in the cordiality of their welcome tried to wipe out the last vestige of boundary disputes which very nearly evoked an international war during Cleveland's administration.

This tour of the Secretary of State will form an interesting part of the archives of the State Department, and follows the innovation of Senator Root who, when Secretary of State, departed from the stiff traditions of other days, when all state matters were settled by written reports. He believed that the Secretary of State should personally look into matters that required particular attention. Secretary Knox has gone a step further in making a friendly tour among the Latin-American republics. He feels that the results of this visit could never be obtained through any voluminous documentary information.

* * *

SOMETHING like a thrill of sentiment came over the magnates of the Senate Chamber and the sightseers in the galleries when the quartet of senators from Arizona and New Mexico approached the desk of the Vice-President to be sworn into office, for these senators represent the latest of the forty-eight states now symbolized by the last two stars in the flag. Arizona and New Mexico are probably the last states that will ever be admitted to the Union, in the vast territory known as the United States of America. How soon or when Senators will come from Alaska, Hawaii, Porto Rico and the Philippines, no political prophet would dare to guess.

The election of Senator Marcus A. Smith of Arizona, whose name suggests Marcus A. Hanna and Marcus Aurelius of old,

has added one more Smith to the four members of that name in the Senate and the five in the House. Now it is an even "five to five" between the Smiths of the Upper and Lower houses. The senators in both of the new states were elected at the same time, and the old lottery custom, established at the birth of the republic, of letting the United States Senate choose who shall have the long and who the short term, still prevails. Through deference to Senator Smith's age and former service as a delegate from Arizona territory, also by his colleague's request, Smith was nominated first in each branch of the legislature.

Mr. Smith has served as a delegate from Arizona in eight terms of Congress, and has been a strenuous advocate of statehood for Arizona. He was born in old Kentucky, but moved to Arizona thirty years ago, and has for three decades been prominent in territorial affairs.

The other senator from Arizona, Henry F. Ashurst, is but thirty-six years old, and begins his senatorial career with the strong support of an enthusiastic constituency.

* * *

DURING the last month of his life, January, 1904, Senator Marcus A. Hanna wrote for the NATIONAL an article which presaged that in the campaign of 1912 the line of cleavage would be sharply drawn on socialism. With all the earnest fervor of his latter days, "Uncle Mark" concentrated his attention upon the work of civic federation in bringing about a better understanding between employers and their workmen. "Future campaigns," he told me, "will find the workmen of the country educated in such a way that they cannot be led astray from the fundamental principles of our government." He then expressed the desire that he might live to see a campaign in which the issues were fairly and squarely drawn. He insisted that despite all the noisy talk, the sober sense of the American people was always to be relied upon. Even during the most strenuous times, when it seemed as if there was no way to arbitrate and settle disputes which had developed into embittered class feeling, Senator Hanna's clear eyes would soften and twinkle as he remarked, "You can bet on the American

people every time, if you just let them have all the facts."

He foresaw the results of the multiplication of automobiles and like displays of wealth and luxury, and could predict their effect upon the less successful. But he insisted that if there could only be a proper realization of the happiness and contented condition of the men of average means, that state would be recognized as, after all, the ideal condition in American life. He never lost his belief that the men who had created fortunes through a close



HON. HENRY F. ASHURST
The new United States Senator from Arizona

personal connection and sympathy with their people possessed an influence which those who had inherited fortunes could neither understand nor appreciate.

* * *

ONE of the longest congressional careers in American history was closed with the passing of General Henry H. Bingham, for many years the "father of the House of Representatives." For thirty-three years he remained one of the most conspicuous and picturesque figures in Congress. For a score of years it was his distinction to be "the father of the House," in which capacity he administered the

oath of office to three Republican speakers—Reed, Henderson and Cannon, a function allotted the oldest man in the House.

No one ever addressed General Bingham as "Congressman," for the little button which he wore indicated his war record. It was General Winfield S. Hancock, while a candidate for President of the United States, who insisted that "Harry Bingham was the bravest soldier I ever saw." For conspicuous gallantry during the Civil War, General Bingham was promoted to



MRS. RICHARD VAN WYCK NEGLEY

Formerly Miss Laura Burleson, the daughter of Congressman Burleson of Texas. Mrs. Negley was one of the season's debutantes

the rank of brigadier-general, and received a medal of honor for special bravery on the field of battle, notably at Spottsylvania, at Gettysburg and at the Wilderness.

But that he realized the horrors of war was manifested at the opening of the Spanish-American struggle. When war was about to be declared with Spain, it was General Bingham who protested against it and was met with hisses from the gallery. With the self-control characteristic of the man, he told his unruly auditors something of his own experiences in the cycle of bloody wars.

General Bingham never indulged in fiery debate, and although a fighter, he did his fighting in other ways than with recrimination or even satire. Even in disposition, unselfish, considerate of his colleagues, gallant and kindly, many will miss the veteran congressman, whom his friends termed also "the Chesterfield of the House."

* * *

MILITARY experts and prophets at Washington are already canvassing the probability of armed intervention in Mexico, as a factor in the coming Presidential election. It is pointed out that, while the administration has displayed great patience, President Madero has failed to appreciate the dangers, or to provide men and arms to avert them and that at any time some outbreak of Mexican brigandage may make it impossible to hold back the sword of the republic. In such case, it is claimed that Taft could not possibly be defeated, but would undoubtedly be left in power until peace was established.

* * *

ON the walls of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE offices hang many remembrances from subscribers in different sections of the country. Recently the editor received a copy of a circular issued about 1740 or 1750 by Jolley Allen, "at his shop about Midway between the Governor's and the Town-House, and almost opposite the Heart and Crown, in Cornhill, Boston."

Jolley Allen (no reflection on his fair name) starts out as if it were at one of the old-fashioned childhood parties. The circular reads: "Superfine, middling & low-prized Broad Cloths, such as scarlet, crimson, black, claret, blue and cloth colour'd, some of the cloth colour'd as low as 33s. Old Tenor per yard," etc.

And he goes on in type finer than that in which Shakespeare's poetry is printed, to tell about ready-made clothes. He advertises mace, cinnamon, cloves, nutmegs, allspice, race, root and ground ginger, pepper, chocolate, coffee, rice, raisins, currants and figs.

Then follows a treatise on India China—neat blue and white china; long dishes, various sizes, enameled plates, etc.

It seems as if on everything described Jolley Allen expended six or seven adjectives.

Under the postscript he announces: "Tea and Indigo are Articles I am never out of." This may show that there were times when Jolley Allen had his blue moments when he was "out of" eatable commodities.

His town and country customers, he insists (away back in 1750, long before the Revolutionary War), "may depend upon being supply'd with all the above Articles the Year round, by Wholesale or Retail, and as cheap in Proportion as those which have the Prices fixed to them, as I deal for Cash only."

Now when the modern advertiser thinks that he is progressing so rapidly in advertising, just let him take a look at Jolley Allen's original handbill of 1750. It was sent to us by Dr. Loring W. Puffer of Brockton, and will be treasured in the archives of the editorial sanctum.

* * *

THE passing of Robert Love Taylor, Senator from Tennessee, on that beautiful Palm Sunday, was just as he would have had it. Few public men will be mourned more keenly, for his lovable personal traits made "Fiddling Bob" Taylor of Tennessee a favorite of all parties and among all classes. His life, ever since he first saw light and heard the crooning melodies in the rude cradle in Happy Valley, Tennessee, has been one radiant pathway of sunshine. Instinctively in all parts of the country, the thought came to the people when they heard the sad news, that dear Bob had passed on to the real "Happy Valley" in the great Beyond.

To have been privileged to sit with him for an hour at his home or in his office, hearing those inimitable stories of his early boyhood days in the Tennessee mountains, is a memory which even his brilliant success as a platform speaker could never obscure. He combined the necessary dignity of the senator and statesman with the bonhomie of the old Southern gentleman, who loved nothing better than to see his friends and dependents enjoy themselves, and when he went campaigning, or to look over his fences, "Fiddling

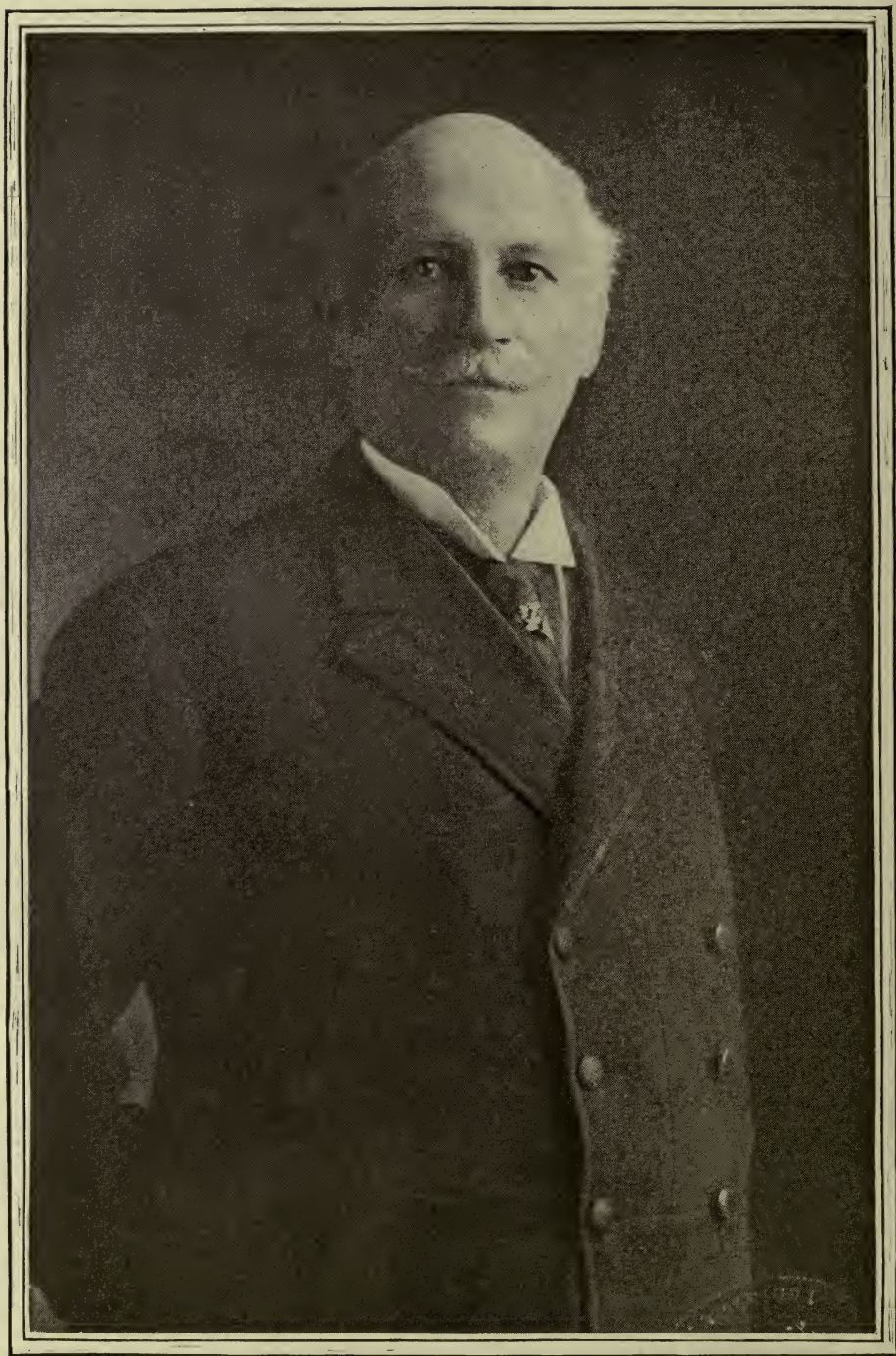
Bob Taylor's fiddle" was the great attraction of the day. The lyre of Orpheus could lure beasts from their dens, but that fiddle could draw out majorities from the most uncompromising precincts. He was an enthusiastic and persistent advocate of a federal system of good roads, and the



MRS. STEPHEN B. AYRES
Wife of Congressman Ayres of New York and a new favorite in the Congressional set

building of a deep waterway from the Lakes to the Gulf punctuated his genial and lovable popularity with two hobbies which ever displayed his love of and care for the people.

Senator Taylor's middle name expressed his life—"Love"—his birthplace, Happy Valley, expressed his environment and



THE LATE SENATOR ROBERT LOVE TAYLOR OF TENNESSEE
AFFECTIONATELY KNOWN AS "FIDDLING BOB" AND A UNIVERSAL FAVORITE

disposition all through his sixty odd years. The rancor and bitterness of political campaigns never soured the lovable heart of "Bob" Taylor. He was the popular *raconteur* and story-teller of the Senate, and partisan feeling never could disturb his sunny disposition.

It is the heaven of just such characters as Senator Taylor that keeps public life at Washington sweet and wholesome. The simple funeral rites at home, when he was laid away by old friends, and the tender exhibition of feeling on the part of the neighbors was only expressive of the nation's gratitude for the life and services of Robert Love Taylor.

* * *

ON March 4, 1911, the fourteenth anniversary of the inauguration of William McKinley as President of the United States, President Taft approved an act "to perpetuate the name and achievements of William McKinley, late president of the United States of America, by erecting and maintaining in the city of Niles, in the state of Ohio, the place of his birth, a Monument and Memorial Building."

This is a project that has long been close to the hearts of many Ohio people, and the initial movers and incorporators were Joseph G. Butler, Jr., of Youngstown; Myron T. Herrick, of Cleveland; J. G. Schmidlapp, of Cincinnati; John G. Milburn, of New York, and W. A. Thomas, of Niles, all intimate personal friends of William McKinley.

It was peculiarly fitting that the city of Niles, his birthplace, should be chosen as the site of the McKinley Memorial. There are many interesting McKinley family heirlooms, documents, pictures, papers, etc., pertaining to the career of the late President, which ought to be preserved before it is too late. There is much pertaining to the young man, McKinley, the soldier, the Congressman, and the President, that will ever remain an inspiration. No one can visit Niles and the Mahoning Valley without realizing the enthusiasm and affectionate interest that will always be associated with his name and memory. Here he attended public school; near here he studied at the seminary; here he enlisted in the Union Army as from Poland,

Ohio, and to Niles he returned after the war, going later to Canton, where he made his home thenceforth. Throughout his after eventful life his thoughts turned to those boyhood friends still residing in Niles, Poland and Youngstown, relying on them for the generous co-operation which never failed him. Soon after leaving here his life was given to the nation. It was associated with the history of the



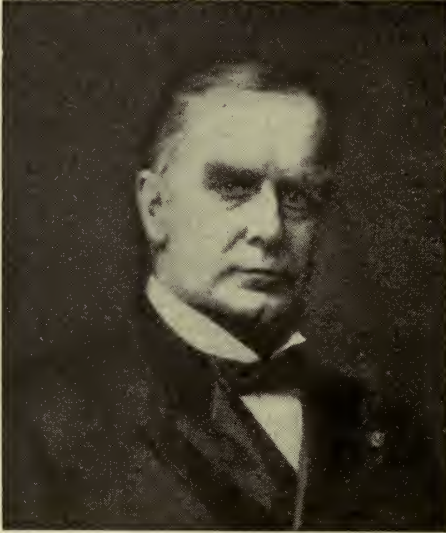
MRS. THOMAS JUNIOR KEMP
One of Washington's most charming April brides. Mrs. Kemp was Miss Louise Chapin Fletcher, the daughter of Senator Fletcher of Florida

country, and at the city of his birth, the first mill of any size for making tin plate, a product of the McKinley tariff bill of 1890, was built.

The McKinley residence at Canton has passed out of the hands of the family and can never be used as a memorial. Even the old house at Niles in which the late President was born, has fallen into decay and has been removed. For this reason it is necessary to secure funds which will pro-

vide a suitable building for an association chartered by Congress where may be preserved all the records and mementoes associated with the name of William McKinley.

For many years Colonel J. G. Butler, Jr., of Youngstown, Ohio, a prominent friend of the late President—and, indeed, a friend of nearly every president since the time of Lincoln—has devoted himself to



THE LATE PRESIDENT McKINLEY

To perpetuate his name and achievements, a monument and memorial building will be erected in Niles, Ohio, the city of his birth

the organization of the National McKinley Birthplace Memorial Association, and every lover of McKinley and of the good and true in humanity will welcome the opportunity to contribute something for this Memorial.

The citizens of Niles have contributed the site, and an adequate endowment fund to insure the perpetuity and maintenance of the Memorial. Now all that remains is for the people of the country to provide the Memorial as an expression of their affectionate and tender regard. Splendid letters of endorsement have already come through Colonel Butler from President Taft, Willis L. King, of Pittsburgh; Judge E. H. Gary; Hon. Myron T. Herrick, former Governor of Ohio, now Ambassador to France; Hon. Whitelaw

Reid, Ambassador to Great Britain; Hon. George B. Cortelyou, former Secretary of the Treasury, and former Postmaster General; and from Andrew Carnegie, who without even a word of solicitation subscribed five thousand dollars, to have a part in the one hundred thousand dollar fund necessary to provide the building.

A letter from Cardinal Gibbons has paid a tender tribute to the friendship of McKinley, whom he greatly admired and whom he considered a glory to his country. Justice Charles E. Hughes, Senator Albert B. Cummins, Governor John K. Tener, Governor Judson Harmon and Justice William R. Day, the old friend of earlier



HON. MYRON T. HERRICK OF OHIO

Appointed by President Taft as Ambassador to France. Governor Herrick was a close personal friend of the late President McKinley

days, have all expressed an enthusiastic interest in the enterprise.

The Association has departed from the usual style of memorial in providing a fireproof building to cost in the neighborhood of one hundred thousand dollars, in which to hold meetings and preserve all the records and mementoes associated with the early life of McKinley, making it in fact a museum of historical interest. A bronze statue of McKinley will also be erected in or near the building.

The general purposes and programme of the McKinley Memorial Association are set forth in a handsome booklet which Colonel Butler is sending out to all who contribute five dollars or more.

The name of William McKinley is indissolubly linked with the publication of the NATIONAL, and it is felt that many of the old friends who have been subscribers since the early days will wish to have a part in the McKinley Memorial. Colonel

generations, because it will make accessible all those important relics associated with the early life of William McKinley—one of the first men of his generation and one of the great figures in national life.

* * *

CONSTITUENTS in city districts are seldom as close to their Congressmen as the people through the sparsely settled regions, where it is "Jim" or "Jack" or



CONGRESSMAN SULZER AT HIS DESK IN HIS WASHINGTON HOME

J. G. Butler, Jr., Youngstown, Ohio, is receiving the contributions.

William McKinley was a plain man of the people, who did his duty fearlessly and never faltered in his high ideals and purposes. His winsome personality, his clean public life, his true devotion to his invalid wife, his high ideals, his unfaltering Christian faith and his nobility of character present in William McKinley a most brilliant figure in history. This work of building an enduring monument to his memory will be of special value to future

"Bill," and where a real friendship exists between the legislator and his following. One city Congressman who has a real, old-fashioned constituency is Hon. William Sulzer, of the Tenth District of New York. In his response at the recent dinner tendered to him in the Cafe Boulevard, New York City, he paid a splendid tribute to these constituents, whom he truly called "friends." His address, delivered in the earnest, straight-from-the-shoulder manner that has made William Sulzer beloved, will long be preserved by his constituents as

the eloquent, the honest, the simple professions of a legislator whose record backs the spoken word with a tablet of pure gold.

"My friends," he said—"and I say 'my friends' advisedly, because here assembled are the best friends I have in all this world—I cannot tell you how much I appreciate all you have said about me, and how much I owe you for all you have done for me.

"I am grateful to you all—each and every one—and gratitude is the fairest flower that sheds its perfume in the human heart.

"I feel how undeserving I am of much of the praise we have heard tonight. I dread praise more than blame. If I have done aught to justify this public recognition of your appreciation, the credit is yours—the praise is yours—because all that I am politically I owe to you for the confidence you

You are all my friends, and I know whereof I speak, for I have tested your friendship in sunshine and in storm. Had I the fingers of five hundred men, I know I could not count on them the friends I have in this Congressional District. According, then, to the wisdom of the ancient philosopher I am, indeed, rich—if not exactly rich in dollars—yet in something better—something dollars cannot buy—truc, real, sincere friends.

"To my friends—to those who really know me—my life is a simple one, an earnest one, and an open book. I believe the secret of all success is hard work, loyalty to friends, and fidelity to principle.

The aim of life is happiness, and I have found that the best way to be happy is to make others happy. In a few words, to be unselfish, to be liberal in your views, to have few prejudices, and those only against wrongs

to be remedied. To be kind, to be truc, to be honest, to be just, to be considerate, to be tolerant, to be generous, to be forgiving, to be charitable, and to love your neighbor as yourself. To adhere tenaciously to fundamental principles for good and for righteousness. To help others, to do what you can day in and day out for those we meet, to make the hearthside happier; and to do your part faithfully, regardless of reward, for the better and the grander and the greater civilization. To be, so far as possible, like Jefferson in your belief in the plain people; and to be, so far as is possible, like the immortal Lincoln in your love for liberty to one and all.

"Those who know me best know that I stand as firm as a rock in a tempestuous sea for certain fundamental principles

—for political liberty and for religious freedom; for constitutional government and equality before the law; for equal rights to all and special privileges to none; for unshackled opportunity as the beacon light of individual hope, and the best guarantee for the perpetuity of our free institutions; and for the rights of American citizens, native and naturalized, at home and abroad.

"I am not narrow-minded; I have no race or political or religious prejudice. I am broad in my views. I am an optimist. I believe in my fellow-man, in the good of society generally, and I know that the world is growing better. I stand for humanity and declare with Burns—a man is a man to me for all that

"And so, my friends, in conclusion I thank you one and all again, and I assure you if I live, that in the future as in the past I shall, to the best of my ability, regardless of consequences, fight on for truth, fight on for absolute justice, fight on for real prog-



HOME OF CONGRESSMAN SULZER OF NEW YORK
175 Second Avenue—the old "Rutherford House"

have reposed in me by electing me to Congress from this grand old tenth district for nine consecutive times

"When it was proposed to give a dinner in my honor I said frankly I was opposed to it, as I wanted no thanks, or anything else, for doing my duty. My friends, however, went ahead regardless of my opposition, and I finally reluctantly consented to be present only on the conditions: first, that the dinner should be simple in character and reasonable in price so that all could attend; secondly, that it should be held in some place in the Congressional District in which I live, and among the people who have been so loyal to me for so many years; and thirdly, that it should be entirely non-partisan. The conditions have been religiously fulfilled.

"The wisest of the ancients declared that a man was rich beyond the dreams of avarice if he could count, in fortune and in misfortune, his true friends on the fingers of one hand.

ress, fight on for humanity—fight on for the cause that lacks assistance, against the wrongs that need resistance, for the future in the distance, and the good that I can do.”

* * *

IT was a beautiful Sunday morning in Chicago. The warm sunshine flooded the streets in spots where the tall buildings did not throw their shadows. The barber shops were open, and the early birds were coming out of the restaurants from breakfast. In the comparatively deserted streets there echoed the cry of the newsboy, and now and then the rumble of an elevated train. Around the hotel centers there was a busy air not known even on weekdays—everybody was astir, but not bent on business as on the other six days of the week. In the wholesale district the cobblestone streets were still and deserted. In Clark and in Madison streets everybody had a large bundle of Sunday papers under his arm.

On Sunday in Chicago the people all seem to be going somewhere. There is not much of the leisurely cast of countenance, even on the day of rest. At the Auditorium, where Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus preaches, there was a large throng at the doors long before 10.30 in the morning, when the services were to begin. The services are always impressive and recall the days of the eloquent pulpit orator when he was delivering his lectures on Savonarola, following “The Monk and the Knight.” The great auditorium was filled, and the choir, led by the trumpet tones of a cornet, sang a good old-fashioned doxology with spirit and fervor. There was “Tell Me the Old, Old Story,” and one or two of the old heart songs always found on a leaflet, which everybody sang.

There is something in the way Dr. Gunsaulus reads scripture that is a sermon in itself. Few pulpit orators of today have a larger and stronger following than the man who in his younger days studied in the East under the inspiration of Phillips Brooks. He has been closely associated with public men for more than a generation. But with all his old-time youthful vigor, Dr. Gunsaulus’ work certainly is institutional in Chicago.

After the services we went over to the Art Institute on Michigan Avenue—the

only building that can ever be erected on the lake front in Grant Park, according to the decision of the Supreme Court of Illinois. The majority of the visitors were foreigners, which fact indicates a strong love of art in the lusty metropolis of the Middle West. Impressive it was to find standing before a miniature bas-relief of the Acropolis of Athens a young Greek mother and her two sons, looking upon the scenes that portrayed their illustrious ancestors. The boys were evidently



DR. F. W. GUNSAULUS

The famous Chicago preacher and president of the Armour Institute of Technology

American born, but the mother was addressing them in Greek, telling the story of the land from which their parents came.

The collection of pottery, ceramics and other work relating to industrial art was typical of Chicago. On the old blue plates and on the very mugs and pitchers were portrayed stirring scenes of history, from which, as was remarked by Dr. Gunsaulus, our ancestors in their childhood drank in three times a day the inspiration of the stirring episodes in history. The people of today eat and drink from plain white or flowered china dishes, whereas in times

past historical scenes were represented on nearly all table ware.

* * *

In the olden days of Chicago's history there was not so much to detract from a concentrated pondering of those great events and feelings that nurtured and created a great republic. Even the bed

From the Auditorium we whisked down the beautiful Michigan Boulevard to the Field Columbian Museum, which brought back memories of the World's Columbian Exposition held nearly twenty years ago. Here, too, the people thronged in large numbers, showing the great public interest taken in these institutions that have followed in the wake of the Columbian Exposition.

Sweeping along the great lake front again and drinking deeply the exhilarating air, we found ourselves among the crowd moving into Orchestra Hall, where the tenth anniversary of the death of Governor John P. Altgeld was being observed with impressive ceremonies. The speakers included William Jennings Bryan and Reverend Mr. Perkins, the chairman of the Ohio Constitutional convention. On the stage was a portrait of Altgeld, draped with the Stars and Stripes.

A few doors to the north, still on Michigan Avenue, a splendid luncheon and afternoon concert was enjoyed at the Chicago Athletic Club. Gathered about the tables, the members with their wives and ladies listened to a rare musical program.

While there we went down to the large bathing pavilion, just completed, which in its luxuries rivals even the famous baths of Caracalla in ancient Rome.

* * *

A description of a Sunday in Chicago would not be com-

plete without a visit to Hull House, located at Halsted and Ewing Streets, over which the sweet ministering spirit of Jane Addams has dominated for so many years.

Some of the children were enjoying quiet games in the courtways and in the playground, away from the turmoil of Halsted Street. There Sunday is the busiest day of the week, for the foreigners keep their



"ONE PRESIDENT TO ANOTHER"

President Taft greeting Douglass Malloch, president of the Chicago Press Club

coverings on exhibition, woven from the wool raised, sheared and spun on the farm, contained patriotic suggestions. This collection, contributed by Mrs. Hodge, caused widespread comment. Interest was enhanced by the pottery show in progress at the Coliseum, and this was made the text for the morning's sermon at the Auditorium.

shops wide open and display their goods on the sidewalks. Many of the children were in the class-rooms at Hull House, having Bible stories read to them by their teachers. And many elders were also present, for Sunday is a popular visiting day.

In all Chicago there is one magic and honored name—that of Jane Addams. She has devoted her life to settlement work. Graduated at Rockford College in Illinois, she made a study of sociological conditions in London, Paris and many other cities of Europe and was naturally fortified with a sympathetic and wide personal knowledge of conditions to be met in the Hull House settlement. One cannot visit Hull House and look upon the little children at their games or in the class-rooms without realizing how much good each individual in the world could do if he would only set about it, in the simple, modest and unselfish way that Jane Addams has taken up her great life work.

* * *

At 6.30 sharp, we visited the Sunday Evening Club. The audience came in early from all parts of the city, for Booker T. Washington was to speak. This work, ably supported by Chicago business men, and under the direction of Clifton Barnes, has proven very successful, although there is some complaint that it has drawn heavily from the membership of the suburban churches.

But there was an earnest and enthusiastic spirit, and the Sunday Evening Club is a movement fraught with great good, for the earnest addresses made by business men seem to appeal to the practical ideas of the Chicago people. Again it extends a warm welcome to strangers in the city. In the railway stations are posted notices of the place and hour of the services, with a cordial invitation to all.

In the evening we heard the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Oberhoffer. Here was MacDowell's music rendered with a reading that reflected the vigorous and staccato spirit of the Middle West. There were clashes and sudden contrasts, offset by dreamy pianissimos at the conclusions, which found the audience listening with bated breath. The success of this orchestra of young

men, many of whom are of foreign parentage, reflects the musical spirit of their fathers in symphonic orchestral work.

Now we walked over into the blare and glare of State Street, leading southward into the domain of the dime museums and moving picture shows with their whirling electric signs, which attract and draw tens of thousands of the tide of humanity that



MRS. JAMES M. CURLEY
The wife of Congressman Curley of Massachusetts

flows ceaselessly, night and day, up and down the thoroughfare of Chicago.

From the hurly-burly and glittering lights we turned away to seek the comparative quiet of the hotel.

This was how I enjoyed the "day of rest" in Chicago. Yet among all these shifting scenes I felt that the restless energy of the people as reflected on the Sabbath was an unmistakable indication of the six days of routine activity.

SOME twenty years ago Herr Arthur Nikisch was conductor of the famous Boston Symphony Orchestra. Born in Hungary in 1855, he is, perhaps, the most cosmopolitan musical conductor living today, as he is principal conductor of the Leipsic Gewandhaus Orchestra and of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. For many years he has been regarded as the world's greatest symphony conductor. Having made an impression in America that has continued unto this day, his return from Europe has been the occasion of a cordial greeting. He is now conducting the London Symphony Orchestra, which was established some years ago at Queen's Hall, London. He has made effective use of the exceptional richness and volume of string tones in his orchestra.

It has been a matter of interest to Americans that Herr Nikisch, with the complete London Symphony Orchestra, whose membership consists of one hundred musicians representing the best musical artists of the British Empire, is making a tour of the United States and Canada. This tour comprises thirty-one concerts from the eighth to the twenty-eighth of April, 1912. Among the cities to be visited are New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Wichita, Des Moines, Milwaukee, Detroit, Cleveland, Buffalo, Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal.

Herr Nikisch and the musicians of the London Symphony Orchestra are making this American tour by the gracious consent and under the patronage of His Majesty, King George V. Many members of the Symphony Orchestra are members of the private orchestra of the royal household in England, and under the leadership of Herr Nikisch they have made a profound impression.

The Duke of Connaught, Governor-Gen-

eral of Canada, will act as special patron for the London Symphony Orchestra, in the Dominion of Canada, upon its appearance in Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal, the three Canadian cities included in the itinerary.

Arthur Nikisch is a most interesting personality. For fifteen years his practical help and encouragement of American artists in Europe has indicated the intense friendliness he has always felt toward the country which bade him welcome in the early days of his musical career. His influence has had much to do with popularizing American musical work in Europe.

The appearance of the London Symphony Orchestra and the return of Herr Nikisch to America is in line with the activities of Manager Howard Pew, who for thirty years has been active in presenting to the American people the most distinguished musicians and organizations, including Patrick S. Gilmore, the United States Marine Band, John Philip Sousa, the Theodore Thomas Orchestra, the Strauss Orchestra of Vienna and the initial tour of Victor Herbert and his band, to say nothing of Creatore and his band.

The tour of the London Symphony Orchestra is one of the most pretentious un-

dertakings in the high class concert field attempted for many years. The visit of Nikisch to America with the London Symphony Orchestra is accounted the crowning event of the present season.

* * *

BEYOND all praise and comprehension were the sacrifices, sufferings and loyalty of American women during the Civil War, but the women of the South, to whose homes and firesides the agonies, fears and deprivations of the Lost Cause penetrated, presented to the world a courage and resource scarcely surpassed by the



HERR ARTHUR NIKISCH
The world's greatest symphony conductor. His American tour, as leader of the London Symphony Orchestra, has been a continuous triumph



THE GLORIFICATION BY THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA AND HER CHILDREN
OF THE WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY

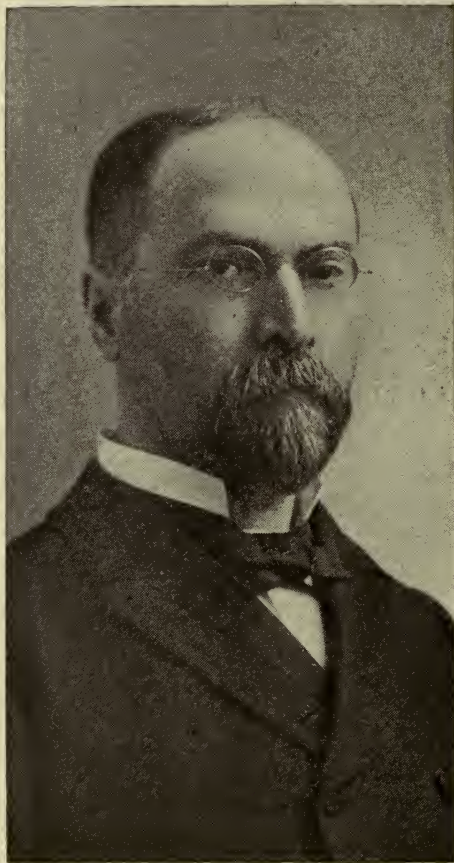
women of Carthage, who in the last hopeless siege gave their tender bodies to herculean labors and cut off their hair to furnish bow-strings and to construct military engines.

The state of South Carolina has of late symbolized the Southern woman of the last years of the struggle by a majestic lady seated in the Chair of State, yet wearing

the plain gown and head-dress of that era. She is evidently reflecting over the Bible from which she has just been reading, or on the past strifes and future fate of the people and state which she had loved so well. Behind, the Genius of the State presses forward to crown her with deserved honors, and on her left a winged boy rushes forward to strew flowers at her feet.

On her right a timid girl hesitatingly offers her tribute of flowers and bears on a scroll under the Great Seal of South Carolina the legend "Enacted by the General Assembly of South Carolina."

The figures symbolize the people of the State combining to honor the women of the Confederacy, and suitable inscriptions on



GENERAL JAMES T. McCLEARY
Former Congressman from Minnesota and a keen
student of financial science

the pedestal will explain how the men of the State, through the genius and chisel of the sculptor, F. W. Ruckstuhl, have continued to honor the women of the Lost Cause.

* * *

A RECENT speech on monetary matters by former Congressman James T. McCleary of Minnesota, now Secretary of the American Iron and Steel Institute,

is a public document, sought after by those who desire clear information in regard to American monetary affairs. Congressman McCleary has long been acknowledged one of the foremost students of financial science, and his speeches were the keynote of the sound money campaign of 1896. He demonstrates, beyond all doubt, the laxity of our present monetary system and shows how England, despite all the ups and downs of commercial depressions, has not suffered a panic since 1866, when her present methods were adopted. With facts and figures to prove his statements, General McCleary shows how France, struggling under the enormous indemnity of the Franco-Prussian War, and in spite of the terrible devastation of the country, has ever since been able to maintain a monetary system without the paralyzing effect of panics.

* * *

PUBLIC telephone booths have always been splendid "centers of observation" for the study of human nature. Have you ever noticed how in a row of booths most of the customers are sitting sideways, and have you ever studied the varied expressions along the line? There is a man who is evidently talking to his wife; in the next booth the young man with a downy moustache is talking to someone not yet his wife. Again there is a business man with his sharp, staccato voice and short, terse sentences, busy on a "hurry-up" order. The matinee girl is nervous about a belated appointment; her eyes are on the passing crowds while she asks the operator to "ring them again."

Delayed appointments! The American habit of laxity in keeping appointments has much to do with keeping the telephone wires busy.

At least half of this telephoning is occasioned by people having forgotten something. As the old messenger in uniform who stood at the row of booths remarked, "It's a good thing people have forgetters, so as to keep the telephones busy."

Now comes the sad-faced young man to make inquiry concerning the rate to a certain distant town. When he is given the terse reply, "Three dollars for three minutes," he stands aghast. "I'm afraid

I'm not on speaking terms with her at that price," he remarks as he hurries away. At this there is a smile from the man who is trying to hurry up his wife.

The patient little lady at the switch-board seems the only one who keeps her head. She rattles off "number, number," and "hello, hello," in rapid succession, with a dainty trill on the "r" whenever there is a number with "thrrree" in it.

At certain times of the day troubles seem to surge in, and this always seems to happen during rush hours. One demure little operator wished that the people "would have their telephone troubles at some other time than rush hours."

There are computations on the number of silver dollars it would take to reach the moon, of the number of books Carnegie could buy, and the number of mosquitoes killed last year in Texas, but no statistician has ever been brave enough to estimate the number of words spoken in a single day over American telephone wires.

* * *

FOR some years past the custom has been growing of observing the second Sunday in May in honor of mothers, living or dead. This beautiful custom was inaugurated and carried forward by Miss Anna Jarvis of Philadelphia until now it is observed in this and foreign lands. It was the outgrowth of a simple and loving sentiment toward her own mother, who had reared a large family and had endeared herself in the hearts of her children. After her mother's death Miss Jarvis felt that something ought to be done to afford a method of paying tribute to the mothers in all lands who have cared for children in innocent boyhood and girlhood and have taught them by example and precept to live useful lives.

Contrary to the usual celebration, Mother's Day is no anniversary of war's carnage or of political struggles, nor does it seek the homage of nations. It is universal—it centers upon the achievements of woman in her regal light of motherhood. Millions of grateful hearts are recognizing in loving memory their own mothers in special form and ceremony on this day. The supreme value and force of mother love, which in every clime and people

preserves and fosters the better feelings and nobler charities of humanity, are recognized alone and single-handed.

Miss Jarvis has written personal letters to the governors of the various states, many of whom issued special proclamations for the observance of this day. She found many illustrious and scholarly gentlemen ready with their co-operation and appreciation, and Hon. John Wanamaker appealed to the Sabbath Schools of Pennsyl-



MISS LILLIAN GRONNA
The daughter of Senator Gronna of North Dakota

vania to take this one day of the year in which "to honor the memory of the one who in most of our hearts comes next to the blessed Christ Himself."

When one realizes that all this great work has been carried on by one individual, it seems as if it is about time now for some others to step in and help carry the burden and expense.

It was none other than the genial Mark Twain who in his latter years said feelingly in reference to this day: "I do not know

how many more anniversaries of Mother's Day I will see, but on all those that I have remaining with me in this world, I will wear a white flower, the emblem of purity and my mother's love."

During the last few years the governors of many states and the mayors of leading cities have formally proclaimed and advocated the observance of Mother's Day and recommended as appropriate the wearing of a white carnation, which has been chosen as the emblem of the day's observance.



MISS ANNA JARVIS OF PHILADELPHIA
Founder of the Mother's Day movement

President Taft is honorary president of the Mother's Day International Association.

For those who cannot well secure the white flower, an official badge for the organization is furnished by Miss Jarvis from her home at 2031 North Twelfth Street, Philadelphia at a nominal cost.

The general observance of Mother's Day this year will be one of the greatest ever known, for the spell of a mother's devotion knows not race or clime, color of skin or limitation of caste or creed.

It is especially gratifying for the NATIONAL to publish each year the message

and reminder of Mother's Day, for it was in this periodical that Miss Jarvis carried her first magazine message: "Live the day as your mother would have you live it." That doesn't mean to be an earthly saint, but just to be the big boy or the big girl your mother still believes you to be.

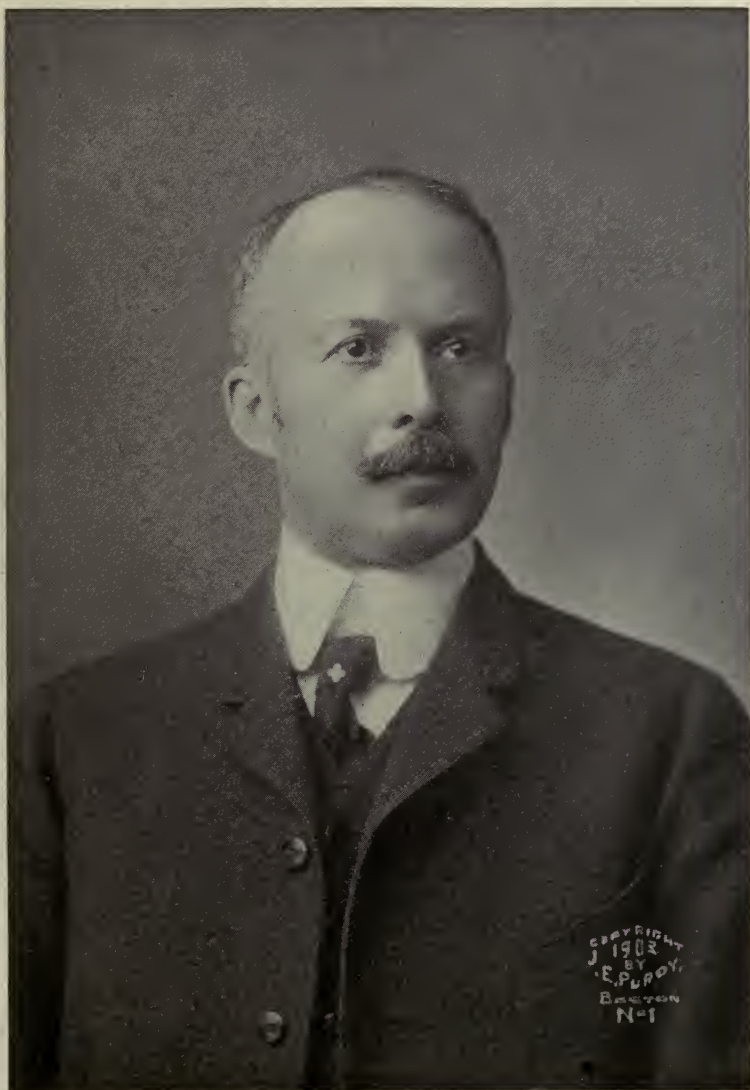
On Mother's Day the fathers and mothers are the guests of honor, or it is recommended that the grown-up children come home on that day, making every hour one of unalloyed pleasure. But if we cannot go home, or if the mother's name is graven on a stone in some churchyard, we can at least recall the many days of anxiety and the cheery acts of motherhood which she performed. Every true son and every true daughter will respond to the world-wide sentiment on that day, surging forth with full hearts and eyes when the tribute is given to the mothers. God bless them all!

* * *

THE towering form of the late Honorable David J. Foster, Congressman from Vermont, will be sadly missed at the east end of the Capitol. A man of rare and genial personality, scarcely a day passed that he had not some constituent or friend visiting him. He was always gracious, kind and considerate; his great voice rang out with the hearty cheeriness of the Green Mountain State, and his dark eyes would glisten with happiness as he related or listened to a story.

The congressional career of David J. Foster is one of honor and distinction. He had a prominent voice in party affairs during the years that the Republicans were in control of the House; and last summer he played an important part in the International Agricultural Conference at Rome. An ardent advocate of international peace, he had already been recognized as a leader in this great movement. Had he lived he would doubtless have taken a conspicuous part in the negotiations of the administration for arbitration treaties with foreign countries.

Ever since he came to Washington, I never failed of a friendly greeting from the tall Vermont congressman. An industrious, hard worker and an able speaker, he left a record of congressional service



THE LATE DAVID J. FOSTER OF VERMONT
WHOSE PASSING TERMINATES A NOTABLE CONGRESSIONAL CAREER

of which his state and the nation may well be proud.

David Johnson Foster was born in Barnet, Caledonia County, Vermont, in 1857. He was a lusty lad, tall for his years, and determined in early life to become a lawyer. He attended St. Johnsbury Academy, graduating in the centennial year. In 1880 he received his Dartmouth



MRS. TIMOTHY T. ANSBERRY

Wife of the Representative from Ohio. She is considered one of the most beautiful women in Washington

diploma and was admitted to the bar in 1883. From 1886 to 1890 he served as prosecuting attorney of Chittenden County, and from 1892 to 1894 he was a member of the State Senate from that county. He served on many national commissions and delegations previous to his election to the Fifty-seventh Congress and was re-elected by substantial majorities ever since.

An ardent lover of his native state, reflecting in his generous nature the strength and genial radiance of the hills among which he was born, and as solid in his beliefs and convictions as the famous marble quarries of Vermont, David Johnson Foster has left a rich heritage, in his active and useful public career, to his state and nation.

UNDER the pre-election spasm of economy, the Agricultural Appropriation Bill, which has just passed the House of Representatives, contains a reduction of more than one million dollars from the present appropriation for the Forest Service. The current appropriation of \$500,000 for building roads, trails and telephone lines is reduced to \$275,000, and the \$1,000,000 emergency fund for fighting forest fires has been cut to \$200,000. Mr. Gifford Pinchot, president of the National Conservation Association, has called public attention to the fact that



MISS DOROTHY DUNCAN GATEWOOD

The pretty daughter of the Navy Medical Inspector in an 1860 costume worn at the unique old-fashioned dance given by General and Mrs. Marshall at the Washington barracks

unless this cut is restored, it will mean serious interruption in the building of roads, trails, bridges and telephone lines needed to call and get men quickly to the fires; and that it may easily mean, through lack of emergency fund for actual fire fighting, great loss of lives and of timber.

Mr. Pinchot contends that such a sweeping cut should not be made in the face of the record of 1910, when seventy-nine fire fighters and twenty-five settlers were

burned to death in the national forests and twelve million dollars worth of timber was destroyed. The national forests, which constitute about two billion dollars' worth of public property, are in grave danger of even greater loss from fire.

The former forester insists that the protection of public property and of the lives of settlers, their wives and their children, as well as of the public servants within the national forests, lies close to the public welfare. The Agricultural Appropriation Bill will soon be brought before the United States Senate. Then the advocates of adequate appropriation

gressman, who had in his pocket a letter from home stating that his "fences" were in good condition, and that the boy scouts had received their new uniforms and were for him.

As long as the other fellow had not "got his goat," the joyous legislator intended to talk to these boys about their goat.



VISCOUNTESS CHINDA
Wife of the Ambassador from Japan

for the protection of the national forests will have their last opportunity to get this cut restored. Mr. Pinchot is exerting every effort toward this end and is as active in his interest for forest protection as when he held office.

* * *

THE boy was leading a goat down the Avenue in Washington, and there were other boys following, as boys usually do. Strolling along that way was a con-



SENORITA MARIA DEPENAS
Eldest daughter of the new Minister from Uruguay and Senora DePena. The young lady is among the popular debutantes of the season

"Well, my lads," he said in the benign tones of a man who has things coming his way, "what are you doing with the goat?"

"Why, we are leading the goat. He has just ate up a crateful of sponges."

"Sponges! Does he—er—have an appetite for sponges?"

"Dunno. But he just swallowed 'em."

"And where are you going to take him now?"

"We're going to take him down to the water trough and give him a drink."

"What do you think will happen?" said the congressman, amused.

"He'll swell up into the size of an investigating committee record, sure."

Our First Treaty with France

by Chauncey M. Depew

Former United States Senator from New York



THE interval of one hundred and twenty-four years between 1778 and 1912 comprises the best history of the world. It has contributed more to civil and religious liberty, to the elevation of peoples, to popular sovereignty, to advancement in the arts and sciences by invention and discovery, than all the preceding ages of recorded time.

We touch the button, and the cinematograph begins to develop the figures of the immortals. There pass in review Washington and Lafayette, Rochambeau and General Greene, De Grasse and John Paul Jones, while standing beyond are the French Foreign Minister de Vergennes and Benjamin Franklin preparing the treaty which made possible the independence of the American colonies and the creation of the republic of the United States.

We turn from the films of the cinematograph to the pages of history. All Europe at that time was governed by the principle of absolutism in the throne. In the American colonies the struggle for two years had been characterized by a succession of defeats for the patriots, the loss of the Atlantic seaboard, with New York and Philadelphia; the flight of the Continental Congress, to sit first in one village and then in another; the credit of the young nation hopelessly impaired, its currency worthless, its treasury empty, its munitions of war almost exhausted, and the army under Washington encamped at Valley Forge, the blood-stained tracks of the feet of the shoeless soldiers upon the snow illustrating the desperate state of affairs.

While the victory at Saratoga the year before had helped us with many conti-

mental nations and had greatly encouraged our people, yet without assistance from abroad, the revolution was practically ended. The story of nations as well as of individuals demonstrates that God in His infinite wisdom tries men by fire before entrusting them with power.

Said Lord North to Benjamin Franklin, our commissioner at that time in London, "How can so wise a man as you advise your countrymen to engage in this hopeless revolution when we have the power to burn down all your towns and destroy your industries?" Franklin answered, "My lord, all I possess in the world is in houses in those towns. You can set fire to them and burn them to the ground tomorrow, and you will only strengthen my determination to advise my countrymen to fight if you continue in your present policy."

That was the spirit which reached France and brought about the famous treaty of February, 1778. The effect of that treaty was extraordinary. The English cabinet heard of it and immediately sent proposals of the most liberal kind to Governor Tryon to be presented to the Continental Congress. The governor sent them to General Washington with a request that they be presented to Congress and also placed in the hands of every soldier in the army.

That was so transparent an effort to sap the patriotism of the Continental troops by the prospect of peace that Washington, confident on his side, wrote back to the governor, "Every soldier has a copy of your proposition and Congress is considering it." Congress said to Washington, "What do you advise?" Washington's answer was characteristic: "No negotiations

and no communications until the army and the fleet are withdrawn and our independence recognized."

* * *

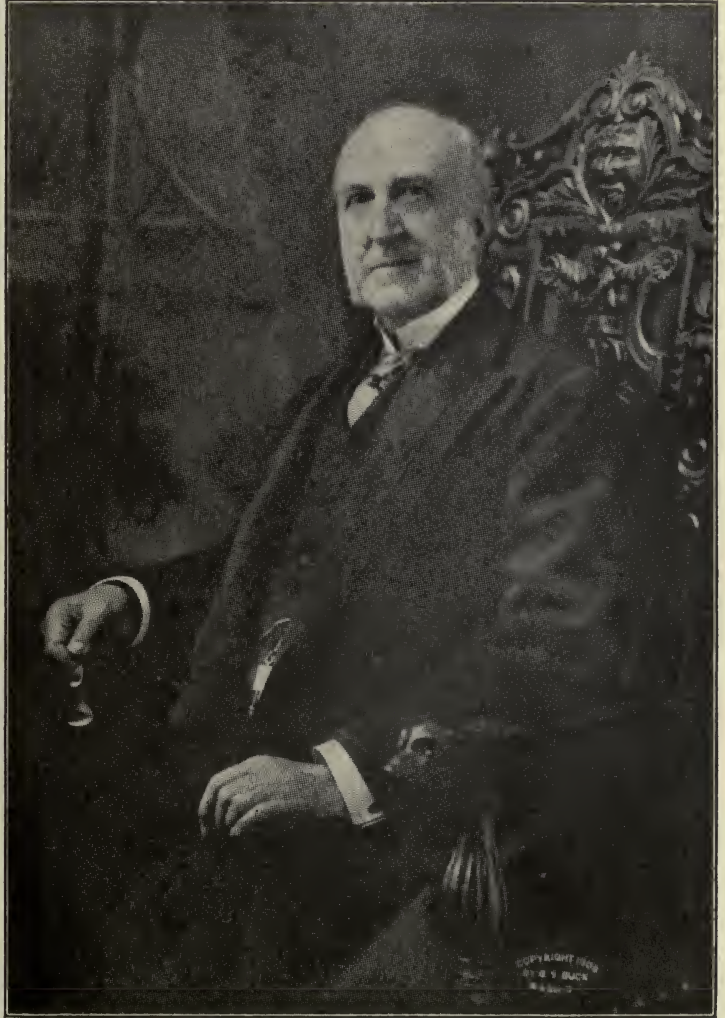
The treaty arrived and was immediately ratified by the Continental Congress. The French, under Count de Grasse, appeared in our waters and the French army, under Rochambeau, was soon afoot on our land. Munitions of war were furnished, and a credit supplied by France which brought the revolution to a successful close two years afterward.

Just now there is a wide spirit of agitation, fomented by flaming oratory, against leaders and organization. We are told that progress has been impeded, delayed and at times paralyzed by the reliance at different periods upon so-called great men. There is nothing new under the sun. It is only another picture, suited to another period, by a twist of the kaleidoscope with the same old glass inside.

We had in this very year, 1778, an experiment. It is known in history as the "Conway Cabal." It had its origin in hatred of the demonstrated superiority in every element of leadership of General Washington. It proposed to subject him to the referendum and recall. Its purpose was to put in his place General

Gates and a staff composed of the malcontents. Gates, as was proven when subjected to trial, was a monumental egotist of showy but not substantial ability.

The battle of Saratoga, which gave him his fame, had been won by the careful



HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW
The former United States Senator from New York

preparations of General Schuyler (who was removed by the machinations of Gates) and by the desperate bravery of Benedict Arnold. If the conspiracy had succeeded, and referendum and the recall had removed Washington and put Gates and Conway and Lee in supreme charge,

the nation's history would have been changed. But, happily, it failed, and the whole world now recognizes that there was one supreme leader who could have carried us safely through the revolution, and that was George Washington.

Our country has reached its present position of peace, power and happiness because trained statesmen have been deemed by our people to be better fitted to enact our laws with the deliberation, the study and experience which are the characteristics of representative government, than to have them made by the passion of the hour and the voice of the agitator willing to fire the Temple of Ephesus if it may lead to power and fame for himself.

But how came France, absolutely ruled by the aristocratic power, to give assistance at this critical hour to a revolt against kingly authority? Again comes to the mind the man of born leadership. This time it is the man of ideas. No man contributed so much to the creation of government as it is today than Jean Jacques Rousseau, a genius with marvelous gifts. His teachings proved no matter how wonderful the power or attractive the presentation of false ideas—

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
While error, wounded, writhes with pain.
And dies among its worshippers."

* * *

Rousseau caught on to the questioning spirit of the age and presented atheism in more fascinating garb than ever before, but the resistless force of the truths of Christianity crushed his crusade. He brought all his powers to the propagation of the doctrine of free love and the lack of obligation in the marriage tie, but the eternal foundation of the family remained unchanged. He proclaimed the truth, then unknown and unrecognized, that government can exist only by consent of the governed.

This was the dynamite which had lain dormant for ages. It led to the French Revolution, until it worked its way to the creation of republican France of today. The court of Louis, tired of frivolity and wearied of gayety, turned to this idea of Rousseau as a toy to give freshness

to fagged intellects and interest to vapid conversation. But in many minds it found lodgment even at the court and sent Lafayette to the United States. But there was another figure whose presence, whose equipment, whose marvelous sense, helped beyond description Rousseau's idea at the court, and that was Benjamin Franklin.

Printer, writer, statesman, Quaker, he is the most picturesque character of this period of revolution. The principle of non-resistance which lies at the foundation of the faith of the Quaker is often the most dangerous weapon of offense and defense. When Franklin, representing the colonies in London, was summoned before the privy council, Lord Widdeburne assailed him with abuse and ribaldry and insult, which was received by the peers in the privy council with loud shouts of laughter and approval.

* * *

Franklin, who had been doing wonderful work in the effort to reconcile the difference between the mother country and the colonies, and had met every rebuff with explanation of the conditions existing in America, which turned out afterward to be true, felt that he had this time been pressed beyond endurance. Instead of fighting or giving insult for insult he simply remarked that he had just bought a court suit, but he had never put it on and he would never wear it until he felt assured of the absolute independence of the colonies.

He went home and did more than any other man to bring the colonies together to act in unison for the creation of an independent government. He laid the suit away in camphor, but ten years afterward wore it at the French court in celebration of the treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, which had just been signed, and which assured the independence of the colonies.

Franklin was welcomed by the philosophers, then popular at court, because he was the discoverer of electricity and had brought lightning from the clouds. He was welcomed by the ladies of the court because, though seventy years of age, he was himself a dynamo of resistless attraction. The young wits made fun of him;



J. J. JUSSERAND, THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR
WRITER, POET, SCIENTIST AND EDUCATOR. ONE OF FRANCE'S GREATEST MEN

the young litterateurs caricatured him; the fops made him the butt of their sallies at the suppers and over the wine, but found to their amazement that this man of three score and ten in the tournament of love had unhorsed them all, and all the women were anxious to receive from him the crown of love and beauty.

* * *

Franklin, the printer's apprentice, found his reward and fame in his own time and,



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Whose fearless statements brought about our first treaty with France

illustrating the dynamic power and resistless force of the idea which we are considering, Bunyan, the tinker, after more than a century, goes from Bedford jail to Westminster Abbey.

Now I stated there was nothing new under the sun. The Continental Congress were so elated by the treaty and the arrival of the French forces by land and sea that they turned aside from the war measures which had been their sole occupation, to send this message to the legislatures of

the several states on October 12, 1778, advising them to take measures for the suppression of theatrical entertainments, horse racing, gaming and such other diversions as were producing idleness, dissipation and general depravity of principles and manners.

It is needless to say that none of the legislatures acted upon this advice. General Washington, after he retired from the presidency, left Mount Vernon to attend a horse race in Philadelphia at which he had entered one of his blooded steeds. Theatrical entertainments are now more popular than ever, but gaming has been placed under the ban of the law, and, in our state, horse racing was abolished two years ago.

Eloquence has been exhausted and poetry has received its finest inspiration in portraying the heroism of La Tour D'Auvergne, the first grenadier of France, who fell on his one hundredth battlefield, having won as a private soldier the title of the bravest of the brave. He won more—a decree that forever at the rollick his name should be called and a sergeant should step forward and say, "Dead upon the field of honor."

Every American schoolboy knows the story of the horrors of that winter of famine and of cold at Valley Forge. The spring and summer make of that beautiful valley a paradise on earth. The first French treaty was ratified on the second of May by the Congress, and on the sixth it was celebrated at Valley Forge by the continental army with a grand banquet, the army having come out of the winter of despair into the bright sunshine not only of hope, but of certainty through the friendship of France.

* * *

The feasts in these days began at 12 or 3 o'clock, and that for a century afterward was the dinner hour in the United States in the best circles. There were toasts and speeches. They could afford to waste ammunition in salute, because plenty was coming from France. At 5 o'clock Washington retired with his staff.

The cheers followed him for a quarter of a mile and were frequently returned by the commander-in-chief and the officers wheeling about and responding with cheers.

The shouts of the army and the toasts of that day have, happily, been preserved. The first responded to with the wildest enthusiasm was "Long live the King of

could, the friendship and good-fellowship between the people of his country and the people of the country to which he is accredited. The ambassador generally represents his period in his own land.

In Washington's time France sent here Citizen Genet; in our day, Ambassador Jusserand. Citizen Genet represented the



"THE BATTLE OF MENIN"

One of the paintings presented by Ambassador Jusserand to the District of Columbia; the original is the work of the father of Major L'Enfant, the designer of the plans of Washington

France," "Long live friendly European Powers," "Hussa! for the American States," and then, the whole army rising, "Long live General Washington!"

* * *

The ambassador is the representative not only of his government but of his people. He has the power, and if he possesses the ability he promotes, as the cold type of the formal message never

spirit of the terror in the French Revolution. He proceeded to stir up the country by speeches at banquets and town meetings in favor of an alliance with France against Great Britain in the long journey that he made before he arrived at Philadelphia and presented his credentials.

He demanded of Washington an alliance, offensive and defensive, and a declaration of war against Great Britain.

Washington saw that such an act at that time, with France fully engaged in a battle with all Europe, would only lead to forces coming over from Canada and ships entering our ports when our young republic had no money, very little credit and had been exhausted by the Revolutionary War. But the memory of the friendship of France stirred up popular enthusiasm for Citizen Genet's proposition.

* * *

When he found Washington could not be moved, he tried a referendum to the American people and a recall. If at that time these two propositions had been in existence there is no doubt but what by an enormous majority war would have been declared against England, an alliance would have been made with the leaders of the French Revolution and Washington would have been recalled from the presidency and the most violent of men placed in the presidential chair.

However, the referendum and recall had not then materialized into laws and Washington summarily dismissed the minister by demanding his immediate recall. Within six months the whole country, with greater unanimity even, had recovered from the craze which Citizen Genet had created and stood solidly behind the policy of General Washington.

A living memorial of President Taft's administration will be the arbitration treaties he so happily conceived. For their acceptance, the President has had no more efficient co-worker than the French ambassador.

May it be the good fortune of France and the United States to always have at Washington such an ambassador! May the celebration of the first treaty between the United States and France be followed by the passage by the Senate at some early day of a treaty of perpetual arbitration with France!

MOTHER'S DAY

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

LET us set aside a day for mother,
In the rush and stress and strain of the year;
Let us strive and vie with one another
To wipe from her cheeks careworn every tear,
And to summon instead a smile of cheer.

Today let us wear for her sweet posies
Who gave us in anguish the gift of life;
Let us garland her bright with fairest roses
And shield her gently from jar and from strife—
Let us rally around with kisses rife!

Space let us take from our toil and scheming
To wander in spirit back to the time
When God and mother above our dreaming
Watched tenderly while raindrops made soft rhyme,
And the breast of the young gave chime for chime.

Back let us go to the wonder olden—
To blossoms and trees and the whippoorwill,
Where mother waits in the sunlight golden,
And the moil and the toil of earth is still,
And the heart of peace has its perfect will!

THE MINOR CHORD



CHAPTER XXVIII

CHE American tour was soon finished. It was one of those lulls in life which leave a blank behind in memory. It was simply a dull routine—in and out of those handsome hotels, of which only the United States can boast. What luxury is spread before the traveler! What exquisite decorations in dark corners and corridors never seen or appreciated!

Another year, and I was to make the great test of my powers in Wagner's opera at Bayreuth. I continued my study of the German language, the verbs and genders still puzzling me. There seemed nothing musical in the guttural tones of the German tongue. Of course I had many callers and made many new acquaintances, but I was too much absorbed in my work to appreciate it all. There are times when our energies wax and wane, and in one of the consequent lulls I met the Hon. David J. Hendershot, a young member of Congress. He was a keen, typical American, always entertaining and interesting. He told me at various times the story of his life, and I found his early struggles were something similar to my own.

"We have to seize opportunity by the forelock and play upon human nature as upon a harp," he mused one day. "Do you know, we have a reflection of European aristocracy in America?"

"No," I replied warmly. "Our only aristocracy in America is Merit. A man

must win distinction in letters, politics, music, art, journalism, or even make money before he is recognized as distinguished. Merit is our only royalty."

"You did not include the distinguished notoriety acquired by any fool of a crank. No," he continued, "you only know America generalized; I know it particularized. My first political success was due to the fact that I was the member of numerous lodges and civic societies."

"And you have ridden those horrid society goats?" I broke in.

"Yes; you know it is a rage with us. We have hundreds of different secret societies whose mission may be social or benevolent; and the tinsel and display of the Sir Knights of the Beanpole in lodge rooms and on public occasions indicate that humanity even in America has a love for the flash of royal robes and diadems. Nowadays there is not an American who does not belong to from one to a dozen of these societies and lodges. We all wear buttons in our coat lapels and emblems of our degree. Even a hod-carrier may be a Sir Knight or a High Royal Bumper in some secret organization. It is a great age of societies with us, and we all have some hobby which holds our interest and in which we usually hold office."

"Now, you are not telling lodge secrets?" I asked.

"Oh, no, I am only taking a general view. Even our labor organizations invest their leaders with jewels and arbitrary

power, perhaps modified by the action of a committee. I confess I am beginning to believe it would be best to take to the monarchical form of government and be done with it."

"And you a member of Congress! For shame!" I said.

"Yes, but we must face facts and not theories. The absorption in making money and the tremendous prosperity of the working classes for some years past has bred discontent, which is fanned by the agitators. The men all want to be masters; the strife is not so much a question of wages as it is an outburst against caste mingled with envy and jealousy on both sides. In politics we are taught to always plead for the workingman in legislation. Well enough! We must look to their interests, but have they not just as much human greed as—"

"Yes, but the poor man is made to feel the sting of poverty by the wealthy, who flaunt their diamonds in his face, thinking that everything is purchasable—"

"It is," he broke in. "Why do you struggle? For money! Why do the streets throng with people selling matches, fruit, shoe-strings? Why does the merchant fill his windows with rich displays of his wares? Why do the railroads spend millions for franchises and special legislation—trusts absorb all competition? To make money."

"You are too severe. Don't you know there are human motives aside from these? I never thought of salaries when I studied art. Music was my ambition."

"You looked forward to a condition brought about as a result of the money earned—when you could—you could—marry."

"Perhaps," I replied reflectively.

"Yes, money was the medium to accomplish all this. Gold has been the god of humanity since the days of the children of Israel, when they worshipped the golden calf. We worship it for what it affords."

"Yes, but it brings little happiness," I said.

"That's the philosophic way of putting it, but we all want it just the same."

"You seem to forget that there is such a thing as pure, self-sacrificing love in the gamut of human affection."

"Oh, no," he continued, laughing. "It breaks out occasionally, but there is always a motive at the back of it—nearly always."

"You are soured, I am afraid, and I think you do not realize that every human heart has its good impulses. If distress occurs in one part of our country, how quickly the people respond to relieve the sufferings! If all human misery were actually realized by those able to relieve it, there would be little want. It is because we are in ignorance and do not comprehend—"

"And that ignorance is studied," he broke in. "People put cotton in their ears. Philanthropy is a profession. It becomes a rivalry of some sort or another. Of course we must applaud it, but to me there is more philanthropy in a kind word, sincere sympathy, than in a gorgeous display of patronizing gifts."

"How about your secret societies?" I asked.

"There we have philanthropy developed in the highest degree," he said warmly. "We look to our brothers as brothers, and assist them under an oath-bound secrecy."

It was no use my trying to convert him, but his eyes emphasized every word with a sincerity that was captivating.

We had many talks together, and although his ideas sometimes vexed me, he was always interesting. In fact, he "happened" in several different cities where I had engagements.

During my last week in New York he wrote me a letter stating that his reelection was now hanging in the balance and that he was in the midst of a heated campaign. The following day he came in quite unexpectedly.

"Madame Helvina, I am defeated—I am a bankrupt politician!" he exclaimed.

"Why, the election does not occur till next week," I replied.

"Yes, but I leave this afternoon for the final hopeless struggle. My opponent is a wealthy man. True, he has no education, nor experience in legislative matters, but he has money. I find his handiwork everywhere; even those working men for whom I feel so much have deserted me. His funds have been well distributed

among them. He is a successful business man, and his money floats his name everywhere."

"Perhaps you are prejudiced?" I suggested.

"No," he insisted. "It is not the man, but the money, that will defeat me. His ignorance is boasted of as being one reason why he is in sympathy with the working-man. He has founded libraries and schools and spent thousands in philanthropy to win this election. He is linked with rich people who have legislative interests to be looked after."

"Well, you can live without going to Congress," I said sympathizingly.

"Yes, but if I had been re-elected I was going to ask you to—to marry me."

The audacity of the proposal rather startled me.

"I am afraid there may be a 'motive' at the back of this," I replied, using his favorite words.

"Don't taunt me," he cried pleadingly. "Philosophy is one thing, love is another."

"You think I must marry political success, then?"

"Yes; all women like success—and successful men."

"You don't know a woman's heart," I replied seriously.

"No, that's what I'm trying to find out," he replied.

Just then Mrs. Campbell entered, and our *te-te-a-te* was over. He left soon after, with only ten minutes in which to catch his train.

In less than an hour Howard came into the room.

"Next week we sail for Europe," he said.

"Yes," I replied meekly.

"You've had many proposals to marry. Is Hendershot on the list?" he asked ironically.

"Perhaps."

"Now, Helvy," he continued, using his favorite title, "there's no use in my holding back any longer. Have I served you well?"

"Howard, I can never repay you; you're not going to leave me?"

"No, Helvy; I never want to leave you. That is the trouble. I want you to let me love you; I want you to be my wife."

I turned away and broke into tears. Two proposals in an hour!

"Howard, I can never marry."

"Do you love—"

"I cannot marry; I am wedded—wedded to my art."

"Yes, but there is another reason," he continued.

How could I tell him the truth? My poor Bob—a husband in the air—or where?

"No," I said pleadingly. "Don't, Howard—don't make me more miserable than I am."

"Then I ought to leave you, Helvy. I have worked and loved you, trembling lest you might forget your wedded art and marry another. Promise me, Helvy you will not marry unless for love."

"I do promise, Howard. But you will not leave me?"

"Well, if we can't be married, my life is yours. I'll be your father or guardian or—" he said.

"Be my big brother," I said earnestly.

And there was no gushing foolishness about Howard.

The week after we sailed for Europe to take a short holiday in Switzerland before commencing our work.

The parting scene on the pier did not impress me as on my first voyage; it had lost its novelty and there is never the same keen observation the second time. As we passed the swinging bell-buoy at Sandy Hook it still echoed the Minor Chord.

CHAPTER XXIX

One of the most fortunate things of my life was the going to Switzerland when I did. It was merely chance; but on the heights of the Righi, at sunrise, as I was awakened by the long-sustained notes of the Alpine horn, it was revealed to me where Richard Wagner had received his inspiration for the opening scenes of "Parsifal." The first act of the opera brings to mind that awe-inspiring vision of dawn on the Alps.

Clad in his leathern cap and fantastic red blouse, the herdsman gave his thrilling refrain.

Again it sounded. Then he gave a screech in falsetto, followed by the Alpine song, which echoed down the valley.

The first glance through the window seemed like a dream of heaven. The soft, delicate purple haze bathed the landscape very tenderly; Nature's great night veil was about to be lifted. The moon shone clearly in the zenith, as if loth to leave the clear steel-blue sky. The snow-capped peaks in the distance were so mingled with clouds that it was difficult to distinguish the celestial from the terrestrial, but the snow had a grayish tinge, and even its purity faded beside the spotless white of the clouds.

We gathered on the topmost peak with half-opened eyes. Scarcely a word was spoken; all were drinking in the grandeur of the scene. Beneath, the great mountains were sleeping under a coverlet of fleecy, floating clouds. In the valleys, a sea of mist hid the blue waters of Lower Zug from view. On the distant crags, overhanging a precipice, the little Swiss chalets seemed to be sleeping like birds on the branch. Old Sol's first glow appeared between two jagged peaks: first a soft mellow pink, then spears of crimson shot out, as if sentinels to announce his coming. Slowly and majestically the deep red sphere rose from behind the twin peaks to awaken distant Pilatus from slumber. Black, horizontal bars of cloud shot across his face, giving him a fiery red-purple glow of anger as he pushed through the dark obstruction in his path. One could almost see the earth revolve while the heavens stood still. The great orb changed color till its dazzling disc glistened with intensely white purity. Another bank of gloomy clouds above and the great monster seemed to shake himself as if to bore his way through; when they met the fiery purple tinge of anger again was seen like sparks from Jove's flint. The clouds and mists scattered before his piercing rays, and like a blazing chariot he continued his way through the heavens.

The shadows of the mountains clung to the dark purple peaks on the other side. They were soon dissolved by the glow of soft virgin light that seemed to playfully chase them down the valley and give each peak its morning bath of golden sunshine.

How close we seemed to Divinity and to God! Here was where Wagner caught

his inspiration and here the Finite and Infinite seemed to touch.

Describe it? No, we can only feel it. Art does not exaggerate; no colors on canvas can approach its regal splendor. How that sunrise lives in my memory! It was an inspiration I can never forget.

The next day, in Lucerne, at breakfast, I read the following paragraph in a London paper:

"**STARTLING DISCOVERY.**—What seems to be the remains of a balloon and two men were found recently on the south side of the Wetterhorn by Alpine climbers. It is supposed to be the remains of a scientific expedition made some six years ago in an effort to climb the Alps with a balloon, which has never been heard from since."

Could this be Bob? I started at once to find out the real truth. What suspense it was, as I pictured poor Bob's dead face! His lonely fate haunted me.

I arrived at Grindelwald and made known my mission. At first I was regarded with suspicion. The remains had been brought down to this romantic little village, and were kept in the back room of a carpenter's shop till the inquest should be held. How I trembled as I entered! Was I alone with my dead? Only two skeletons and the ragged remains of a silk balloon! No rings or jewelry had been found. I tried in vain to find the least clue, and yet I felt that one of those skeletons was that of my husband. While I sat there as a mourner over the crumbling remains, two Germans came in.

"That's the balloon," said one, as they examined it closely.

Among the effects found was a watch which I had not noticed, and the other German picked it up and looked at it minutely.

"Yes, this is his watch," he continued, "there is no doubt now."

I looked up in surprise. Did they know Bob?

"Who are they?" I asked breathlessly.

"Jean Valing and Jacob Stransen, madame. They left us six years ago and there is no doubt now as to their identity."

"Was not one of them an American?" I asked anxiously.

"No, both Germans."

"But might not one of them have been an American?" I persisted.

"No, they were both known to me from childhood. I remember well when they started on this fatal journey to make scientific observations on the Wetterhorn."

They seemed to be quite satisfied that they had established the identity of their friends, and took charge of the remains. It was not Bob. Had not that balloon returned to earth?

Had I only a phantom husband?

Oh, what a dream I had that night! Bob appeared to me with his aerial car clad in a pure white robe and took me away, up—up—we went. The heights of Righi and Pilatus faded away; the earth seemed like a rolling ship, fighting among cloudy waves in a sea of space. We sailed on and on, and I begged him to return to earth. He shook his head and pointed to the great blinding sun and said with that old boyish, reliant look: "Hark, Minza, our wedding chimes are sounding."

He took me in his arms and kissed me—a husband's kiss—I awoke.

The chimes still echoed in my ears. From earth came that Minor Chord mingling with the enraptured symphonies of heaven.

CHAPTER XXX

The next month found us at Bayreuth, hard at work with rehearsals. The sleepy old Bavarian village has little claim to distinction except for its associations with the great composer. The little old gray houses and narrow streets; the old Opera House, with its weather-worn statues, and the Town Hall and Cathedral, the canal with its bridges—all these things group themselves together in our memory. What a thrill it gave me when I first passed the house of Wagner! The white bust of King Ludwig II, his patron, occupies the position of honor in front of the house. The garden behind, with its gravel walks, seemed charming. In these grounds Wagner walked, or sat and wrote. The square brick house and the house at one side are plain and unpretentious. At the back of them is Wagner's grave.

I did not visit it that day. Every night—even before and after the opera—the

city resounded with voices rehearsing Wagner's score. It is not like singing the simple song melody, and ballad, where the first sixteen measures represent the theme varied with a minor strain, so that you can follow it with impromptu accompaniments. Wagner requires an accompanist who must be quite as much of an artist as the singer.

The spirit of Wagner pervades everything at Bayreuth. His portrait and bust are to be found in every home. The children are taught his music as soon as they lisped. His son is regarded with all the fervor and adoration of a royal prince.

At one o'clock the carriages begin to go to the Opera House. It is built on a hill—a short distance from the town—a square, plain building of brick and stone, in which the stage occupies more room than the auditorium. It was built primarily for the production of opera rather than for hearing it. The orchestra and director are hidden from the audience beneath a large canopy in front of the stage, and can only be seen by the singers.

At four o'clock the trombones announce, with that German bugle-call which seems like an unfinished musical phrase, the time for beginning. The audience remain standing until the lights are lowered, and the clatter of seats being let down sounds like a volley of musketry—followed by a breathless silence in the darkness that is almost deathlike. A long pause, then the slow, sustained notes are heard with an ever-increasing crescendo.

The solemnity of the scene makes it seem like a service of worship. The chords gather tenderly and gently—then a crash, and the wild rush of passion, reminding one of the lonely forest scene, breathing and touching nature's own mantle. The peal of thunder, the roar of rushing waters, the gentle rustle of leaves, the gleam of peaceful sunlight, are all woven into a rich symphony.

My mind was taxed to keep close to those puzzling musical phrases, to know where to commence and finish a tone, or to hold the key given by the orchestra as they dashed on to the next movement. The cue to the note always seemed contrary to what was expected; to plunge into space for a perilous accidental—it

required every nerve, but I loved it; it was exhilarating and stimulated me to my best efforts.

My interpretation of Wagner's vocal score at last obtained the approval of the German critics who had been so severe in their previous criticisms.

My great musical ambition was now achieved, and I had conquered in my favorite *role*. Yet in the supreme moment, with encomiums of praise ringing in my ears, my heart ached with loneliness—the echo of that Minor Chord was still present. Elsa's plaintive feelings seemed my own.

Nearly every day I was visited by ambitious American girls asking me for advice as to a musical career. How I loved their bright, fresh faces, and what pangs of regret I felt that they should desire to give up their young lives for fame and sacrifice the contented serenity of happy wifehood and motherhood!

As if in contrast to these girls, a poor woman, once a famous stage celebrity—a popular *danseuse* in Paris—came to me for help. My heart bled for her; she reminded me of Lila and poor Mr. Bluffingame, and with Mrs. Campbell's help I did what I could for her.

The only relaxations from the serious atmosphere of that engagement were the visits of a young American newspaper man who came to interview me. He was rather homesick at first, and told me of his mother, and this touched my heart, and we became good friends at once. He recalled incidents in my career—the “cooing-dove” passage in “The Creation”—the red Elizabethan dress I wore at Chicago. He pleaded for “features” to make his “copy” bright and breezy, even asking me outright if I hadn't a love episode or two that I could spare, as he thought my stage biography was rather tame and abbreviated.

He little thought how his questions pained me, but his open, honest face reminded me of a brother at home, and I could not resent his curiosity.

“And you were never married?” he asked.

“I had rather say nothing. This printed slip contains my biography,” I replied, trying to evade his direct questions.

“But I want some fresh stuff. Surely you've had some love affairs—why, I've had seven already and I'm not married yet!”

The impudent little rascal! But his *naïveté* fascinated me. As he left he looked straight into my face and said:

“Madame Helvina, I adore you, but I shall have that love story yet.”

The festival passed like a dream, and Mrs. Campbell had taken such excellent care of me that I had not missed an engagement, and had only been in poor voice once or twice.

On the last day, as I gazed out of the dressing-room window at the throng of people gathered in front of the Opera House, and overlooking the beautiful valley, chequered with fields of ripening grain, I was sad, and could not help regretting that my work there was over. The Festival had been an inspiration to me that will last through life.

At dusk, the evening before I left Bayreuth, I visited for the first time the tomb of Richard Wagner. Enclosed by tall iron railings was a simple mound of earth, surmounted by a plain slab of granite. On the four sides the ivy clambered as if to protect the silent sleeper. White lilies drooped their pure blossoms at each corner. The sun had sunk behind the Opera House, which seemed to be Richard Wagner's real monument. The twilight gathered softly, and I felt as if in a vast cathedral.

From this spot can be seen, through a thicket of small trees, the summer house in which he used to work. Their lengthening shadows seemed like silent sentinels in the watches of the night.

As I stood in meditation, the sky had clouded; suddenly, the lightning flashed, the rustle of leaves quickened with the stirring breeze, a crash of thunder pealed in terror as a climax, and died away with soft diminuendo down the valley. Here the great composer caught his inspiration, always in soulful communion with Nature. He caught the very breath of the whirlwind.

Great raindrops began to fall, and I reluctantly turned to leave with the *adagio finale* of “Parsifal” coming to me faintly:

“Beloved Saviour,
Blessed Redemption.”

He was at rest, and his heart's yearning was satisfied. The storm and tempests of mortal life had passed forever, and he had joined in the heavenly symphonies, which have revealed the mysteries of earth.

"Speak no more of his renown,
Lay your earthly fancies down,
God accept him, Christ receive him!"

CHAPTER XXXI

"My dear Helvy, your position is secure. Three offers for engagements are here awaiting your acceptance," said Howard as he entered my room hurriedly one morning.

"Where are they from, Howard?" I inquired eagerly.

"One from Paris and one from New York—"

"And the third?"

"Mine," he said laughing.

The silly fellow! he had proposed again, but I was becoming used to it.

"The third is out of the question, and I propose we go to Brussels as arranged."

It was at Brussels that I met my old friend, Arundel Sunderland, the composer. We had formed a platonic friendship a year or so before. He was a charming man, a clever composer, and a bachelor well seasoned into the forties.

"I am so glad to see you," he said, as we shook hands, "and I hope I may see much of you during your stay here."

Howard had arranged various interesting excursions for me, but he did not look very pleased when Arundel joined us nearly every day.

"By the way, Madame Helvina," said Arundel one day, "I have just finished the score of my first grand opera, 'Evangeline,' and I have created the title *role* for you. Will you honor me by undertaking the task?"

This was, indeed, gratifying to me. He described to me in detail the scene, the plot and action, and whistled some of the arias to give me an idea of the theme, which made me eager to try it for myself.

Arundel was so absorbed in his work that he could think and talk of nothing else.

First impressions are difficult to dissipate. When I heard the opening measures of "Evangeline," my opinion was formed.

The harmony was certainly massive, but—could I tell him?—it was but an echo of Wagner with a reflection of Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet." The title *role* was simply unsingable, and I tried my best to pour soul into it, but the opera was too much of a polished imitation of the great masters to give play for a finished and original conception. It lacked inspiration and continuity, and seemed more of a compilation of chords than a composition.

"How do you like it?" he asked breathlessly, his black eyes sparkling.

"I have hardly given it a fair trial yet," I replied, trying to evade the question.

"But you will help me to bring it out?"

"Thank you, I will try, and indeed I feel grateful to you for the honor you do me."

"I had you in my mind, madame, as I wrote every measure."

I hardly knew how to tell him the truth. In light opera he was clever and a hard worker, and his triumph would undoubtedly come some day in grand opera, but it was hardly to be found in the score of "Evangeline."

I rehearsed and rehearsed, but it was of no use. It seemed like an operatic millstone. I tried to express this to him, but I could not make him understand.

"And you will take the title *role*?" he persisted one day, after I had wearied myself with the unsingable score.

"I am afraid," I said hesitatingly.

"Don't desert me now," he pleaded, almost passionately.

"Well, I will do my best for you, but—"

"Many thanks for that kind assurance, Madame Helvina," he replied. "With you, I know my opera will be safe."

In a few weeks we were in the midst of the final rehearsals. Little do the public realize the immense amount of real hard work and drudgery required to stage a new opera.

The first night arrived.

The overture began. My nervousness increased, as even the opening song was unmanageable. The love-making of the first act passed off smoothly enough, excepting for a few blunders of the "prop" man, and that when one of the "boats" refused to float majestically, the pit and gallery were amused. In the second act, during a pathetic search for missing

Gabriel, I did try so hard to make music of the score, but just at the most unfortunate time the tenor broke on his high C and there was confusion. I rallied the chorus on the *ensemble*, but felt that the opera had failed.

With a flush of excitement Arundel came to me after the *finale*.

"Madame Helvina, I can never thank you enough; you have carried the opera," and he led me before the curtain to receive the acknowledgments of the audience, who were indulging in the usual first-night applause.

But I felt that the opera was a failure.

The critics next morning thoroughly confirmed my fears; they said I was unequal to the *role* and that my voice was rapidly failing. The opera had only a short run as the managers were panic-stricken. It was rather an inglorious sequel to my continental success.

Howard was furious and had no sympathy for Arundel, who was rather crushed.

"I will make them regret it yet," hissed Arundel. "If it were not for you, I should not care, but you sacrificed yourself for me."

"Oh, no, no," I protested. "We must expect ups and downs and be ready to make sacrifices."

"Would you make another sacrifice for me?"

"What is that?" I inquired.

"Will you be my wife? You surely intend to retire from the stage some day? Let us live together for the divine art, and—"

"It can never be," I broke in excitedly.

This seemed to rather startle him.

"Why?"

"I shall never marry."

"Let us always be friends, then," he said softly, "and forget what I have said."

"Thank you," I replied, "I cannot afford to lose my friends," and I gave him my hand.

"You will remain my life's inspiration," he said earnestly.

CHAPTER XXXII

During the following weeks I was quite surprised by a visit from the young American newspaper man whom I had met at Bayreuth.

"Madame Helvina, I've an awfully good love story, and—" he exclaimed as a greeting.

"Why, when did you arrive?"

"This morning, madame, and the article would be just right if you'd only allow me a wee bit of romance to work up. I can fix it. Please do." His eyes danced with real delight and enthusiasm.

"No, my boy, my life is my own. You must not deceive—"

"Yes, but I've a corker—better than stolen diamonds—or getting married—or a divorce—it's a husband in the air!"

I paled under his glance. Did he know the real truth? I must know.

"What nonsense have you in your head now?" trying to speak unconcernedly. "Come and have tea with me tomorrow, I cannot stay to talk now."

After he had gone I wondered what had suggested the idea to him.

During this engagement the first real trouble between the rival prima donnas, of whom I was one, occurred. Quarrels behind the scenes may furnish good newspaper gossip, but to me they are most revolting, and I had hitherto successfully avoided them. The most insignificant trifles often lead to the most serious disputes.

"I will not sing with Helvina." It was Marie Almster talking to the manager in my hearing. Hoping to avoid a quarrel, I paid no attention to her remarks. "She has snubbed me and has talked too much," she continued.

"But you are not spiting her, but injuring me," protested the manager.

"Well, you ought to know better than to sign with that American upstart. She thinks herself too fine and comes of a low servant family."

I could stand it no longer.

"The young lady will not have the opportunity of singing with me," I interposed sarcastically.

"What! and you, too, Madame Helvina!" gasped the manager.

"Yes, I will sing an extra solo, and you can cut the duet in the concert program."

"But it will be too much of a strain on your voice," he suggested.

"Never mind; the program shall not suffer by this unfortunate affair."

"This is not the end, Madame Helvina,"

said the little German lady, looking at me fiercely.

It was only an ordinary stage quarrel, but somehow the threat of Marie Almster worried me.

The events of the day had put me in a most miserable frame of mind, and when I arrived home a cablegram was handed me. Another offer for an American engagement! thought I, as I tore it open, but instead of that the cruel message met my eyes:

"Tod died this morning—buried Wednesday.
MAXWELL."

As the broken arc of the little home circle appeared to me in my grief, empty and vain seemed my struggle for fame. Tod, Tod! how his face haunted me, as I lingered in memory over the last time I had seen him!

I longed to be at home to comfort mother in her deep sorrow.

"No," came the cruel demands of business. "Your engagements must be fulfilled."

Only a few hours alone to mourn a dead brother in a distant land! How every scene at that death-bed was pictured, and how vividly it brought back memories of little Joe—one more grave on the hill!

My eyes, red from weeping, were covered with powder that night as I threw myself into my task with an aching heart.

The minor passages were in tune with my heart, as in fancy I was back in that grief-stricken household.

My lips were sealed to all but Mrs. Campbell, who had, indeed, proved herself "a true mother" to a wandering singer, and had decided to travel with me.

"I must return to America at once, Howard," I said one day.

"My dear Helvy, we are just on the point of signing the greatest contract you have ever had. Surely—"

"Howard, I must go," I said firmly.

"That's the way it goes!" he said in a disappointed tone of voice. "One can never reckon on women."

I was determined. It was one of those times when we feel that the whole world is as nothing compared with our loved ones.

"Very well, then, we'll sail next week," he finally assented.

The last evening I appeared in opera before sailing Marie Almster sang with me. In a quarrel scene she actually became in earnest and bit my arm savagely. I screamed out in pain (and it was not a musical note either) and rushed off the stage. The director was thunderstruck, and it looked as if the opera would fall in a crash during that duet. Gene Paroski, who sang that night, was waiting his cue in the wing, and saw what had happened and took in the situation at a glance. He hurried on before his cue, and the director, seeming to divine his motive, held up the orchestra to finish a phrase, and gave the signal for the opening bars of Gene's aria. While the orchestra were finding their places he kept a single violin playing an impromptu interlude. Madame Almster stood as if dazed when Gene made his unexpected appearance, but, as if it had been a part of the "business," he unceremoniously dragged her from the stage.

She had evidently deliberately planned to mar the performance and injure my musical reputation.

Once in the dressing-room she was furious and raved like a mad woman.

"I hate her! I hate her!" I heard her shriek.

Fortunately her understudy, who resembled her somewhat, and was available, completed the few remaining numbers after a hasty make-up.

But I was not so fortunate, and with my arm stinging with pain I was compelled to continue. I never heard Gene Paroski sing better, and his tender sympathizing looks were very consoling as I threw myself into his arms in earnest, as if for protection.

The audience, little realizing the tempest raging behind the scenes, gave us the most enthusiastic reception of the season.

Gene Paroski and I had a longer talk than usual that night.

"When did you notice anything wrong tonight?" I asked.

"Not until she bit you," he replied. "Her face looked like that of a maniac, and I was determined to stop her and save the opera, if I had to fling her into the pit."

It was a nine days' sensation in operatic circles, but blew over without an open scandal.

The preparations for returning to America proceeded rapidly, and among the trophies which I carried back was a street piano organ—a hurdy-gurdy. I had become quite fascinated with them in London and on the continent, where my morning slumber was broken by the refrain of "After the Ball," "Two Little Girls in Blue," and so forth—the popular American music. I must confess these airs had a piquant charm about them for me after a concentrated study of Wagner's music.

"Howard, I want a hurdy-gurdy to take back to America," I had said one day.

He was greatly astonished.

"There is no explaining these women," he muttered. But he bought the hurdy-gurdy.

As I stood upon the deck of the steamer which was about to sail, Hal Cogswell, the irrepressible young American I had met at Bayreuth, came running up the gangway.

"Deny it—deny it—a lie and a slander! Sue them, or I'll kill them!" he exclaimed excitedly in a low tone to me.

"You are excited; what is it?" I asked.

"Read this," he exclaimed, as he handed me a newspaper and pointed to a marked paragraph.

It was one of those cheap publications edited by a masculine "Lady Sneerwell," whose specific object is to probe into the privacy of home and retail blackmail and scandal.

I read:

"IT LOOKS STRANGE.—Madame Helvina's sudden departure for America, after signing contracts for numerous engagements, occasions considerable speculation in theatrical circles. Some intimate that her managers are fearful of their bargain and ask to be released because her voice is failing and her acting lacks the fire and vivacity of youth; others assert that there is a scandal with the tenor and that they are going to be married in America as soon as he secures his divorce. Madame Helvina has a large circle of admirers, who will regret this cloud upon her artistic career."

During the whole of my life this was the first time a suspicion had been breathed against my character. That was the one thing I held dearer than life. It had been

burned into my very soul by mother—without chastity, a woman is not a woman; without purity, a woman is nothing.

"Who could have been so cruel and malicious?" I said, with tears in my eyes.

"I suspect Almster," said Hal, "and if you will give me authority, I will make her weep tears of blood for this cowardly trick," he continued warmly.

"Hal, you are a good boy," I said, giving him my hand.

"And you're my queen, Madame Helvina. I'm hanged if I don't feel like fighting a duel with the cowardly editor."

"Don't be rash, my boy—"

"Rash! no, but I'm going to stay here a month longer and see this thing through."

The bell sounded an interruption.

"Good-bye, Hal," I said, looking into his earnest boyish face.

"Good-bye. Remember you've got a friend in me forever," he said, as he hurried through the surging crowd. The last I saw of him, he was waving the Stars and Stripes from among the throng on the pier.

The old tremor of the Minor Chord crept upon me. My enemies now sought my character! Joy and grief—sorrow and happiness—they mingle together in the same breath!

CHAPTER XXXIII

"I must have another week's holiday alone," I said to Howard the day we reached Chicago.

He seemed to suspect that there was a secret, but dear Mrs. Campbell satisfied his curiosity in some way, and he grumbled an assent.

How consoling it was to feel my mother's thin and trembling arms about my neck as we buried our faces in each other's shoulders and wept for Tod, after my arrival home.

No caress like that of a mother, even to a mature woman!

Together we visited the new mound of yellow earth still wet with the tears of grief. I could scarcely realize that Tod was lying beneath it, and it was also the first time I had seen the grave of little Joe since his burial.

I visited all the scenes of childhood and Angela's grave at the old limekiln.

"Where is Tim? Is he alive?"

Mother seemed to anticipate the inquiry.

"Yes, but he is a wreck—an invalid—and his children are so devoted to him! Will you see him? He sits every afternoon in his chair under the maples, where you children used to play."

We went across the street. A little, curly, golden-haired daughter, the very image of Tim, wheeled him out in his chair. His face was pale and wan, and yet how spiritual! The curls were gone, but gray hairs showed against the little velvet cap he wore. The fire of youth's ambition was quenched; a peaceful, pallid face, waiting for death!

His countenance brightened with that familiar old smile as we approached.

"Oh, it's Mrs. Maxwell, I know. How kind of you! But who's—"

"It's Minza, Tim!" I cried, going toward him.

He did not seem to recognize me. He turned toward me.

"Don't you know me, Tim?" I continued.

"Minza, bright little Minza!" he cried. "God bless you! Come nearer and let me touch you."

"Here I am, Tim," I said, taking his hand. "Why don't you look at me?"

"Haven't they told you, Minza?"

"Told me what?"

"I am blind now and can never see you again."

What a shock his words gave me! I kneeled and he placed his hands on my head.

"Such pretty hair it used to be, Minza!"

Blind! O love of my childhood, how my heart pitied him!

His affliction obliterated the memory of our last meeting, and I could only remember the Tim of my youth. There was the old familiar wave of the hand, the twitch of the brow, that even time and trouble had not effaced.

It was touching to see how dependent he was on the two children who remained at home, while the elder struggled to earn a living to support her blind father.

Mother left us talking happily together under the maples, and when I returned to her she told me the pathetic story of how Tim had lost his sight.

After the death of Angela he was ill for some time, and he made a desperate effort to conquer his appetite for drink. He was successful, but scarcely had that dark cloud disappeared when his sight was threatened. In spite of all that the most eminent oculists could do, he returned home—just one year after Angela's death, hopelessly blind.

He had paid a heavy penalty for those years of dissipation.

Zella, the eldest daughter, was employed in a large town near as a typewriter and clerk. They expected her home the next day. Her father was very proud of her, and even my brother Jim sang her praises to me.

"Zella is so like you," said Tim to me one day. "She is a good girl and ambitious to be somebody. She's always sending me pretty things and money. She receives a splendid salary."

Zella came home the following day, but, oh—can I tell it?—she came home with a secret. To mother and me she told the sad story. A generous employer indeed! But he had demanded his price! A motherless girl had been his prey! Ruin and disgrace were the penalty she had to pay.

The village was shocked and scandalized. Parents forbade their children to play with the little Rathbone girls.

We kept Tim in ignorance and brave little mother faced the storm of indignation and was a mother to the motherless girl in disgrace.

The afternoon before I was to leave, as my extended holiday was nearly over, I was reading to Tim under the old maples, wondering how the sad news could be broken to him.

Suddenly he stopped me. "Minza, tell me," he said. "What has been going on lately, and why is Zella not with me more? She is not always at home, and now she is here I scarcely hear anything of her."

I held my breath, hardly knowing what to say. Just then an infant's wail was heard from our house across the street. His blind eyes seemed to pierce me.

"Tell me, Minza, tell me—don't take advantage of Tim because he is blind. Is it your child?"

"No, Tim," I replied huskily, "it's only a little stranger."

"Poor little thing, poor little thing!" he murmured. "And how did it come to your house?"

"Zella—brought—it—it—"

"What!" he broke in, jumping to his feet and his face flashing as if he grasped the whole truth. "What!" he repeated.

"My Zella—oh, I suspected that you were hiding something from me! My God! don't tell me it's true. My little Zella!" and he fell back into his chair still calling for Zella.

A pale face stood at the door. It was Zella.

"Father, father!" she called, sobbing bitterly, "don't! Zella has come home to stay forever."

"Yes, but that scoundrel! Will he escape all punishment? I'll—"

"Tim, Tim," I said, trying to soothe him, "you are blind."

"Yes, I was blind. If I had only known! Better to have starved than this! Yes, I am helpless, I am blind!"

"Tim, I must command," I said; "you are not strong enough to work yourself into such a passion."

"Work myself!" he moaned. "My God! will my retribution never end? Oh, Zell, Zell, my little girl, my motherless daughter! Your blind father is such a burden and so helpless, but he loves his little girls."

Just then a radiant smile of love over-spread that face, the calm after the storm, and I left father and daughter sobbing together.

The next day, when I went to bid Tim good-bye, I found him in his usual place with the tiny infant in his arms. I could hardly repress my feelings as I kissed him.

"You will come back, won't you, Minza?" he pleaded, and his sightless blue eyes glistened. "You will come back, I know you will."

I kissed the unconscious baby and left him.

"Mother, I cannot help it, my heart is breaking! Would it be right?—dare I love him?" I sobbed. How good it seemed to confide in mother!

"But, my dear, there's Bob. You do

not know. Be brave, my girl, and be true to your vows."

"Yes, yes! But surely he would have come before this, if he were alive?"

"But we cannot tell; wait and see."

The old heartache came back. In the zenith of fame, the music of my life was still in a Minor Key.

CHAPTER XXXIV

When I returned to Chicago I had quite made up my mind that my duty as a daughter was paramount to my career as a prima donna.

"It must be my farewell tour," I said firmly to Howard.

"But, Helvy, they will laugh and make sport of you. The newspapers will take it up as a joke."

"I do not care," I said defiantly. "I owe a duty to my—" I stopped suddenly.

"To whom?" he asked, growing interested.

"My parents," I replied.

"Why, Helvy, you never told me about them. Now, put aside that nonsense and make hay while the sun shines. It is for your interest as well as—"

"No," I broke in. "I must retire. Blood is thicker than salaries. Besides, the conductor's *baton* has become to me a black demon. I walk, move and breathe under its magic spell on the stage and forget my duty as a daughter."

"But the worst is now over. We could give concert tours."

"Yes, but, as in the opera, one false move, one breath wrong, and the orchestra are chasing away with the thread of harmony snapped. The flash of the wand has become so irksome to me that I fear I shall lose my mind if I continue."

"Oh, no—tut, tut," he said sympathetically. "You need rest, then you will be all right. I had arranged for four seasons ahead."

The stage had suddenly grown repulsive to me. The atmosphere of the dressing-room was oppressive, with its dark make-up for Carmen; the white bottles and blonde braided wigs for Elsa and Marguerite; they all seemed like heavy armor to a worn and weary knight. Besides, the recent events at home had unsettled me. Mother and father were growing old, and I felt

that I owed a duty to them, and ought to give up my selfish ambitions. I tried to get them to accompany me.

"No, Minza, we used to do it when you and mother gave your concerts, but we are too old now," said father.

I thought that my determination was fixed when we started on that farewell tour and I bade farewell to the old familiar scenes in the opera houses we visited. But we had not been out many weeks before that determination was changed. My old rival, Almster, was making a tour of America in light opera. She was having good success, had had her diamonds stolen, had been married several times, and the newspapers bristled with spicy items about her.

Howard had evidently been studying womankind and kept me thoroughly posted. It was irritating, and yet I wanted to read it. One day, as if in triumph, he brought me a paper. "Read that!" he shouted.

It was an interview with Almster, giving her opinion of Madame Helvina, and it was not a very flattering one either.

She stated:

"Poor Helvina is now on her farewell tour. She is nearly sixty years of age, and a grandmother. She bears her age remarkably well, but her voice is not what it has been; even prima donnas must grow old."

There was a sting in this that startled me, and the old spirit of spite and rivalry once more asserted itself.

"Howard, have all the bills changed and take off that farewell tour line. I intend to remain on earth a little longer."

Howard was in high glee and gave me a brotherly managerial kiss. "Bless you, Helvy, you're a trump, and a sensible woman, after all!"

"Well, I've decided," I replied.

"We'll show that fussy little busybody yet!" he said defiantly as he left.

Just then it flashed upon me that Howard was the author of that interview. But I could not change my mind again.

During my entire stage career I had always made a practice of attending church on Sunday morning if possible, and had hitherto always received comfort and help from the service; I often worshipped,

quite unrecognized, with members of my audience of the night previous.

In one city the minister somehow discovered that I would be among his congregation. The hymns were old favorites of mine and carried me back to that little Methodist church in Iowa. I was a trifle drowsy, and did not listen particularly to the text, but I was soon quite aroused by the most blatant, ignorant, and cruel raillery against opera singers and stage people that I had ever heard.

"They are enemies of Christ and agents of the devil," he shouted, pounding the desk, and looking about as if to catch the eye of his victim. My heart was in my mouth, but I tried to look unconcerned. "They ensnare the young with insidious temptations, and are stepping-stones to the worst species of infamy and vice." Once more he turned in my direction, but did not seem to recognize me. Blessed blonde wig! No one knew me, although his remarks were personally directed against Madame Helvina.

The prima donna was not converted, and his congregation did not look altogether pleased, but they dared not talk back.

This was his message of love! I believe that those who did not go to operas as a rule were present the following nights to see for themselves how the devil acted on state occasions. The newspapers took the matter up and scorched the poor minister until, I confess, I felt sorry for him.

"Ah, that sermon was a clever hit," said Howard, rubbing his hands. "Standing room only for six successive nights, thanks to the reverend spouter."

"Perhaps he has never been in an opera house, Howard."

"Well, I'll send him a ticket. Helvy, you're a brick. This season has been a corker—the best we've ever had."

The chorus girls were indignant and pouted their pretty painted lips in talking of the sermon. My life's aim had always been to keep my character pure and wholesome. There may be black spots in my profession, as there are in others, but evil will never be remedied by raillery and abuse.

Soon after this I received a letter from a firm of lawyers in Chicago, stating that,

if I made affidavits affirming specific knowledge of the death of Robert Burnette, they would secure the insurance money due on his life.

The name of the firm was Connor & Cogswell, and Hal had evidently been metamorphosed into a lawyer. I remembered his remarks on previous occasions, and wondered if he knew the real truth. Would my real history be revealed to the world?

I wrote, stating that I held no proofs of my husband's death, and signed for the first time in many years my real name, "Minza Burnette."

CHAPTER XXXV

What secrets and joys the telegraph operators could reveal if they fully realized the meaning of the dots and dashes as they flash from their fingers! The messages of lightning in these days form great links in human destiny.

In the midst of our triumphal tour on the Pacific Coast, when there appeared to be a rift in the clouds of my life, I received a telegram:

"Father is very ill. Come quickly.—Mother."

All my dates were cancelled, and the suspense of that journey home I can never forget. The surging crowds in a railway train seldom think of the various emotions mingled with its roar and the heavy hearts reflected in the sad eyes steeped in tears. Should I reach home for a last look? Perhaps it was not so bad, after all.

All was still and quiet about the house as I entered—not a sound.

"Father, father!" I cried.

My only answer was mother's sobs as she met me, and her weeping eyes first told the story.

"Minza, he is dead," she said between her sobs.

Dead! My heart rebelled against God.

I went into the darkened room and kissed that cold face. The faces of Tod and baby Joe looked down upon me in that dear old parlor—the room of the dead. Brother Jim was there, and so strong and manly! The great bereavement had made the boy a man at once.

At the funeral, when the soft notes of "Just as I Am, without One Plea," father's

favorite hymn, burst forth, I completely broke down. The weak, trembling and aged voice of the minister, dear old Mr. Frazer, tried to console our grief-stricken hearts.

The Grand Army of the Republic, the Masons in their regalia and white gloves, gathered to do honor to a dead comrade. The last sad rites were over and never will the soft minor refrain of Pleyel's hymn, sung by the Masons in a husky voice as they marched around the grave, fade from my memory. The final burial salute was fired by the old army comrades.

"Farewell, father, farewell!" I cried, as the smoke of the volley rolled away.

Who does not remember that vacant place at the head of the table, that empty chair at the fireside, that absent voice?

"Mother, we must go away tomorrow," I said, a few days after the funeral.

"My dear, I am too old; don't tear me away from my loved ones. While I live I want to be near my boys and Robert."

"But, mother, you have the living to look after. Jim is going to finish at college, and you must go with me."

"Oh, Minza, let us give up the struggle for ambition that I taught you and live with our dead. You do not know how I loved your father. My heart is—is—" She quite broke down.

"Yes; but, mother, we must face life as it is."

"My brave daughter, you seem determined. Do as you think best."

It was, indeed, affecting when we closed the old home and turned the key in the door. The old maples sighed; the hammock swung sadly under the evergreens; it was autumn again.

A last glance at the window across the way and I saw Zella standing by her father's side. Poor blind Tim could not see us, but his hand waved a farewell, and we began life over again—mother and I.

It was scarcely six months after we left the old home when I noticed mother was failing, but I felt no serious alarm, as she did not complain.

One night, when I had returned rather late from the opera, she fell in a faint. A doctor was called, but still I felt no particular anxiety, as I had nursed her through these faints many times before.

But, as the unconsciousness continued, the doctor's face became very grave. Suddenly the sleeper awoke, and began singing in a weak, trembling voice,

"There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar."

"Mother, mother," I broke in, "you must not exert yourself so much."

There was a strange light in her eyes, and again she became drowsy and unconscious.

"O doctor, doctor! do something—do something to help her," I pleaded.

Howard was called and the breath came faster and faster. The livid lips turned purple and she responded but feebly to my impulsive kiss. She looked so pleadingly into my face with those deep blue eyes as the death-light glowed in them!

"She is dying!" I cried. "Mother, mother, don't leave Minza. Oh, doctor, she must not die, she must not die."

"We can do nothing now," he replied gently.

"Good-bye, Minza," she said almost in a whisper, as I bent over her to catch the words. "Good-bye, my child; remember—remember—"

Again she sang in a feebler voice,

"There's a land—"

The line was never finished; a deep breath, and I was motherless. A clock in the distance struck three, as a knell for the dead.

I was stunned and bewildered, and Howard seemed cruel in coming to me for directions. They kept me away from my dead. No sleep could I bring to my eyes; even tears would not flow; and hour by hour the terrible realization grew upon me—mother was gone.

Preparations were made to take her remains home the following day, and the night before I stole into the room of the dead; the wearied watcher having fallen asleep in an adjoining corridor.

The flickering shadows of the lowered gas seemed to give life to the sleeping face, but when I kissed her ice-cold lips the truth came to me—I was alone with mother, but she was dead, and I had torn her from her home!

All at once the tension in my brain gave way and I felt that I was mad. Let them

bury two bodies in that little Iowa cemetery and let me sleep with mother. I would end my existence. On the mantel-piece I saw several bottles labelled "Poison," which had been left by the undertaker. Surely one would serve my purpose? I held up one of them to the first streak of dawn as it pierced the closed shutters, when the door opened softly and Howard came in. He started when he saw me.

"Helvy, Helvy, what are you doing here?" he said.

I shrank back.

"I, too, grew to love her as mother; let me grieve with you. But what's this?" he said quickly, taking the bottle out of my hand.

"O Howard! I cannot live now; let me die," I pleaded.

"Die! Live, Helvy, live! What would *she* say?" he said, pointing to her peaceful form.

He had touched the right chord, and tears came to my relief.

"She is an angel now, Helvy," he continued, "and I never knew a mother's love—was always alone."

His words touched me, and we wept together.

Even now I dare not linger over memories of mother's funeral. It seems to tear my very soul and threaten my reason.

Jim had only been married a few weeks and was there with his pretty wife, but they were wrapped up in each other, which made me feel my bitter loneliness more keenly. Even in the great hour of grief, brother and sister seemed to have drifted apart.

My future was a blank. I felt as though I could not tear myself away from that new-made grave, and the holy benediction of my mother's love which hung over it.

Here some day I, too, will lie, to complete the broken arc of the family circle.

CHAPTER XXXVI

On my return from one of these visits to the cemetery I found Hal Cogswell waiting for me at the gate.

"Madame Helvina, I am so sorry, so sorry for you!" and tears stood in his eyes. "Our mothers are the best friends we have, after all."

My only answer was a sob.

"I have known the secret of your life, Madame Helvina, since we met in Europe; and your kindness to me made me resolve to help you, and I've found him."

"Who?" I asked listlessly.

"Why, Bob Burnette," he replied.

I shivered.

"Don't you want to hear of your hus—"

"My husband!" I moaned.

When we were in the house he told me the story.

In a secluded mad-house in Germany, Hal believed he had found poor Bob.

"Yes, there is no doubt of it, Madame Helvina. I came upon it quite accidentally while reading an official report of the patients. This poor fellow was found near a collapsed balloon, raving, a maniac. Although he mumbles in German, there is no doubt in my mind that he is your husband."

"Yes, but how do you know?" I inquired, growing interested.

"Because the keeper told me he constantly repeats one name, 'Minza, Minza,' and talks of balloons."

My poor Bob!

"And is there any hope?"

"No, I am afraid not, but if you will allow me, I will secure the necessary papers and bring him home."

"My duty as a wife demands it, and I feel you are a friend, Hal."

I decided there and then that he should be furnished with funds and should fetch my mad husband home to me.

"Will you go with me to see a blind friend?" I said after we had finished our talk.

"With pleasure," he said enthusiastically.

We went across the street, and he took poor Tim's hands and spoke very tenderly of his affliction.

"Well, it's worth losing your eyes to have such a friend as Madame—"

I hushed him. "My name is Minza," I whispered.

"Yes, Minza," he echoed.

Just then Zella came out. I had heard of love at first sight and surely it was before me!

"Zella, Zella, you here!" said Hal, going toward her to shake hands.

"This is my home, Hal, and this is my father," she responded, pointing to Tim.

Evidently they were acquainted; it was not love at first sight, after all.

They soon forgot Tim and me. After a time Zella left Hal's side and beckoned me to come with her into the house, leaving Hal with Tim.

"He must know the truth. Will you tell him?" she asked me.

"Why, dear? He hasn't asked you to marry him, has he?"

"No, but—but—he might," she said, blushing. "And—and—he must know all. We met when I first went to the city, before—before—" she said sobbing.

"But your secret is buried in that tiny grave!"

"Yes, I know, but he must and shall be told, if I have to tell him myself."

That evening I told Hal the sad story, expecting that it would end all between them, and watched his face closely for a response.

"Madame Helvina, that girl shall be my wife. I wondered what was on her mind this afternoon. Ever since we first met she has been my cherished sweetheart. I thank you, Madame Helvina, for telling me the truth; it has made me deeper in love than ever."

* * *

Hal left on his mission and I returned to Howard to complete my broken engagements and continue my operatic career.

After mother's death Howard was specially kind and thoughtful of me! As a man, he never seemed so great to me before. More fresh traits in his character showed themselves in those few days of grief and sorrow than in all the previous years of our acquaintance. He was so patient with me in all my whims and so tender in alluding to dear mother, and even wore her sweet likeness on the inside cover of his watch.

"Now, Helvy, I will not bother you any more with love pleadings; I am simply your manager, and you are the only woman I have ever had to obey—or ever will, and when my dear says the word we will be married."

"But, Howard, you do not understand. It can never be. I'm—I'm—married!"

"What?" he exclaimed, his face paling.

"And you not let me know? Oh, Helvy, Helvy, how could you?"

"Howard, I was married before I knew you," I replied, and I told him the story of poor Bob.

"Brave little woman!" he exclaimed when I had finished. "And that young rascal of a Hal has gone to bring you back an insane husband! But, Helvy, you know his insanity releases you."

"Legally it may, but morally it does not. Howard, I am a wife."

"I respect your convictions; but, Helvy, you are wearing yourself out with needless troubles. You have enough real grief without adding to it. Let me—let me—"

"The standing offer, Howard," I broke in, trying to smile.

"Now that I know the real truth, I think I can be a better friend, although I may never be your husband."

"We'll seal the compact," I said, taking both his hands in mine, and we stood looking into each other's eyes, as we had never looked before.

Some months afterwards I received the first letter from Hal:

"I swore I would not write to you until my mission was accomplished," he wrote. "You have no idea of the governmental red tape to be gone through to extradite an insane man. They want his pedigree back several generations and yours as well. I fixed one up for you, with dates and ancestors that may surprise you, but you will have to swear to it all now, or I shall be in a pickle. We sail on the 16th inst. I have visited your husband several times, and the poor fellow keeps on moaning 'Minza, Minza,' so plaintively."

I had made arrangements with a private asylum in Iowa for my husband's safe keeping and could scarcely await the time for his arrival.

We were to take a holiday—Howard and I—a holiday to meet my mad husband.

On the day the steamer arrived in New York, Hal telegraphed to us when to meet them at the station in the little Iowa town where the asylum was situated. They did not arrive in the train we had expected them by, and we returned to the hotel feeling somewhat anxious.

An hour later there was a knock at the door of my room. It was Hal, who ap-

peared unannounced, as handsome and enthusiastic as ever.

"We are here," he whispered. "Be brave, Madame Helvina, be brave."

The suspense was at an end, and I was to meet my lost husband.

He was then in a room at that very hotel. Two stalwart Germans stood outside in the dark corridor as I approached with Hal and opened the door of the room.

There he was crouching in the corner, eating his dinner like a wild beast. This my husband! His mad eyes looked up—a strange, unfamiliar look it was. What a greeting for man and wife after twelve years' parting! He rose to his feet. How tall and towering he seemed as the light from the little window shone full on his face!

"My God!" I shrieked.

It could not be mistaken. It was not Bob.

CHAPTER XXXVII

Howard and Hal rushed into the room at my shriek, fearing that something had happened.

I did not know whether to be happy or sad, but Hal was quite crushed. After so much expense and work, the madman proved to be the wrong man; but Howard looked relieved. The only explanation we could offer was that this poor madman was Bob's companion, and that it was the name of the ill-fated balloon which he moaned so continuously. But where, then, was Bob? I was still to be left in uncertainty, and the unfortunate man was taken back to Germany.

I tried to console Hal in his disappointment, but he was morbid and soon after left us rather suddenly, leaving no address.

I was considerably surprised, therefore, to receive the following note some weeks after:

"Dear Madame Helvina: Will you and Mr. Wittaker attend our wedding? Smithville, Dec. 16th—Zella and I.

"HAL."

It was an abrupt wedding invitation, unique in its way, and altogether a surprise.

Howard and I made arrangements to go, taking Mrs. Campbell with us.

When we arrived home I insisted on

driving at once to mother's grave. The four mounds looked very peaceful under a mantle of pure white snow. That cemetery was sacred ground to me.

Tears! Oh, how I wish there were some other way to express grief! I am tired of tears, but still they are the great expression of sorrow which divides humanity from the brute creation.

I gave a lingering look as we left that little city of the dead.

"Helvy, you are wearing yourself away, brooding so continually over death. You must think more of life," said Howard as we left.

"How can I?" I echoed. "My life is attuned to the Minor Chord of death and grief."

"Oh, that's superstitious, my dear," said Mrs. Campbell. "Howard is quite right; you must arouse yourself to real life again."

There was something refreshing and stimulating in meeting those two young lovers who were so soon to be man and wife. Their happiness was infectious. Zella was prettier than ever. The dead past had been buried.

Tim was happy, and cheerfully announced: "You see, Minza, I give up my daughter, but I get back a son. And oh, Minza, they are so happy together; it quite reminds me of our—"

"Hush, now, you should not be telling secrets," I said hastily.

Howard had heard it, and naturally put two and two together.

"And so you two were lovers in days gone by?" he inquired.

"In a way," I answered, trying to change the subject. "By the way, have you seen to the minister's carriage and the flowers, Howard?"

"I think so—or Mrs. Campbell has."

The two younger girls, Helen and Jessie, had come home from the Music College they were attending for the wedding, which was to take place that evening. The service was short and simple. Hal and Zella stood beneath a bower of flowers close to Tim. The bride in her beauty reminded me of Angela—sister of my childhood—and it brought tears to my eyes to think that poor blind Tim could not see his sweet-faced child. The bride-

groom seemed to realize the solemnity of the occasion and repeated his responses several times, as if to emphasize the fact that he was being married in earnest; he nearly upset our gravity.

After the final words had been spoken I was more cheerful; I began to feel that life was not so gloomy, after all, and I played the Wedding March from "Lohengrin." What a happy feast was that wedding supper!

Tim was placed at the head of the table, with Zella and Hal on one side, and myself and Howard on the other. It touched us all to see how tenderly the bride waited on and anticipated every want of her blind father, and to think that possibly it was our last meal together.

The young couple left for their new home in Chicago, where Hal persisted in calling himself a lawyer. Mrs. Campbell had taken charge of all the arrangements for the wedding in her kind, motherly way, and as she was growing old and the incessant traveling was telling upon her, she decided to remain at my old home at Smithville and look after Tim and his girls.

"Dear auntie," I said fondly, kissing her, "how can I ever thank you?"

"Dinna try it, my bairn," she answered, adding with a twinkle, "You will not need me always."

"Yes, I shall," I insisted.

"Well, well, we shall see," she replied, as she left the room. But she had her own way.

"Now that was a pretty little wedding," said Howard as we went home together. "Wasn't it, Helvy? And it put another idea into my head."

"What is that?" I asked with a yawn.

"You would look so charming going through the same ceremony, with—"

"But, Howard, how can you ask me when—" I broke in.

"My dear, I must insist; you are unreasonable. There is no doubt whatever that Bob is either insane or dead, and you are free to marry anybody you like—even me, for instance."

"Howard, I have a conscience," I said.

"Yes, and I have a love which—"

"Howard, you are forgetting our compact."

"Bother the compact! I was a fool to make it; you keep me at arm's length. and only use me as a business machine. I shan't be able to stand it much longer. If you only loved—"

"Howard, I do love you, if I know what love is, but duty—" I said, going toward him and placing my hands on his shoulder.

The confession seemed to electrify him—and it relieved me.

"You mean it?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, but we cannot marry! My life echoes from a Minor Chord! I am a wife until I am proved to be a widow."

We said "good-night— rather soberly for lovers, but we perfectly understood one another.

That night I dreamed I was singing in the heavenly choir. The harps and the lyres thrummed out in delicious harmony, and there was no need for a conductor's *baton*. Each one sang of his own life. Some were light and merry; others were sad and mournful, and sang in plaintive tones. The last chord always sealed the fate of the singer—the vigorous major resounded a reward of peace, joy and happiness; the weird minor echoed grief, pain and sorrow.

My turn had come. What would that chord strike?

CHAPTER XXXVIII

My dream had affected me very much, and it haunted me all the next day.

Howard came down from the hotel to tell me that he would have to return that evening, but that I could remain a month longer if I so desired.

A month alone without Howard! It was a dreary contemplation.

Just then a letter was brought me. It was from Arundel Sunderland and read as follows:

"My dear Madame Helvina: I have just composed a new song, of which you are the heroine and your life its inspiration. I have dedicated it to you, and hoping you will pardon my seeming presumption and that we may soon see you again in London,

I remain, sincerely your friend,

"ARUNDEL."

P. S.—I send a copy of the song by this post."

"And has the song arrived?" asked Howard, when he had read the letter.

"No, but I'm dying to hear it," I said quite excitedly.

"Oh, so am I," said Howard rather sarcastically. "It's sure to be good if it's Arundel's. I fancy I can see him here with his single eye-glass glaring at you like a one-eyed owl."

I could not help smiling a little at Howard's odd comparison.

"Well, I know it does not strike a Minor Chord, anyway," he went on.

"How do you know, Howard?" I asked.

"I do not know positively, but I feel it; besides, I am told—"

"Well, here's the song," I broke in, as a roll was handed to me by Helen, who had just returned from the post.

As I took it, my dream flashed into my mind, and connected itself with the letter from Arundel. An idea occurred to me. I would let this decide my destiny. Turning to Howard I said:

"Howard, the last chord in this song shall tell me how my life is to continue. If its last chord trembles with the plaintive minor, my life must continue as it is; if it resounds with the hope and buoyancy of the major, I will do as you ask me, and marry you."

"Glory be to the Chord!" he exclaimed enthusiastically.

"But remember," I said, drawing myself away, "I am superstitious and I am in earnest. If that last chord is a minor, my life must continue as it is—I will never marry."

"But it won't be, Helvy. It's a major blooming with orange blossoms, you bet!" he said confidently.

How little Arundel Sunderland dreamed he was deciding my destiny when he penned that last chord!

I called to Helen and Jessie, who were at the piano in the adjoining room, and, tearing off the wrapper, handed them the sheet of music.

"Girls, will you play and sing this for me? I do not think you will find it difficult," I said, kissing them both.

It was in the early afternoon twilight of a dull December day that my future life was determined.

Howard and I sat without a light in

the dear old parlor, which had seen so much of my grief and sorrow. The loved faces of my lost ones looked down on us from the walls, and in the flickering reflection of the fire mother seemed to smile a blessing.

Howard took my hands as the first soft bass notes of the prelude came from the next room under Helen's delicate touch, which reminded me of mother's playing. The opening phrase awoke sad memories of my life.

Jessie's sweet voice began softly chanting in response to the weird harmony. Those happy, innocent girls little thought that they held my future in the balance. The crescendo increased as the tempo quickened and the key changed. Howard and

I rose together as if under a magic spell. His face grew strained and serious; he, too, was affected by the suspense.

Minor strains mingled with the major in beautiful symphony, as if in benediction; the climax was approaching measure by measure, with impressive chords, on to the high note in which all the accumulated passion of the song was gathered. They had reached the closing retard, and the long-sustained tones were soothing to me, until I remembered my vow.

My heart almost stood still and my nerves thrilled and tingled as the singer's last note died away. Helen was about to strike the last chord—

"O Helen, Helen!" I screamed.

The chord was struck!

FINIS

THE GAME IS WORTH THE CANDLE

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

IF still there bide within your breast
 One dream or one illusion,
 Then wake each day and go your way
 And live without confusion.
 If still there be one soul you love
 Without or blame or scandal
 Then life's a game worth while, my friend,
 And the game is worth the candle!

If still there be a song you prize
 Soar skyward with the linnet.
 And though you weave a winding sheet
 O live the while you spin it.
 If still there be a task you love
 Or tool you like to handle,
 Then life's a game worth while, my friend,
 And the game is worth the candle!

If still there be in earth or sky
 One daisy or one planet
 You've still the right to drink its light
 If joyously you scan it.
 If still there be a peak to climb
 Or babe you care to dandle,
 Then life's a game worth while, my friend,
 And the game is worth the candle!

When Wishes Found Wings



Katharine Hopkins Chapman



AKE UP, son."

"Ye-e-z, zi-ir."

"Clifford, get up."

"Yez, zir."

After a few moments Mr. McIntyre opened the door leading out on the porch where his son slept since his long illness.

"Get up this minute, Cliff," he insisted. "I wish you to put the machine in good order so we can start to Montgomery immediately after breakfast."

"Yes, sir."

This time the response was clear cut and eager. Why, he wanted to go to Montgomery so bad he had been dreaming about it! To a country boy's usual desire to go to town Clifford was possessed just now with an unusual anxiety to go while the Aviation School was being conducted there.

To have this opportunity thrust upon him without the shivery suspense of asking—glorious! Not since he had coaxed his father into buying an automobile in place of another surrey had the boy been so excited and jubilant.

He jumped out of bed with alacrity—also with most of the bed clothes. It was so much easier to wrap these about himself for the dash to his room than to put on the dressing gown laid on the foot of his bed for that purpose by his old black mammy who thought this open air sleeping barbarous.

He slipped eagerly into his working clothes. That machine needed a thorough cleaning and it should have it. He had rather neglected it since the new had worn

off—that's the truth—though his father had bought it with the distinct understanding Clifford was to attend to it personally. He was going to do better, to be more methodical.

The boy was about to burst with happiness and excitement—he was going to see the flying machine! He began to whistle as some boilers do when the pressure becomes too great.

But he cut short his shrill piping. He might disturb his mother who had gone to bed the night before suffering dreadfully with a tooth. It was so unnatural to him not to pass through her room for a morning greeting that he overlooked the door leading into the hall. Instead he stepped out on the porch and vaulted over the railing to the thick green grass below.

April in Alabama! There is more than alliteration in that combination; there is witchery and work, especially on a plantation. The negro "hands" had long since fed the mules and were now riding off with jingling trace-chains in squads to the different fields. The women, hoes in hand, sauntered singing to the cotton fields to chop out the crowding young plants. Ike was driving the cows off to pasture, while his mother, Aunt Cindy, was carrying the last bucket of rich foamy milk to the old stone dairy.

"Hey, Aunt Cindy, wait and let me get a drink," called Clifford.

"Fer pity's sake, honey, lemme strain hit fust," protested his old nurse.

"Hurry up, then, for I've got to clean that machine before breakfast," he explained, following her into the cool dairy where water, piped from the artesian well, gurgled through stone troughs dotted

with big brown crocks of milk and cream.

"Gee, that's good," gasped the boy, after emptying a pint cup.

"Hit oughter be. Hit's de strippin's. Ef de butter falls off dis week—"

"You know the doctor said for me to drink all the warm milk I wanted. Where's father?"

"He rid off ter de river bottom ter see ef hit wuz dry ernuff ter plow."

"Well, me for the machine bottom."

Clifford worked, screwed, polished, inspected, tested every part of the little runabout in a frenzy of anticipation. He would see that day a machine as far superior to this as this was ahead of Uncle Isham's ox cart. He finished just as his father rode back on old Black Seline—black once, but now gray from age. Clifford took a trial spin around the circular driveway, shaded by magnolia trees and cedars, and stopped in front of the white columned colonial porch just as the breakfast bell rang.

"I'll be there in a minute," he called, dashing into his room to scrub his hands and face.

"Why, mother, I'm so glad you're able to be up this morning," he exclaimed at sight of his mother presiding as usual at the breakfast table.

"Ouch, dear. Kiss that cheek gently. It's sore from last night's torture."

Clifford fell to work on his breakfast as vigorously as though his pint of milk had sharpened instead of lessened his appetite.

"If you continue to improve at this rate, son," commented Mr. McIntyre, "there's no doubt you'll be strong enough to go off to school next fall. And your prize corn is growing as fast as you are. I noticed it this morning. The ground is just right for another deep plowing, so be sure to do it today."

"Today! You said we were going to Montgomery today!" cried the boy, agast.

"I meant your mother and me."

"But mother never goes."

"So much the more reason!"

"And I want to see the flying machine. I was sure you'd take me out to the training quarters. Oh, father—"

"I will take you some other time, son."

"But the paper said this would be the last week here. Mother can wait—"

"Yes, my tooth is easy and any time soon—"

"No," snapped Mr. McIntyre with decision. "Clifford, I'm astonished at you. It would be selfish enough in you to wish your mother to put off a pleasant trip to gratify your curiosity, but to suggest that she remain away from the dentist and run the risk of suffering again with her tooth is—is—er, preposterous."

"I forgot that, truly I did," said Clifford penitently. "Couldn't I drive her in?"

"No, I have business there today," answered Mr. McIntyre.

"Then let me put the rumble on the runabout and go too," pleaded the boy. "The aviation school breaks up this week. You know they only came South to take advantage of our early spring and now that the weather conditions are favorable in Ohio they're going back to headquarters so repairs can be made more quickly. The conditions today are perfect for flying. Please take me, too."

"Not after your thoughtlessness toward your mother," replied the inflexible Scotchman. "The conditions today are also perfect for plowing. You voluntarily entered the contest for the best acre of corn in this county, and if you have the germ of manhood in you, you'll stick to it. Plow it deep."

The lump in Clifford's throat seemed as though it would force the tears from his eyes no matter how fast he wished them back. His lips whitened from the pressure necessary to keep them from quivering like a baby's.

"Yes, sir," he finally managed to reply.

The muffled tone touched his father.

"I'm sorry I misled you this morning about going, son," said Mr. McIntyre. "I thought you heard me tell your mother last night that I was going to take her—and her tooth—to town today. I'll make another trip there this week, if possible, though you know this is a critical time with the crops. Get your things on, my dear," he finished to his wife.

"Now, cheer up, boy, or you'll spoil your mother's day completely," he urged after she had left the room. "The prospect of a tussle with a dentist is bad enough for

her without the recollection of a selfish, sulky son."

"I'll try, sir. Is anybody using old Kit?"

"Yes, Isham took her out this morning, but when I saw how your corn needed you I told him to let you have her when you came and for him to chop out that little patch of cotton nearby. Keep an eye on things today, son."

"Yes, sir."

Clifford cranked up the automobile for his father and helped his mother in with such good grace that Mrs. McIntyre hated afresh to leave him behind.

"If you're going over to the river-bottom to plow, why don't you get Aunt Cindy to put you up a lunch? Then you can picnic at the Mound instead of coming all the way home to eat dinner alone," she suggested.

"Bully! Which is your good cheek? I must kiss you for that idea. Good-bye."

Clifford watched critically the little machine round the circle and take the open road.

"Everything's running as smooth as greased lightning," he decided proudly.

But a fresh realization of the ideal morning, pleasantly warm with a light breeze, caused the boy another attack of disappointment.

"What a perfect day for flying; and possibly the last good day while the machine is here. How I wish—well, father says some day flying machines will be as common as automobiles, but I sure would like to see one now. 'If wishes were horses beggars would ride,' only this wisher would fly. Aunt Cindy," he called, hurrying to the dining room where she was clearing the breakfast table.

"Yas, honey-chile," she responded with deep commiseration. She couldn't bear to see her "baby" being hardened to the physical and mental exigencies of life. "What is hit, babe?"

"Aw, cut it," returned the boy awkwardly. "I'm going over to the river-bottom to plow my corn. Mother said put me up a lunch so I needn't come home for dinner."

"Ef dat don't beat my times. Dey ain't sas'fied wid puttin' yer out-doo's ter sleep an' leavin' yer behin' lak er

step-chile, now dey gwinter make yer plow lak er nigger."

"But I want to plow my own corn and I don't mind"—No, he couldn't say that. He did mind staying at home—"and I don't mind sleeping out. In fact I expect to do it the rest of my life whenever it is possible."

"Well, ef you kin stan' hit I'll try ter worry thro' wid hit," announced Cindy, indignant at his rejection of her sympathy. "Whut d'yer want fer yer lunch?"

"Oh, 'most anything. Some fried chicken and beaten biscuits and mango pickles and fig preserves and lemon pie and stuffed eggs and cheese sandwiches and—and—say, is there any fruit cake left?"

"Yas, sah," she answers emphatically, "an' what's mo' hits gwinter stay lef' right whar yer maw hid it. Jes'hosophat, chile, ef yer wants all dat you'll have ter come back at dinner time to git hit."

"But I want to take something right now," he insisted.

"Den yer'll have ter take whut's ready. Dar's br'iled squabs lef' frum breakfas', lam' roas' frum dinner yistiddy, some pickle—yes, mangum pickle—an' biscuit an' tea cakes. Yer'll have ter make out wid dat ef you's in er hurry."

"All right, just so there's plenty of it. Plowing makes a fellow mighty empty."

"Run erlong, now. I don't want ter be pestered whilst I'm fixin' hit," ordered the old dissembler, who really wanted to slip in some surprises for her "baby."

Clifford went back into the big empty house. "Gee! how lonesome it seems without mother." He sauntered aimlessly from room to room.

"I wonder where I left the paper with the account of the Aviation School in it? Guess I'd better let that alone, however," he sighed. Then he snorted: "Somebody's dusted my Indian things again! I wish they'd let my things alone. I'd sorted out the duplicates to give to the Capitol collection, and now look at 'em! All mixed together."

Clifford became so absorbed straightening his curios that Aunt Cindy had to call twice that his lunch was ready. He dismounted from his hobby reluctantly; riding it was easier than plowing. He

took his way by highroad, by-path and short-cut to the patch of rich alluvial land he had selected for his experiment in corn culture according to a new and scientific method. Many boys in each county in Alabama were trying to see who could raise the most corn on an acre.

matter what the chances of the seasons or the fluctuation of the price of the staple, cotton had always made a living for the McIntyres and the many negroes who worked there, some as hired "hands," some on shares, some as renters. But now all were aghast at the slow but



"What a perfect day for flying," he mused

The McIntyre plantation, one of the few possessed by the same family to whom the Indians granted it, was in a state of transition. Not only were the laborers and methods of cultivation changing, it even seemed the staple crop might have to be changed. Cotton was and always had been, the chief crop and no

steady approach of a new enemy, the insidious and devastating boll weevil. For years the newspapers and crop bulletins had chronicled the progress of this pest from Mexico into Texas and through Louisiana. Science and the government had sent men into the field against it, but so far without success.

For several years the broad Mississippi river had served as a protection to the eastern cotton States, but now Mississippi State's enormous cotton crop was being lessened by the boll weevil and Alabama knew her turn came next. So the State and counties, through commercial clubs and industrial leagues, were preaching and teaching the gospel of diversified crops and intensified cultivation. Clifford McIntyre, living within twenty miles of the Capitol, had absorbed much of his elder's conversation and literature on this locally vital subject. He had inherited Scotch thrift as well as Scotch love of reading and of traditions. This thrift, however, had to contend with several generations of life in the enervating climate and environment of the South. So, while his ambition had been fired at the formation of the clubs for competition among boys for the best acre of corn, his interest and energy might flag before the end of the arduous system was worked out. There was some physical excuse for this. Early the previous fall he had suffered a severe attack of pneumonia which had left his lungs temporarily weak. But open air living and sleeping, rational exercise and congenial intellectual interests bid fair to leave no trace of the disease except the setback of a year in his school life.

A hodge-podge of all this and much more that his active brain had gathered from excellent old books in the library shelves and enticing new magazines on the table, simmered in Clifford's mind as he tramped through the greening fields to his work. At last he came to a thicket of luscious wild cane. As he threaded the almost imperceptible path through the crowding stalks that shot up many feet above his head, he thought of the Indians who had slipped stealthily through these canebrakes, often using them to ambush the white invaders.

"I sure would like to spend the day at the Mound or the Battlefield," he thought.

A gentle breeze rippled the cane like an emerald sea.

"What a perfect day for flying! How I wish—" he sighed again. A patient whinny nearby came like the "still small voice" made audible. Bursting through

the last of the cane, Clifford found his mule, Old Kit, satiated with cane, was hunched patiently in the shade. These two were life-long friends. When Clifford was a baby Mr. McIntyre had taken the mule in payment of a debt from a worthless and cruel tenant. The animal was nearly dead from starvation and brutality. Some of the scars he still bore. Rest, food and kindness, however, gradually restored him to a semblance of his natural strength. The first, and for a long time, the only burden he bore was the lonely child. At first Clifford was held on by his nurse, then by his lengthening legs. As the boy and the animal increased in strength and courage, they jogged further afield and finally from one end of the large plantation to the other. When Clifford was old enough to hear and read of the many Indian traditions and relics of the region, he explored the battlefield of Horseshoe Bend and the Mound almost daily.

* * *

Neither the boy's rustling step nor the mule's welcoming whicker disturbed an old negro man who was sprawled lazily on a soft shady bank, sleeping with heavy snores.

"Hey! Uncle Isham! Wake up there. What are you doing asleep so early in the morning?" demanded Clifford.

"Sleep? Who wuz sleep? Not me. Tho' hit wouldn't be strange if I wuz, 'cas I wuz kep' at de church till after midnight ter pray fer you young folks. Preacher says we'll have ter pray fer yer as yer won't do hit fer yerse'ves. I wuz jess layin' back watchin' old Kit ter see he didn't cut hisse'f wid dat plow."

"Watching nothing! Why didn't you unhitch him and start to chopping cotton like father told you?"

"I wuz jess waitin' ter see ef yer didn't want me ter plow ye'r co'n fer yer."

"No, no, indeed. That's my corn, and I promised father to do all the work on it myself. Besides, you don't plow deep enough."

"Now, lis'en at dat! Heah I been plowin' fer sixty years an' dese upstarts wid new-fangled notions tell me I don't know how! My own gran'son, Ike, whut I sонт off ter Booker Washington's school wid money I'd made plowin', done, come

home and tol' me I don't know how ter plow!" the old man chuckled.

Uncle Isham was Aunt Cindy's husband. Mr. McIntyre called them his "colored illustration" of fidelity and industry, as they had lived together and worked together nearly sixty years.

"I reckon when you y'ungsters gits ter runnin' dis place you'll plow so deep yer scratch the roof o' hell. Yer better mind out! You all ain't ez ready ter meet de debbl ez us ole codgers!"

"Well, let's get to work " suggested the boy, laughing.

As the day advanced the spring warmth approached summer heat, but a steady gentle breeze tempered its intensity.

"What a perfect day for flying! How I wish—" he sighed. "Get up, Kit."

The shadows shortened for noon, and Clifford heard with relief the distant but distinct and musical gong sounded for the plantation workers to quit for dinner.

Clifford unhitched old Kit, who made straight for the nearby bank of the Tallapoosa River for water and pasturage. The boy went as directly into his lunch, or rather, the reverse: his lunch went directly into him. When he had nearly finished he heard a limping rustle through the cane-brake.

"Is that you, Uncle Isham?"

"Yassah."

"Where are you going?"

"I'se gwine atter some grub, in co'se. Does yer think I kin chop cotton on er empty stummick? Is dat one of yer new-fangled ideas?"

"No," laughed the boy, "because I'm going to practice those ideas as well as preach them. But there's no use in your going all the way home. I've got plenty for half-a-dozen to eat. I believe Aunt Cindy intends for me to feed you because she put in some corn bread and she knows I don't like it."

"I 'spec' she did. My old woman saves dis game leg o' mine ev'y step she kin."

Clifford helped the old man bountifully and still had enough to tie up for another lunch during the long, arduous afternoon. Isham squatted down and munched the "white folks' food" voraciously.

"Now, ef I jess had er swig o' butter-milk, I'd be sas'fied," he remarked.

Clifford stretched himself full length on the lush grass, clasped his hands under his head and took up the conversation they had begun that morning.

"Honestly, now, Uncle Isham, don't you know we're going to need 'new-fangled notions' to make up for the damage the boll weevil is going to do us when it gets here?"

"Honey, dis ole nigger been wu'kin dese fiels'er long time, an' he ain't nuvver yit seed de time er feller wid any git-up-an'-get cudn't make er livin'. Some years de rains and de high water gin us er short crap, but er short crap means high price. An' de next year de low groun's wuz richer frum de flood, so hit all comes out in de long run. Now, ez fer dis boll weevil—well, when de army worm fust come ter dis part o' de country you'd thought we all wuz gwinter starve to death. Same when de rust hit us. Who bothers overly 'bout them now? I don't know much 'bout dis boll weevil, but hit cain't eat mule, colts an' bull yearlin's an' haws an' chickens an' corn an' sweet-taters an' 'possums an' sugarcane, kin it? Nor youngsters lak you an' Ike? B'fo' dat weevil gits heah some young know-it-all lak youall 'll fin' er antidote fer hit."

Uncle Isham fired this, the big gun, of his vocabulary, with pride and deliberation. He had learned it at the risk of his life. The prompt and oft-told administration of an antidote had saved him from the fatal result of mistaking bed-bug poison for whiskey.

"Call me if you hear the gong and I don't," said Clifford rolling over for a nap.

He dreamed that his shoulder-blades, after much itching and pain, sprouted bi-planes of exquisite balance and proportion. Upon these he soared and circled until some unaccountable catastrophe sent him crashing to the earth below, his pinions snapped off short and his solar plexus aching from the impact. He partially awoke and remembered his mother had said that most dreams could be accounted for by some recent thought or act. Was this mental flight caused by reading *Little Nemo* or by red bugs under his shoulder blades and too much pickle near his solar plexus. He slept again, and again he dreamed of the flying machine.

This time he was disturbed by the motor—it continued to throb, though the machine would not move.

"Don' yer heah dat gong?" demanded old Isham.

"Why, it's the motor that won't—" murmured the boy drowsily.

"I know yer wishes yer had one ter plow wid, but go git old Kit, honey," advised the old man with a chuckle.

Clifford and Kit, refreshed, worked so vigorously that by two o'clock the plowing was finished. The boy surveyed the job with satisfaction.

"I don't believe father nor the man with the deep plowing method could find any fault with that. Now, Kit, shall we go to the Mound or the Bend?"

Not far away was the famous Horse-shoe Bend, where the Creek Indians had entrenched themselves to harass the white settlers. Here on such another spring day long ago, General Jackson surrounded them and beat them in battle so decidedly that no strong force was ever again brought against the whites. Five hundred and fifty-seven Red Sticks, as the warriors were called, because they painted themselves red for war and sent a burning stick from tribe to tribe as a token to go on the warpath, were left dead on the field. Many others, desperately wounded, swam the Tallapoosa and crawled off into the canebrakes to die, so the whole region was even yet rich in arrow-heads and other relics. Clifford today felt inclined toward the battlefield, but old Kit cocked one long ear over one bleary eye, laid the other straight back and turned toward the nearer Mound.

"All right, old pard. Either place suits me, but you'd find the grazing better at the Bend."

Clifford vaulted on to old Kit. They plodded along slowly. Kit was tired and Clifford was hunting the soft spots between the knobs of the mule's sharp backbone.

Arrived at the Mound Clifford found the implements he now kept hidden there, and set to work on the time- and weather-cemented shell-dust of which the mound was built. Tradition said the circular cone contained the bodies of six warriors, fully painted and armed, seated in a circle

around a pot of gold. The structure had been partially tunnelled, but nothing had been unearthed, except occasional weapons and pipes. Although Clifford had many of these he worked diligently; even if he secured a duplicate the Capitol collection would be glad to get it.

He whisted, hacked and dug. At last a handle protruded. Working carefully around it he brought out the entire article uninjured. It was a tomahawk similar to several he had. Upon a handle of hickory so hard as to seem petrified was ingeniously lashed, with a buckskin thong, a large flat shell sharpened to knife-like thinness. Clifford took his find to the shade of a nearby tree to examine the markings on the handle. Were those made by the tooth of time or by the Indian warrior to indicate the number the tomahawk had slain? The boy was ready to go home now, only it was so spooky there without his mother, and old Kit was enjoying the young cane; so he leaned back against the tree and fell into the "long, long thoughts of youth."

He was startled by a snort and plunge of terror from old Kit, followed by the diminishing thuds of her hoofs.

"What on earth—?"

* * *

But it wasn't on earth. The boy's heart thumped as the primeval stillness was shattered by a weird purr and a metallic whirr. Clifford sprang up and looked around and about him. Finally he looked up. There, in the soft spring air was a wonderful object wheeling about like the skeleton of some mammoth antediluvian bird.

The flying machine! Lightly, swiftly it circled about far overhead. It wavered a moment like a sea gull about to alight, then with one swoop of lessening speed it descended directly upon the Mound. The operator stepped out of the light car and stamped his cramped feet.

"Happen to have any twine or wire about you, Bub?" he called.

"No, sir," whispered the boy, approaching the magic machine with awe.

"You see, this rod came unscrewed and while it doesn't seem to make any trouble, I'd rather fix it, especially before I cross that river. This was such a bully place

to alight I couldn't resist trying to repair it. What is it, anyway?"

"Indian Mound," said Clifford, still almost dumb.

"Phew! With an airship on top! There's contrast for you. But about this little rod—"

"Oh, sir, would this fix it?"

Clifford snipped with his knife the buckskin thong on the tomahawk and began to unwind it with trembling fingers.

"What is that?"

"A tomahawk."

"Well, I'll be jiggered; 'pears like they were as common as jack knives! Yes, that will fix the rod all right, but it seems a pity—"

"Oh, I have several, and the Mound is full of them."

"Then give me the handle and blade, please, to keep, won't you?"

"Yes, indeed."

The aviator deftly bound the dangling rod in place. Then he examined and tested several parts of the delicate mechanism. Clifford, meanwhile, having devoured the machine with his eyes, took a look at the operator. No, he was not the inventor, whose thin, tense face was familiar to Clifford through the press.

The man tried the repair again, then picked up the dismembered tomahawk and jammed it into his pocket.

"Thanks, awfully, Bub. These things aren't common where I come from," he explained, preparing to climb in.

Clifford fumbled in his pocket.

"Then maybe you'd like this arrow head I plowed up today."

"I certainly would, Bub, but—er—what can I do in return for all these?"

The aviator's hand, unconsciously reaching for a tip, was arrested. Clifford kept the words back, but the wish was written large on his eager face.

"I'll do it, by George! Get in! I've been wanting just such a stripling as you for my first passenger."

Clifford turned pale and trembled with the joy and wonder of it all.

"Are you afraid?"

"Oh, no, sir!" cried the boy, hopping in lest the operator change his mind. "I'm just so tickled—"

"Well, hold on."

Clifford grasped the light side rail and they began to glide forward. The Mound was almost as good a starting point as the usual place at the training quarters, so with a clatter and whirr they rose immediately some hundred feet and then shot ahead as swift and free as an eagle. Dizziness blinded the boy for a moment, then his eager eyes cleared and he scanned intently the gliding panorama below. He judged that a rat-like creature, apparently crawling along the road beneath was old Kit still running frantically from the strange noise and apparition that had disturbed her peaceful browse. The boy regretted he could not see Uncle Isham's amazement. He hoped the old negro, and the others in the fields, saw him now, lest everyone, himself included, might conclude his fancy only had taken wings.

Being familiar with the relative distances of the hills, river and houses below, Clifford could judge somewhat of their speed, but the change of perspective altered wonderfully the well-known landscape. He had a new and comprehensive view of the Horseshoe Bend of the Tallapoosa River where General Jackson had slaughtered the Red Sticks.

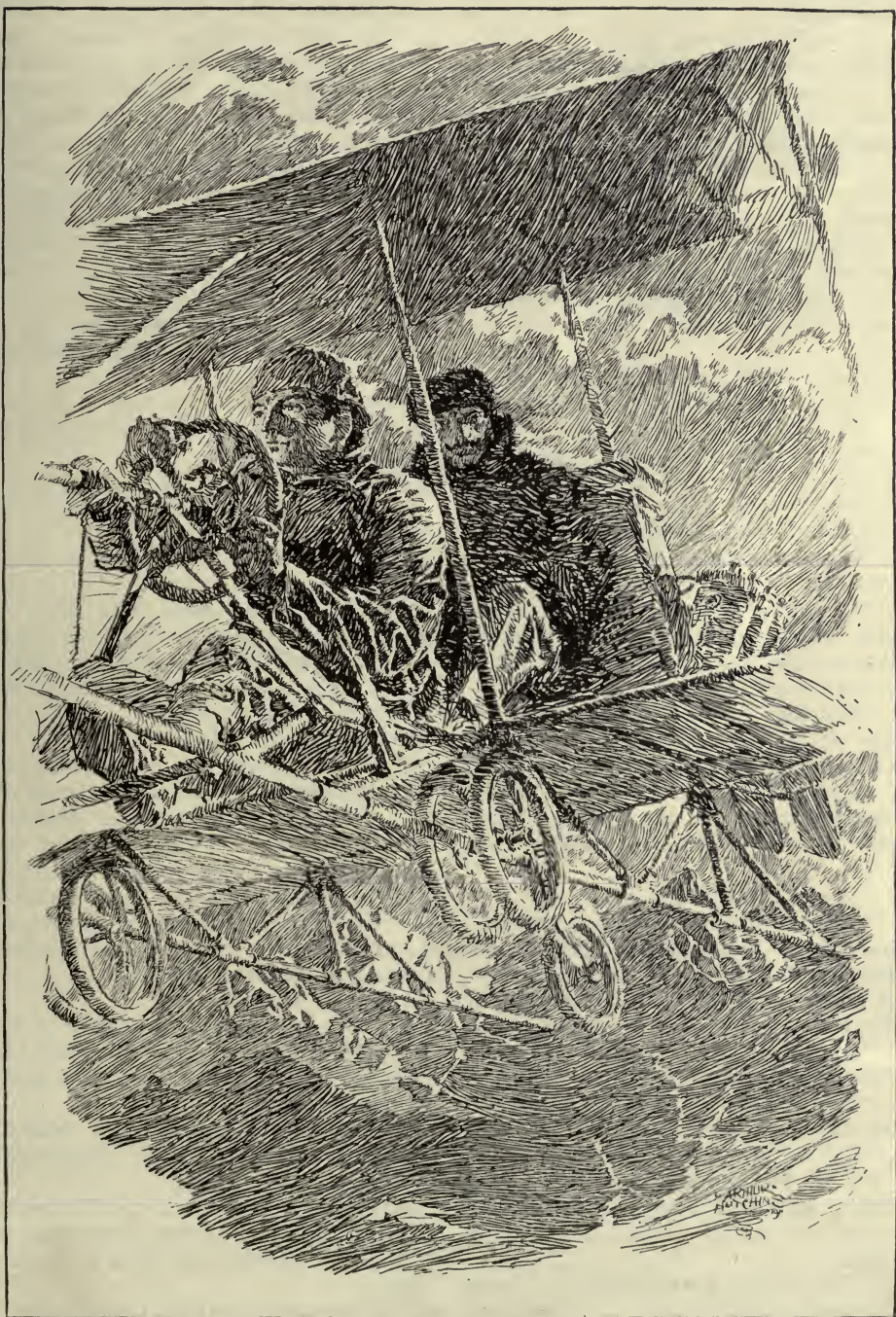
"Wouldn't Old Hickory have given a pretty to get this bird's eye view of the enemy before he attacked them? But then a battle wouldn't have been necessary. I bet the Red Sticks would have scattered at the sight of an airship for all their stoicism, don't you?" asked the boy.

But he got no answer, for he was literally talking to the wind which carried his puny voice away unheard above the clatter of the planes and the pulsing of the motor. He leaned forward trying to identify the low ridge remaining from the old breastworks.

"Sit still there!" shouted the operator.

Clifford straightened instantly. Thereafter he watched the working of the machine, drank in the intoxicating rush of pure, thin air, or simply sensed the thrilling novelty of motion.

A long, downward glide and they alighted on the Mound with the ease and precision of a homing pigeon to its perch, Clifford climbed out, gasping words of gratitude. The operator followed. He



A long, downward glide and they alighted on the Mound with the ease and precision of a homing pigeon on its perch

examined the buckskin bandage on the broken rod.

"Fine!"

He peered into the gasoline tank.

"I guess there's enough to take me back" he surmised. "But my tank is empty. Any water 'round here, Bub?"

"Yes, sir. The Indians always placed their dead near a good spring. Right here."

Clifford led the way a few paces and parting the young willows disclosed a clear spring boiling up through the silvery sand. The man drank from it long and deep.

"Bully—now maybe I can forget I haven't had any dinner" he exclaimed.

"Oh sir! Here's some lunch. It's all picked over and jumbled together, but if you can eat it—oh! no, I'm sure you wouldn't," he ended, dismayed at the wreckage he had unwrapped.

"Wouldn't I eat it? Bub, you just watch me."

The aviator first took a careful loving look at the perfectly poised machine, then sat down to complete the annihilation of that long-suffering lunch.

"You see," he explained "I wanted to slip off on this long-distance flight, so when the others went to town for dinner I stayed at the shed. I put extra touches on the machine and then I slipped away just before it was time for them to come back."

"Doesn't Mr. Wright know—?"

"You bet he does. Nothing goes on at the Aviation School that he doesn't know. But we students try to steal marches—or rather flights—on each other. I'm the first one to take up a passenger, all right!"

"And I'm it all right!" exclaimed Clifford with more pride than eloquence.

"You certainly are. By the way what's my first passenger's name?"

"Clifford McIntyre. And you—?"

"I am Arch Hoxey. But what is this, Bub?" he asked inspecting a piece of bread from which he had just taken a bite.

"Why, that's a beaten biscuit," returned the boy.

"Beaten biscuit? Why, it can't be beat! At least I've never tasted its equal. Who beat it?"

"Aunt Cindy, our cook. I thought everybody—"

"Why did she beat it?"

"To put elbow grease in it, she says. She gives the dough fifty licks for home folks and five hundred for company. If I've got to dress up I get up when she begins to pound, if I'm going to skin into my everyday clothes I stay snuggled up until she finishes. I wish you'd come out to see us, Mr. Hoxey. We live in that big white house you'll see before you leave."

"I'd come or bust a biplane if I owned one and wasn't leaving tomorrow, Bub."

Hoxey fletcherized the last morsel of beaten biscuit and took another drink of the bubbling water.

"Now I must fly back to the shed or Mr. Wright will be in a panic about his machine."

"O Mr. Hoxey. I wish I could thank you for—"

"Don't let that worry you, Bub. I know an air ride is a novelty, but I got repair for my machine, some Indian relics and a much needed lunch. So let's call it square. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Mr. Hoxey."

Clifford watched the preparations to start the airship and the manipulation of its get-away with intense and partially intelligent interest. When it soared up into the golden spring sunshine and shot straight south toward the training school the boy gazed in a trance of joyous understanding. He felt again the glorious freedom of its novel motion.

* * *

Late the next autumn the janitor of the Agricultural College reluctantly poked his grizzled head through a crack in a classroom door.

"Scuse me, Professah, but Mistah McIntyre is wanted at de tallyphone," he said timidly.

"Take the number and say McIntyre is in class. How often have I told you—"

"Yassah, yassah, but dis is long distance."

"There—er—McIntyre, I guess you'd better go."

"Thank you, sir."

Clifford tried not to be alarmed, but

he couldn't help fearing his mother might be ill or that his father's new saddle horse had thrown him. The animal had a wicked eye. He swallowed hard and took down the receiver like one preparing for a shock.

"Hello. Yes, this is McIntyre."

"Hello. Yes, is that Long Distance?"

"Montgomery?"

"Hello! Father! Anything wrong?—Mother—?"

"I'm certainly glad to hear it. What are you doing in Montgomery?"

"Oh, yes, I forgot the Fair. How is it?"

"Oo-o-o-o-oh! I did? Won the County

Corn Prize! Gee, but that's grand, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir. Thank you. I'll try."

"Do with the money? Put it in the bank, I guess."

"Yes, leave it there as a nest egg toward buying a flying machine. You say they'll be common and cheap by the time I'm graduated—"

"No sir. I haven't seen today's paper."

"He did! Took Roosevelt up in the flying machine! Hooray for Hoxey! He had his nerve—Hello? Hello? Say, father, that's one time I beat the Colonel to it!"

SMILES AND SUNSHINE

By J. ANDREW BOYD

NOT for all life's ills, 'tis true,
Can a cure be found;
But if you're not up to the mark,
This will bring you round:

Take a little Sunshine
And a Smile or two,
Mix them well together,
Use when feeling blue.

This will cure your troubles,
Make you feel like new,
Costs you nothing—try it
When you're feeling blue.

When the days are dreary
And everything goes wrong,
A dose will make you happy
And fill your heart with song.

When you are down-hearted,
Troubled, filled with grief,
Try the Smiles and Sunshine Cure,
It will bring relief.

Tell it to your neighbor,
Let him try it, too,
And he'll find how quickly
It will pull him through.

It's cheaper than the doctor,
Who cannot cure the blues,
So try the Smiles and Sunshine Cure,
And plenty of it use.

Waltz Song

by Charles Winslow Hall

WITH arms fondly twined we glide o'er the floor,
Her dear lips and soft eyes aglow with love-light,
And of all else naught know we more,
Lost in a dream of delight.
Eddy around us the joyous and gay,
By us scarcely noted, unheard and unseen,
Only the mystical charm of the music
Blending with Love's magic dream.



Far from the sordid and grim cares of life
Rich robes and jewels flash back the soft light;
Far away seems the melodious strife
Of the band's pulsing strains of delight.
'Tis for a moment at best we may tread
Paradise, passing the Archangel's sword,
Into its mysteries borne on the music
Love's way into Eden restored.



Others may sing the delights of the bowl,
The triumphs that wealth and ambition bestow,
But none can compare with this dream of the soul
Blent with musical murmurings low;
When 'mid the throng of the joyous and gay,
Yet scarcely beholding its glory and gleam,
Only the mystical strains of the music
Blend with our love's magic dream.

David Starr Jordan

Litterateur and Advocate of
International Conciliation

by George Wharton James

TO the world at large David Starr Jordan is best known as a successful college president—when first installed as the youngest in the United States; today, as the oldest in active service. To a small portion of the students of international affairs he is known as one of our representatives in the arbitration of rather complicated affairs between ourselves and other nations, such as the Canadian fisheries, the fur seal matter, etc.; and to the world of scientists as one of the leading ichthyologists of his time, one who has written on the fishes of the world more extensively than any of his contemporaries have done. Only Dr. Pieter Van Bleeker of Java and Dr. Albert Günther of the British Museum have written as extensively, and they both belong to a past generation. Yet it is in none of these capacities that I present him to the readers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE in this sketch; it is as a literary man, pure and simple, a writer and speaker, one of the great Californians who has been, is, and will continue to be, a moulder of public opinion by the spoken and written word. In passing, it is sufficient to remark that the educational miracle of America is the fact that Dr. Jordan has organized a privately endowed university, and without any of the extraneous aid that comes to state-endowed and fostered institutions, within two decades has placed it in the front rank of educational institutions, recognized and honored, equally in London, Paris, Berlin, Oxford, Cambridge, Glasgow, Edinburgh and Dublin. This

in itself is achievement enough for one man's lifetime, but it has been only one part of Dr. Jordan's work. As an ichthyologist he occupies not only the foremost place among American scientists, but is recognized as one of the foremost of the world.

With such large cares and responsibilities resting upon his shoulders, therefore, it is evident that, whatever his inclinations, he could not possibly spare much time to devote to literary work. It has always been a great regret to Dr. Jordan that he has been compelled to forego this pleasure. He knows the joy of literary creation and would gladly have given himself up to it many times had not pressing duties forbade. Hence he feels that nearly all he has written lacks the literary finish he would have given to it had the Fates been more kind and had doled out to him a few more hours a day for that purpose.

That he can write exquisite verse is evidenced by the following poem, written for his daughter Barbara, and published August, 1895, in the *Popular Science Monthly*:

TO BÁRBARA
(*A Study in Heredity*)

By DAVID STARR JORDAN

Little lady, cease your play
For a moment, if you may;
Come to me, and tell me true
Whence those black eyes came to you.

Father's eyes are granite gray,
And your mother's, Barbara,
Black as the obsidian stone,
With a luster all their own.
How should one so small as you
Learn to choose between the two?

If through father's eyes you look,
 Nature seems an open book—
 All her secrets written clear
 On her pages round you, dear.
 Better yet than this may be
 If through mother's eyes you see;
 Theirs to read—a finer art—
 Deep down in the human heart.
 How should one so small as you
 Choose so well between the two?

Hide your face behind your fan,
 Little black-eyed Puritan;
 Peer across its edge at me
 In demurest coquetry,
 Like some Doña Plácida,
 Not the Puritan you are.
 Subtle sorcery there lies
 In the glances of your eyes,
 Calling forth, from out the vast
 Vaults of the forgotten past,
 Pictures dim and far away
 From the full life of today,
 Like the figures that we see
 Wrought in ancient tapestry.

This the vision comes to me:
 Sheer rock rising from the sea,
 Wind-riven, harsh, and vertical,
 To a gray old castle wall;
 Waving palms upon its height,
 At its feet the breakers white,
 Chasing o'er an emerald bay,
 Like a flock of swans that play;
 Tile-roofed houses of the town,
 From the hills, slow-creeping down;
 Rocks and palms and castle wall,
 Emerald seas that rise and fall,
 Golden haze and glittering blue—
 What is all of this to you?

Only this, perchance it be,
 Each has left its trace in thee;
 Only this, that Love is strong,
 And the arm of Fate is long.

Deeply hidden in your eyes,
 Undeciphered histories,
 Graven in the ages vast,
 Lie there to be read at last:
 Graven deep, they must be true;
 Shall I read them unto you?

Once a man, now faint and dim
 With the centuries over him,
 Wandered from an ancient town,
 On its hills slow-creeping down,
 O'er the ocean, bold and free,
 Roved in careless errantry.
 With Vizcaino had he fared,
 And his strange adventures dared;
 Restless ever, drifting on,
 Far as foot of man had gone;
 On his cheek the salt that clings
 To the Headland of the Kings,
 Flung from the enchanted sea
 Of Saint Francis Assisi.
 Rover o'er the ocean blue—
 What has he to do with you?

Only this: he sailed one day
 To your Massachusetts Bay,
 And this voyage was his last,
 For Love seized and held him fast.
 Of that old romance of his
 None can tell you more than this;
 Saving that, as legacies
 To his child, he left his eyes,
 Black as the obsidian stone,
 With a luster all their own,
 Seeing as by magic ken
 Deep into the hearts of men.
 And mid tides of changing years,
 Dreams and hopes and cares and fears,
 Life that flows and ebbs away,
 Love has kept them loyally.

Once, it chanced, they came to shine,
 Straight into this heart of mine.

Little lady, cease your play
 For a moment, if you may;
 Ali I ask is, silently,
 Turn your mother's eyes on me.

Consulado Ingles, Calle de las Olas Atlas,
 Mazatlan, Sinaloa.
 January 10, 1895.

* * *

How little one knows what Time has in store for him is well exemplified in Dr. Jordan's career. He began his public life with the intention of being either a breeder of fine sheep or a botanist. At Cornell University, however, he was soon appointed instructor in botany; and while there he and his associate, the brilliant and accomplished Herbert E. Copeland, decided to look over the biological field in America and then enter that branch that was altogether or in part unoccupied. They decided that the fishes of America had never received adequate treatment, so they became ichthyologists. In a short time their names became known as those of deep and profound students. Then, unfortunately, Copeland died, and Jordan was left to pursue his work alone, but he has stuck persistently to it until at the present time he has written over four hundred books and papers on fishes alone. Out of twelve thousand known species, he and his students have discovered and named about a thousand of them.

Yet it is not so marvellous when one considers how it has been done. Dr. Jordan has made it his rule every working day, where possible, to give not less than one hour to his scientific work—more if possible. He has also added to his own work by putting into harness those of his

students who showed special aptitude, and they have supplemented or completed work that he had already outlined and begun. Working under his scientific direction, in practical lines, for definite scientific purposes was both an opportunity and a delight that intelligent students knew how to appreciate, and by this method Dr. Jordan has added to his own labors material that his limited time would never have allowed him personally to gather, classify and describe.

Even from the literary standpoint it would be appropriate for me to comment somewhat upon Dr. Jordan's work as a scientific writer upon fish. But this I shall not do except to call attention to one or two interesting facts. It was because of his known ability in this line that he was first sent to California in 1880 as an agent of the United States Census Bureau to study and report upon the fisheries and fish of California, and the marine industries, present and future, of the Pacific Coast. One of the first articles he ever wrote on this subject was for the *Overland Monthly*. But while here his voracious mind could not be content with merely studying the subjects for which he was sent, and he made a survey of the old Franciscan Missions, on which subject he was asked to speak when he returned to the East. He also wrote an essay on the subject, which was published later in a volume of addresses by the Whitaker & Ray Company of San Francisco, entitled "The Innumerable Company," now out

of print, but which he has not seen fit to have republished because general knowledge upon some of the subjects treated has much increased since the first publication.

Some of his earlier honors came to him because of his scientific knowledge of fish, such as the grand prize of the London



DAVID STARR JORDAN

President of Leland Stanford University, California

Fisheries Exhibition of 1882, the diploma of which occupies an honored place on the wall of his Stanford University office.

While some of his "fish books" do not form interesting reading to the layman, there is scarcely a human being, old or young, who is not interested in their beautiful colored illustrations, and interest in these is much enhanced, when it is

known that many of the originals are the work of Dr. Jordan's own hands. He is a draughtsman and colorist as well as a describer of species. In 1904 the Bureau of Fisheries issued his "Report on the Fishes of Hawaii," and in 1906 another on "The Fishes of Samoa." Handing me copies of these, I was soon deeply absorbed in the exquisite markings and colorings of the fish, and turning to one that was a sunburst of richest greens, he answered my unspoken question: "No, it is not overcolored. At first I thought it was. I well remember how hard I worked on it one hot night in Samoa before it faded, and the printer struggled hard to make his print equal to my painting, but later, in Suva, in the Fiji Islands, I caught one that I compared with this, and the copy is very tame indeed."

* * *

It has often been assumed that because Dr. Jordan was a college president, the world's expert on ichthyology, and devoted a great deal of time to international affairs, he could not possibly be a literary man. In other words, the individual of small mind and caliber has judged that the man of large mind and caliber must, of necessity, be as limited as himself. Michael Angelo was known for the universality of his powers. He was sculptor, architect, painter, poet and statesman. In our own time Gladstone was statesman, critical essayist, specialist in Greek, and also a vigorous woodchopper. Why should it seem strange that a man of great intellect, of marvellous memory, of strong personality—one whose work naturally brings him in contact with a tremendous diversity of minds, one whose powers of observation are extraordinary, whose reading has been voluminous in many tongues, and whose physical endurance is such that he has traveled and seen much in paths that are not usually trodden by men—I say, why should it be regarded as strange that such a man should wish to put into literary form his thoughts, his observations, his experiences. The fact is it would be most wonderfully and inexplicably strange if he did not do so.

While a student young Jordan mastered German, French, Spanish, Italian and Danish of the modern languages, as

well as his own, besides some Latin and Greek, so that he could read and speak in them. He familiarized himself with the literature of those countries, and took all the studies in history and literature taught in his day. He was therefore exceptionally prepared for a literary career, had he chosen to follow it, and, as already stated, in later years he has done much individualistic traveling, come in contact with many great minds, and had many remarkable experiences, all of which have added value to whatever he might offer the world from his pen.

He has always felt, also, the charm of the beauty of written and spoken words. He has an ear for verbal rhythm that many a poet might envy, and had he had the time there is no doubt that he would have seriously entered the field of literature as a vocation, not merely as it has perforce been to him, viz., a mere pastime in which he found pleasure and recreation. And yet he has written much that possesses great value, and some of his writings are in literary form of a high type.

It should here be recalled that when Governor and Mrs. Stanford appealed to Andrew D. White, former president of the universities of Michigan and Cornell, to name a man for the university they were about to found in California, he instantly named David Starr Jordan, then president of the University of Indiana, and named, among his many other qualifications, that he was "one of the leading scientific men of the country and possessed of a most charming power of literary expression."

Most of Dr. Jordan's writings are addresses, reduced to writing on railway trains, steamers, or in hotels after delivery; a few of them are poems, and there are also "The Story of Matka," published by Whitaker & Ray Company of San Francisco, California—the story of the life of the seal; "The Fate of Iciodorum," published by Henry Holt & Co., New York—an economic study; "Science Sketches," his first book on science, published by McClurg's, Chicago, in 1887; "Fish Stories," of which he was joint author with Charles Frederick Holder, and "The California Earthquake of 1906," published by A. M. Robertson, San Francisco, in

which he wrote the general account of the earthquake and its effects.

Personally I am free to confess that had he written nothing but "The Human Harvest," to which I shall refer more fully later, I should feel that his literary work is on a par with his work as a university president, as an international arbitrator, and as a world authority on fish.

And as for his regret that he could not spend more time on the literary form of what he has published, I openly disagree with him. I am more than glad for his shortness of time, for, as is well known to some of my readers, I am stoutly opposed to the idea that beauty in literature is the first and prime element, or that beauty is to be obtained only by chipping away all angles, rounding all curves, reducing everything that is natural to that which is artificial. I have no objection to statues, to figurines, to cameos, to bas-reliefs, and when they are made I would see them as perfect as human power can make them. But I would give all the statues and cameos ever made without a pang rather than lose, for my everyday life, the towering mountains which I see from my study window, and the power of El Capitan, the North and South Domes, Cloud's Rest, the Cathedral Dome and Spires, and Mount Starr King. But, say the objectors, the former are works of art; these latter are works of Nature. True! And so do I claim for literature; some of it comes under the first, some under the latter, category. Dr. Jordan's work is largely of the El Capitan type, natural, spontaneous, forceful, dominant, rugged, if you like, towering over the landscapes of life in a way never to be forgotten. Most "literature" is of the figurine or cameo type—pretty enough for a pretty woman's boudoir or to wear on her finger, but of little or no value to those who wish to live in the out-of-doors of God in the midst of great things.

His spoken addresses, which have been issued in book form, possess these natural and spontaneous qualities. Among them are "Philosophy of Hope," a scientific discussion of the injury pessimism does to the human race; "The Call of the Twentieth Century," a stirring appeal for true-hearted, loyal, characterful democracy;

"Life's Enthusiasms," a plea for yielding with one's whole soul to things that are worth while; "The Voice of the Scholar," a clear presentation of the duties and responsibilities—social, civic, national—that inhere to the graduate of the country's schools and colleges; "Care and Culture of Men," etc. These are all published in most dainty and exquisite form by the Unitarian Publication House of Boston.

There is not a young man or a young woman in the land, or a teacher who has the highest good of his pupils at heart, who could read these stirring addresses without a marvellous uplift toward higher things. They are full of red blood, the active, burning, insistent thoughts of a live man, a good man, a religious man, seeking to give of the best of his inmost soul to help his younger brothers and sisters to all that the life of nobility, self-sacrifice, work and enthusiasm has for them. Talk about "polished literature." These books, if circulated broadcast, would do more good to the rising generations than all the polished verse and prose the ages have been able to produce, for they breathe of the freedom, the naturalness, the largeness, the spontaneity of God's great out-of-doors.

Wherever he had lived, whatever his vocation, Dr. Jordan would have been a great man, a man to impress his dominant personality upon others, but in California this fact became even more insistent and dominant. In answering my question as to a distinctive California literature, he instinctively and unconsciously stated his own case.

"It is a self-evident proposition to a thoughtful observer that California should produce writers of originality and power. Here are such new and original conditions that they naturally suggest new lines of thought, new methods of handling, as well as new subjects. Indeed there have been more literary men developed in California in proportion to its population than in any other center in the world's history. Clever men came here from everywhere, and meeting here the new conditions, perforce developed into original and powerful writers. Young men especially have felt the California influences and, whether they have stayed here or

not, have struck new notes in the literature of the world. Take, for instance, the two Irwin boys, Will and Wallace. See how rapidly they stepped into mature power in original lines. Had they been born and lived East and come in touch with nothing but the ordinary routine, the orthodox states of existence and methods of thought found there, their work would have partaken of that character. But here they absorbed the new elements and have created new and strikingly original work. So with Dane Coolidge, whose short stories and novels have a grip, a flavor, a power about them that is peculiarly Western. John W. Oskison is another. He is a half-blooded Cherokee Indian, who graduated here at Stanford. The *Century Magazine* offered a prize of \$500 (five hundred dollars) for an original story, and he wrote "The Voice of the Master," which gained the prize. They then offered him a place on their staff, which he accepted, and then stepped into a better one with *Collier's*, where he now is. I merely refer to these as modern examples of what I mean. No one familiar with the history of Bret Harte, John Phoenix (Lieutenant Derby) Joaquin Miller, Ambrose Bierce, Gertrude Atherton, Jack London, Palmer Cox, Charles F. Lummis, John Muir, Charles Keeler, Edwin Markham, Frank Norris, and hosts of others can deny the marvelous influence this Western world exercised upon their lives and their literary work."

In his "California and the Californians" Dr. Jordan amplifies upon this theme in a most fascinating and illuminative manner, and I regret that the limits of this sketch prevent my quoting at large from its interesting pages.

* * *

In appearance Dr. Jordan is a big man. He is big physically, standing fully six feet, two inches high, and weighing in the neighborhood of two hundred pounds. But though his physical bigness is insistent, it is far less so than his intellectual and moral bigness. The former seizes the eye, the latter grasps the mind and the imagination. His brow is both wide and high, and the fine quality of his hair and the delicate texture of his skin reveal the

fineness of his brain. His eyes are a cool, granite gray, and as one gazes into their depths at close range he feels they are the windows of a singularly pure, simple and sincere soul. Indeed, if I were asked to put into a few words my estimate of the secret of Dr. Jordan's power, I should use those three words—purity, simplicity and sincerity—first, and then add physical strength, insatiable desire for knowledge, disciplined powers of observation, colossal memory, philosophical and scientific training to use what observation gives, vivid and far-reaching imagination, directness of thought, care in the use of words, and, finally, a dominant and insistent love for humanity.

With such a physical, mental and spiritual equipment, is there any wonder that Dr. Jordan impresses men the moment they see him? He carries with him the atmosphere of power, of ability to do and be. His physical equipment has been of immense advantage to him, for not only has it enabled him to perform prodigious labors with comparative ease, but it has saved him from what weak and sickly men constantly have to battle with, viz., the consciousness of physical limitations and hindrances, and the actual perversions of mind that come from disease. Few people fully realize the handicaps of the sickly man, for they are often positive and direct in their influence as well as negative and preventive. Carlyle was not only hindered in the amount of work he did by his irritable stomachic and nerve conditions, but the quality of his work was seriously injured by these conditions. Dr. Jordan has never had anything of this kind to consider; born healthily, having lived properly, he has retained his practically perfect health, and all his work has been done under its healthful and vigorous stimulus.

His insatiable desire for knowledge was doubtless an inheritance. In his library at Stanford University is an enlarged photograph of his father, which, in itself, is most suggestive of Dr. Jordan's mental and spiritual equipment. It shows one of the fine old rugged, spiritual, intellectual faces of those who were early day pioneers, men who were not afraid of work, who learned the lessons of life in a stern



STANFORD UNIVERSITY GATEWAY

school, and who were gifted with purity of soul, love of truth, incorruptible honesty and jealous of their honor. Such men, feeling the educational limitations of their times, were apt to pass on to their sons the intensest kind of longing for the acquisition of knowledge, and, as I have

shown elsewhere, Dr. Jordan absorbed languages, literature, poetry, history and science. He graduated as an M. D., as well as in science, and has proven himself a master of organization and learned in the laws of diverse nations.

His training, combined with his desire

to know, has disciplined his powers of observation to such a degree that he sees more and further than most men, and this power, combined with his great memory, gives him such an array of facts and illustrations as to make him a fascinating teacher on any topic he deems himself called upon to speak.

To use such facts, to arrange them scientifically, and to be able to philosophize upon them is the gift made by the gods to but few. Many think they possess it, but with Dr. Jordan it is an active, a real gift, in living use daily, and made by him to contribute to the good of mankind.

These and the other qualities he possesses are all sanctified, blessed, directed and engaged to the utmost by his greatest gift, viz., that of a dominant and ever insistent love for humanity. He is no sentimentalist, no hysterical reformer, no wild enthusiast, but a cool-headed, sane, practical man of affairs, whose every act, however, is dictated by a love for his fellows. He is essentially a preacher, without any of the preacher's didacticism, mysticism or supernaturalism; he is essentially a philosopher whose philosophy is healthy, natural, cheery, optimistic and helpful; he is essentially a reformer whose suggestive reforms are reasonable and possible with human nature as it is; in a word, he is essentially sane, human and humane.

Hence the prodigiousness of his labors. He feels the urge from within and the vast burdens he has voluntarily assumed are proofs of his desire to give largely and broadly of those blessings Fate has so generously bestowed upon him. And yet, though his time is employed, one would think, far beyond the power of ordinary endurance, Dr. Jordan finds time to do what every public man would find to his immense advantage, yet few have ever dreamed of doing. He writes out, either by dictation or his own hand, his thoughts on any and all important questions upon which he thinks he has a right to form conclusions. He has discovered what all who have tried it have found, that nothing so clarifies one's thought as its formulation for clear statement on paper. And he deems the duty he owes to himself, to his position, and to the large number of students and outsiders who come or

write to him for expressions of his opinion on scores of diverse and yet important and serious topics, justifies the colossal labor that this method demands. Naturally this is for his own use only. It not only never goes into type, but in the main is for his own eyes solely. What a reflection, this, upon the so-called inability of many people to find time for certain needed work, when this man, with a thousand and one demands upon his energy, can yet find time and strength to write out his ideas on current subjects of importance in order that there may be no uncertainty in his mind in regard to them.

This one fact is an important key to Dr. Jordan's life. It reveals his earnestness and his consequent thoroughness. In the mere presence of such a man one feels a stimulus to earnestness of life such as he never possessed before, and when he speaks all who listen are impressed in like manner. In his public life when called upon to speak at a Chamber of Commerce meeting, at a California promotion dinner, at a miners' convention, at a pioneers' reunion, he does not waste his time, nor that of his auditors, by seeking to make an impression by his vast stores of learning, nor by raking up a lot of dead thought that was buried years ago in musty tomes, nor by quoting Latin, Greek or French phrases that not one in a hundred thousand understands, nor by any of the bald, vain, profitless, lifeless academic methods so much in vogue. No! With a directness, simpleness, clearness of an every-day practical man he strikes at the heart of the subject, says what he has to say in as few and as simple words as possible, and then "quits," content to be criticized by the unthinking mob who expected verbal and oratorical fireworks, so long as he has given helpful thoughts to the serious and discerning.

In this simplicity of speech is another secret of his power. When he arises there is no thought of "the great institution which I have the honor to represent," or of the "dignity becoming to a college president." He is primarily a man, and that is good enough for every occasion, for every purpose. He stands, therefore, a man among men, neither claiming nor seeking by manner, attitude or words any

other honor than that freely accorded to him because of his knowledge, his recognized ability and his manhood. His addresses are the embodiment of simplicity. There is a terse, vigorous, Anglo-Saxon quality about them that is power personified. Men and women of sense love to hear him; they listen eagerly, because he gives them thought, clothed in direct, expressive, clean English. And when he has said his say, he stops. He can sum up powerfully and effectively; he can marshal all his thoughts in orderly array for a final review, but if he ever does it with the brass band, drum, cymbals and drum major, it is something unknown to me, and I have heard him many times. There is too much "brass band" with too many "orators," and Dr. Jordan shows his disapproval of such methods without words—his own acts are his significant criticism and his pointing out of what he believes to be the better way.

* * *

From all that has gone before it must be evident that I regard Dr. Jordan as a well-poised man. There is no doubt about it. He is never in a hurry, never "flustered," never caught napping, never over-anxious. He is never found protesting, fault-finding, defending or abusing. It is a joy to see him wending his own way regardless alike of praise or blame—at least as far as outward appearances are concerned—faithfully discharging his duties with a calm steadfastness that speaks of self-reliance and self-knowledge. There is not the slightest trace of hauteur or pride about him that would render him hard of access, yet equally he has no mock humility. He knows he is a thinker, he knows he thinks well, and he knows he can help other people to think well, but there is neither conceit, eagerness to present his ideas, nor irritation at those who differ from him, in any of his moods or attitudes. He perfectly exemplifies in his life and work his own words: "The world turns aside to let any man pass who knows whither he is going." He reminds me of Ruskin, who, one day, when I asked him what authorities I might study to teach me to use good English, replied, after commenting upon Chaucer, Addison, Johnson, De Quincey, Newman, etc., "and there

are eminent critics who say you should study what I have written—and I agree with them."

But, says the curious reader, Is Dr. Jordan an orator?

Yes and no! If you mean is he a polished rhetorician, who writes addresses that are full of the "flowers of speech," whose every phrase is duly weighed and placed, every period exquisitely and perfectly rounded, the introduction, exordium, peroration and all the rest carefully studied out, I unhesitatingly answer, Thank God, no! Speech is too important a matter to Dr. Jordan, deals with too serious and momentous things, to be used mainly as a means for displaying his own artistry, however perfect that may be. He believes that life in words is more important than daintiness or polish in their use. Yet I would not have you think him careless in his use of words. He is quite the reverse. His method necessarily has made him so; until he became a college president at thirty-three years of age, he had never made a speech in his life. As an instructor at Cornell, a professor for a year in Illinois and another year in Wisconsin, he was in the habit of teaching his classes. Here he laid the foundation for what I regard as the most perfect method of public speech possible to man, namely, first: Be sure of the facts you are going to state; second, have the material of your speech carefully arranged; third, tell what you have to tell simply and directly, choosing your words carefully. Words are not to be taken out of a hat haphazard. "That was how I learned to speak in public," said Dr. Jordan, "and it has been my method ever since. When I get before an audience, whether it is of one hundred or ten thousand, I have no other. I never write out an address beforehand. I may jot down the important heads in the order I desire to present them. The interest of the address depends (1) upon how much I am interested in the subject, and (2) how much the audience is interested and (3) upon how much more interest I can evoke in the minds of the audience than they felt before.

"I have also learned never to introduce a story, or an 'illustration' except for the

direct purpose of elucidating the subject. I use no 'ornaments' of speech. If the subject is not interesting in itself I do not care to speak on it, or ask people to waste their time in listening to my words upon it.

"I find, too, that I am somewhat susceptible as to where I speak. The acoustics of the hall must be good, for I cannot speak the truth and yell.

"Naturally, all that I say must be prearranged and predigested with the utmost care, and this, as your own experience has taught you, is a great deal harder than to sit down and write. Yet to my mind it is by far the best way and fully repays both speaker and audience. It makes me ready at all times, for I am never afraid to address any audience, however important, upon any subject with which I am familiar, and upon all others I generally refuse positively to speak."

Then with a laugh he added: "We all get caught, now and again, however, on after-dinner speeches," and I could heartily sympathize with him in that particular.

Here, then, you have Dr. Jordan's method outlined. What are the results? Ask the thousands of persons who have heard him speak on a hundred or more subjects during the past two decades. His voice, when he begins, is not always pleasing. There is a throaty quality to it that seems to be the result of some early throat trouble, but the speaker's clarity of thought and transparent sincerity and earnestness compel attention, coupled with the feeling that you are listening to a man who has observed and thought for himself, as well as studied the most careful observations and thoughts of others. As he proceeds and "limbers up," his voice becomes more resonant and pleasing, and while he is no more clear, his words begin to flow more easily. Then as his whole being is absorbed by the inner passion, his devotion to the cause he is advocating, his eyes become luminous, his great bulk seems to enlarge and his height to increase, his brow and face shine with a radiance born of his intense feeling and then—ah, then—he is an orator with the power to move men and women as few men can. I have heard many of the greatest orators of my day and generation, both in Europe

and America, in my own language and others, but for illuminating directness, vivid intensity, the choicest use of the simplest Anglo-Saxon words to present the clearest of ideas, the whole transfused and intermixed with the passion of the speaker's all-inclusive humanity, commend me to Dr. Jordan. At such times he is the inspired seer, the prophet, the leader, who sways his audience, not by appealing to their baser passions, to their easily aroused feelings of cheap patriotism or local pride, to their self-interest, or even to their emotions, but by directly appealing to the highest, noblest, best and truest in them, to their spiritual selves, to the only things that abide—their truth, honor, purity, humanity, unselfishness, nobleness and love. And all this without any meretricious aids, any of the cheap ornaments of the mere rhetorician, as, of course, without any of the clap-trap or noisy "professional" patriotism of the cheap politician or selfish demagogue.

From this standpoint, therefore, I regard Dr. Jordan as one of the greatest all-around speakers that the English-speaking world possesses today. I would rather hear him speak upon the subjects that are essentially his than I would hear the greatest artificial or academic orator the schools have ever produced.

For every one of his utterances is necessarily spontaneous and real. It is created for the occasion—to suit the audience, the first and essential basis of every true speech or address. If I were asked to recommend a teacher to a would-be public speaker I should not send him to the professors of that art of whom there are doubtless distinguished representatives on the faculty of the great university over which Dr. Jordan presides, but I should endeavor to give them a course of Dr. Jordan's own lectures, especially those in which his humanitarian instincts are most fully centered.

By these special subjects, I mean such as the preservation of the song and other birds, the proper training of the young, humane education, and especially the furtherance of international peace. In all of these subjects he is a master of masters. One of his first books was a "Manual of Vertebrate Animals," for which he had



IN THE QUADRANGLE, STANFORD UNIVERSITY

to do a great deal of bird study. This was published over thirty years ago. In gathering the material he felt called upon to shoot a number of birds, but in speaking of that phase of the subject he said, "I hated to do it, and since 1880 I have not shot a single bird nor mammal, not even for scientific or economic reasons. Do not misunderstand me. If I needed an animal or a bird for scientific purposes I would not hesitate to kill one or more as required, but the need must be very clear and plain."

As the years have gone on, he has grown increasingly interested in the preservation of all useful birds and game animals. For years he has been president of the Audubon Society of California, and by voice and pen has most powerfully furthered its work, even helping, when called upon, to work for the passage of protecting bills through the state legislature by presenting scientific reasons for the preservation of the birds. In regard to the Training of the Young, the following all too brief quotations will reveal his profound interest:

"The child exists for its possibilities."

"A young man can have no nobler ancestry than one made up of men and women who have worked for a living and who have given honest work."

"The greatest teacher is the one who

never forgets that he was once a boy and who knows the aspirations, the limitations, and the ambitions of the boy of today."

"It is of men, individual men, clear-thinking, God-fearing, sound-acting men, and of these alone, that great nations can be made."

At the 1911 meeting of the National Educational Association, held in San Francisco, Dr. Jordan spoke on "Temperance and Society." In this address his passion for humanity was clearly revealed, and at the same time his courage and fearlessness in attacking entrenched evil. The following is an indictment of the saloon which cannot be quoted too often: "The 'blind pig' is an evil from the standpoint of law, a gross and monstrous evil. Every unenforced statute breeds evil. But, from the standpoint of society, it is the lesser of the evils of drink. When the generation of hard drinkers has passed away, the 'blind pig' follows. In Kansas, for example, there is a rising generation which feels no need of alcohol and has no interest in saloons. No statute is going to prevent the hard drinker from finding his alcohol. The patent medicine serves his purpose if other agencies fail.

"The corrosion of the saloons is mainly felt in the years from sixteen to twenty-four. If boys under twenty-one were shut out from them, more than half their

evils would be abated. Thousands on thousands of boys step from the saloon to the brothel—not a long step—to be poisoned for life with the most loathsome of diseases, the parasites—animals and plants, the red plague, of which no one was ever certainly cured; and worse, the gonorrhea and syphilis transferred from the guilty to the innocent, the involuting of sterility, disease and ultimately utter misery. Not many men or boys thus throw away their future when they are sober. Common sense, when a man is himself, generally controls both passion and curiosity. We hear sometimes of law-abiding saloons. It is even claimed that these are in the great majority. A saloon which is not law-abiding is simply a thug's nest, called in the city a 'dive,' in the country a 'road-house.' But a 'law-abiding' saloon is little better. The law itself is saloon-made. The law recognizes as the first purpose of the saloon that of making money. It allows money to be made, even if it be blood-money, coined from the sorrow and distress of women and children, the slaughter of boys, and the decay and disease of men."

Equally fearless has been his denunciations of war, and especially of our war with Spain: "There is no possible justification for the war unless we are strong enough and swift enough to bring it to a speedy end. If America is to be the Knight-errant of the nations she must be pure of heart and swift of foot, every inch a knight."

... "There are some who justify war for war's sake. Blood-letting 'relieves the pressure on the boundaries.' It whets courage. It keeps the ape and tiger alive in men. All this is detestable. To waste good blood is pure murder, if nothing is gained by it. To let blood for blood's sake is bad in politics as it is in medicine. War is killing, brutal, barbarous killing, and its direct effects are mostly evil. The glory of war turns our attention from civic affairs. Neglect invites corruption. Noble and necessary as was our Civil War, we have not yet recovered from its degrading influences. Too often the courage of brave men is an excuse for the depredations of venal politicians. The glorious banner of freedom becomes the cover for the

sutler's tent. . . . The test of civilization is the substitution of law for war; statutes for brute strength."

From these two quotations on war will be seen Dr. Jordan's general attitude on this grave and serious question. Of late years all his mature powers have been devoted to a comprehensive study of war and its evils, with the result that he has become the world's most noted advocate of peace. His direct interest in the subject began by researches made in the study of heredity soon after he first came to California. It became evident to him that good parentage was a basically important thing for the nation as well as the individual, and that war had always been a prime factor in destroying the most desirable elements for male parentage, leaving the less desirable for the future breeding of the nation.

He first presented this idea in a talk before his class in evolution at Stanford. Then it was enlarged upon and given to the graduate students. Later it was given as a public lecture to an outside audience, possibly in Oakland, California.

Then on a trip East he thought it over more fully, and as he was called upon for a number of addresses in the interests of Peace, the subject was much upon his mind, and the first rough draft of the complete address somewhat in its present form under the title "The Blood of the Nation" was made. On his return to Stanford he gave it as an assembly address, and those who heard it on that occasion will fully understand all I have written about Dr. Jordan's surpassing oratory when all his being—intellect, sympathy, patriotism, humanity, duty—is fully aroused. That address was received, and has ever since been referred to, as an inspired utterance. His audience was not only chained by the surpassing power of his tremendous thought and the sincere eloquence of the words with which he presented it, but they felt the urgent moral force behind the idea and almost trembled with the weighty responsibility the speaker conjured up in their own hearts. This, after all, to my mind, is the real, supreme test of oratory—does it reach and quicken into active life the conscience of men? If not, it is of no greater use to

humanity than is clanging brass or the tinkling cymbal.

Dr. Jordan afterward reduced this soul-stirring address to writing. But no speaker can put upon written or printed page the glowing face and eyes, the passion of utterance, the marvellous phrasings and intonations of the human voice when under the highest emotion, the *atmosphere* which convinces, where mere logic is heard unmoved, rhetoric falls upon deaf ears and appeals upon unresponsive hearts.

* * *

Dr. Jordan's style of address, as I have already shown, is of what I term the spontaneous, natural, or, if you like, *inspirational* type, which forbids repetition of the same address. The same ideas in the same order may be there, but they are presented in accord with the present mood or feeling of speaker and audience. Hence, though this address has been given scores of times since, it has never been given twice alike. If he is about to give the address, and fifteen minutes before his allotted time someone suggests a new illustration or he finds it in his reading, it is sure to be incorporated in the proper place.

For his memory is prodigious. Like Macaulay he is an "encyclopedia in breeches," and his wide travel, observation, strange experiences, and equally wide reading and association with the keenest intellects of the age have given him such a store of illustrative material as not one man in a million possesses. Time and space fail me to tell of the superlative advantages the possession of such a memory confers upon such a man as Dr. Jordan. But he has earned it. He deserves it. It is the result of his hard and faithful labor, his abstemious and careful life, and his natural use of the gifts God has bestowed upon him—one of the greatest of which has been the discernment to perceive that one simple direct speech from the brain and heart of a real man is worth more than all the polished and rhetorical orations of a mere tickler of man's ears—(*vide* Lincoln and Everett at Gettysburg, etc.).

To return, however, to this peace address. The first version was published in 1899 under the title "The Blood of the

Nation." In 1906 Dr. Jordan gave a Franklin anniversary address at Philadelphia entitled "The Human Harvest," which, while dealing with the same subject, was somewhat different. In 1907 these two addresses were united into one essay, now known as "The Human Harvest." In this essay Dr. Jordan stands forth as the greatest student of national heridity the world has yet produced the clearest thinker, philosopher and world teacher on the evils of war. While the subject was not a new one, he made it peculiarly his own by the profundity and thoroughness of his researches and the new and convincing manner of its presentation. The address has been translated into German, Spanish, French and Japanese. It is one of the publications of the American Unitarian Association of Boston.

One of the most pleasing features connected with the publication of this essay is the way the most eminent men of all nations have considered it. The great scholar and distinguished savant of France, M. Constant of Paris, personally gave a copy to the French president and his cabinet, and to every member of the French parliamentary bodies.

Dr. Jordan fully realizes that this peace campaign is no easily won fight. It means the breaking down of century—nay, age-old prejudices, ideas and habits, and with all the talk about arbitration, and the horrors and evils of war, we are still as savage at heart as ever. This he illustrated by recalling the fact that it is only half a century ago since the South was drenched with the best blood of our own nation, and little more than a decade since the Spanish-American war. "Look," said he, "at Russia and Japan, at Great Britain and the Boers, at Italy and Turkey, aye, and at the present attitude of Great Britain to the spoliation of Persia. In this latter case we have the frightful example of the most progressive and supposedly moral and religious nation of Europe deliberately standing by Russia in the latter's determination to crush Persia. What are the facts? Persia is almost out of debt. She already has gained a constitutional government. Out of debt and with a stable government she is just getting on steam to go ahead and progress with



STANFORD UNIVERSITY MUSEUM

a rapidity that will surprise the world. Russia knows this. She is opposed to there being any constitutional or progressive government in Asia to teach new and progressive ideas to her own down-trodden and besotted hordes, hence she starts out to plunder Persia, and England, knowing these facts, because of a selfish treaty with Russia, stands by her and allows her to go ahead.

"I do believe, however, that the present time will see the practical end of the wars of theft, of spoliation, of the seizing of territory. The burdens of war are becoming so great and the capitalists are holding the reins so tight that the governments have begun to realize that if they wish to grasp any new territory, they will have to do it now or it will be too late. Hence Italy's move in Tripoli, France in Morocco, Russia in Manchuria, Japan in Korea, etc.

"Speaking again of Persia, her freedom from debt is a rebuke to our war-debt-laden countries. Look at the wonderful progress made in the Philippines. That is largely because they have no war expenses. We here in California are paying large taxes, seventy-three per cent of which sink to the bottomless sea of war taxes; only twenty-seven per cent being used for useful national purposes. Imagine what the nation could do if for five years only, say, she could arrest this throwing away of seventy-three per cent of her annual income. Take San Francisco, for instance. Each year she is paying about three million

dollars in war taxes—either the payment of old war debts or the upkeep of the present army and navy. How she could make things hum with the work of upbuilding if she could use these three millions annually in her own personal interest."

Few men are as familiar as is Dr. Jordan with the interest that the Peace Movement is awakening all over the world. Recently while in the eastern states he delivered thirty-one addresses on the subject, mainly to large and representative audiences, who are beginning most seriously to think upon the subject. A few months ago he made a trip to Japan. On his arrival there he found himself slated for eighty addresses in the principal cities. His time being limited, he could give only sixty-four of these, but the interest aroused by the subject and its discussion was tremendous. At Osaka, for instance, an audience of three thousand people gathered two hours before the allotted time, and for over two hours after the address were still exchanging their sandals for their clogs in the pigeon-holes at the door of the hall. (It may be necessary here to explain to many readers that the wooden clogs—gheta—of the Japanese, worn on the streets, are left in pigeon holes—not checked—at the door, and only sandals are worn in the hall. The exchange is made at the close of the meeting back to their own clogs.)

Though Japan has been victorious in war, she sees already that real progress

is possible only to those who keep their money for the advancement of the nation through peace.

The spirit in which Dr. Jordan wrote his "Human Harvest" can best be understood by the following brief quotation from its pages: "It will, no doubt, be said by those who read this little book that all this is exaggeration; that war is but one influence among many, and that for each and all these forms of destructive selection civilization will find an antidote. This is very true. The antidote is found in the spirit of democracy, and the spirit of democracy is the spirit of peace. Doubtless these pages constitute an exaggeration. They were written for that purpose. I would show the 'ugly, old and wrinkled truth stripped clean of all the vesture that beguiles.' To see anything clearly and separately is to exaggerate it. The naked truth is always a caricature unless clothed in conventions, fragments taken from lesser truths. The moral law is an exaggeration: 'The soul that sinneth, it shall die.' Doubtless one war will not ruin a nation. Doubtless it will not destroy its vitality or impair its blood. Doubtless a dozen wars may do all this. The difference is one of degree alone; I wish only to point out the tendency. That the death of the strong is a true cause of the decline of nations is a fact beyond cavil or question. The 'man who is left' holds always the future in his grasp. One of the great books of our century will be some day written on the selection of men, the screening of human life through the actions of man and the operation of the institutions men have built up. It will be a survey of the stream of social history, its whirls and eddies, rapids and still waters, and the effects of each and all of its conditions on the heredity of men. The survival of the fit and the unfit in all degrees and conditions will be its subject-matter. This book will be written, not roughly and hastily, like the present fragmentary essay, the work of one whose business of life runs in wholly different lines. Still less will it be a brilliant effort of some analytical imagination. It will set down soberly

and statistically the array of facts which as yet no one possesses; and the new Darwin whose work it shall be, must, like his predecessor, spend twenty-five years in the gathering of 'all facts that can possibly bear on the question.' When such a book is written, we shall know for the first time the real significance of war."

That Dr. Jordan is in deadly earnest in this campaign of education against the evils of war is further apparent from the fact that, in conjunction with Professor Krehbiel, he has inaugurated a most comprehensive course of lectures at Stanford University on "International Conciliation." In these lectures the growth of peace through law, the history of warfare, its evil effects upon individuals and nations, its wastes of men, treasure, time and opportunities, its destruction of true patriotism, its destruction of democratic ideals, and all its other evil influences will be fully considered. It is the intention of the university to issue a complete syllabus of these comprehensive lectures which those interested may secure. Other universities have also taken up the subject, and thus a new practical and beneficent note has been introduced into our higher education. For with Dr. Jordan I believe emphatically as he declares in the concluding words of "The Human Harvest": "War is bad, only to be justified as the last resort of 'mangled, murdered liberty,' a terrible agency to be evoked only when all other arts of self-defence shall fail. The remedy for most ills of men is not to be sought in 'whirlwinds of rebellion that shake the world,' but in peace and justice, equality among men and the cultivation of those virtues we call Christian, because they have been virtues ever since man and society began, and will be virtues still when the era of strife is past, when false glory ceases to deceive and when no longer

The red coat bully in his boots
Shall hide the march of man from us.

"It is the voice of political wisdom, the expression of the 'best political economy,' which falls from the bells of Christmastide: 'Peace on earth, good-will toward men.'"

HIS ANSWER

by

Eugene P. Lyle, Jr.



YOU really *think* you—you *can* leave me?" spoke the girl, in a voice so quiet, and low, and hurt, that she might have been stating the incredible thing to herself alone.

"As though I *wanted* to!" he protested helplessly.

He was twenty, she eighteen, and the ink was yet a pin-feather blue on their high school diplomas.

For him to start life in Detroit with his eminent and kindly third cousin, in the law, rather than stay on in the home town with his father, here was matter for tragic dismay to the two innocents. Separation! The young things contemplated it as an open grave. And Detroit was as irreparably far away as—to be exact—as lunch from breakfast.

So cynicism would have put it with whimsical irony. Yet there is an instinct of a young girl's heart that jealously guards and mothers its first love. "I can't help it, Cliff," she said, "but I—I am afraid."

"Afraid? Why, of what?" He tried to laugh easily, in the manner of a grown-up man who would laugh away a woman's intuitions. "Goodness me, afraid of what?" he repeated triumphantly.

"Oh, I don't know," she said wearily, "yet I feel—that's it—I *feel*—that this separation will be for good."

"Oh, pshaw!" Now he was sure that it was only a silly fear—a frailty, though, that he loved her for dearly. Tasting in advance the delicious responsibility of wise comforter to this cherished being, he urged how, on the contrary, with the

glorious opportunities simply beckoning to him in Detroit, he could all the sooner come for her and they would be married and . . .

But what was the use? He was talking against a woman's instinct, though little could he think of the reverently adored little slip of girlhood beside him as a woman. So little was he a man himself that he had no glimmer of the surprises awaiting him in life, among others, and chief among others, the capacity for surprises in this same clinging little divinity walking with him now under the stars. But all that came later than this present evening when they took what might be the last of their favorite strolls on the bank of the shimmering lake, beside the railroad track. On a train on that track he would leave her. She hated it.

"So, *now* do you see, sweetheart?" he ended cheerily. But the quiver he kept out of his voice trembled on his heart strings.

She shook her head. She had hardly heard. It was enough for her troubled mind, trying to define the vague premonition that made the thought of separation from him nothing less than anguish.

"Still afraid?" he asked, growing the least doubtful himself.

She nodded silently.

"Then of what? Tell me. I think I—I think it's my right to know."

Instead, she took his hand and stepped up on the rail of the track. And so they walked, he with his hand steadying her, anticipating each lurch and swaying of her lissome body. This was the children's part in them yet, overlapping the dawn of the man and woman. They were still

play-fellows while they dealt earnestly, and in pathetic inexperience, with their first hard problem of life. To be at this play of walking a railroad rail, though they were hardly aware of it, or of where they were, or of where they were going, yet seemed to help them to think. "Sweet-heart," he said gently, "please tell me."

"I think," she said slowly at last, "it's myself. I—I am afraid of myself. I am so—young. I don't know, if there's pressure on me day by day, hour by hour—and you not near me to help me resist—but what I—I might give in."

He stared at her in horror, the ingenuous horror of a boy, realizing that ideals may be clay pottery, that is, only human after all. "Forget me, you mean?" he stammered. "And after your promise. And—and marry—another— No, no, you couldn't. I can't think of it."

Her eyes fell in a kind of shame. "There's Aunt Caroline," she reminded him.

"Your Aunt Car— Why, since your mother died she—"

"She's like the dropping water, Cliff, that will wear out a rock, 'specially when it's not a rock at all, but me. Can't you—understand?" Her body—he knew by the hand in his—fluttered piteously. "I—oh, it's too horrid to say right out," she added imploringly.

Several little incidents in her family life that he had observed now came together in his head, and they resolved themselves into the same grinning and unclean fiend as they had already with her under the wand of her intuition.

"Why—why—" he gasped. He stopped and laughed queerly. Then he shook himself. "Shucks, little girl, you're way off. Listen here; I wasn't even jealous. He must be thirty-five, at least. Of course, and he only stops over so much to visit with your aunt, since he's her nephew. Isn't he, now?"

"By marriage only, Cliff. He's not any kin to me. Aunt Caroline—"

"Aunt Caroline what? Go on."

"She keeps telling me how wealthy he is, and how—oh, everything. And she watches close to see if—if—"

"Yes, if what?"

"If I treat him nice. Sometimes she—tries to tease me about him. And she

looks to see if I—blush. *Ouch! Cliff!*"

His hand had tightened over hers. Something of the first fierceness of the lion cub was in the grip. "But you wouldn't. You've said you will be true to me. You—"

"If you are near me, yes. But if you go away, I—I can't help being afraid."

He jerked away his hand and she mechanically kept on, stepping on and off the rail. "If," he said, putting much hurt severity into his tone, "you can't hold to your word—your sacred word, Agnes—well, it'll be best for us both to find it out in time. That decides me. I'm going to Detroit all right."

He thought he heard her sob. He looked at her quickly, in sudden trouble. But starlight is near to darkness. And yet the forlorn little figure she made, stumbling blindly on the rail, let him know that she was weeping. His arms were about her before he himself knew it. She gave a little smothered cry.

"Don't, Cliff—my foot is caught."

He was almost glad that it was physical pain which made her forget that other. "Can't you pull it out? Now, while I hold you."

She tried, enduring twinges of pain. She tugged hard at the foot, and bent it back and forth, but it held fast in the frog where she had stepped as neatly as into a steel trap.

"How funny," she said, though between phrases she bit her lips, "when something happens like what you often read about. It makes you feel as if you were in a story or newspaper article."

"Won't it come, Agnes? Keep trying."

"Goodness, Cliff, don't be so cross. I am." She hesitated, then stooped to unbutton the shoe and to hide her embarrassment she went on: "In the stories a train always comes along and the person has to cut his foot off or be killed. I'm glad no—"

Both looked up and down the track. The starlit rails were lost in darkness in either direction. She laughed the least hysterically. "You see, after all, this is not a story."

"Can't you pull it out now?" he demanded, even more crossly. "With your shoe unbuttoned—"

"I couldn't get to the bottom ones. It's pressed so tight in there—"

"Here, let me try," he said abruptly. He had been summoning courage to say it from the first.

"I 'spect you'd better," she faltered.

Blushing like a girl, though it was dark, he fell on his knees by the rail and fumbled along the hem of her skirts until his finger tips touched her ankle. "I'll be careful not to hurt," he said, so that she might know that he was very impersonal and practical, and he nerved his fingers and clasped them round the beloved divinity's ankle at her shoe top. He pulled and tugged vainly at the imprisoned foot until he heard her sharp intake of breath. He paused. "Am I hurting—"

She gave a piercing scream that raveled every nerve in him. But lasting an instant of terror longer than her scream was the deep blast of a mogul locomotive.

"Oh, it *is* a train! It *is* a train!" she panted.

On his feet, stooping low, he pulled with both hands and with brutal strength. Still the foot held fast.

"Cliff, I see it. I—"

He turned his head to look. All their horror was bounded in a distant pin-head of yellow light.

He leaped up, dived into his pockets, and was on his knees again, his knife in his hand. He worked nervously, awkwardly slashing the leather, yet trying to guide the blade by his fingers. She stared at the growing point of light, and wrung her hands or clapped them to her ears, then to her eyes. To them both came the low metallic rumbling, the quickening song of steam and death.

"Keep your foot down," he yelled at her. "Keep it down, I say. Pulling that way only wedges it tighter, and I can't . . . God, Agnes, *don't* . . ."

The rumbling shrieked into deafening crescendo and a yellow glare flooded over them, and she had tried—and failed—to push him from the track, even as she sucked in her breath for the next world.

An arrow of light shot past like a comet skimming the earth. Then only the red and green dragon eyes on the end of the receding train were left in the darkness.

Her arms went in air and stiffened. "Oh—oh!"

Already on his feet, he caught her. He thought she was dead. But in a moment a shuddering passed over her.

"Cliff."

"It's all right," he told her. "We weren't on the main line at all. We are on a spur, what they'd call a double spur, I guess. We must 'ave strayed, not knowing."

"Cliff."

"Can you stand now? I'll finish cutting off that shoe."

He tested whether she could or not, was satisfied, and got down to his work again.

Swaying, she leaned over and touched his hair with a trembling hand. The rush of the train had taken his hat. "Cliff. Cliff, dear. Why didn't you jump when I screamed to you to?"

"Oh I—" He stopped, bending closer to cut down the toe of the leather. "I hadn't any idea it was coming so fast. Now out with the foot. There, that's bully, and I'll have to carry you."

"But the headlight, Cliff? Oh, my dear, dear lad, you knew, when that headlight reached us, there was just time to jump, and why—"

"Why—" he puzzled it out—"why," he said simply, "it never occurred to me to jump. I—the fact is, Agnes, I couldn't leave you."

She clapped her hands. "I knew it! I knew it!" she cried.



New York's Farmer-Mayor

by Edgar Pillsbury



H, I've forgotten to ask what your politics are," said the mayor of the big town to a new police commissioner and two new deputy commissioners whom he had just sworn into office. He had known them for a long while, and they had been appointed because he considered them the best men for the positions, but he didn't know what they were, politically.

"I am a Republican," said the new commissioner.

"So am I," said one of the deputies.

"I am a Democrat," said the other.

"Very well, then," said the Mayor. "Now forget your politics and ignore politicians. Remember that you are the servants of the people, not their masters. See that the law is enforced, in a lawful way, and give to the people the best that is in you. So long as you do that I will stand behind you."

This is not an imaginary interview, or an ironical interpretation of a seance behind closed doors; it is a verbatim report of an illuminating incident.

The big town is New York, and the Mayor is William J. Gaynor. That the Mayor of New York and the heads of the police department should engage in such a conversation proves again that truth is stranger than fiction. Enough people heard it so that it does not have to be sworn to. In previous years it would not have been believed if it had been supported by the affidavits of a dozen clergymen.

* * *

This crisp conversation illustrates the refreshing attitude of Mr. Gaynor, who has proved himself the most unusual Mayor New York has had for generations. But, to prevent misinterpretation, it should be stated that it must not also be

taken as an indication that Mr. Gaynor is a reformer of the kind that profess to know nothing of politics. For thirty years he has been a factor in shaping the Democratic policies of the city, state and nation. That his democracy is deep-rooted is suggested by the fact that in 1896 he was the only big Eastern Democrat who came out openly for Bryan, and spoke for him, because he was his party's candidate. So it is evident that he knows something about politics. But he knows a lot more about good government, and it is one of his theories that national politics are not of much importance in strictly local affairs.

He has many other old-fashioned notions, has this strange, silent, swift-thinking man, who has accomplished so many reforms which New Yorkers had come to consider impossible that they have ceased to wonder at the quiet, but wonderfully effective way in which he changes the old order of things. And, having ceased to marvel, some inquiring souls who like to analyze men and their methods, have studied Mr. Gaynor until they have reached the wise conclusion that his power is attributable to the fact that he is a farmer.

In the essence of things that is the most interesting fact about this extremely interesting man. He is the first farmer Mayor New York has ever had, but if the people have their way—and he is teaching them how to have their way—others from the country will be commanded to follow in his steps.

Mr. Gaynor was born and brought up on a farm near Utica, New York. For many years he has lived on a farm at St. James, Long Island. He loves the open country—fresh air, trees, meadows and animals. He is a famous walker, which exercise he recommends to all persons



MAYOR WILLIAM J. GAYNOR OF NEW YORK

in search of better health. With his four dogs trotting beside him he has tramped over every foot of the country roads and lanes for thirty miles or more in every direction from his farm, in all weathers. He is known of all men within that radius, and is counted a good neighbor.

* * *

As simple and unaffected as those around him, William J. Gaynor brought to the Mayor's office a new and wholesome viewpoint. Those who had preceded him were, in effect, all of one kind, regardless of their politics. A lifetime in the big city had robbed them of whatever individuality they

election frauds—and he proceeded to do it. He has a wonderfully direct mind and a marvellous way of getting at the bottom of things. Through observation and long training his nature is particularly sensitive to evil, and he has the faculty of reading men's minds. And, so equipped, he has been able to get results within a surprisingly short space of time.

"The 'power behind the throne,'" he declared after his election, "will be William J. Gaynor. I intend to be Mayor of the whole city, and whatever I do will be done in the open."

He has held fast to that creed. How



MAYOR GAYNOR (IN WHITE) PITCHING HAY

might have had in the beginning. They did and said the same things, in the same way. Mr. Gaynor was different. He cared nothing for conventionalities nor for traditions. He knew only that all of his life he had been battling against graft, waste of public funds, political machine rule, corporation greed and corruption, non-enforcement of laws, the venality, inefficiency and oppressive methods of vested authority, and the thousand and one other evils which are entrenched in the life of many American cities.

Here was a chance to practice what he had been preaching—in the same way that years before he had rescued Brooklyn from the clutches of the McLaughlin ring and sent Boss McKane to prison for

much annual graft has been abolished since he took office two years ago it is impossible to state, or even closely to estimate. Certainly it runs into the tens of millions. He found corruption and oppression all about him. He first took the police in hand and by vigorous measures put an end to clubbing and all undue interference with the rights of the citizen. He served notice on the saloonkeepers who for time immemorial, through an association formed for that purpose, had been paying three million dollars a year for "protection," that if they paid any more money to the police they would be throwing it away, and that if he found it out he would see that they were prosecuted. The police were told that they must enforce

the law, but only in the exact manner laid down by the law, and they are doing it, beyond the dream of the most altruistic citizen before Mr. Gaynor moved into the city hall.

* * *

Through the introduction of a system of summonses he put an end to needless arrests for minor offences. Now, instead of being compelled to spend a night in jail or employ a professional bondsman, citizens who can establish their identity are merely served with a summons direct-

When Mr. Gaynor took office he found three water organizations. There was the commissioner of water supply, gas and electricity; the board of water supply, charged with the installation of the new Catskill system; and the old aqueduct board. The latter had outlived its usefulness years before. Its only purpose was to furnish sinecures, with fat salaries, for a number of politicians. But it was a bipartisan board, and, as it was claimed that it could be abolished only by an act of the legislature, it had remained undis-



MAYOR GAYNOR INSPECTING SOME OF HIS LIVESTOCK

ing them to appear in court at a reasonable hour the next day. As a result, sixty thousand useless arrests were done away with in one year, and respect for the law has been increased. Less than one per cent of summonses are disregarded.

It was discovered that four thousand special policemen, though clothed with full police powers, were employed by private concerns. In obeying the orders of their employers they were not careful to keep within the law. After one or two of them had assaulted people whom they had no right to touch the Mayor stripped all of them of their police authority.

turbed in idleness. Neither party cared to abolish it, as both had friends on the board. Mr. Gaynor dug up an old law which gave him all of the power he needed, and he summarily removed the whole board. Then he appointed a new board and told them to close up the affairs of the antiquated department within six months. They did it in half that time.

It was found that politics had crept into the Board of Water Supply. Scores of special condemnation commissioners were drawing fifty dollars a day for doing practically nothing. They were dismissed instantan. A new commissioner was ap-

pointed, and since then there has not been a suspicion of graft or favoritism. The commissioner of water supply, gas and electricity, by the Mayor's order, turned his attention to the waste of water, and to people who were getting water from the city without paying for it. In the first year he added more than two million dollars to the revenue, and no more water was consumed. The next year there was another large increase in the revenue, and a saving of more than two million dollars worth of water. In addition to all this, extravagances amounting to a million and a half of dollars were abolished in one year.

* * *

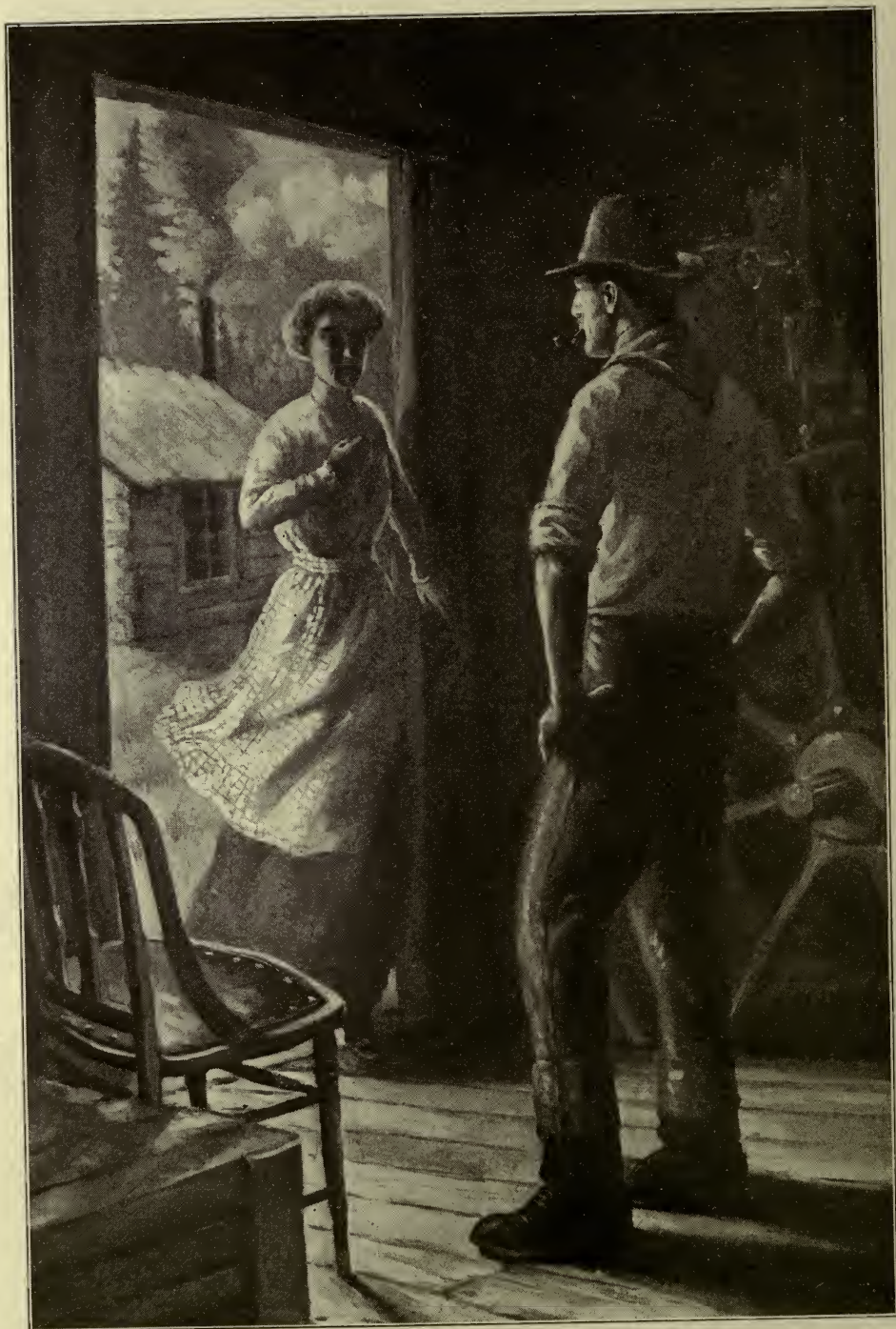
In the same way this unique Mayor went through all of the city departments in turn. In the one little item of city printing he saved more than a million dollars a year. Graft was ended everywhere and waste eliminated. He has made full use of the broad powers of his commissioner of accounts to inquire into all sorts of alleged abuses. But, not content with what could be accomplished through this keen supervision, he has engaged two distinguished efficiency engineers to make a study of every branch of the municipal government and make recommendations for the more efficient and economical conduct of the city's business. The business of the city of New York, it might be mentioned, is much larger than that of many states, and the Mayor is responsible for its management. In one way and another New York spends practically a million dollars every working day.

Mr. Gaynor demands that all people who are doing business with, or working for, the city, must give it as honest service as they would render to a private concern. Naturally, according to this theory, the government must be just as honest. He found that the Civil Service Law, while complied with to the letter, was open to evasion in spirit. When a vacancy occurs the law requires that the three names at the head of the eligible list shall be certified to the head of the department, who is allowed to make his selection from them. It was easy for the politicians to prevail

on one of the three to decline the appointment when it was tendered to him, with a promise that he would be "taken care of" later on. Then three more names would be certified, and, if necessary, the same performance would be repeated, and again and again, until the name of the man who was to have the position was reached. When this situation was revealed the Mayor directed that all appointments be made in numerical order, just as they were certified by the Civil Service Commission. This drastic order took the whole city government out of politics, by one stroke of the pen. There is now no city in the country in which there is such a strict enforcement of the merit system as prevails in once machine-governed New York.

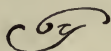
All of these revolutionary changes, and others like them, have been effected without any furore or fuss. The Mayor does big things in a quiet way, and, what is even more novel, he does them without any thought of future reward, beyond the satisfaction which comes from a work well done. His judgments are based on what he believes to be right, and only that. Many times he has been told, sometimes by his most trusted advisers, that if he issued this or that radical order—which was radical only in that it was in the interests of all of the people—the heavens would fall. But, through having kept in close touch with the people and studied their rights and their wants, he has come to believe that he understands them. So he has gone ahead—and the heavens are still as far from the earth as before.

It is not without reason that many New Yorkers have come to speak of Gaynor as a second Lincoln. He doesn't look a great deal like the great Emancipator—this rather tall, spare, quiet, gray man—but he's of Lincolnian stature in other ways. He has the same sense of humor and the same kindliness; no complaint is too insignificant for him to hear, and no just appeal is made to him in vain. He makes the same appeal to the popular imagination, and he stands for the same thing that Lincoln typified—trust in the Almighty and in the Almighty's people.



She faced Bob with hot cheeks and burning eyes

Her Precious House



Laura Tilden Kent

IT WAS the wind that put the idea into Mrs. Kingsley's head in the first place. It had been sweeping through the canyon all day and tossing against the windows all the dust it could find in the stony stage road just below the little house. The brick-red lining paper that was tacked to the rough board walls and ceiling had been kept bulging and cracking and flapping all day long, and finally a strip from overhead was loosened entirely from one end of the tiny living room and sent swinging down, bearing with it all the dust and cobwebs and dead moths that had been collecting behind it for years.

Mrs. Kingsley spent little time in gazing dismayedly at the ruin of the ugly, clean little room. Energetically she piled the cans and lard buckets off of her kitchen table and with the help of her daughter tugged the heavy, unwieldy thing onto the scene of the disaster. She spent a long two hours in urging the unmanageable paper into place, but the loosened strip was old and would hardly bear the heads of the tacks. When Mrs. Kingsley left her work, her arms and shoulders ached unbearably, but the paper, more torn and ragged than ever now, seemed just waiting for another descent into the room. It wavered uncertainly in the breezes that blew in through the cracks of the shack, and with each hard gust it broke away again from some of its new fastenings. Mrs. Kingsley watched it with growing disgust and weariness, and there swept slowly over her, with the discouragement of the moment, the discontents and disappointments of half her life.

"Dora!" cried Mrs. Kingsley abruptly

and resentfully, "Dora! You've never had a decent home! Never, Dora!"

Dora came with a start out of the book where she had buried herself.

"A decent home!" she repeated vaguely.

"A decent home!" Mrs. Kingsley echoed fiercely. "For twenty years, Dora, we've wandered from mining camp to mining camp like gypsies, and we've always been in some hideous brick-red horror like this—or in a smoky log cabin—or in a leaky tent. I'm not going to endure it any longer! It seems to me, that for your sake, I have no right to, Dora. I have no right to let you grow up like a savage, with none of the things that civilized people have! I have no right."

"But what can you do about it, mother?" asked Dora with a half-impatient glance down at her unfinished book.

Mrs. Kingsley answered the look before the words. "*Les Miserables!* Dora! you listen to me for one minute. I'm as wretched just now as anybody you're likely to read about.

"Now, what can I do? I'm going to paper this house! I'm going to line it properly with muslin and paper it—ceilings and all. I'm going to have a soft brown living-room and a rose-colored bedroom for myself. The kitchen-dining-room shall be green. Should you like a blue room, Dora? I'm going to paint all the inside woodwork white—ivory white."

"Will father let you? He'll be going away to work one of his own mines as soon as he gets money enough ahead."

"No, he won't. He shan't! Jack is in college now. He'll have to keep him there. He can't take risks any more. And then I think he's getting a little tired

of wandering himself. I think he's willing, at last, to stay here awhile. He told me just yesterday that this camp is sure to be running for a year, and that he is sure of his place for that long. Think, Dora, of being in one place for a year—and in a place like this, up in the mountains and out of the desert heat!"

So Mrs. Kingsley papered her house. She had the soft brown living room and the rose-colored bedroom that she had been longing for all of her days. And as the little house began to look like the home of her dreams, she could think back over her twenty years of life in Arizona and see only the advantages that she had wrung even from its hardships. She had had two years in a woman's college. That had enabled her to teach school when Bob was most deeply involved in difficulties of one sort and another. Her husband, through his passions for roving and for acquiring mines of his own in every part of the territory, had become a veritable genius at falling into difficulties. Then those same two years of training had made it possible for her, by infinite work and study to be sure, to prepare her son Jack very satisfactorily for the college where he was now a Freshman. And wasn't Dora very well advanced for a girl of sixteen? Hadn't she a taste for the best books? Wasn't she practising daily on the piano which belonged to the superintendent's wife?

Why, they had done very well, after all! Mrs. Kingsley began to feel that she could stop speculating, as she had done from time to time for years, on the probable situation of the family if Bob had only stayed to finish his course in the engineering school, instead of leaving it midway to come to Arizona for a bit of "practical experience." "Practical experience!" It was what they had both been having ever since. But what did it matter, since there was a cozy home at last, and the children were so well-read and seemed so likely to prove splendid students even among those whose advantages had been so much greater?

It came as a shock to have Bob Kingsley announce jauntily one morning at the breakfast table, "Well, this is my last day as engineer at the Spot Cash, I guess. Do you think you could be ready to move

down onto the 'Bronco Bill'—well, say in two days?"

Mrs. Kingsley stopped stock-still half way between the stove and the table. Her hands trembled so that she almost let fall the plate of hot buckwheat cakes she was carrying. In a swift, shivering sort of vision she saw herself packing all her belongings again into boxes and shutting the door for the last time upon the pretty rooms that she had labored for so valiantly. She felt suddenly very tired from all the work of the fall.

"What has happened, Bob?" She spoke drearily at last. "Is the mine going to shut down, after all?"

"Not as far as I know."

"You haven't lost your place, Bob?" She was puzzled, incredulous. Bob was known as the best "mill man" in all the country.

"Why in the name of sense should I lose my place?" Bob's voice took on a tone of angry injury.

"That's what I thought. What is the matter, Bob?"

She knew the truth now, however. She did not need Bob's ingratiating explanation.

"You see, Jim Lawson thinks that if we go down to the 'New York' now, and work our own claim, the 'Bronco Bill,' we'll be able to sell it to that company of New Yorkers when their expert comes out in the spring. We had good ore when we left off work, you know, and if we'd get a pretty good looking lot out to leave on the dump, and get the hole down a little deeper,—why, it'd decidedly improve our chances of selling. We've planned to ask from one to five thousand, according to the looks of the ore as we sink—and maybe more, of course. We're pretty sure to sell."

Ah, yes! The old fever had returned. Once he could make her share it; but after repeated disappointments, it was not easy to hope any more. What she felt now was more like despair.

There fell between them a moment's silence, during which she fought for control of her voice.

"Do you mean to say that you intend to leave a steady job—as engineer at this mill, with not very heavy work—at six

dollars a day—to go down on the desert and work a little ten-cent mine of your own on the *chance* of selling it to a company that has never done its own work very well? I thought you'd learned not to take such risks," she said at last, struggling through grief and anger for a logical calm.

"Learned not to take such risks! Great Cæsar! If I'm ever going to be anything more than an engineer at some of these one-horse camps, I've got to take risks! Here I am with seventeen claims of my own and haven't sold one of them in the last five years. This business of hanging on to every claim you get, and doing the assessment work on it year after year, isn't necessarily what it's cracked up to be."

Mrs. Kingsley had heard but one thing in Bob's speech.

"How do you come to have seventeen claims?" she asked sharply.

"Why, Jim Lawson and I went in together and bought a couple of claims that butt up against the 'Bronco Bill.' That's how! Those three claims just fill out the New York group, and that company 'll be sure to want 'em if they do any work at all on theirs. You see—"

"What did you pay for them?" she asked with a still sinking heart.

"Two hundred. You'll find it was a good investment, too. We can get along pretty cheaply down there for awhile. Jim says that we can live in his house tent. No rent to pay, you see! And—" Bob Kingsley groped for a moment after arguments that would be likely to sound convincing to his wife, but her face was not encouraging, and he gave it up.

After another little silence, Mrs. Kingsley spoke again.

"You've taken all your money from the bank and put it into new claims. You want to give up your job here—all you have to depend on—and take us down onto the desert to live in a tent during the rainy season. Dora will have to give up her music lessons, and pretty soon you'll be sending for Jack to come home from college."

"Sending for Jack! Nonsense!" cried Bob angrily. "Suppose we do have to live in a tent for a while? Aren't you

willing to sacrifice your comfort a little for two or three months? You're always talking about getting on so as to give Jack and Dora their chance. You're the most unreasonable—!"

"It's not that! You know it! It's as I told you! You risk everything—foolishly."

"Nonsense," growled Bob. "You don't want to leave your precious house that you've been slaving over all the fall. That's what the matter with you. I told you it'd be no use to fix it up." He rose abruptly from the table to end the discussion. "You can be ready in two days, can't you?" he called over his shoulder as he swung out at the door.

She could be ready in two days! Mrs. Kingsley sat down weakly and faced it. A sickening sense of failure and of outrage filled her through and through.

"You don't want to leave your precious house—"

Suddenly a very madness of angry rebellion swept over her. She rose from her seat and flew just as she was down the steep mountain-side to the mill. She tumbled panting into the greasy engine room and faced Bob with hot cheeks and burning eyes.

"I've come here to say that I don't want to leave my precious house and that I won't! Do you hear? I won't! You've dragged me around all over this territory! We've never had a home—and now we have one, I won't leave it! I won't! If you want to be such a fool as to leave your work to go on a wild goose chase, you can. I won't go a step with you!—not a step!—not a step—"

She repeated the words hysterically until it finally dawned upon her that she was on the verge of tears. She turned then and fled back up the hill, struggling not to weep aloud in her anger.

That same afternoon Bob Kingsley left on the mail stage for the "Bronco Bill." Mrs. Kingsley and Dora stayed in the new house.

At first the mother was filled with a wild and unreasoning joy at the outcome of her rebellion. All the evening she trembled and thrilled with the thought that she had actually been able to carry her point. She had actually been able to stay

with her "precious house." Again she flamed with anger at the memory of Bob's contempt for it—for her labor of love—for the deeper and truer thing it all stood for.

In the night she woke up suddenly and remembered how gray the yesterday had been with clouds and that she had no money, little wood and very few groceries. It might be snowing in the morning. It often snowed in these mountains.

The heat of her anger against Bob had died by this time, and she could plan quite without passion for a means of meeting this emergency. She was full of resources always. Now she knew with very little thinking that she must go into town on the early stage tomorrow and sell her watch—her father's gift to her in easier days. She could not send it in by the stage-driver, lest he guess her reason for having to dispose of it.

In the morning she told Dora of her plan and they talked a little—a very little—in the few hurried minutes before the stage went, of Mr. Kingsley's hurried departure. Dora had not dared to mention it the day before, and her mother had been too angry and then too fiercely glad to dream of speaking of it.

Now Dora ventured a tremulous question.

"Papa was angry when he left because you wouldn't go. Will he ever come back?"

"Ever come back! Of course he'll come back, Dora! He may stay longer than he would if we'd gone with him, just to prove that he was in earnest about going, but he'll be back!" Mrs. Kingsley half believed it, but she turned cold at the mere thought of Bob's not returning.

Dora's next question was even worse than the first.

"Mamma," the girl faltered, "I don't blame you for hating the tent and the desert and the 'Bronco Bill.' I do myself. But—oughtn't you have gone? If he wanted you to go, oughtn't you?"

"No, Dora! I stayed here for you. You needn't speak of such a thing!" cried Mrs. Kingsley. She could not have told why she felt it necessary to speak so furiously, but she felt suddenly how much easier it would have been to do as Bob

wanted her to do. It would have been easier to live in a leaky tent all winter and to leave her beloved home than to stand out against Bob as she had done—to bear Dora's reproachful thought and Bob's. What would Bob be thinking of her now?—selfish Bob, who had always persuaded himself that it was best for his family that he have his own way in everything? Ah! it would have been easier if she had let him have his own way still. But it would not have been better.

"I ought not to have consented to taking Dora into that desert camp," Mrs. Kingsley told herself resolutely. She already felt wretchedly that this approval of her own conscience and her own judgment was to be all the comfort of the situation. It would have been so much easier if she had yielded. And yet she was glad that she had not.

Glad!—and yet what a legion of uncomfortable thoughts would follow her! They were with her through the day's buying and selling, and much as she resented their presence, they dogged her still as she entered the stage to come home in the afternoon.

She and Dora were not alone on the stage. On the front seat with the driver were two miners, one of whom glanced at her curiously, she thought, as she clambered into the lumbering vehicle. Finally she heard him address his companion in what he doubtless thought a very low tone.

"I seen Bob Kingsley go off on the mail-stage yestiddy, an' I says to him, 'Ain't yer family a-goin', too?' 'W'y no,' says he, 'they decided they didn't want to.' What do you think of that?"

"The hell they didn't want to!"

"That's what I say. I'd a-seen they went anyhow, if it ud been me. They'll cost him a devil of a sight of money up here—an' him there a-boardin' in the boardin' house. That pore cuss—!"

Mrs. Kingsley glanced in dismay and anger at Dora, but the girl was gazing dreamily at the outside of a parcel that she held in her hand—the last addition to her "library." She was relieved a little to see that she had heard nothing, and to prevent Dora and herself from overhearing anything further the men might say, she plunged desperately into a lively, if

somewhat wild, conversation, and kept it up nervously all the long, rocky way home. She arrived cold, completely exhausted, absolutely disheartened, with only one thought clear in her mind—she would never go to the "Bronco Bill" to spend the winter!—she ought not to.

Once inside the house and their slight supper over, Dora buried herself in her new treasure. Only once did the girl glance up—but then she showed that her attention to her book was divided.

"Mamma," she said in an aggrieved tone, "you'll be sorry you stayed here! I hate it on the desert—but I hate it here in the winter when the snow comes. It would have been a change to go down there on—"

"Dora," Mrs. Kingsley commanded sternly, "I had no right to go down onto the desert. You'll kindly say no more about it! Would you have liked to live in a tent, Dora, after *this*?" The gesture with which she indicated the pretty walls was proud still, though her heart had turned to stone within her. If Dora cared nothing for the house—what did she care for it, either? What could she care?

Dora pouted.

"You could have fixed up another house there, if you'd wanted to take the trouble!" she reminded her mother plaintively. "A nice winter we'll have here alone, I'm sure!"

"Dora!" warned Mrs. Kingsley.

And Dora went sulkily back to her book.

If the house could have fallen in ashes about Mrs. Kingsley at that moment, she would not have cared. She had taken the hard way more for Dora's sake than for her own, and this was her reward. She seemed to see the gray years marshaling themselves before her. Always she clasped to her the sense of her own justice and right in this rebellion. That was some little comfort to her mind, but her heart went always comfortless—always comfortless, always lonely through the long, bleak winters. The years would be all winters now. She had done right, and for that she saw her life lying shattered about her; for that the failures of her life culminated in the great failure of all. She had done right—and her heart was not to have even the poor relief of tears in

its time of need! Its time of need! That was what life would mean to her now more than ever. Always a time of need—always! always!

But now there was some slight noise at the door, and her dead heart was suddenly alive, fiercely alive.

"Bob!" she cried unbelievably, "Bob! Is it you?"

"It seems to be," replied her husband's sulky voice. He went on grudgingly.

"I guess it is a good thing for once that you did get spunky about moving." As if she were in the habit of doing it! But that might go.

"What has happened, Bob?" she asked eagerly.

"Why—as soon as I got to the 'New York' this morning, I met Jim, and—the 'New York' company's busted, he says."

Mrs. Kingsley did not even think that she was foregoing the doubtful pleasure of reminding Bob of what she had told him. She spoke from the fulness of her joy without reproach.

"What a shame! Another company gone under! And it leaves poor Jim Lawson in rather a tight place, doesn't it?"

Relief showed in every line of Bob's face and in every tone of his suddenly cheerful voice.

"Yes, it does. And I thought I'd hurry home and take my old job before some other fellow got it, or I might be in a tight place, too!" He laughed boyishly. "Say, you have a head like a tack or a prophetic gift, or something, haven't you, Bertha?"

Mrs. Kingsley laughed, too, and strangled a sob.

"Oh, no, no! I don't think so. But I knew I didn't want to move!—I— O Bob, I'm glad you're back! I'm glad! I thought you might never come!" She stopped herself. Bob so hated the demonstrative! Would she be disgusting him now?

But, wonder of wonders! Bob's own eyes were moist.

"Bertha," he choked, "I shouldn't think you'd care if I hadn't. You're a brick. And—and— O Bertha, haven't you got some hot coffee? I'm about frozen, riding out from town in the cold."

And he followed her into the kitchen and watched her almost humbly while she made it.

Typical Americans

Herbert S. Duncombe



IN 1882 parental misfortunes culminated in a little Canadian boy becoming the ward of kindly relatives while his father sought to begin life anew in Chicago. The lad, however, did not relish the farming process to which he was subjected, and without knowledge or consent of friend or foe, followed his parent to the great American city he had heard so much about.

This ambitious lad was Herbert S. Duncombe, now one of the leading members of the Chicago bar, and a corporation lawyer who has recently achieved considerable prominence throughout the West.

Mr. Duncombe was born in Simcoe, Canada, on August 16, 1870, and is of British ancestry.

When young Duncombe left the Dominion and cast his lot among the people of the States, he was but a lad of twelve years. His parents were poor, and a college education was out of the question. But merchants needed clerks, and when a stationery firm offered the Canadian lad \$2.50 per week for his services, it was quickly accepted. Within a few years the young man was not content with the attainment of success by means of the paths which a clerk must follow; the walls of a little Chicago store did not and could not mark the boundaries of his visions, his interest, his affections, his purpose; and so he decided that the legal profession presented attractions which would give his ambitious spirit greater opportunity for exercise.

His father was a lawyer, and his knowledge of the requirements for success at the bar gave him little hope of a brilliant career for his son, because he felt his limited

education would prove a serious handicap, and he therefore refused to give his consent.

His friends assert that the young man engaged in open rebellion against his father's declaration and started to seek fame and fortune in New York, intending to earn his way while he studied law in that city. Duncombe obtained a position on the *Dramatic Mirror* and was slowly climbing up the ladder which leads to distinction when his father relented and invited him to return to Chicago, at the same time promising him he might read Blackstone and Kent without parental objection.

When he returned to the Western metropolis, young Duncombe attended night law school, earning his way by services as a police reporter for the old *Chicago Times* under Carter Harrison. In 1891 he was admitted to the bar.

In pessimistic mood one feels that the young lawyer disregarded important principles of economics immediately after being admitted to the bar, for at a time when he was without funds or practice he assumed the responsibilities which fall upon a husband. In this particular case, however, the end justified the means because the cheerful optimism of the young wife filled his soul with ambition and enthusiasm, and regardless of the fact that it might be ethically unprofessional, young Duncombe started to hunt for practice. He had rented desk room in the office of an aged competitor, and when that individual began to neglect his practice the young lawyer in his office found no difficulty in inducing some of the clients to entrust him with their legal affairs. His indefatigable zeal combined with natural ability won case after case,



HERBERT S. DUNCOMBE OF CHICAGO

and in a few years this son of Canadian soil had gained considerable prominence in Chicago.

Then he drifted into the practice of corporation law, making a special study of railroad and other corporation affairs,

and the legal conditions which surrounded their organizations. When his ability in this direction had become recognized, the president of the county board of Cook County invited him to qualify for counsel to the president of the board. While

filling this important office, Mr. Duncombe gave important opinions on the revenue laws; and his construction of the legal rights of the city of Chicago and Cook County in regard to the City Hall and county building site was accepted by both interests without question. He prepared the county audit bill upon which the present auditing system of Cook County is based, and which is admitted to be one of the best in the country.

Since Mr. Duncombe severed his connection with Cook County he has devoted himself almost entirely to railroad organization and the laws which govern corporations of that character. He has recently financed an important American railroad project in Europe through which several million dollars of European money will aid in developing an important section of the Northwest.

Mr. Duncombe has never sought an elective office, although he takes a deep concern in political affairs. He watches the various moves which are made upon the political checkerboard with keen interest, and he is generally found in the front rank of every movement which is calculated to further the interests of the Republican party, and especially those of the city of Chicago.

He is secretary of the Republican Committee of One Hundred and a member of the Executive Committee of the National Roosevelt Movement. Colonel Roosevelt is a statesman whom he believes to be truly honest and upright and for whom he feels a strong personal as well as political reverence.

The clubs in which he is a member are: The Chicago Club, the University Club, the Union League Club and the Chicago Athletic Association. He is also a member of the Masonic fraternity.

Mr. Duncombe is in that time of life

which is neither afflicted with the follies of youth or the infirmities of age. It cannot be denied that he is bidding for professional distinction, but he wants that popularity which follows successful effort, not that which is sought without accomplishment. He realizes the utility of thrift and honor and is always prepared to encounter disappointment.

Oftentimes seasons of youthful adversity bring to view the best qualities in men. The cool judgment which weighs chances and indications without bias or obstinacy; the faith which no discouragement can shake; resolutions which override obstacles and cling in spite of delays, will always triumph in the end. This has been conspicuously manifested in the life of Herbert S. Duncombe, whose friends are marked by no boundary of party or creed. No one who has watched his career can be blind to his success or ascribe his achievements to chance alone. Luck is the open sesame of the fatalist and sluggard; it will not blaze a path to successful practice or win a case in any court. Fortune sometimes favors the incompetent, but never long, and men who fail to use opportunities aright soon have no opportunities to misuse.

To Herbert S. Duncombe the work of the law has never been a drudgery, but a source of keen intellectual pleasure, and its controversies afford opportunity to gratify his love of conflict. He is thorough in his work because he realizes that from inadequate briefs come inadequate opinions; and from inaccurate opinions arise doubt and unnecessary litigation.

The prime secret of his uniform success is the union of a remarkable business judgment with a keen legal insight into the most involved transactions. His genius as a lawyer, however, is founded on his powers of analysis and classification.

TWO VIEWPOINTS

A FLOWER on a hillside bare,
Within a shadow—touch it not!
To us it is a thing forgot;
To God, a creature in His care.

Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy."



THE BACK PORCH

By LOTTA MILLER

THE back porch was a part of the house that had irresistibly appealed to Eileen from the moment her eyes first glimpsed it that memorable day in early June.

That, of course, was the very day *after* the wedding—the day she and Martin had sneaked back from the trip to the town of his adoption to go house-hunting instead of sight-seeing. They could do the latter any time. Why defer the exquisite pleasure of setting up the home at once? The bare thought of it was enough to dare the laughs of friends for.

Besides, houses would be scarce at that after-moving season of year, and Martin had only two weeks' leave of absence from the drafting-room. The sooner they began the hunt the better.

Fortune once more favored the brave and the fair by leading them direct to the house of which the back porch was so delightful an adjunct. Eileen straightway went into raptures over it and Martin was pleased because she was. To him, as with most men, a house was a house, necessary for human habitation chiefly because civilization had made it so. And at this period, of course, a hole in the ground would have appeared a heavenly place of abode if it looked big enough to hold himself and Eileen and she expressed willingness to share it with him.

So the house was very desirable because Eileen said so. Every room was of a size,

shape and decoration as to be "perfectly lovely." Every clothes-press, cupboard and cubby-hole was "just too dear." The front porch was artistically railed, and framed in jessamine. And the back porch!

It was "the darlinest spot of all!" Big enough to hold a hammock in which Martin could rest after his brisk walk up the hill, until Eileen could put the very-last-moment touches to his hot luncheon. And to hold a big chair wherein he could loll at ease for a brief space after he had eaten while Eileen rested in the hammock. Rested and listened to the news of that big outside world that made so large a part of Martin's life. And told in return the news of that little inside world that made so large a part of this new one of hers.

While this interesting interchange was going on they could view together their bit of back yard with its newly painted garbage can conveniently near the steps; its flower bed that *promised* nasturtiums, in the middle distance; and the clothes line zigzagging its way from the porch all the way down to the farthest confines of the yard itself. That point where the yard was lost in a vast continuation of the Mayor's own, that held a noble tree or two and ended in his garage.

The view further embraced a back view of the Mayor's house. The mayor was their landlord. His stately mansion fronted on the avenue and filled a big corner of the triangle at the very end of

one side of which was the house fronting on a mere street. The back windows of the mayor's house nearest the end of the Avenue end of the triangle looked directly into the open side of the back porch that was bounded on the other three sides by the house proper. Eileen and Martin, when news was exhausted, often speculated as to the probable home life within those windows whose curtains were always drawn back so invitingly. Never envious speculation, however. Why envy when they themselves were to be envied? Had not Eileen of her own free will left an Avenue to live on a mere street with the man of her choice?

Below the house, on down the street side of the triangle and across, the houses visible from the jessamined porch exhibited front windows only. These, however, were so forbiddingly draped in straight formal folds of lace that they seldom inspired speculation of any kind. A little of a mild sort sometimes centered in the ladies occasionally beheld by Eileen herself on pleasant afternoons. These ladies were either passing by or sitting on front porches and invariably decked in silken gowns and picture hats engaged either in calling or being called upon.

In due time they called upon Eileen as one of their class and consequently worthy of recognition. This class did not include the wives of workmen and mechanics. All the husbands on the street had "positions" in stores and offices. All the wives strove with might and main to uphold the dignity of these positions, with an eye on a possible time when such upholding should have boosted them into a calling acquaintance with the class on the avenue above—the class that kept automobiles and chauffeurs and maids—the mayor's class.

That Eileen had herself been of this class in her home city was to her a fact too unimportant to mention now she was mistress of a home of her own entirely of Martin's providing. A home in which she could work her own sweet will from morning till night unhampered and unhindered by one single maid. A home in which to her daily pride and pleasure, she was permitted to do every single thing herself, from being her own lady's maid and making the whole house pleasant

against its master's home-coming, to cooking his meals in the kitchen and washing his shirts in the back porch.

This last was the greatest fun of all. No little girl playing house with her toy tub and washboard ever splashed in flying soap suds with greater zest and delight than Eileen, who had never, in the old home, washed so much as her handkerchief.

This cleansment of Martin's shirts and her own dainty lingerie was carried on in the back porch, for the house boasted no basement laundry, with self-emptying tubs. No; when Eileen wanted to wash, which was always on a Monday morning, she just unslung the hammock, pushed the big chair back into a corner, rolled up the rug and there she was. The dirty water she poured down the kitchen drain pipe out of a pail. It was all delightfully simple.

Washing wasn't the only work Eileen performed on the back porch, either. She lugged every bit of work out there that was luggable and could be done there, with or without the hammock being unslung and the chair pushed back and the rug rolled up. She became a veritable back porch dweller, flying out and in at her kitchen door, humming gay little tunes on the wing as it were, as busy as a bee and dainty and swift as a humming-bird all day long, her only interruptions being called upon and calling.

For Eileen was a friendly little soul and met all her neighbors half-way. That is she returned the calls of the street with promptness, though she loathed "dressing up" until it was time to do so for Martin, which was usually after dinner. He, silly boy, always declared he adored eating his dinners in juxtaposition with the plain little wash dresses and severe bits of aprons the cook affected while she prepared it. This housewifely garb she also indulged in while engaged in the other joyous tasks about the house, even receiving callers therein, merely discarding the apron on the way to the front door. Eileen loved these dear little house dresses, one of which she could launder as easily as one of Martin's shirts. They formed a large part of her trousseau and it was so delightful to be always fresh and clean about one's work. And, of course, one dare not wear one's best things about

Mr. Woolworth's own handwriting. He smiled in finding the record of ten cents for a broom, twenty cents for a coal scuttle, sixty cents for kerosene, \$4.50 for shelving, \$46.50 for railroad fares—an excursion ticket to buy goods—every item was recorded as if it represented the transaction of millions.

The first mercantile bark of Mr. F. W. Woolworth was launched at Utica, New York. Like many successes, his start was a failure. The little stock was taken to Lancaster, Pennsylvania, to "try it again." A heavy line in the book at this time indicated that a new leaf had been turned over and a new determination was inscribed in the heavily shaded pen lines. The success of the Lancaster store's opening has never been surpassed by any of the later Woolworth establishments. From the stock that inventoried \$360, more than \$128 worth of goods were sold on the first afternoon. In other words, thirty per cent of the stock of that entire store was turned into money in a few busy hours. On that day the expense account records an item of sixty-two cents for a telegram ordering a duplicate stock from W. H. Moore, Watertown, New York. One day not long after the daily sales reached \$300, and \$140 was taken in after the bank had closed, which Mr. Woolworth took home with some trepidation. He kept a sharp lookout that night for burglars—but the books were right, no matter what happened.

In the Woolworth books there is nothing to explain. From cash book to journal, from journal to ledger, every item, extending over more than thirty-two years, has been put down with such simple exactness that there can be no misunderstanding. In these original entries was the item of ten dollars—every week—a price still drawn by each Woolworth manager. This custom reveals the success of a well-established policy, for Mr. Woolworth early determined that the managers must have ten dollars for expenses, no matter what the record of sales might be.

* * *

When a mere boy on the farm, Mr. Woolworth had an ambition to be a merchant. He was even buying and

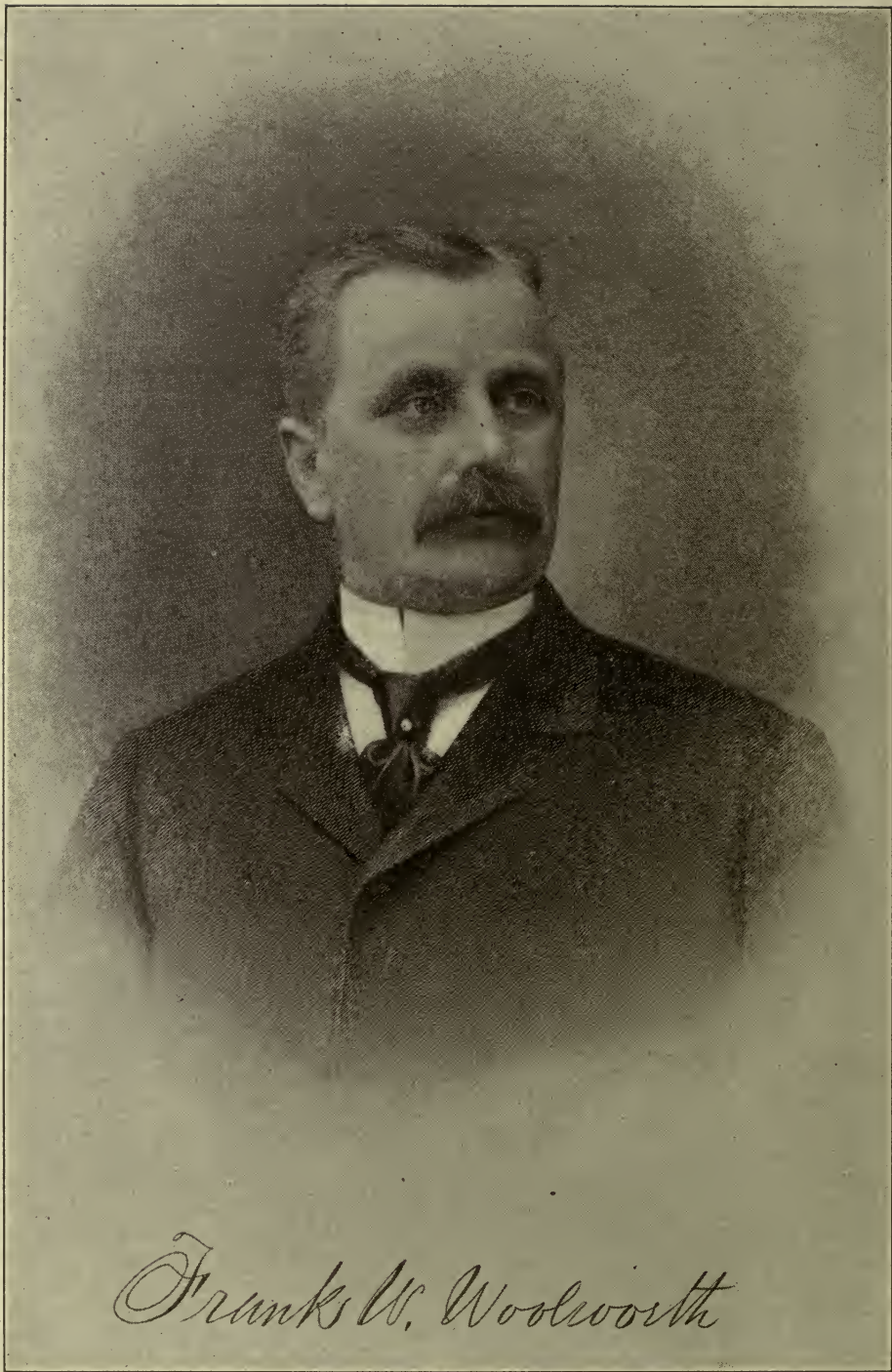
selling things for his mother when a child, and was delighted on the days when the pedler's wagon arrived. He started a five-cent counter as a clerk in Watertown, New York. It was found that everything on the five-cent counter was moving and they had to keep enlarging that counter until it had become the most popular part of the store, even if remote from the front display windows. Here the young clerk from the farm had his object lesson. It was simply a sewing machine table, three by five, where a few goods marked "five cents" were placed for sale—and they sold. From this germ of an idea grew a new chain of retail stores, now doing an annual business of upwards of sixty million dollars every year.

Mr. Woolworth's first idea was to establish a five-cent store, but this plan was not successful. It was only when the magic combination of "five and ten cent goods" was worked out that he achieved his veritable revolution in modern retail business.

Mr. Woolworth also had an important lesson in the beginning of his mercantile career when a farmer living at Adams Center, New York, bought fifty dollars worth of goods and put them in a hay-loft in his barn, selling them all out in a day. The philosophy was easily observed—the price was low.

The whole proposition seems so simple—yet many business wrecks had resulted from the experiment. Cash received every day for goods bought at the lowest possible price for cash seems today almost a sure success, but there was a time it did not work. The Woolworth Company is today one of the largest mercantile corporations in the world, and does not owe a dollar.

We looked again into the little red book recording that first day's business in Utica which revealed that the first cash item recorded was sixty cents, and this Mr. Woolworth laughingly remarked was drawn a few days before he learned practical book-keeping. His expense item got in the wrong column, but he persevered until he established the system which now prevails in the Woolworth stores, though now there is a longer line of figures across the page.



doing housework when one has set one's heart on having them keep nice for the whole first year!

The precedents on "the street" of not dressing (?) for the afternoon was duly discussed by it, and after much deliberation decided to be condoned. For this precedence, coupled with various other flagrant breaches, did not hinder the whole street's being charmed with the perpetrator thereof to a marked degree. In time this charm actually led to the institution of back door relations with the next door neighbor.

There were times when Eileen was pleased with these relations. As before chronicled, she was a friendly little soul. But there were other times when she felt harassed by them, and one Monday this harassed condition reached genuine annoyance.

That morning she had suspended the pleasurable process of washing Martin's shirts about in the "second suds" long enough to step inside and fortify her kitchen door against the playful pranks of a fresh breeze that persisted in wafting it shut. As she stepped out Mrs. Howser, the next door neighbor, came around the corner of the porch. She was utilizing the lively breeze to dry her hair that she was shaking free from moisture as she came. Mrs. Howser, in common with the rest of the ladies on the street, had her washing and ironing done "out." Therefore she had washed her hair this bright Monday morning instead of her husband's shirts.

She sank on the steps berating the girl from the hair-dresser's who had failed to keep her appointment to do it for her. "I'm just nearly dead," she declared, flirting the wet hair out of her eyes. "How on earth you can stand over that wash tub this hot morning and not *drop* is beyond me."

Eileen merely laughed and spun her wringer merrily. The clothes were still to rinse and starch and hang on the zig-zaggy line, and Martin's luncheon still reposed in the refrigerator. Left-overs from Sunday, to be sure, but requiring time for even Eileen's native skill to change into a meal that wasn't hash. Her brows contracted the least bit. And

it *was* hot now Mrs. Howser had called attention to it.

"I should think your back would break," said Mrs. Howser, noting, perhaps, that Eileen showed no signs of such a calamity.

"I wouldn't own a back that would balk at a bit of washing like ours," she averred stoutly. But her back really did make its presence felt now it had been mentioned.

"Your hands, too,—doesn't that strong suds spoil them awfully?"

"They do look somewhat lobstery just now," confessed Eileen, regarding them rather ruefully through the blued rinsing water. "But a little cold cream and nail polish'll make 'em just as good as new. And you've no idea how beautifully soft and easy to manicure the suds makes one's nails. I do them myself, you know. Why, it's really very easy. And I always pull on those long white cotton gloves you see in the basket when I hang the things up. Oh, I take quite good care of my hands," she ended, cheerfully, though she caught herself wondering, half uneasily, if in time they *might* grow coarse.

"Well, it's certainly a great risk," insisted Mrs. Howser. "I don't see why you want to do your own washing anyway. No one else on the street does. Of course, my dear, it's none of my business—not the least in the world, but you know one just *can't* do such menial labor and make any public impression of gentility. For the sake of one's husband, struggling for advancement, one should let it be known abroad that one is capable of gracing a higher social position. There, my dear, I have said it and you mustn't be offended. It's for your own good—yours and your husband's, and has been on my mind for some time."

"Oh-h!" said Eileen, wide eyed at, but brought back to her wholesome senses by this absurd dissertation on "How to help a husband." With difficulty she repressed her amusement to say soberly instead:

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Howser. You mean to be kind, I'm sure."

"Indeed I do," said Mrs. Howser, much gratified as well as relieved at this sensible recognition of her missionary work along social lines. "And you'll leave off doing the family washing, won't you?"

"It will be a great hardship to me if I



"Poor things! Their wives should look after them better," murmured Eileen wickedly

do," fended Eileen, her fingers flying fast and faster, "you see, Mrs. Howser, my family is such a dear family that the very dirt in its garments is too precious to be rubbed out by a stranger's hands," she held up the last shirt to see if the splotches of India ink were any less bright than before she used the stain remover. Martin, under great stress for a particular drawing, was liable to remove his coat and attract the ink to his shirts, that Eileen frequently found thrust into the laundry bag in a deplorable state of spatters. "And these socks—what washerwoman could afford the extra time or care to take the extra trouble to launder them so carefully by themselves? Martin does hate linty sock tops."

Mrs. Howser sighed, reminiscent of Mr. Howser's opinions on this subject.

"Yes, that is a drawback to hiring it done," she admitted. "But everything has drawbacks," she added with calm philosophy.

"I do like to have Martin pleased," remarked Eileen.

"It's because you're still in love that you think of his present pleasure instead of his future good," explained Mrs. Howser with patient indulgence. "You should strive to remember the indignity to him to have you seen out here doing the work a common laborer's wife might—why, the Mayor and his lady can look right in here—instead of thinking about the lint a washerwoman might leave upon his sock tops."

"All the same, I think the linty sock tops might prove less conducive to his future good than my being seen washing them myself could," sparkled Eileen, deftly shaking the last sock into shape and pinning it to the little line stretched for that purpose in the shady porch.

"Oh, it's surprising how little such trifles count for in the business world," said Mrs. Howser, loftily. "Why, any amount of the most successful men in it are noticeably careless in matters of dress."

"Poor things. Their wives should look after them better," murmured Eileen wickedly, with a keen and comforting recollection of a well-groomed Martin

stepping off down the street, a husband for the careful little wife looking after him from the jessamined porch to take exultant pride in. She was certain her Martin could never be a dowdy in spite of his proneness to get ink on his shirts, but she was so glad she was able to contribute somewhat to his habitual nice appearance.

The clock struck a notice of alarming lateness, and Mrs. Howser, still tossing her tresses, disappeared in hot haste, leaving Eileen to finish her menial labor in peace. She swiftly rearranged the back porch, repaired the damage to her hands, then turned her ingenuity to account in disguising the flavor and appearance of this left-over and accentuating the flavor and appearance of that so delectably that Martin was once more deluded into believing he was eating something very choice indeed, which innocent triumph went far toward consoling her for having to withhold something that had happened in her little inside world. What! Tell Martin of that foolish woman's prattle? Never! Why, the dear, hard-working fellow would at once jump to the conclusion that she was growing tired of being helpmate to a young man on a comparatively small salary and perhaps regretting her place in the social world as the popular daughter of her father, who, as such, had never had need to "turn her hand over." Tell Martin of those foolish abnormal opinions of the street? No, indeed.

But after Martin had gone it occurred to her that this hardship of having to keep something from her husband might be mitigated somewhat by sharing it with her mother. She only needed to tell him she wished to go home for a few hours' visit. She had not seen any of the home folk since the wedding day. They had not as yet, any of them, been to see her in "the house." They were quite evidently "letting her get her hand in." She could see through them and their designs in giving her time to become an accomplished housekeeper before rushing in upon her. How unnecessary, but what dear thoughtful home folk to cater to her supposed pride like that.

She flew around putting her downstairs in order, all the while wishing her family

could see her at it and note how clever she had been to learn. Her heart grew very warm as her memory dwelt upon these dear ones. The brothers and sisters who had given her Martin brotherly and sisterly hands without any patronizing offers to pull him up (?). The sweet Spartan mother who had bidden her follow the dictates of her own heart and bravely begin where Martin's station in life was, if that heart told her such a beginning was necessary in justice to Martin. The big, splendid, successful father who had such good taste in admiring Martin's principles as a son-in-law; who had slapped him on the back and told him to

go ahead and "work out his own salvation," and did not insult him by bestowing a check of exorbitant proportions upon his bride, but just one of modest amount that suited their modest beginning perfectly.

He had also given Eileen these words to remember, "Well, Eileen," he had said, "now is the time to show your pluck, my girl!"

Uplifting, inspiring words! Eileen's gay little tune became a paean of triumph as she ran lightly upstairs to put things to rights there and change into a fresh house gown. What! Run home to tattle the little annoyances that were bound to



She lifted her head proudly and slowly and carefully arranged her braids in the way Martin had always particularly liked

Mary L. Humphrey

come up at times in her changed way of living? Never! She could see the sorry look in her father's quizzical eyes at this acknowledgment of—defeat!

Yes, that was what it would mean—defeat. She lifted her head proudly and slowly and carefully arranged her braids in the way Martin had always particularly liked. It was just a little difficult, this dressing one's own hair oneself. As a daughter she had patronized the girl who dressed hair for a living and the girl who did manicuring for a living and the girl who made hers by coming once a week to put all your shoes in trim shape. She had patronized them simply because she considered it her privilege to expend a portion of her generous allowance on these needy ones. But when she became Martin's wife that allowance by her own wish had ceased. What! Enjoy luxuries Martin himself could not afford to pay for? Never.

* * *

This train of thought led back to the annoyance of the morning, and she found herself pondering sundry informations she had unwittingly absorbed from the street. How Mr. Howser was head clerk in a retail clothing store owned by his wife's brothers. How they had been married ten years and still lived in a rented house. How Mrs. Howser's ideas of social position chronically kept her husband's salary from meeting where months do. How her wardrobe was augmented every Christmas and birthday by expensive gifts from indulgent brothers.

A wave of pity for Mr. Howser thrilled Eileen to the quick. Oh, give *her* a gown of cotton print for her very best if that were all the best Martin could provide for her after the modest trousseau befitting his bride was worn out! What! Accept donations of fine clothes from her family? Never!

She ran downstairs again to gather Martin's socks from the little line and explore the heels for thin spots. Martin's firm tread might delight her eye, but it made havoc with his sock's heel and gave her a fine substitute for fancy work. She again recalled the noonday vision of him swinging down the street. What if there had been a hole in his heel. Wouldn't that have tempered her joy in his man-

hood, though? She smiled at the ridiculousness of the idea of her ever permitting Martin to have a hole in his heel.

The doorbell rang. Eileen struggled out of the hammock, shedding socks all over the little rug, shook herself free from bits of darning cotton and the inevitable apron and finally reached the front door to open the screen on—the Mayor's lady!

The mayor's lady in plain but perfect calling attire with her card case in her gloved hand. She smiled in Eileen's eyes as she presented one.

"I saw you in your hammock from my sitting-room windows and judged you were all through with the laborious part of your day, so I couldn't resist coming in on my way down town to get acquainted, a treat I have been coveting for some time. Can't we sit in the back porch, my dear? Thank you. It looks so cozy from my sitting-room windows and I will enjoy sitting in it again. You know we lived in this house ourselves for some time after we were married. Indeed we did. And I loved this porch so much that I chose my sitting room in that corner of the house simply because the windows command a view of it. Why, I used to *live* out on this porch—did my washing and everything I could, just as you do. My husband and I fussed about over that flower bed just as we see you and your husband doing, for, yes, my husband is just as interested in you two young people as I am. You won't think us merely curious, will you? You see it brings back those first days to see you so busy and so happy. And I suppose we are lonesome for our children who are married and gone."

Eileen murmured something in reply. Her thoughts were full of gratifying fact that she was honored with this call simply because she and Martin were just she and Martin, and not through any knowledge of her as her father's daughter having leaked out as she had at first suspected. She felt very friendly toward the mayor's lady, who presently went on divulging further bits of interest the big house had been taking in the little one.

"It's so refreshing to see your washing on the line every Monday. Nowadays so many young wives feel above that sort of work. They seem to forget that they owe

it to their struggling young husbands to struggle with them. I do admire your courage, my dear, for I am very well aware it takes courage to do as you are doing. Why, the Mayor himself has spoken of it and nods with satisfaction over your good sense whenever he sees your washing on the line. At least he did it no later than this very noon when he walked to the window for no other purpose than to see if it was there, though he was in ever so much of a hurry to get back down town for he rushed away exclaiming, 'Yes, sir, I'll see that it's done! It'll pay us, just as I've been telling 'em!' Only I didn't mean to repeat that, of course. Merely some business matter he had on his mind at the time. I am not usually such a gossip, my dear."

Eileen wasn't a gossip, either, but it isn't gossip, really, to tell some things to one's husband, and it was very pleasant to be able to tell Martin everything about the afternoon after her prohibition of the morning.

Martin received the news of the call rather gloomily. Then he imparted a piece of his own suspiciously akin—an invitation by 'phone had been received not an hour before asking him and Eileen to go for an auto ride that evening with the mayor and his lady.

Martin professed pleasure in the whole thing only for Eileen's sake.

"I suppose they've watched you slaving down here on this porch till they're forced to show us some attention out of very compassion for you," he said. "I must have had a gall, indeed, Eileen, to ever have dared to ask you to leave your father's house for—"

But Martin was never allowed to continue long on this subject. Just a few words more, however, he managed to articulate before Eileen silenced him effectually.

"Well, I don't see what else they *can* mean by it!" he gurgled, referring, of course, to this sudden notice on the part of the mayor and his lady.

What the mayor meant was explained the next noon by an exhilarated Martin.

"Eileen!" he called, reaching her at two bounds from the front door. "They've

sent me from the drafting-room into the regular civil engineering department! Hooray! Instead of eternally making blue prints, now maybe I'll have a chance to use some! And get out into the field occasionally, too. Honestly, though, it's rather odd about my promotion. Seems I was appointed or elected at the Directors' meeting this forenoon and the Mayor is one of the Board! See the connection? I never knew before that he was anything but Mayor, did you? That's what the auto-ride meant—to have a chance at quizzing me, which he did to perfection—all the way from business to you—'sensible little woman,' he called you. 'I played up to his bait and talked my mind out at a great rate. He must have been some amused! Tell you what, Eileen, this means a lot to us. For one thing, you'll not need to work so hard, you dear little slavey, you!"

There! That was Martin. To think of that first, instead of, "Aha! *Now* what will her folks say?" Ah, if those dear folks of hers only knew *all* of Martin! Eileen clasped her hands under the table in an ecstasy of pride, and beamed across it. But—

"Will you be working any less hard, Martin?" she asked earnestly.

"I? I should just remark not, my dear girl! You see it's up to me to hold down this new job they've honored me with and I'll have to roll up my sleeves, figuratively speaking, and dig in up to the very arm-pits to make good! But crickey, Eileen, how glad I am to have the chance!"

Eileen beheld one more vision. The Mayor and his lady at their sitting-room windows, the latter looking sadly into a vacant back porch, the former, gazing disappointedly upon an empty clothes line and perhaps regretting that he had ever called a "sensible little woman" one who could so easily get what he would call a "swelled head" over her husband's first promotion.

"Then, Martin dear," she answered soberly, "I think that for a little while yet, I would rather just keep my own sleeves rolled up and pitching in, too! And *crickey*, Martin, how glad I am to have the chance!"

On the Trail of the Brothers Grimm

And Something about Hesse and the Hessians

by Francis E. Clark



I AM sorry for the boy or girl who was not brought up on Grimm's Fairy Tales. I wonder if they are read in the Twentieth Century as they were in the Nineteenth. If not, so much the worse for the Twentieth Century, for of all the bright, sweet, charming stories for children, not even excepting Hans Christian Andersen's, these are the best. They are as truly classics in their way as Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," or Milton's "Paradise Lost," and their way is a very good way, too. They have brought untold joy to untold thousands of children, and what author could ask for a better audience or higher praise?

Are there any old boys or girls among my readers who do not remember the marvelous story of Rumpelstiltskin, or

the little tailor who "killed seven with one blow," and advertised it on his hat band, until people, not knowing that the "seven" were flies, took him for a great hero until at last he married the fair princess? (I hope I remember my Grimm aright, for I have not brought him in my traveling equipage for reference.)

Who does not remember the poor shoemaker, for whom the two little naked fairy Brownies made fine shoes every night, until the good shoemaker's wife made some little clothes for them, which they donned and never came back?

Many of my readers will smack their lips mentally over these memories, but I venture to say that not one in a hundred of them knows that the Brothers Grimm wrote these charming tales in the old Hessian town of Cassel in central Germany,



THE ROYAL THEATRE OF CASSEL

a city which lies near the borders of both Thuringia and Saxony.

If the truth must be confessed, I did not know myself, until very recently, where the beloved authors of my boyhood lived and wrote, and the further confession must be made that I went to Cassel, not to bow at their shrine, but to attend a great German National Christian Endeavor Convention. However, there are many by-products of such a journey, and not a few I found in the old town which is passed by by most Americans without a thought of its being one of the most interesting cities in all Germany.



THE HOUSE WHERE THE GRIMM BROTHERS WROTE THEIR STORIES. TABLET IS MARKED X AND THE ROOM IMMEDIATELY ABOVE IS WHERE THEY WROTE THEIR BOOKS

Clean, bright, substantial, are sure to be the adjectives that would spring to a stranger's lips as he walked the streets. Palatial business houses, hotels and private residences are on every hand, and if there are any slums I could not find them.

But palaces, whether for business or pleasure, do not make an interesting city, and Cassel has enough queer old streets, with the houses leaning every which way and often bending over as though to shake hands with each other across the narrow street, to add just the right touch of quaintness and antiquity.

In five minutes you can go from Tietz's great department store, opened last month,

where you can buy anything from a hair-pin to a church organ, and which would not be put to the blush by Wanamaker's or Jordan Marsh's, to one of these delightfully crooked old lanes, where any house less than two hundred years old is shockingly modern. In one of the most picturesque of these "gasses" lived the Brothers Grimm, but more of them later.

Very likely the first man you meet in Cassel is a soldier, or perhaps a thousand of them, and again your mind goes back to boyhood days, and you remember how you hated the Hessian soldiers whom poor old daffy King George hired to go over to America and fight your great-grandfathers.

You remember, too, how you declaimed against the "Hessian hirelings" out of the old Fourth Reader. But these spruce, trig young fellows are not such bad Hessians, after all, and they look far from blood-thirsty in their smart uniforms.

But who in the world are those creatures coming up the street? They carry you back to great-grandfather's days and beyond, for they might very easily have stepped out of a Seventeenth Century picture in that very costume.

The people who excite your astonishment are an old lady, her middle-aged daughter, and the daughter's little girl. They are all dressed alike, with a little nubbin about the size of a baker's bun on top of their heads, a quilted skirt of brilliant colors that comes barely to their knees, a suspicion of a pantalet below that, and then a long display of white stockings that end in brightly buckled shoes. The older the lady, the shorter the skirt.

They do not belong to a circus or variety show, dear reader. By no means; they come from an old and very respectable family, and they are wearing the real Hessian costume, such as all their grandmothers have worn for I do not know how many centuries past.

* * *

One is apt to think of Germany as one great empire, and so it is; but it is an empire of states and provinces far more distinct and individualistic than the states and provinces of North America, though these states and provinces owe allegiance to two governments, and those of Germany

to only one. The traveler in Germany, who sees only Hamburg and Berlin, and perhaps Leipsic and Dresden and Cologne, little realizes the customs and costumes and dialects and strange ways that he will meet' in less-travelled Germany.

Though Cassel is the capital of Hesse, and a famous city renowned for its art treasures, its schools, and its churches, it is yet on the borders of old Germany, and does not share as yet very much in the stir and noise and dissipation of Berlin or Cologne, and it seems staid and proper even when compared with other cities much in vogue with Americans.

Berlin, apparently, is most wide-awake at midnight, and one and two o'clock in the morning find the chief streets thronged with pleasure-seekers and revelers. In Cassel the weary traveler, whose room faces on one of the principal streets, will not be kept awake after eleven o'clock by passers who have dined not wisely but too well. All the better worth visiting is it on that account, for one certainly gets nearer to the heart of real Deutschland in such a place.

Let us go to church while we are in Cassel. It is an old French Protestant Church, which we will choose, built by the Huguenots who fled to Hesse after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes; but now it is thoroughly Teutonized and Lutheranized, and everything is done in thorough German style.

The solemn notes of the trombones greet us as we step within the door, and we find the great church crowded in every part. We are only a single minute late by the church clock, but the collection is already being taken up and it is a serious and laborious occupation. Two men, well-groomed and dressed faultlessly in evening costume, white gloves, necktie and all complete, pass beautifully embroidered, long-handled bags, and every one puts in his mark or fraction thereof. The congregation is so large, and the collectors so few, and the difficulties of getting about in the crowded church are so great, that the collection is no easy task.

The beautiful service goes on, trombone and organ voluntary, hymn, scripture reading and prayer, and, except during the moments of the prayer, the collectors

go softly and deftly about their work, up and down the long aisles, in and out among the raised side pews, through the two high galleries. A full half hour after the service began the insistent bags are still being thrust upon the attention of the willing worshippers.

The service is solemn, impressive and helpful from the beginning. Two choirs with glorious voices respond to each other antiphonally, the minister preaches with fervor and unction, the congregation



BISMARCK'S MONUMENT, NEAR CASSEL

listens with serious reverence, and, when its turn comes, sings with splendid heartiness the slow, heart-moving German chorals, and at last files out decorously. It has been a model church service, and let us hope that the collectors have been well rewarded for their somewhat arduous efforts to keep the treasury full.

* * *

In the way of Sabbath observance Cassel could give Chicago or New York a good many points to their advantage. Church-going Americans often deplore the coming of the "Continental Sabbath" as it is

called, but if that could be a Cassel Sabbath, they would have little to find fault with. Almost every store is closed, no vociferous newsboys go about the streets hawking Sunday papers, and for quiet, serious orderliness I have never seen Cassel surpassed by any large city.

No one should go to Cassel without visiting its fine picture gallery. Many a great metropolis has less to boast. Here are many of Rembrandt's best works. His canvas story of Jacob blessing the



THE CASCADE THAT RUNS ONCE A WEEK
FOR A HALF HOUR

two sons of Joseph is the most famous, and this is constantly being copied by eager artists. Some of his greatest portraits and a few of his rare landscapes are also found here, and every portfolio of famous paintings is indebted to the Cassel gallery for some of its richest treasures.

The old Landgraves of Hesse were among the richest princelings of their day, and one of them especially had an eye to priceless paintings, and collected the Rembrandts and Franz Hals and Gerard Daons and Titians and the other great pictures which adorn this gallery.

But these paintings were not "priceless" in the old Landgrave's day, though very likely he paid a good round sum for a few of them, according to the notions of his times. I doubt, however, if Rembrandt himself received as much for the whole roomful of pictures in the Cassel gallery as the tiniest one of them all would bring today.

Of course every one who goes to Cassel must go to Wilhelmshohe, for your education is scarcely complete unless you see this remarkable hill with its remarkable artificial waterfalls. To be sure, there is something of the freak and fairy combined about the whole establishment. Here is an immense park that it takes four hours to see in all its magnificence, and then you would see only its finest points that Mr. Baedeker sees fit to designate with his immortal star. There is nothing freakish or fairy-like, to be sure, about this great park, or about the "Eleven Beeches" which are so big that they must always be written about in capital letters; but when it comes to the grotto, with its "water puzzle," and the waterfall which falls only one day in the week and then for a half hour or so, you cannot help feeling that you are in elf-land, and that it isn't real water that you are looking at.

The great fountain which sends a stream of water a foot thick for two hundred feet in the air is turned on twice a week, however, and is almost as good as one of the lesser geysers of the Yellowstone or of New Zealand, with the added advantage that you can know just when it is going, which cannot always be said of those natural fountains.

On the whole, Wilhelmshohe is well worth its "stars," and a touch of added interest is given it by the fact that in the great castle Napoleon III was a prisoner when the fortunes of war turned against him in 1870, and he had to yield his sword to old King William. Here, too, every year comes the younger Emperor William, a willing prisoner at Wilhelmshohe, escaping from the affairs of state, for it is said that nowhere does he enjoy his well-earned holidays more than here.

* * *

But we have not yet found the old home of the Brothers Grimm, and it will certainly

not do to go without finding it. Many of the inhabitants themselves seem to know little about these famous writers, but they are not the first prophets whom their own city forgets to honor.

Our guide-book tells us that they lived in the Marktgasse No. 2, and we make our way through several short, narrow streets until we come to "No. 2."

Alas for the illusions of fancy! Nothing could be more homely or prosaic than "No. 2." A flat, yellow-washed building of comparatively modern date looms up before us, a cigar store below, a chemical washing and dyeing establishment above. Surely as unfairylike a building as one could see in a year's journey! But we cross the street and gaze reverently at the hideous walls. A dozen passers, seeing our interest, stop and look too, but can see nothing out of the ordinary.

So that is the house whence came the tales that have set the eager-faced children in all the world laughing and crying! Not a tablet or date to mark the spot! "How unappreciative of greatness are the Casselites!" we say to ourselves.

Then it occurs to us to go in and ask the man of cigars if that is really the Grimm house. "No, indeed," he says, "the numbers have all been changed, and the old number two is down at the foot of the street." So we had been wasting our emotions on the wrong house, and

gazing reverently at an old laundry and cigar shop that never harbored a Grimm.

But it is only a hundred yards to the foot of the street, and there is the real house of the Brothers Grimm, marked with a fine bronze tablet, which says:

"In this House lived from 1805-1814 the Brothers Jacob and William Grimm, and they Here wrote their Household and Fairy Tales."

Cassel had redeemed itself in our eyes. This old, many-gabled house, each story projecting over the one below it, might well be tenanted by elves and brownies and all sorts of fairies. See in what a friendly way it nods to the house across the street!

As we look, we can easily picture to ourselves the little girl who once came to the door, which was opened by one of the kindly brothers.

"Are you the man," she said, "who writes the fairy stories?"

"Yes, my dear," he replied; "my brother and I write them together."

"Well," she answered, "you say that the little tailor married the princess, and that whoever does not believe it must pay you a mark. Now I do not believe that a tailor ever, *ever* married a princess; but I haven't got a mark, and so I have brought you five pfennigs, which is all I have, and when I get the rest, I will bring it to you."

THE FAMILY

THE family is like a book—
The children are the leaves,
The parents are the covers
That protecting beauty gives.

At first the pages of the book
Are blank and purely fair,
But Time soon writeth memories
And painteth pictures there.

Love is the little golden clasp
That bindeth up the trust;
Oh, break it not, lest all the leaves
Should scatter and be lost!

—*Heart Throbs, II.*

The Woolworth Way

How the Great Business of the F. W. Woolworth Five and Ten Cent Stores was Founded

THE rush hours were over. The offices and business houses on City Hall Square, New York, were closed; the clerks had gone, and the great amphitheater of lights was ablaze below in the Park around which centers New York's activities in daylight, when I "dropped in" to meet one of America's famous business men. In literature, art and music we have the inscribed record of great careers preserved for posterity in libraries and museums, but of the building of a business there is very little that is written, although the record of the simple everyday routine of buying and selling goods would rival the interest of a "best seller" novel.

A man slightly past the half-century mark, with iron gray hair and clear blue eyes, had just turned aside from the mass of blue prints of the fifty-five story Woolworth building, which when complete will be the tallest in the world. It had evidently been an arduous day of studying and planning, even as in the old days he planned to fill and empty the shelves

of his little store in Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

The books of the gigantic Woolworth Company had just been audited, and their simplicity and accuracy evoked the praise of the auditors for Mr. Woolworth and Mr. Parsons, the treasurer. The Woolworth books follow out the old rule adopted by Mr. Woolworth, that a set of books should always be kept so clearly that any outside party could plainly see

the facts of debit and credit. From a drawer in his desk, Mr. Woolworth produced a little red book, four by six inches, which told the story of the famous system of book-keeping inaugurated by him in 1879, and of the great business which it represents and chronicles in daily records. The old books used at the beginning of the Woolworth business showed simple entries following the rule Mr. Woolworth learned during six months he spent at a business college: "Debit what you receive; credit what you pay out." The little red books, Cash, Journal and Ledger, were kept in



THE NEW WOOLWORTH BUILDING IN NEW YORK CITY. THE HIGHEST BUILDING IN THE WORLD

On June 21, 1879, Mr. F. W. Woolworth opened his first successful five-and-ten-cent store in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. In October, 1911, a new store was opened in Lancaster, marking an epoch in modern retail business. The re-opening was held in the handsome new building erected by him—of the oldest five-and-ten-cent store in the world.

There was a hearty greeting to Mr. Woolworth from many of the old friends who had visited his little store in the old days, and on this opening day more than thirty-six thousand people visited the handsome new quarters and partook of the feast furnished in the new lunch-room. The old farmer patrons of Mr. Woolworth did not dine that day on herring, cheese and crackers served upon the counters, as in the old days. It was indeed a happy gathering. Many of the old customers—good old farmers who had come to town “to trade” on Saturday and who used to tell their neighbors, “You’ll find it in the red front store where that young Woolworth does business,” were among those who sat at the mahogany tables and enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. Woolworth. No pains or expense were spared to make this new store, situated within a block of where Mr. Woolworth founded his unique business, a fitting monument to his great success.

On the day of the reopening, there were offered lines of “Specials” that brought thousands of women bargain-seekers to see and purchase. Special leaders proved an effective drawing-card, and some lanterns displayed for sale in the store were so attractive to bargain-practiced eyes that they were purchased by Mr. Woolworth himself.

The new store is in charge of Mr. King, who is proud of his distinction as the manager of the first and original store of F. W. Woolworth and Company.

There is a cohesive enthusiasm, a push, energy and initiative among Woolworth men that insured the success of the organization from the start. In the Wool-

worth business the individual is given full opportunities to use his initiative, ability and energy as an integral part of a great corporation. Salaries are determined upon the actual earnings. There is a valuable way of opening boxes and crates, of checking goods, a way of arranging stock, and the Woolworth way always seems to be the successful way. The whole secret of the five and ten cent business is in turning the stock and turning it quickly, as was demonstrated when Mr. Woolworth sold one-third of his entire stock on the opening day of his store at Lancaster in 1879. Many unnecessary expenses are eliminated under the new system, and the managers study human nature, crowd in the values, and the red-sign front soon attracts the throngs, because the science of buying is studied with one object in view—to sell goods.

In more than six hundred stores in cities extending from coast to coast, and from Hudson Bay to the Gulf of Mexico, the science of selling has been demonstrated. Locations are chosen after careful investigations as to which side of the street people travel and how many people pass where the glare of show windows is the attraction. Decisions come from experience and carefully tested observations. It is the co-operation of many men working under a thoroughly-tested plan and a master directive mind.

Still in his prime, prominent in financial circles, a lover of his home, of fine pictures and music, F. W. Woolworth is a type of the American merchant who has solved the problem of combining the individual efforts of many merchants to handle an immense volume of trade, and distribute the benefits all along the line from seller to buyer, eliminating the waste and expense of old times by simply understanding the simple needs of everyday life. The story is told in those old account books—rare first editions indeed—for the books that follow chronicle the accumulative force of increasing business, that rolled in like a tidal commercial wave.



A Timely Topic

by

Howard H. Gross

*Food Supply
Cost of Living
Cost of Production
High Efficiency*

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Mr. Gross, as President of the National Soil Fertility League, is the executive head of an organization to promote legislation, federal and state, to extend agricultural education by the maintenance of skilled farm demonstrators who shall work directly with the American farmers to secure the highest degree of efficiency in our agricultural methods. The whole to be conducted under the direct supervision of the agricultural colleges. The subject touches every human interest and should interest the reader.



ASSUMING that we are all interested in and affected by the question of the cost of living, let us direct our attention to the first main factor in the problem, the cost of production. The other principal factors are distribution or marketing and finally kitchen economy. Our food supply must be regarded as affecting directly every member of society, of whatever station, and of vital importance to our succeeding generations. Automobiles, oriental rugs, works of art, trains *de luxe*, pastry and diamonds all enter into the scheme of living, but they cannot be taken in the same serious discussion with the grains, the vegetables, the meats, the dairy products, without which life cannot be sustained and the world proceed.

It may be a hackneyed topic, and the average man passes it along, possibly intending to give it a serious glance when more immediate things have received his attention. Yet it is there and must be taken into consideration whether or no. In the congested cities, where commerce and finance are the interests concentrating the view, the importance of the original and originating factor is not so impressive. Yet, after all, it is a most interesting subject when taken all in all, even to the most obscure member of society.

For it deals with our food, our health, what we wear, our earning capacity and income, our enjoyments and our luxuries. We must have our raw material upon which

to build our finished products. Our land must give us plenty or we shall and do feel the effects. Our soil must produce the supply or we are standing still or dropping backward. If our resources are not keeping pace with the ever-increasing demand, there can be no doubt of the ultimate results. Into the chain of activities connecting the producer at one point with the consumer at another we each and all furnish a link of personal interest. It is a common interest. Back of all activity must be the food source.

Scientists and students of conditions, while joining with those who extol the wonderful resources of America, are finding facts that point to the inadequacy of those self-same resources without a readjustment policy. The demand is growing faster than the supply, the former greater in proportion than the latter. No business undertaking can safely proceed along such lines; why should a great nation?

Pursuing a recent line of investigation, the writer found that the United States, one of the richest agricultural countries of the world, *imported* vegetables, including dried beans and peas, onions, potatoes, dried and preserved fruits, pickles, etc., to the amount of \$5,092,932 in 1905, and in 1909 this reached the enormous sum of \$13,000,000, dropping off slightly the following year. In 1906 our exports of livestock amounted to over \$49,000,000 and dairy products nearly \$9,000,000, decreasing annually to \$17,447,735 and \$2,250,421 respectively in 1910. Our

potato crop increased sixty per cent between 1900 and 1910, yet on February 15 the Associated Press carried through the land the news that *during the season* the potato imports would aggregate a *million sacks*, with duties amounting to nearly \$700,000. The dispatches also contained the significant statement that the average American yield is about 75 bushels to the acre, while in England and Ireland the potato yield runs from 200 to 235 bushels to the acre.

This brings us to the main question, the efficiency of American farming and its general importance to the American people. For it must be taken into consideration that, excepting Canada, the American laboring man is the only one on earth that eats the same food as the well-to-do. The working man in the older countries is fortunate if he gets meat once or twice a week. The oriental must do without it, while our workingman has it practically three times a day. The total value of our farm products increased from \$4,717,000,000 in 1899, steadily year by year to \$8,926,000,000 in 1910, yet the demand by increases in population and more generous living has been greater in proportion.

There is no richer agricultural country in the world than the United States. We are not enjoying the products and gains and advantages of our own resources, nor are we caring for them. Everyone in touch with our growth and development of our resources knows this in a general way, but most of them fail to realize how supremely important it is promptly to take steps to meet the situation. In certain portions of Europe, where land containing no more fertility than our own, in some instances fundamentally inferior, which has been tilled thousands of years, is producing from fifty to one hundred and even two hundred per cent more than similar land in this country. Why? Because years ago scientific methods were applied. The tillers of the soil with governmental aid have solved the problems by the help of science. After all the dissertations and involved language and heavy deductions, this resolves itself largely into common sense application of a simple set of rules and standards. Local conditions require individual consideration.

Diagnose the situation and ascertain the need and remedy, and it will involve the rotation of crops, fertilization, drainage, deep plowing, the addition of lime, or one or all of these. Whenever and wherever this has been intelligently and faithfully tried in this country, it has produced like results.

The efficiency of the Department of Agriculture, the State Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations, is beyond question, their value is past estimation.

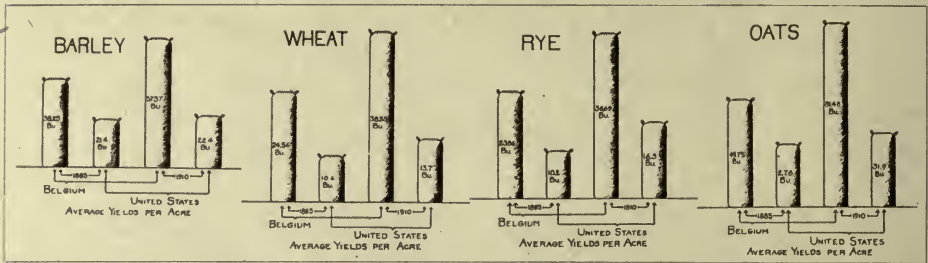


HOWARD H. GROSS
President of the National Soil Fertility League

But there is a great movement on foot to extend this work to the individual application, so the American farmer will become master of his art. It is not only a question of greater yield and more stable crops, it is a question of building up soil fertility, increased efficiency, lower cost of production, elimination of waste, closer relations between producer and consumer, and touches every phase of country life. In Belgium, for instance, where scientific methods of farming were inaugurated a quarter of a century ago, a few results, in comparison with progression

in the United States, are illustrated by the following drawings, based on government reports of the two countries:

Henry Wallace, W. D. Hoard, the presidents of practically every State Agricultural College and Experiment Station,



There is nothing altruistic or revolutionary in the movement represented in the plan and purpose of the National Soil Fertility League. Long and careful study of the problem brought together a number of leading men who have found and endorsed what they believe a practical working plan as a solution. Briefly outlined, by federal and state co-operation, a skilled, practical farmer shall be appointed and maintained in every agricultural county in the United States, a public servant at the call and service of the farmers of that particular locality. He and the farmer study the individual situation and apply the individual process of soil efficiency. All precedent, every achievement of science, research and experiment, is immediately available, and the farmer, after some experience, will be able to increase his earnings to a point where farming takes on a new dignity and becomes attractive to the farm boy.

The plan met with the approval of such men as President Taft, James J. Hill, Secretary MacVeagh, F. A. Delano, B. F. Yoakum, Speaker Champ Clark, Alvin H. Sanders, Frank G. Logan, Darius Miller, D. R. Forgan, F. D. Coburn,

and a host of others. Concrete effort centered on a measure submitted to Congress, known as the Lever Agricultural Extension bill, which has received the consideration of the committees on agriculture in both houses. By its operation on annually increasing appropriations until the maximum is reached ten years after adoption, in which the state enjoying its provisions shall make equal appropriations with the government, the original plan is to be carried out. The skilled demonstrator is selected and appointed by the State Agricultural College and remains under its supervision. The annual cost should be ten cents per capita, when the plan is in full operation and three thousand such demonstrators are personally in the field. It is estimated on the basis of the agricultural statistics and scientific standards that the agricultural resources of the United States will increase from forty to one hundred per cent within a few years, and thus increase the progress and prosperity of the country for generations to come, and will enable us to use the great asset of the soil more efficiently and to pass it on to our successors unimpaired in its usefulness.



Books of the Month



USING as his motif a tragedy of European royalty which lately shocked the world, Mr. Osbourne has written a powerful story. Although the action settles about the adventurous career of one Matthew Broughton, a young American, yet the real hero of this gripping tale is the mysterious John Mort, who is "A Person of Some Importance."* The opening and closing scenes of the book are in the South Seas, where in the early nineties the author lived and collaborated with his distinguished stepfather, Robert Louis Stevenson. The time of "A Person of Some Importance" is set at the same period, and the influence of Stevenson seems to permeate many of the situations. The character drawing is rare, and the humor fascinating. A delightful, wholesome love story dashes along with the racy plot, and never for a moment does the author give a clue as to the denouement. Written in the style that has charmed the thousands who know his "Three Speeds Forward" and "The Little Father of the Wilderness," this latest work of Lloyd Osbourne's must take its place among the twentieth century novels which bid fair to go down to history as representative American fiction.

* * * *

KINDNESS, patriotism, honesty of purpose, love for fellow-man and for the dumb animal are qualities possessed

* "A Person of Some Importance." By Lloyd Osbourne. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. Price \$1.25 net.

by the young heroes of "The Sultan's Rival."*

Having taken part in a filibustering expedition, enduring the tortures of the Sahara and escaping death at the hands of the Khedive, the lads are saved by Kaid McKenzie, the Scotchman commanding the army of the Sultan of Morocco. Mr. Gilman has written a clean, manly story for the American youth.



ILLUSTRATING "A PERSON OF SOME IMPORTANCE"

CONCISELY yet interestingly, this convenient little text-book "Pure Foods"† contains a vast amount of information about the food we eat, the adulterations and bacterial infections which we must guard against and repress by sanitary legislation and unrelaxing inspections and

* "The Sultan's Rival." By Bradley Gilman. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. Price \$1.25 net.

† "Pure Foods." By John C. Olsen. Boston: Ginn & Co. Price \$1.00.

punishment, and the kinds and quantities of food that go to make up an ideal dietary.

The non-scientific heads of families will find herein a large amount of truly needful information, which will enable them to provide food adequate to their physical needs, and when necessary to practice economy without a starvation policy.

* * *

WITH the unique distinction of being the only woman who has ever undertaken to circle the globe in a motor, Mrs. Harriet White Fisher has given an



HARRIET WHITE FISHER

Author of "A Woman's World Tour in a Motor"

account of her experiences in "A Woman's World Tour in a Motor."* Her story convinces the reader that the remarkable woman not only accomplished what she set out to do, but that she enjoyed herself into the bargain.

A little more than a year was consumed in the trip, and on Mrs. Fisher's shoulders rested the main responsibilities of piloting her little party, which consisted of her chauffeur, an English servant, an Italian maid, and "Honk-Honk," a Boston terrier.

* "A Woman's World Tour in a Motor." By Harriet White Fisher. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. Price \$2.00 net.

The journey was hazardous at times, for it covered not only the beautiful runs through France, Germany, Switzerland and Italy, but also hundreds of miles of Indian jungle sands and the almost untraversable mountain roads of Japan. The motorists were sometimes entertained by princes in the sumptuous Oriental manner, and again forced to camp in places where they were dependent on what provisions they carried and what the men could secure in the way of game.

These novel viewpoints and Mrs. Fisher's simple, direct manner of telling what she saw and heard on her journey make a charming travel tale. Interesting details as to cost of the trip, the eliminating of customs' delay, suggestions regarding shipment of the car, cooking utensils and provisions carried, combine to make this energetic lady's story a practical guide for extensive motor tourists.

* * *

SPRING fiction is varied in character, yet the abundance of novels on love and society indicate that the author's fancy, as well as the poet's, lightly "turns to thoughts of love" in the springtime.

"A Touch of Fantasy"* has in it an undertone that might prejudice many readers. On the other hand, the clear statement of facts lends that piquancy which is the delight of morbid souls. Such will follow with zest the fortunes of Mr. Adams' hero and heroine.

Precocity is the keynote of "Henrietta." The children, Henrietta and Cyrus, around whom the story is centered, are up to all the pranks known to childhood. Their vagaries cause many anxious moments, but with it all there is a lovable side to their nature, and this always exculpates them from past offences. The story has a charm and freshness which must appeal to the student of child nature.

A society novel with a distinctly society atmosphere, "Earth," carries a subtle message. Living in the clouds and viewing

* "A Touch of Fantasy," by Arthur H. Adams; "Henrietta," by Ella Heath; "Earth," by Muriel Hine; "The Progress of Mrs. Cripps-Middlemore," by Gerard Bendall; "Wind on the Heath," by Essex Smith; "A Question of Latitude," by Laura Bogue Luffman; "The Chronicles of Clovis," by Hector H. Munroe (Saki). New York: John Lane Company. Price \$1.25 net.

the world from that exalted position, later to find that all life presents realities, is the experience of the heroine. It takes some time for her to appreciate that although the things of the spirit are spiritual, yet the things of the earth are earthy. The awakening comes, however, and with it a deeper and more finite conception of human nature.

The efforts of the newly rich to enter elite society are aptly traced in "The Progress of Mrs. Cripps-Middlemore." By various charities, and with the aid of the clergy, Mrs. Cripps-Middlemore aims

comes skilled in bird and beast lore and he roams the country until he is forced back to civilization by a stronger call than any other—that of love.

That environment means more than heredity is maintained by the author in "A Question of Latitude." The heroine, an Englishwoman of refinement and family, is thrown into rough, unpolished Australia. As a true Englishwoman she meets the situation squarely. In time she sees the good qualities under rough exteriors, and learns to distinguish between English snobbishness and Australian manliness.



ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORY, QUITO
("Along the Andes and Down the Amazon")

to place her foot on the first step of the ladder leading to social prestige. As her husband has been a great financial success, so her children aim for equal success in art and literature. The interesting progress of the family is splendidly portrayed by the facile pen of Mr. Bendall.

An unique theme furnishes a promising base for "Wind on the Heath." The hero, who is of gypsy origin, possesses a small patrimony and has the promise of more provided he does not marry until he has reached the age of thirty-five. How he aims to follow the stipulation constitutes the story. Heeding the call of the wild, he abandons society. Eventually he be-

Cynicism is the dominant note in "The Chronicles of Clovis." At times there are patches of brilliancy and humor, as well as a dash of adventure, but while the story is too serious for the frivolous, it is too frivolous for the serious.

* * *

AN appreciative introduction has been made by Colonel Roosevelt to Dr. Mozans' "Along the Andes and Down the Amazon,"* one of the choicest travel books of the year.

* "Along the Andes and Down the Amazon." By H. J. Mozans, A. M., Ph.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price \$3.00.

Dr. Mozans first visited the Canal Zone, then took steamship at Balboa and sighted or visited on the way "Old Panama," The Pearl Islands; San Miguel Bay, where Balboa took possession for Spain of "the Sea of the South"; the weird isle of Santa Clara, where "La Amorta Jada" (the Shrouded Woman) lies draped for burial; and Puna, where Pizarro first invaded Peru, landing finally at Guayaquil, the chief seaport of Ecuador.

Thence a journey to Quito by rail and motor-car, through the most splendid scenery of the Andean Alps, including

the capital of Bolivia, which lies in a narrow valley fifteen hundred feet below the railway terminal, and is reached by an electric railway. From La Paz, enjoyable excursions were made to Tiahuanaco, where great ruins tell of the mighty past of the Incas or perhaps a still more ancient race; and titanic walls contain single stones exceeding in size and weight those of Persepolis.

Recrossing Lake Titicaca, Dr. Mozans visited Cuzco, the sacred city of the Incas, and gathered much of interest to American readers. Reaching Teuxillo, he went to



INDIAN VILLAGE IN THE HIGHLANDS OF ECUADOR—GRINDING MEAL.
("Along the Andes and Down the Amazon")

nearly half a score of active volcanoes, of which Cotopaxi is the highest and most demonstrative, introduced Dr. Mozans to the good offices of Quito authorities and savants.

Thence returning to Guayaquil he sailed for Callao, along "the rainless coast," visited Lima, rode over the new railroad to Oroya, and again continued his voyaging to Mollendo, passing the celebrated Chincha Islands, whence a billion dollars' worth of guano have already been shipped. From Mollendo by rail via Arequipa he reached Puno on Lake Titicaca, crossed to a lake station, and entrained for La Paz,

Cajamarca, where Pizarro with some two hundred men defeated Atahualpa's army of twenty thousand to fifty thousand Indians, captured the Emperor and held him to ransom.

Thence overland the author rode to Mayobambo in Eastern Peru, followed forest trails to Balsa Puerto, boated down stream to Yurimaguas, and sailed on a river boat six hundred miles to Iquitos, Peru, where he took an ocean freighter for New York.

One gathers from his account much of ancient lore and modern information, which Americans of this generation should

be eager to acquire. South American development is to make enormous strides in this century, and it is of the utmost importance that we should no longer be ignorant of the immense resources of these South American republics, who are but just beginning to "come into their own."

* * *

IT is the lot of every individual to meet problems that seem almost impossible of solution. It is usually conceded that these puzzling issues are more frequently confronted by women than by men. In "Girls and Education,"* LeBaron R.

out of the fullness of the author's knowledge, and it is safe to say that if generally followed there would result a generation of nobler and broader-minded women.

* * *

NO lover of books should fail to read, and would do better to study, and in either case is sure to enjoy "The Friendship of Books,"* edited by Temple Scott, fittingly illustrated by Harold Nelson and elegantly printed and bound by the publishers.

A briefly beautiful introduction by the editor is succeeded by chapters on "Friends



CELEBRATION OF A FESTIVAL AT COPACABANA
("Along the Andes and Down the Amazon")

Briggs, the President of Radcliffe College, proves that many of these supposedly knotty questions are easily settled when studied with the proper commingling of common sense and tact.

The book presents four themes, "The Girl who would Cultivate Herself," "School Girls at Graduation," "College Girls," and "College Teachers and College Taught." Each theme is handled masterfully and offers positive solutions of momentous questions. Sterling truths and high ideals radiate from every page of the little volume. The kindly advice is given

at Home," "Inspirers of the Heart," "Education of the Mind," "Teachers in Life," "Companions in Pleasure" and "Silent Friendly Spirits;" all of which consist almost wholly of chapters, but these are so skillfully chosen and woven together, that one is incessantly led into the belief that he is reading Temple Scott's essay when all at once he recognizes a favorite author or comes to a full stop over a signature and date to him before unknown.

The book will also be found invaluable by those who desire a superficial knowledge of literature, for certainly a man who,

* "Girls and Education." By LeBaron R. Briggs. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Price \$1.00.

* "The Friendship of Books." By Temple Scott. New York: The MacMillan Company. Price \$1.25 net.

however unworthy, dips into "The Friendship of Books" will acquire a familiarity with apt, noble and effective sayings, such as few libraries confer on their possessors.

* * *

HELPFUL, if only on account of its carefully collated facts, dates and quotations; interesting with its anecdotes, fine illustrations, and pictures of political and social life, yet "The True Daniel Webster,"* is a somewhat pathetic book, in that it seeks to reverse a popular

a federal judge or commissioner should have the right to send into slavery without trial by jury any man who might be claimed by the hunters of men.

It is true that the conservative professional and business men of Boston largely supported and applauded his course, but Webster sacrificed the almost reverential love and confidence of the masses of the people of the Old Bay State. He was not hated; too many men still loved him and all admired his eloquence and genius. But he had forfeited that supreme immortality which on earth, at least, keeps alive a great and good career.

* * *

THE history, the scenery, the people of Holland, "The Hollow Land," have always been distinctive and striking features of European life, travel and investigation, and Mr. Burton E. Stevenson, in one of the handsomest and most beautifully illustrated books of the season, has added to the Little Pilgrimage Series of L. C. Page & Company, "The Spell of Holland,"* which from carton to colophon, must be a source of just pride to both publisher and author.

The story of this "Little Pilgrimage" is genially told, and will add greatly to the reader's knowledge and comprehension of the Dutch people

and their country, without wearying him with quotations and historical dissertations whose greatest merit is their antiquity. Indeed, so handsomely is the book printed, bound and packaged for the market, that it is only after a second perusal that one realizes the originality, scope and geniality of Mr. Stevenson's work.

* * *

MAGNETIC, always amusing, irresistibly alive, the character of Mr. Chesterton's hero, in "The Innocence of



AN ILLUSTRATION FROM "THE SPELL OF HOLLAND"

verdict of "the plain people" of Massachusetts, who had loved, admired, nay almost worshipped Daniel Webster until his fatal speech of March 7, 1850. They might have condoned his advocacy of the right of Texas to carve four slave states out of her vast wilderness, and have accepted his specious plea for the infraction of the Wilmot Proviso, by giving slavery a chance to occupy the present states of Arizona, New Mexico, Nevada, Utah and Colorado, but they could not endure that

* "The True Daniel Webster." By Sidney George Fisher, LL.D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. Price \$2.00.

* "The Spell of Holland." By Burton E. Stevenson. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Price \$2.50.

Father Brown,"* is so realistically moulded that the reader grows to love the genial, God-fearing old clergyman who gives the book its name. Sherlock Holmes at no time in his imaginary career could boast keener deductive faculties than the little Essex priest. Working out great crimes with mathematical precision, restoring to honest citizenship those steeped in vice, yet never abusing the secrecy of the confessional—these are the particular tasks accomplished by Father Brown in this remarkable series of tales.

"The Hammer of God" and "The Eye of Apollo" stand out pre-eminently as the masterpieces in the collection. There is a dignity, a poise and an aloofness that places this handiwork of Mr. Chesterton far above the plane of the ordinary detective story. Father Brown has made the ferreting out of crime a science, and has placed upon it the seal of scientific approval.

"The Innocence of Father Brown" justifies the finest expectation. The same spontaneity, enthusiasm and feeling that mark all of Mr. Chesterton's efforts are accentuated in this admirable work.

* * *

LAVISHLY illustrated, including many colored reproductions of famous carpets, rugs, prayer-rugs, etc., "The Practical Book of Oriental Rugs,"† by G. Griffin Lewis represents an enormous amount of investigation and study and should long be famous as an authority on the nomenclature, description, manufacture, special uses, care, place of origin, etc., of the many various carpets and rugs known to Oriental trade.

Beyond the immense amount of information on this one topic, the work has an historical and geographical, not to mention artistic value, since the carpets and rugs of Asia Minor are to the initiated books abounding in records of human life, desire, religious belief, and the mutations of fortune, covering the issues of life and death.

* "The Innocence of Father Brown." By Gilbert K. Chesterton. New York: John Lane Company. Price \$1.30.

† "The Practical Book of Oriental Rugs." By G. Griffin Lewis. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. Price

The book will be of value to everyone who is interested in carpets and rugs either as property or for their esoteric and racial associations.

* * *

FLYING from New York to London in twelve hours is the feat set before the lads in "The Airship Boys' Ocean Flyer."* That they accomplished this wonder of wonders and "out-versed Verne" goes without saying.

Seeking an opportunity to startle the



SCENE FROM
"THE LOG OF THE EASY WAY"
Mr. John L. Mathews' delightful story of life on a
Mississippi house-boat†

world, the enterprising editor of a New York daily offers a fabulous sum to the boys who can perform this achievement. His idea is to have his paper appear on the streets of London at the time of the coronation of George V, and also to have pictures of the coronation pageant appear the following day in America. His plans are successfully carried out through the daring and adventurous spirit that in-

* "The Airship Boys' Ocean Flyer." By H. L. Saylor. Chicago: Reilly & Britton. Price \$1.00.

† "The Log of the Easy Way." By John L. Mathews. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. Price \$1.50.

spires and characterizes the typical American boy.

The story bubbles over with excitement and is a splendid sequel to the preceding volume in Mr. Sayler's airship series.

* * *

VARIED experiences and pleasures of a merry party of American tourists inspire a series of interesting and chatty letters which form Miss Wharton's interesting book, "In Chateau Land."* Starting out with the special intention of visiting the old historical castles, the party,



FROM "IN CHATEAU LAND," BY ANNE
HOLLINGSWORTH WHARTON

who are finely conversant with French history and traditions, leave beautiful Lake Como in Italy and pass on into lake-dotted Switzerland, where they visit the lonely castle of Chillon, made immortal by Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon," and spend some time amid the scenes where Madame de Stael once held her famous court. Traveling from Geneva through Touraine into Paris, the reader is carried along with the enthusiastic travelers to

Tours, rich in association with Madame de Seigne and M. Fouquet, not forgetting Dumas' "Three Musketeers." Indeed, the leader of the party uses Dumas and Balzac as guide books.

At Tours is initiated a charming twentieth century romance that runs like a golden thread amid the dark and tangled skein of mediaeval life. From Blois, land of chivalry and love, visiting Chinon and Augers, and thence on to Orleans, sacred to the memory of the noble Jeanne d'Arc, the party spend the last days of the tour in Paris, and pass an interesting afternoon at beautiful Versailles. Many dramatic episodes of French history and legends and stories connected with the old chateaux are woven in the story of their adventures, making their journey full of interest. Here is a delightful book for the "rocking-chair tourist."

* * *

EVEN Sir Galahad of King Arthur's Round Table could have had no greater claim to a truly knightly life and death than the sturdy pioneer whose life story is outlined in "David Crockett, Scout."* Few heroes of mediaeval romance or mythology have ever combined so happily the admirable qualities that are found in the life of the Defender of the Alamo. Pioneer, soldier, hunter, Congressman and hero, the life of no American offers greater inspiration to the novelist, poet or artist.

Very little has heretofore been written of Crockett, and Mr. Allen has paid a deserved tribute to the great and lovable character who so willingly gave his life for his country.

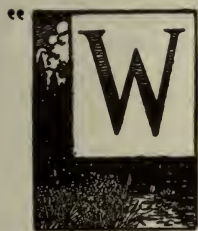
* "In Chateau Land." By Anne Hollingsworth Wharton. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. Price \$2.00 net.

* "David Crockett, Scout." By Charles Fletcher Allen. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. Price \$1.25 net.



Sam Slick's Ship Timber Speculation

by Judge Haliburton



WHEN the 'Black Hawk' was at Canseau, we happened to have a queer, original sort of man, a Nova Scotia doctor on board, who joined our party at Ship Harbor for the purpose of taking a cruise with us. Not

having anything particular to do, we left the vessel and took passage in a coaster for Prince Edward's Island, as my commission required me to spend a day or two there, and inquire about the fisheries. Well, although I don't trade now, I speculate sometimes, when I see a right smart chance, and especially if there is fun in the transaction. So, sais I, 'Doctor, I will play possum with these folks, and take a rise out of them, that will astonish their weak nerves, I know, while I put several hundred dollars in my pocket, at the same time.' So I advertised that I would give four pounds, ten shillings for the largest hackmetack knee in the island, four pounds for the second, three pounds ten shillings for the third, and three pounds for the fourth biggest one. I suppose, Squire, you know what a ship's knee is, don't you? It is a crooked piece of timber, exactly the shape of a man's leg, when kneeling. It forms two sides of a square and makes a grand fastening for the side and deck beams of a vessel.

"'What in the world do you want of only four of those knees?' said the Doctor.

"'Nothing,' said I, 'but to raise a laugh on these critters, and make them pay real handsome for the joke.'

"'Well, every bushwacker and forest-ranger in the island thought he knew where

to find four enormous ones, and that he would go and get them, and say nothing to nobody, and all that morning fixed for the delivery, they kept coming into the shipping place with them. People couldn't think what under the light of the living sun was going on, for it seemed as if every team in the province was at work, and all the countrymen were running mad on junipers. Perhaps no livin' soul ever see such a beautiful collection of ship-timber before, and I'm sure never will again in a crow's age. The way these "old oysters" (a nick-name I gave the islanders, on account of their everlastin' beds of this shell-fish) opened their mugs and gaped, was a caution to dying calves.

"At the time appointed, there were eight hundred sticks on the ground, the very best in the colony. Well, I went very gravely round and selected the four largest, and paid for them, cash down in the nail, according to contract. The goneys seed their fix, but didn't know how they got into it.

"They didn't think hard of me, for I advertised for four sticks only, and I gave a very high price for them; but they did think a little mean of themselves, that's a fact, for each man had but four pieces, and they were too ridiculous large for the thunderin' small vessels built on the island. They scratched their heads in a way that was harrowing, even in a stubble-field.

"'My gracious,' sais I, 'hackmetacks, it seems to me, is as thick in this country as blackberries in the fall, after the robins have left to go to sleep for the winter. Who on earth would have thought there was so many here? Oh, Children of Israel! What a lot there is, ain't there?

Why, the father of this island couldn't hold them all.'

"'Father of this island,' sais they, 'who is he?'

"'Why,' sais I, 'ain't this Prince Edward's?'

"'Why, yes,' sais they, looking still more puzzled.

"'Well,' sais I, 'in the middle of Halifax harbor is King George's Island, and that must be the father of this.'

"Well, if they could see any wit in that speech, it is more than I could, to save my soul alive; but it is the easiest thing in the world to set a crowd off tee-heeing. They can't help it, for it is electrical. Go to the circus now and you will hear a stupid joke of the clown; well, you are determined you won't laugh, but somehow you can't help it no how you can fix it, although you are mad with yourself for doing so, and you just roar out and are as big a fool as all the rest.

"Well, it made them laugh, and that was enough for me.

"Said I, 'The worst of it is, gentlemen, they are all so shocking large, and as there is no small ones among them, they can't be divided into lots; still, as you seem to be disappointed, I will make you an offer for them, cash down, all hard gold.' So I gave them a bid at a very low figure, say half nothing. 'And,' sais I, 'I advise you not to take it, they are worth much more,

if a man only knows what to do with them. Some of you traders, I make no manner of doubt, will give you twice as much if you will only take your pay in goods, at four times their value, and perhaps they mightn't like your selling them to a stranger, for they are all "responsible government" men, and act accordin' "to the well understood wishes of the people." I shall sail in two hours, and you can let me know; but, mind, I can buy all or none, for I shall have to hire a vessel to carry them. After all,' sais I, 'perhaps we had better not trade, for' taking out a handful of sovereigns from my pocket and jingling them, 'there is no two ways about it, these little fellows are easier to carry by a long chalk than them great lummockin' hack-metacks. Good-bye, gentlemen.'

"Well, one of the critters, who was as awkward as a wrung boot, soon calls out 'whough' to me; so I turns and sais, 'Well, old hoss, what do you want?' At which they laughed louder than before.

"Sais he, 'We have concluded to take your offer.'

"'Well,' sais I, 'there is no back out in me, here is your money, the knees is mine.' So I shipped them, and had the satisfaction to oblige them and put two hundred and fifty pounds in my pocket. There are three things, Squire, I like in a spekeleation: First, a fair shake; second, a fair profit; and third, a fair share of fun."

TO THE SEA

GREAT monument of mysteries! Thy blue
Reflects the moving beauty in His eyes;
Thy music is the echo of His voice
Calling unto the sad and weary heart
To come and rest within its harmony.

The heart that loves thee may thy mystery
Unfold; and find thy beauty more than art,
And in thy music linger and rejoice.
No other voice will ever seem so wise;
No other harmony be fit to woo!

—Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy."



YEARS ago the American boy's dream of Boston centered around 41 Temple Place, where the *Youth's Companion* was published. Those were the days when "we boys" hustled for new subscriptions and forwarded extra cost for "postage and packing" on the premiums given to subscribers. The influence of this publication has continued from that time to this, so that it has now become the most successful juvenile periodical in the country, besides developing a marvelous business enterprise.

In this well-known spot ten years ago a branch of the Old Colony Trust Company was established. Mr. Fred M. Lamson and five employees constituted the "bank," and the deposits were very modest, but it was intended to make this the largest trust company branch in America. In ten years a wonderful development has been realized, and the results have exceeded the fondest hopes of the founders.

In this single branch last year the amount of deposits was very large and the number of new accounts taken during these ten active, busy years is beyond the most sanguine expectation. The marvelous activity and business of the section of Boston near the Temple Place branch of the Old Colony Trust Company is revealed by statistics which show that more than 64,689 depositors entered the bank in a single month, and more than 4,500 in one day.

This branch is especially popular with women shoppers of Boston. On the second floor are luxurious quarters which have the conveniences of the club room. Here

women paying tellers and receiving tellers take care of the ladies, and more than 80,000 telephone messages were recorded in one year. The confidence which the depositors have in the management of the Old Colony is best shown by the large number of investments which are made for them and for whom their securities are safely kept and advice and counsel afforded, which beget that confidence which results in big business. Especial attention is given to letters of credit and more American Express checks are sold here than in any other bank in the city, for the Old Colony has a large number of depositors who are travelers. Every week more than \$400,000 of old notes are sent to Washington to be exchanged for clean new notes and coin. The vaults are conveniently located, and the activity of this branch of the Old Colony Trust Company is shown when one considers that within a year nearly fifty thousand people visit them.

The enterprise of the Old Colony is shown in the use of an automobile that takes out pay-rolls already made up in envelopes and delivered, and also calls for deposits daily. Everything possible is done to serve its customers. Nearly seventy-five employees are needed to meet the demands of customers, and in every department there is an atmosphere of business and sociability. One always feels welcome at the Old Colony Temple Place branch, and the throngs that come and go take pride in their bank home.

No matter where you go in foreign lands, you find the investments of this company, and many railroad equipments are provided

through a mortgage with the Old Colony as trustees. It represents millions of dollars as trustees. The growth and development of such institutions tell the story of Boston's growth, and the Colonial spirit is preserved in the hospitable homelike management and reception of its patrons by the company and its branches.

A feature of this kindly treatment has been the artistic calendars and the booklets which are issued and sent out to the depositors whose confidence and appreciation of good service seem almost unexampled and unswerving.

The Temple Place branch of the Old Colony Trust Company has been in charge of Mr. Fred M. Lamson, a New Hampshire boy born near Denman Thompson's farm, where the famous "Old Homestead" is located. For eight years Mr. Lamson was with the well-known firm of Lee, Higginson & Co., which in a large measure accounts for his wide knowledge of investments.

Mr. Lamson has the enthusiasm which makes you feel that he loves his work. He keeps in close personal touch with his clients, and his telephone is constantly ringing, as men and women patrons seek his counsel and advice. He has invested millions of dollars for his clients, and has that rugged, shrewd, New England common sense which is manifested by investments of capital that have been vital in the banking history of the country.

Under the presidency of Mr. Philip Stockton, a young man of vigorous executive power, with Mr. Gordon Abbott as chairman of the board of directors, the Old Colony Trust Company has, indeed, reason to be proud of its success as one of the most progressive investment companies in the country.

* * *

FOR some years there has been a lively discussion pro and con concerning parcels post, and the severest opposition came from the express companies. But the following sketch from Mr. A. W. Douglas, vice-president of the Simmons Hardware Company of St. Louis, succinctly points out another reason why no action has as yet been taken by the government. Parcels post has been strongly opposed by the wholesale merchants, who realize that

it would almost revolutionize business in rural districts and that it would be to the advantage of catalog and mail order houses. Like all public questions, there are two sides, and while doubtless the popular side has been for parcels post, there is something to be said on the other side that is worthy of careful consideration. Retailers of the small towns maintain it would take away their livelihood, and the following discussion by Mr. Douglas presents that side of a most important problem:

First, the rural delivery service is not at all equipped to undertake such sudden extension as is contemplated. It would simply become congested beyond the possibility of efficient service, and I am very sure that it would bring back that deficit which has only recently been eliminated. The most potent reason, however, is the fact that the almost inevitable result of the parcels post would be that the catalog or mail order houses in the large cities would profit at the very serious expense of the small retail dealers in the towns and villages. It is true that in the beginning parcels post only contemplates delivery originating from each post-office in the country. This would, however, be an opening wedge to a more complete parcels post, which would deliver all kinds of merchandise, no matter where it originated, and this would be the natural result of the institution of the parcels post. One of the problems of the day is the congestion of the large cities and the drift from the farms and the small towns to the great center of population, and the evils which have arisen because of this congestion are very serious and very difficult to solve. The retailer in the small town and village as a rule is an independent, economical and level-headed American citizen. It is certainly a good deal better for the country at large that he should continue as such than that he should be forced to seek employment in the large cities and become a mere clerk in the huge department stores and in the catalog or mail order houses. I do not believe that in the long run the farmer would be benefited, for at present the retailer is the principal buyer and distributor of the produce of the farmer. All the varied products of the farm in a general way are

handled by the retailer for the farmer in return for supplies which the farmer needs, and are by the retailer shipped to the large towns. The farmer would find it very difficult to market a very large part of his produce without the help of the small dealer in the small towns. Besides, in time of distress and of poor crops, the retail dealer is the friend of the farmer, extends to him credit and furnishes him the necessary material for working his farm, and in fact is an indispensable aid to the farmer in all his farm-operations. For instance, at present there are portions of the country, more particularly in the West and Southwest, where the farmers have had two or three bad crops in succession and have nothing to sell at present, and are being carried by the retailer and are buying their supplies from him on credit until the maturing of a good crop will enable them to discharge their obligations. Such credit would never be extended to the farmer by the mail order houses. The business that the farmer does with the mail order and catalog houses is one largely of cash, therefore in time of trouble if the retailer were eliminated by the operations of the parcel post, there would be no one for him to turn to. It seems to me that from a broad consideration of the subject anything which tends to dry up the small towns and discourage their growth and activity is a very serious menace to the good of this country, particularly as the alleged cheapening of articles to the consumer has been found in actual fact to be largely illusory. A little common-sense investigation has disclosed that too frequently the farmer is misled by the printed cost of the article and fails to take into consideration the freight charges, high express charges, and the time consumed in getting the articles, and does not realize that in the majority of cases he could buy just as cheaply, to greater advantage, and get his goods much more quickly from the retailer in the towns. It has always been one of the strong points in this country that there was no one dominating center, but that there were instead a great number of independent distributing centers which certainly contribute, as a whole, much more to the welfare and general good of the people.

AMONG the recent visitors in Washington who had a definite mission to accomplish was President Francis H. Rowley of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. His trip to the capital was in the interests of one of the most important bills, so far as the prevention of cruelty to animals is concerned, that has been before Congress for many years. The bill, which has been presented by the Hon. Edward L. Hamilton, of Michigan, was drawn by Solicitor McCabe of the United-States Department of Agriculture, and is designed to lessen the pitiless cruelties connected with interstate traffic in immature calves. To this subject the Massachusetts Society has been calling attention in every possible way for two years.

None of our food animals are such sufferers from the inevitable abuses incident to transportation and slaughter as are young calves. Swine, sheep, fowl, indeed practically all other animals, are not bought for shipment and forwarded to places of slaughter until an age has been reached when they have some reserve strength and can eat such food as can be provided. Millions of calves, however, throughout the country, are taken from their mothers when anywhere from a day to a week old. At this period the calf can live upon nothing but milk, and, unless taught, cannot even drink that from any source of supply save directly from the mother. The little calf is weak, delicate, with almost no power of resistance. A "staggering bob" is a familiar phrase among dealers for these wobbly little creatures. To take them from their dams is like taking a baby from its mother's breast and expecting it to live from one to three or four days without nourishment. If it survives at all it is half dead, its flesh fevered and toxic. The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has spared no trouble or expense during the past two years to break up the custom of shipping such calves from other states into its own. Only those conversant with the facts realize the success it has attained.

The bill above referred to would prohibit interstate shipment of immature calves under six weeks of age unless ac-

LET'S TALK IT OVER

accompanied by their mothers. This bill, if it should become law, would make it possible to destroy at a blow a very large part of one of the most cruel and outrageous forms of business with which we are acquainted. From many sections of the country come the positive statements of humane workers—statements backed up by the United States Department of Agriculture—that these poor victims of the dairyman's eagerness for milk and the dealer's and butcher's greed for a few dollars profit, are often from thirty to even ninety hours in transit without food; or, if an attempt is made to feed them, that the attempt is the merest farce. Think of such a way-bill as we have had in our own hands where the railroad has made a charge of \$2.50 for feeding one hundred and forty calves! A humane officer who saw at West Albany, on March 30, this particular carload fed, said that the men who fed them confessed that the drink given them consisted of four small cans of condensed milk in twelve quarts of water. Five men, tramps, anybody that could be picked up by the railroad official, were engaged in the process with dippers and funnels. From the fact that these utensils were brand-new the inference was warranted that had this humane officer not been present before the alleged feeding and asked what was to be done, even this pretended feeding would not have taken place. The most of the so-called milk went onto the ground, as everyone must know it did whoever attempted to feed a calf that had not learned to drink.

The hearing on this bill was before the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce. It lasted all day, taking both the forenoon and afternoon sessions of the committee. President Rowley of Boston, Mr. Robert H. Murray, representing the American Humane Association, Dr. Melvin, head of the Federal Bureau of Animal Industry, and Mr. Benedict, humane agent of Utica, New York, were the speakers on behalf of the measure. It can hardly be said that any opposition was offered. The attorney for the National Live Stock Association, and the Cattle Raisers' Association, frankly admitted the cruelties now existing, and desired only such a modification of the bill

as might give authority to the Department of Agriculture to make certain exceptions in such extreme cases as sometimes arise in the far west. For example, in times of severe drought, cattle men on the ranches have had to kill the lambs and calves to save the mothers. This happens rarely, but it has happened. There might arise an occasion when, in the judgment of the federal authorities, it would be better to grant some leeway. The real opposition will come from the dairy interests in such states as New York. Unfortunately the dairy and agricultural sections have been granted a hearing at a later date when it is probable the economic side, from their point of view, will be presented wholly irrespective of the suffering through exposure, rough handling, and starvation of the calves. We can only imagine the utter indifference to the pains of lingering death from exhaustion and starvation, that must characterize any body of men who, for personal gain, measured in dollars and cents, can bring themselves to stand up and oppose this bill. Such opposition should be to their eternal disgrace in the eyes of their fellows. These men, in the "slaughter of the innocents," so far as numbers are concerned, "out-herod Herod." They deserve neither respect nor consideration. The beef supply of the country is suffering, and the milk supply must in time suffer, from this short-sighted policy of destroying so many young calves. The speakers were accorded the most courteous treatment by the Committee, were listened to with unmistakable interest, and in certain instances with marked sympathy. Two of the Committee declared, after hearing the story, that they would like to sentence to jail the men guilty of these outrages. A long telegram was read from the Boston Board of Health heartily endorsing the bill.

* * *

TWO hundred years seems a long time to look back to, and last year the town of Needham, Massachusetts, whose hosiery and knitted underwear are famous the world over, celebrated the two hundredth anniversary of its incorporation, with very beautiful and impressive ceremonies.

Sitting on the veranda with Mr. Horace

LET'S TALK IT OVER

A. Carter, the treasurer of the William Carter Company, the wayfaring editor was deeply impressed by the many inspiring features in the pageant that passed by, commemorating the two hundredth anniversary of a Massachusetts village older in fact than the nation itself. Among the interesting souvenirs of the program was a sermon which had been delivered in Needham in 1811—a homily which was worthy of careful study. The sermon represents an interesting study, the text being from Deuteronomy xxxii: 7.

For two centuries people have lived in this beautiful town with its tasteful public buildings, handsome churches and schools, and many charming residences. Among the crowds thronging around the handsome colonial Needham Town Hall, there was great enthusiasm as the procession passed, and one could not but think how the pioneers of ancient Needham would have rubbed their eyes to see the wonderful advancement of their infant plantation and the magical inventions of the present century.

Associated with the name and business growth of Needham is the world-famous Carter's Underwear, the result of the industry, diligence and initiative of an English lad who arrived in this country almost penniless and located at Needham with a determination to succeed. William Carter came from Alfreton, England. He had been employed in Nottinghamshire, but came to America in 1857, just at the time the panic was at its height. He had just ten shillings in his pocket. Purchasing a small hand frame, he began business for himself in a small way, making cardigan jackets, and afterward established the firm of Lee, Carter & Company.

The knitting industry in Needham was first established in 1853, shortly before Mr. William Carter arrived and made his home there. There are those living who can remember the time when the fine elms on the principal avenues were planted, which are now the glory of the great plain village.

In 1892 the William Carter Company was organized, with William H. Carter and Horace A. Carter as partners. Since then Carter's Underwear has become famous not only in all parts of the United States, but even in Turkey, Japan, the

Philippines and nearly all parts of the civilized world. One has only to look about the picturesque factories located by little ponds on which float graceful swans, to realize that the tasteful environment reflects the high artistic quality of the goods.

The Carter people dispensed a luncheon in their big warehouse on the town's anniversary day, and a joyous gathering partook of their hospitality. But none were happier than the "Carter boys" themselves, who entered with zest and spirit into the celebration.

William H. Carter, the eldest son, was educated in Needham, later serving a term in the State Legislature. Few men are more thoroughly conversant with the details of manufacturing. Mr. Horace A. Carter, the treasurer, was also born in Needham, and has been actively associated with the business since he finished school. He has also been active in many public movements for the benefit of his native town. These sons with their father have built up a manufacturing business in a specialty that well deserves the world-wide trade which it enjoys.

After a ride about the old town, among the elms and those quaint and restful corners that grace the landscape, one can realize how Needham has not only built up a wonderful industry from the primitive hand machinery and little shops, but has the loyalty and love of its people.

The floats in the parade chiefly represented the different phases of the knitting industry. Inside the Carter float the machines used were actively at work, and a tiny boy, chubby, radiant and beautiful, stood clad in the closely-fitting products of the Needham mills, a beautiful and suggestive figure.

* * *

IN the past winter, owing to the scarcity and unprecedented price of potatoes, large importations were made from Ireland, which seemed like reversing the old adage of carrying coals to Newcastle. Heretofore in years of famine it has been American potatoes that have gone to Ireland in token of the friendly heart of the American people.

It caused a smile in the city grocery

store when the housewife asked if what she was buying were "real Irish potatoes," and the grocer was able to produce the bill of lading, proving that they had been shipped from the "ould sod." The potato markets in the East this year have verified the fact that Irish potatoes and real Irish stew are in no danger of losing their popularity as basic food products.

But now comes a warning from the Agricultural Department insisting that there is danger in using foreign potatoes for seed. Their fine appearance and reasonable cost in comparison with home-grown seed have led growers to use them largely. But the Department has in seven years tested more than a hundred varieties, with the uniform result that the yields during the first year were not equal to the yields of the best American sorts.

It is claimed that the importation of foreign seed potatoes has brought diseases known as wart, scab, leaf-curl and black-leg; so that now the spirit of immigration restriction may yet apply even to incoming potatoes, which will be deeply examined before they can "pass muster" and leave dock.

Every month the Agricultural Department receives for examination thousands of diseased and affected potatoes, many of which have been traced back to foreign seed. Therefore a bit of advice is offered to the amateur farmer, and where is the man who does not love to have a little plot of ground in which he may cultivate potatoes and become familiar with the potato bug?

* * *

ONE of the most appreciative readers of the Louisiana number of the NATIONAL was Mr. E. L. Chappuis, of New Orleans, who, with Governor Sanders, is making his life work the development of the alluvial lands of Louisiana. Mr. Chappuis is an absolutely straight and direct thinker in business, and that he is a most impressive conversationalist natu-

rally follows. He is full of enthusiasm and optimism, which he has a happy faculty of imparting to all those with whom he comes in contact. Thoroughly wrapped up in his purpose, arrived at through his straight business thinking, he is carrying out plans that will undoubtedly prove most successful and of lasting benefit to thousands of newcomers into the state, and to the state itself.

There is no one doing more for the welfare of the state of Louisiana just now than Mr. Chappuis. His appreciation of Mr. Garnault Agassiz's article on Louisiana was substantiated by a distribution of copies of the NATIONAL to school committees, school superintendents, and school principals all over the state, with the very practical suggestion that it be used as reading lessons in the schools. His letter to the principals we take pleasure in quoting herewith:

New Orleans, Louisiana,
March 20, 1912.

My Dear Sir:

The February issue of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, published in Boston, contains an ideal article written by Mr. Garnault Agassiz, entitled "Untold Treasures of Louisiana," and so impressed was I with the value of the information therein contained that, of my own volition, I ordered an enormous quantity of copies from the publisher and am distributing them broadcast throughout the States, in directions where they will do the most good.

Among these, of course, are our schools, and I have already furnished the principal of each public school in the city of New Orleans with a copy, together with a supply for the teachers.

I am taking the liberty of sending you a copy, under separate cover, by this mail and should you desire any more for your assistants, it will afford me pleasure to send them to you.

I can conceive of no finer reading lesson in a class for the youth of our State than a study of Louisiana's resources, so graphically described in this magazine, from pages 595 to 671.

With sentiments of the highest esteem, I beg to remain,

Very truly yours,
E. L. CHAPPUIS.





Bright
Outside

Bright
Inside

SAPOLIO

is doubly valuable in springtime. It adds an extra arm to cleaning and doubles your power against dirt. The brightest women have found it the one cleaner that Works Without Waste.

Cleans—Scours—Polishes



*"Robert Burns" from the "Penny Print"
 belonging to the Misses Calvert
 in London - 1793 N.B.*

A RARE PORTRAIT OF BURNS, NOW OWNED BY LORD ROSEBERRY, WHO
 SUCCEEDED MR. GLADSTONE AS PREMIER
 OF ENGLAND

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

JUNE, 1912

Affairs at WASHINGTON

by Joe Mitchell Chapple



IMPRESSIVE solemnity pervaded the Senate caucus room when the investigation of the Titanic tragedy was begun. The decorations and furniture of the

most luxurious legislative audience room in the world suggested the glories of that great palace-of-the-sea which carried down to death more than fifteen hundred lives in the icy waters of the Grand Banks.

Under the crystal chandeliers in the center of the room sat the Senate subcommittee, Senator William Alden Smith presiding. On every side attended the witnesses of the catastrophe, the Austrian Ambassador with other members of the diplomatic corps, Senators, Justices, Congressmen—an assemblage which

almost constituted an international tribunal. All were intent on securing the facts necessary to prepare an official record of the events of that fateful, clear, cold, starlit Sunday night, when the great leviathan crashed into an immovable ice-

berg, and also to take measures to avert such disasters.

Only a brief week had passed since the first wireless flash told the world of the Titanic's sinking, followed by hours and days of that universal horror of suspense, with which in all parts of the world men eagerly sought tidings of the tragedy and its survivors. The world was thrilled with the heroic bravery displayed, and hearts bled as the story was flashed of that parting of wives and husbands, children and fathers, while the great hulk sank.



Photo by Harris & Ewing

SENATOR WILLIAM ALDEN SMITH
Chairman of the Titanic Investigating Committee



LEAVING THE SENATE OFFICE BUILDING AFTER THE TITANIC INVESTIGATION
Mr. J. Bruce Ismay, managing director of the White Star Line, under the umbrella at right

Eternal "good-byes" rang out in cheery tones, and later, consoled and strengthened by that splendid hymn, associated with another great world tragedy—the passing of McKinley—"Nearer, My God, to Thee" was the inspiring song that floated over the water as the heroes and heroines of the Titanic went down to death.

With these scenes that swept before the auditors, as they listened to details of the greatest sea-tragedy of modern times, came tender thoughts of the gallant Major Archibald Butt, the aide to the President, and of other eminent and noble men whose lives were sacrificed.

Congressional proceedings were overshadowed; political hostilities ceased—the stock market hushed, industry and pleasure paused. All the world seemed to feel that warm heart impulse of sympathy, for in the universal Democracy of Death the rich and poor, the survivors

and the lost, added stronger ties to that eternal Brotherhood of Man, that only comes into closest view as the veil of Immortality is lifted and "the portals of death unfold."

Scarcely were all the details of the disaster known before the United States Senate had taken action. Senator William Alden Smith had been to New York to look upon the scene when the Carpathia landed with its seven hundred survivors. The Senate realized that the calamity brought with it a great responsibility; above all the need of averting as promptly as possible a recurrence of this awful disaster at sea. This hearing was to sift all the facts and to make a veritable beacon light to safeguard as far as possible human life on the high seas. The findings of this tribunal will be heard around the world and will come close to the hearts and homes of every people.



SCENE AT THE CAUCUS ROOM OF THE SENATE OFFICE BUILDING, WHERE THE SENATE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE LOOKED INTO THE CAUSES OF THE TITANIC DISASTER

CRAVELY an old army officer opened a package of documents from the War Department, addressed to the Surgeon-General of the state militia.

"You know," was his significant comment, "that means something's doing at Washington. The first indication of anticipated trouble is the package of blanks for the Surgeon-General's report. The blanks themselves are innocent enough," he hastened to assure me, "but it means something when Uncle Sam calls for detailed reports from the Surgeon-General concerning the physical condition of the militia out of the regular time. This looks to me like something is moving down Mexico way. The Dick bill," he went on, "which provides for the call on the militia by the War Department, is now being reread with studied interest. Does it provide for sending the troops out of the country? That is the question. It seems that no matter how carefully wrought out and studied a law may be, the poverty of language interferes with making explicit its clear intention and with avoiding divers interpretations. Few public measures, not excepting the Declaration of Independence or the Constitution itself, have escaped an analysis that shows the variant meanings and limitations of words."

The old officer looked carefully over the blanks again and insisted that not even modern militia regulations had eliminated the old necessity of first getting information from the surgeons as to the physical condition of the men before any movements are made.

This incident also recalls the great changes of military customs during the last twenty years. No longer do the fife and drum inspire the march with time-honored martial airs. No longer are men trained to march and form in serried files and close columns, for the trained soldier of today must exercise his own initiative, and men are taught to move and fight in small groups, maintaining a certain space apart to lessen the fatalities from rifle fire and that of modern artillery. The command "forward march" seldom rings out nowadays, for the whistle or the bugle conveys nearly all orders. And, instead of wearing sword and scabbard, the officers carry a "swagger stick" and control

the movements of the soldiers by means of whistle signals, in "follow me" style.

The martial spirit of the American people is apparently unquenchable. It is manifested in the boy scouts; and, when looking upon the portraits of the young boys fifteen and sixteen years old who had their place in the great armies of the Civil War, one can hardly believe that such youngsters played a vital part in the conflict. Even with the growth and development of peace sentiment, the American lad cannot drive from his mind the exhil-



MISS LEONA CURTIS

The beautiful daughter of Senator Charles Curtis of Kansas

ation of camp life and of the odor of earth, as well as the fascination of slumbering under a tent.

Now philosophers are trying to determine whether it is the love of warfare or the love of outdoor life and nature that impels this instinct and love of soldiering as expressed among the young men who constitute the country's great militia.

* * *

LLOUD-VOICED in their denunciation of prohibition are the tipplers of Alabama, Kansas and Worcester, Massachusetts. Now some student of the liquor

question has called attention to the fact that while in these places there are neighboring "wet" states and cities, yet in New Zealand it is expected that the next election will doom the entire island to perpetual thirst. In a recent election the advocates of prohibition in New Zealand lost by a very narrow margin. The referendum vote taken on a colony wide prohibition showed 55.93 per cent of the total vote cast for the prohibition measure, while 60 per cent was necessary to make it a law. At

would set the world the example of the most complete, effective and isolated prohibition of the liquor traffic.

* * *

THE movement to place in the Hall of Fame the bust of Molly Pitcher, the only woman sergeant in the United States Army, has the enthusiastic support of former Senator Chauncey M. Depew. In fact, the gallant senator from New York is always a champion for the equal rights of the ladies. The movement for the emancipation of women, he said, in a recent address, beginning in laws affecting their separate property in 1848, has continued until now. There is a wide and almost successful effort to grant them equal rights with men in the suffrage, in office holding, in jury duty, and in Germany this year in militarism, and in every duty of the citizen.

It was in the important movements of the year 1778 that at the battle of Monmouth Molly Pitcher was carrying water to her husband, who was a gunner of a battery at one piece of artillery. He was killed and the lieutenant proposed to remove the piece out of danger, when Molly said, "I can do everything my husband could," and she performed her husband's duties at his old gun better than he could have done.

The next morning she was taken before General Washington, her wonderful act was reported and its influence upon the fate of the battle, which was a victory, and Washington made her at once a sergeant in the army to stand on the rolls in that rank as long as she lived.

It seems appropriate now for us to place among the immortals and in the Hall of Fame this only woman sergeant of the United States army, who won her title fighting for her country upon the field of battle and who is the evangel of woman's rights and woman's enfranchisement.

* * *

UNDER the gilded dome of the State House on Beacon Hill, Governor Eugene N. Foss may be found day in and day out at his desk, beneath the state flags. Looking down upon him is a stately row of former governors of Massachusetts



MISS BLANCHE CURTIS
Another daughter of Senator Curtis

the next referendum on the liquor question, to be taken in 1914, it is believed that the opponents of the liquor traffic will win. "Then," remarked the wag, "there will be a great revival among New Zealanders of that classic song, 'How Dry I Am.'"

"Quite so," drily assented the student of prohibition, "and a lusty chorus will be necessary, for the nearest saloon will be some twelve hundred miles distant."

In many of its advance steps in civilization New Zealand is the foremost country of the world, and it now looks as if this enterprising South Sea island



GOVERNOR AND MRS. FOSS OF MASSACHUSETTS AND THEIR
TWIN DAUGHTERS

from the time of John Hancock in 1780, and his strenuous executive program has many times caused a shudder among these dignified predecessors. He sits down in his chair with a thud, his jaw juts out like a trip-hammer, and he writes his name with a pressure that ensures a bold signature.

Eugene Noble Foss first entered public life ten years ago, seeking the nomination to Congress on the Republican ticket. He took his platform on an issue which he proclaimed with all the fiery unction of a man of affairs who is accustomed to large business operations. He was at first de-

majority, and every town and city in the district was counted safely Republican. Mr. Foss entered the lists as a Democrat at the earliest stages of the restless protest against the tariff in a district which included large factories making products in iron, leather, cotton and woolen goods, jewelry and cordage, as well as farming and fisheries. He fought his battle vigorously and was elected to Congress, serving out the unexpired term of Congressman William C. Lovering and taking his seat April 7, 1910, his plurality being 5,640.

While in Congress he was nominated and elected Governor of Massachusetts by the Democratic party by a majority of 35,000, after a hard-fought battle in which no less distinguished a personage than Colonel Roosevelt declared himself for the opposition in a series of red-hot campaign speeches. He was re-elected after a campaign fought on the tariff, in which the Republican National Committee and the American Protective Tariff League and the Home Market Club exerted all their influence, President Taft himself picking the issue in his speech at Hamilton early in September.

* * *

Governor Foss is a new convert to Democracy, and his friends insist that he is the logical man for the nomination at Baltimore in June. He represents no faction of the party and has not been over-exploited by pre-presidential bureaus. His supporters feel that the Southern Democrats insist upon a Northern leader who will win and who has acquired that habit.

It is also felt that an alliance of the Southern delegates with New England would be more effective than the customary alliance between the South and the West. It is pointed out that Foss hails from Vermont, and it is felt that her sixty thousand voters would manage in September to give a handsome endorsement to the boy from the Green Mountain State, which would influence the vote in other states balloting in November.

The public career of Eugene N. Foss has been characterized by ceaseless activities. He is counted as a candidate who would be acceptable to both insurgents and progressives, as well as to the old line



A CHARACTERISTIC POSE OF GOVERNOR
FOSS WHEN CAMPAIGNING

feated, but, undaunted, he continued with the vim and vigor which have always inspired the Vermont lad who came to Boston thirty odd years ago. As treasurer of the B. F. Sturtevant Company he has already left his impress upon an immense industrial business. In the very zenith of his success he felt that a public career was not only a privilege but a duty for one in his situation. Accordingly he ran for Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts, and later was selected as a congressional campaign leader to try out the tariff issue in the Fourteenth District of Massachusetts. This district had been accustomed to giving ten thousand Republican ma-

Democrats who feel history will repeat itself in the election of a candidate who has made a political record in a close state.

Governor Foss withdrew his name from the ballots for the presidential primary in Massachusetts, out of courtesy to avowed candidates who would not otherwise have entered the contest in Massachusetts against him; but it is felt by his friends that "something will happen" at Baltimore when the situation is surveyed.

Governor Foss initiated his political career with a platform written on the back of an envelope while coming into Boston on a train from his home at Cohasset. He felt that he had the work to do and proceeded to do it. While he has met the

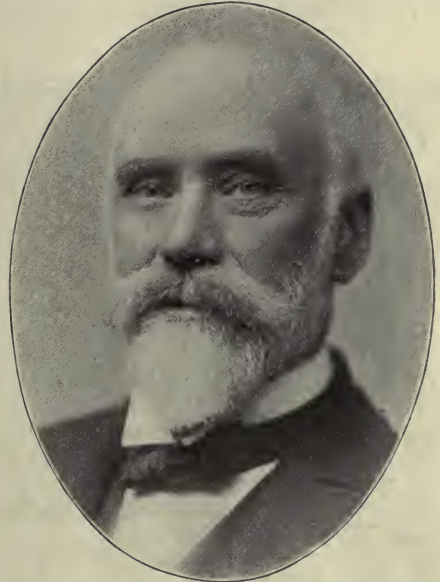
The early predictions that Governor Foss would have second place on the ticket have now crystallized into an insistence among his followers that it will be the first place, for the situation demands a nominee who will command the unanimous support of a party requiring two-thirds of the total vote for a nomination.

When Governor Foss wheels around in his chair and talks with his visitors, his actions imply the energy of a business



THE MOTHER OF GOVERNOR FOSS

most strenuous opposition, he has been successful in twice carrying the State of Massachusetts, in the teeth of Republican majorities. He believes that the predominant issue of the coming presidential campaign will be the tariff, and on that issue his friends feel that he is thoroughly fortified. They insist it is time that men who have made their mark in business development should be called upon to meet public questions in which business sagacity is involved, and that business men rather than lawyers are logical leaders.



THE FATHER OF GOVERNOR FOSS

man reaching a quick decision rather than that of the traditional statesman enveloped in stately and measured dignity. He seems immune to attacks from opponents, and never shrinks from "a good lively scrap."

When the messenger brings him the day's grist of the legislative mill in a huge basket filled with forty or fifty rolls of bills and resolutions, bound about with rubber bands, he examines them as he would the vouchers and documents that are constantly coming up in business life for signature.

It is felt that the New England enthusiasm aroused over the nomination of Governor Foss might draw heavily from his opponents; but, whether nominated or not, the fact remains that political

history in Massachusetts has been most emphatically impressed by the career of Eugene Noble Foss.

* * *

THE keen interest of Porto Ricans in national legislation was manifested in the appearance of a delegation from that island before the Senate finance committee. With Secretary of War Stimson they came in solid phalanx to protest vigorously against the Free Sugar Bill of the House. The committee was a notable

rule. Attention was also called to the fact that the proposed bill would greatly cripple the coffee industry, and here again was emphasized the affinity between sugar and coffee, the inseparable twin luxuries of the American breakfast.

* * *

UNIQUE plans have been hit upon for initiating interest in the Panama-Pacific Exposition, and one was the dedication of the Joaquin Miller cabin in Rock Creek Park at Washington. The occa-



GOVERNOR EUGENE N. AND CONGRESSMAN GEORGE E. FOSS AS BOYS AND AS THEY NOW ARE

The elder brother is Governor of Massachusetts, and a Democrat; Congressman Foss represents the tenth district of Illinois and is a staunch Republican

representation, including members of the Porto Rican house of delegates and leading members of various chambers of commerce on the island.

The visitors insisted that the bill for free sugar would deal an unjust blow to Porto Rico and would demoralize the thrift and prosperity that have come to the island through American protection. Mr. McCormick, as spokesman for the party, insisted that the passage of the bill would throw Porto Rico into a state of general pauperism, and would return her people to the misery that existed under Spanish

sion has a literary significance, and was the first event scheduled formally to introduce the Panama fair project at the capital. This humble log house was the former home of the poet of the Sierras, and is a picturesque symbol of the spirit of the exposition. Already a commission has been sent abroad to interest foreign nations in participating in an event which it is believed will be more impressively and distinctively American than any that has ever been held.

The completion of the Panama Canal is deemed quite as important by the



JOAQUIN MILLER, THE POET OF THE SIERRAS
HIS FORMER LOG-CABIN HOME WAS DEDICATED IN ROCK CREEK PARK,
WASHINGTON, TO OPEN THE PROJECT OF THE PANAMA-
PACIFIC EXPOSITION AT THE CAPITAL

Pacific Coast States as "driving the golden spike" when the first Union Pacific railroad tracks made their mid-continent connection. It will bring cargoes of the Pacific coast products to the ports of the Atlantic in bulk that will make the route between the two ocean coasts one continuous highway of commerce. The California State Association is keeping alive an active interest in the 1915 Exposition.

Philadelphia, and the animosities of debate were forgotten when two senators whispered with all the eager enthusiasm of boyhood days: "What's the score?"

The great national game will not yield interest even to the presidential election. Philosophers have often insisted that the annual recurring baseball contagion is a safety valve for the explosive energies of the American people, who are otherwise



THE PROGRESS AT PANAMA, LIGHTING AND BUOYING CANAL, REAR TOWER, PACIFIC ENTRANCE LOOKING NORTHWEST

RESTLESSNESS was noticeable among the baseball fans in the Senate and the House along about 3.30 p.m. Even turning the button and starting the electric fans was of no avail. Every five minutes during the progress of a debate or between roll calls certain solons could be seen quietly slipping out to get the latest information from the American League Park in Philadelphia. Although this was at the crisis of the convention contests for choosing delegates to the National Republican Convention, interest for the moment centered entirely upon the diamond at

too wrapped up in their business and pleasures. They follow the movements on the diamond and the jottings on the score card with the same nervous intensity, but then it is "play"—not work. The viewpoint makes so vast a difference!

* * *

WHEN it is realized that at Panama the locks of Gatun are nearly ready; that ninety-five per cent of the concrete work is finished at Pedro Miguel; that the work is progressing at a lively rate at Miraflores; and that this year will



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COLONEL GEORGE W. GOETHALS
CHAIRMAN OF THE ISTHMIAN CANAL COMMISSION, WHO IS NOW IN PANAMA FOLLOWING
AN EVENTFUL EUROPEAN TRIP

see the water of the Rio Chagres filling up the great lake to the fifty-foot level, then are recalled Colonel Goethals' predictions of completing the work in 1913 instead of 1915. Far from being chimerical, his plans are being carried out according to his original schedule; he is simply keeping up his life record established in government work.

Best of all the work will be completed within the time specified and within the

the government's improvement of waterways and drainage, and other projects that will restore millions of acres of valuable agricultural land to cultivation.

The future commercial importance of the Canal is being emphasized by the increasing Isthmian transportation. At present the Tehuantepec Railway is transporting more than a million tons of trans-isthmian freight a year, most of which comes from the packets of the American-



CULEBRA CUT AT CULEBRA, BLASTING ROCK ON CONTRACTOR'S HILL, VIEW
LOOKING SOUTH

original appropriation of three hundred and seventy-five million dollars, notwithstanding the heavy and unexpected slides at Cucurache which cost millions, but which had not been included in the estimate. Colonel Goethals steadfastly maintains that it is the efficiency of the plant and the reduced units of cost that have occasioned this great triumph of American industrial genius.

Now it is planned to utilize this great organized army, the like of which the world has never before seen, to push on

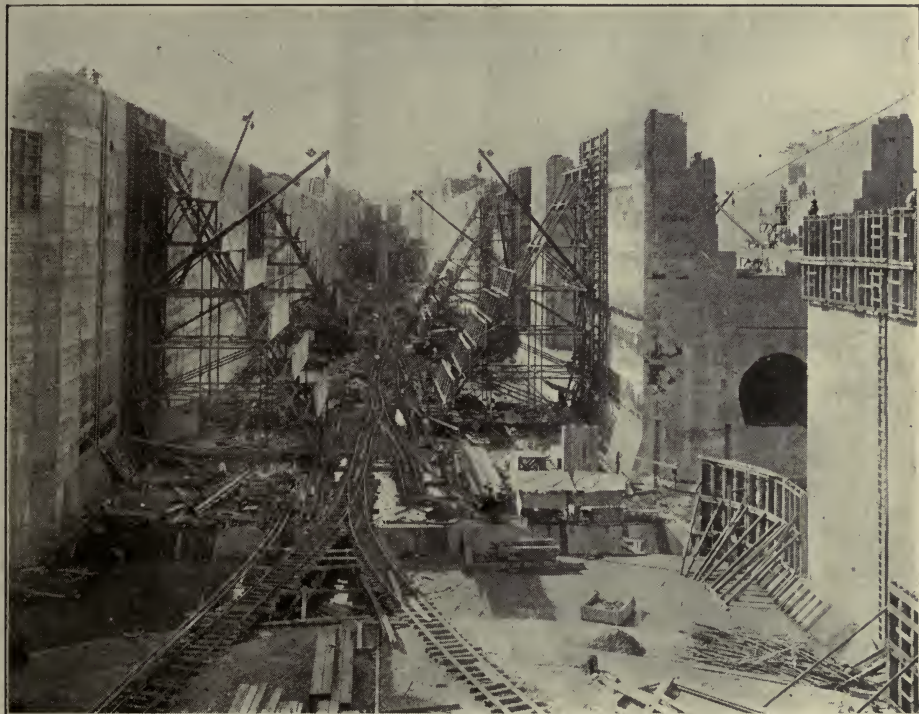
Hawaii Steamship Company. This business will necessarily be transferred to the Canal upon its completion.

* * *

WITH a record of attendance in the Senate for more hours than any other colleague, Senator Carroll S. Page may well be as justly proud as the school-boy is of his card announcing "no marks" for being tardy or absent. The senator from the Green Mountain State pursues his duties in the Upper House with the

same energy that has characterized his business life. He answers more letters daily and keeps in closer personal contact with his constituency of sixty thousand voters in Vermont than perhaps any other man in public life. For some time past he has concentrated his energies upon the Page Vocational Bill, which is considered one of the most important measures before Congress. He has gathered together an immense amount of information and has

The movement is worth billions to the country in concentrating the energies of young men upon solving the great problem of increasing the productions of the soil to meet the greater consumption of food-stuffs required every year. The bill seems to reflect a picture of the thrift and prosperity of the five, ten and twenty cow farms in good old Vermont in the days when the Green Mountain State was famous for its farms. Senator Page has a



GATUN LOWER LOCKS, EAST CHAMBER, LOOKING SOUTH FROM COFFER-DAM, MIDDLE AND UPPER LOCKS IN DISTANCE

secured the support of governors, educators, and prominent people throughout the country in providing for some means of taking the American boy and girl at the formative period of their lives and directing their energies to some vocation before they have drifted away into a haphazard and shiftless scheme of existence.

The bill carries with it an appropriation of \$15,000,000 and especially meets the great needs of the times for intensifying the production of the soil by providing liberally for instruction in agriculture.

profound interest in agriculture, and even as we were talking in the Marble Room, he had to consult the weather map to see if it was good "sugar" weather down in old Vermont. He cannot get away from a deep concern for farming, and the Vocational Bill, the one supreme effort of his life, is an important step in the right direction.

* * *

YEARS ago it was considered not altogether creditable for a scholar to be requested to remain "after school." It

implied one of two things: either that he had not obeyed all of the rules of discipline or that he was one of those earnest and conscientious students who wanted to push ahead of his classmates and keep in touch with "teacher" in those precious after school hours. In other words, he was

crystallized the "new thought" in education, that what is now needed is more practical consideration of the individual problems of life.

The After School Club is an appeal to parents to encourage a national scheme of education that will help them to take a more active part in shaping the lives of their children right from the start; not to turn their education over altogether to the school teacher, but rather to establish an active co-operation between the teacher and the parents.

As Dr. Edward J. Ward of the University of Wisconsin has said, "it aims to tell the future what we expect of it."

The colloquial and hearty letters of "Uncle Nat" have developed a jolly comradeship by correspondence among the After School Club members in all parts of the country. In the "Home Counsel Department," the mother finds in direct correspondence that inspiration which she so much needs, vitalizing the home influences which surround child-life, and stimulating an interest in those things that will be of use in mature years. The correspondence of the After School Club has attained a volume and character that indicates an earnest and active interest of the people in educative matters.

As has often been said, the greatest asset of the nation is the children of today, and the After School Club is an organization of experts in child training who are ready to counsel with mothers and teachers and

to encourage that wise comradeship with the children which inevitably bears good results. It secures the parents' interest in creating and developing among the children a taste for good reading, and helps the parents to forget for a while the cares of life and to join in the spirit of the child's interests and games.



WU TING FANG

The former Chinese Minister, who, it was semi-officially announced, would be appointed as minister to represent the new republic. The Chinese government, however, has chosen Mr. Chung Mun Yew for the position

either the "class terror" or "teacher's pet."

It is interesting to learn of the organization of the After School Club of America, with headquarters in Philadelphia, which is sending a concise and concrete message to the parents and scholars of America. Its executive officers have most effectively



MRS. WU TING FANG, WIFE OF DR. WU, FORMERLY THE
CHINESE MINISTER

SINCE Hon. Ollie James made his "calling and election sure" as senator from old Kentucky, he is permitting what remains of his flowing locks to grow to senatorial proportions before taking his seat. The tall and powerful form of Ollie James has always been a distinctive feature in democratic national conventions, and early and late he has felt that fate points insistently to the nomination of the Kentucky boy, Champ Clark, who changed his domicile to Missouri, and is now "being shown" just how it feels to become a popular presidential candidate.

The greatest president of the United States, declares the indefatigable Ollie, came originally from Kentucky in the person of Abraham Lincoln, and he now contends that the good old Blue Grass State is again willing to honor the nation with a president.

* * *

ON a bright afternoon Speaker Clark was at the White House attending a meeting of the Lincoln Memorial Commission. As he came out, there were divers comments as to the significance of his visit. It was just after his handsome endorsement in Illinois, and

the broad smiles wreathed upon his countenance were sheltered by the broad-brimmed hat which his admirers claim distinguishes the headpiece of a popular presidential candidate. Champ Clark always was popular in Washington, and it seems that at this time everyone has a nod and a greeting for him. His firm lips and blue eyes become more and more familiar to the people as the campaign progresses to its close.

He does not conceal himself from public view by a closed automobile—in fact, he does not use a motor car once a month.

Champ Clark rides in the plebeian street cars and often hangs to a strap. The other day he was riding down from the capital on an Avenue street car, with his arms full of newspapers. Blue pencil marks were in evidence, and there were slugheads and editorials in the magic circles, from St. Louis, Chicago, New York and metropolitan papers. But it was when he came to the home papers from Pike County that the Speaker put on his glasses and read with painstaking care the comments in the "personal mention" column. This still

further emphasizes the fact that whatever distinction and honor may come to a public man, he instinctively wonders what "the folks at home" think about him. Their confidence and support mean more to him than any other one thing.

* * *



HON. OLLIE JAMES OF KENTUCKY

The tallest man in the United States Senate. He will have a prominent part in the Democratic national convention at Baltimore

BUREAUS seem to be propagated at a lively rate in Washington these days. Now comes the Child Bureau, backed by Secretary Nagel, the outgrowth of five years of earnest and enthusiastic agitation. The Secretary rightfully insists that the protection of the child is necessary to

the protection of the state and that much depends upon the way the child is started upon the ledger of life. If he lands on the debit side, he will be a source of trouble for all time, while if he is entered on the credit side, he will be a source of progress and substance to the state and nation. This epigrammatic statement comprehensively defines the object of the bureau, which is especially charged with investigating infant mortality, the birth-rate, orphanage, juvenile courts, dangerous occupations, and diseases of children—in fact, all legislation affecting children

in the several states. With his usual benign and fatherly interest, President Taft signed the bill and gave Secretary Nagel his blessing by initiating the campaign with a request for a congressional appropriation of \$25,000 for the first year.

Secretary Nagel's tall form dilated as he rose from his chair and told the visitors about his own family at home and how deeply interested, in common with all thoughtful fathers, he was in this project. A touching incident of 1908 is related

HAVING a father, a husband, and a son in the United States Senate consecutively representing two political parties and a continued service of nearly half a century, is the rare distinction which falls to the lot of Mrs. Stephen B. Elkins. Her father, Hon. Henry Gassaway Davis, served in the Senate from 1871 to 1883, and in 1904 was Democratic nominee for the vice-presidency. He is now living at the ripe old age of eighty-eight and is a staunch adherent to the principles of



THE PRESIDENT SIGNING THE BILL FOR THE CHILDREN'S BUREAU

of the tiniest chick in his brood coming to his library when about to retire, with her little contribution for the work of assisting fatherless children—adding her little mite to the Taft campaign fund. The one thing necessary to bring about a remedy is information, because no father's or mother's heart would permit of suffering among the children if they only knew the facts and just how to better conditions, and the one thing necessary to bring about authentic information is an official Bureau such as is contemplated in Washington.

the Democratic party. Mrs. Elkins' late husband, Stephen B. Elkins, was Senator from West Virginia from 1895 to the time of his death, when he was succeeded by his son, Mr. Davis Elkins, who served for the remainder of his father's term. When the political wheel in West Virginia turns again toward a Republican majority, young Davis Elkins will again be candidate for senator from the state of his birth. He has followed in the footsteps of his father, and is doing much toward developing the great resources of West Virginia,

which for so many years lay dormant until the energy of his father and grandfather took so prominent a part in elevating the Panhandle State to her rightful place as one of the most enterprising and substantial commonwealths in the union.

* * *

STARTLED Senators were notified by the Senate calendar on a bright April morning that Mr. John Wesley Jones would submit some remarks on "Former President Roosevelt's Recent Advocacy of a Progressive Rule of Action as Announced and Followed by Pontius Pilate about Nineteen Hundred Years Ago."

There was much craning of necks in the

from Washington, given with something of the old-time Wesleyan spirit. As the warm days approach, the "pepper remarks" are sprinkled more and more freely in the Record.

* * *

INSIDE the limits of the new Potomac Park on the afternoon of Wednesday, April 17, was dedicated the beautiful memorial to John Paul Jones. It was a most impressive patriotic demonstration and in sharp contrast to the ceremony incident to the interment of the sailors of the "Maine" at Arlington a few weeks ago. Here, instead of funeral dirges, there were paeans of victory. Most fittingly Admiral Dewey unveiled the monument,



HALL OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION IN WASHINGTON

A scene of unusual activity during the annual session for the election of officers

gallery and a glint of interest in stern senatorial faces when Senator Jones began in full, rotund, oratorical tones to recall the trial of Christ before Pontius Pilate, drawing a vivid comparison with today. His remarks, he said, were intended to depict a condition of affairs that recalled the intensity of feeling among the Jews eighteen hundred years ago, and the attitude of Pilate toward an innocent man. While some hinted that his remarks were almost sacrilegious, yet he certainly put forth a most dramatic address on the floor of the Senate, discussing the tendency to consider the world entirely crooked instead of symmetrically "round like a ball," as the school geographies used to say. The usual rapid fire of interrogations served to intensify the remarks of the Senator

and General Horace Porter, former Ambassador to France, who discovered the remains of John Paul Jones in an abandoned French cemetery, paid a touching tribute to the great sea-fighter.

This monument, the first to be erected within the limits of the new Potomac Park, constitutes a most inspiring memento of naval achievements. A massive granite pylon forms the background for a bronze statue of heroic proportions, sculptured by Charles H. Niehaus of New York.

This is the first purely naval monument unveiled in Washington, since that of Admiral Dupont was placed in the circle of the same name.

The orations were delivered by President Taft, Secretary of the Navy George von L. Meyer and General Horace Porter.

The occasion recalled the brief but eloquent speech of President Taft on the occasion of the burial of the "Maine" sailors in Arlington cemetery:

"It is well that we should halt the wheels of government and stay the hum of industry to take time to note by appropriate ceremony the debt we owe to those who gave up their lives for the nation. We raised the ship from the muddy bottom of Havana harbor and gave her remains honorable burial in the blue waves of the ocean. We now consign to the sacred soil of Arlington the recovered bones of those who gave the Maine her personality and made her a living weapon for the protection of national honor and vital interest. We have given to these ceremonies all possible solemnities that are included in the honors of war, and we shall fail if they do not express in unmistakable tone and sign the deep and lasting gratitude of a nation to her martyred defenders."

* * *

MOVING pictures are now utilized to show the maneuvers of the Boy Scouts. This will enable the scouts in one portion of the country to have a view of their soldierly brethren in another part when being reviewed by Vice-President Sherman. The pictures will do much to show the boys how a soldierly bearing is not altogether associated with the carrying of guns. The Boy Scout movement is getting into the very blood of young America and there could be no more enthusiastic leader of the movement than President Colin H. Livingstone. The story of his association with the Scouts came about in rather a roundabout manner. Two years ago in Washington he was visited by Mr. W. D. Boyce, who asked his active interest in the Boy Scout movement. Mr. Livingstone suggested several men whom he felt were better qualified than himself to take hold, but he promised to help out as best he

could, if it was not possible to get anyone else. Not long after he received a peremptory message to come to New York, and before he could catch his breath he was elected President of the American Boy Scouts.



GENERAL HORACE PORTER

Who had a leading part in the ceremonies at the dedication of the John Paul Jones memorial statue in Washington. General Porter instituted the fight to have the remains of the great naval hero brought to America

The national charter was secured from Congress and the application filed at the time of the agitation in reference to the Rockefeller foundation fund. This deferred it for a time, but Mr. Livingstone was not to be discouraged, and he stuck

to it with all the perseverance of his Scotch nature. He was right on hand at the organization of the American movement, was placed in the chair as president without ceremony and has never been able to get out of the office since. The organization was first supported personally by Mr. W. D. Boyce, who was later joined by some few hundred who were interested in the movement. In this country today nearly four hundred thousand boy scouts march under the banner of the American Boy Scouts, with the stirring motto "Be prepared." An impressive picture it was when in a New York armory three thousand five hundred boy scouts sat down at

sense of honor and chivalry, such as is nurtured in organizations like the boy scouts.

Although Colonel Livingstone is interested in ten or twenty corporations and is one of the busiest men in Washington, at mention of "Boy Scouts" he drops everything. His boys, he insists, are at all times entitled to first consideration. He is heart and soul in the great movement, and in speaking of its vital import to the world, he related a touching incident which took place at the banquet given to General Baden-Powell at the Hotel Astor. Seven or eight hundred guests representing the prominent busi-



ADMIRAL DEWEY PULLING THE CORD WHICH UNVEILED THE STATUE OF JOHN PAUL JONES AT WASHINGTON

the signal of a whistle and left their distinguished guest, General Baden-Powell, standing in the center to deliver his message to the Boy Scouts of America. On his way to Seattle the noted British General had a real "red hot" American platform skirmish with socialists who had determined to "argue him down." But after a pitched battle of words and some calm, reasonable argument pro and con, those who had come to scoff remained to cheer and enthuse over the boy scout movement.

General Baden-Powell has gone on to Australia and insists that the time is not far distant when world peace will be assured, not by bayonets, battleships and gigantic armaments, but by the highest

ness and educational interests of New York City had gathered there to pay tribute to the distinguished guest. There was a vacant chair between General Powell and Mr. Livingstone, and leaning over, the American suggested:

"Doesn't this splendid tribute to the idea inspire you? Does it recall the picture of Mafeking?"

"I was just thinking," said the General slowly, "that if I could have my heart's desire just now, I would wish that my dear old mother might sit in this vacant seat and look upon this scene, which inspires a feeling far exceeding anything known in martial pageantry. For here are the real scouts and the valiant men of the future."

Then Baden-Powell told Mr. Livingstone of his conference with King George. Naturally it was desired by his sovereign that he devote his life to the army, but when he had returned from the war, a hero of the battlefield on the African veldt, he felt that his real life must be devoted to the boy scout movement. He so informed the king, but as a loyal subject he bowed as he said, "I leave it to you, your Majesty, what shall it be?"

of Colonel Colin H. Livingstone, the President of the American Boy Scouts, lately published a stirring article which calls attention to the fact that American Boy Scouts visiting in England and tramping about with English, Scotch and Irish boys, even extending their tramps to the continent of Europe, would promote a popular education and understanding that might make international peace something more than a dream, and the subject of



WATCHING AN EXHIBITION OF THE BOY SCOUTS

The lady without a hat is Mrs. Taft; Col. Colin H. Livingstone, president of the National Council of the Boy Scouts of America, is on the extreme right of the picture; the gentleman with the silk hat is A. Mitchell Innes, general counsel, British embassy

"The army," replied the King.

"Then I am to abandon the English boys. Who is going to take up the task?"

The King reflected a moment and then replied: "Stick to the boys, Baden-Powell."

In that moment by the wish and command of his sovereign, the life work of Baden-Powell was determined, consecrated and confirmed.

Already the Boy Scout movement is taking on an important international significance. Mr. Hugh N. Livingstone, editor of the *Glasgow Herald*, and a cousin

perennial discussion. Friendships formed in the heyday and enthusiasm of youth would eradicate forever the possibilities of war. Through the influence of such men as Baden-Powell, Boy Scouts are learning that war is best understood by those who have served on the battlefield. The experience of the centuries is bearing fruit in forming ideals that are not based entirely upon the idea of military action and the taking of life, either as hunters or as soldiers. For as the great British General said: "I learned to love peace by seeing the atrocity of war."

The Loss of the Titanic



Mitchell Mannering

IN this, the nineteen hundred and twelfth year of the Christian era, the great White Star Line of transatlantic ferriage launched the Titanic, the hugest and the most nearly perfect passenger and freight steamship that the world had ever seen. Money, invention, skill, experience, were invoked without limitation to secure strength, speed, safety, luxury, comfort, and, as far as might be, superiority to the discomforts and annoyances of sea travel. No one dreamed that the great ship could find in mid-ocean a danger that she could not surmount; or, if a few did recognize that the eternal majesty of the seas still held possibilities of terrible fatalities for anything of human construction, they breathed a prayer for God's mercy, and kept their thrilling recognition of possible horrors to themselves. Among these, it appears, was the veteran commander of the Titanic, chosen among all the gallant captains of a magnificent fleet, to hurl this unrivalled "Sovereign of the Seas" from Great Britain to the city of New York, in presumably the quickest time ever made by a steamship on her maiden transatlantic voyage, and who, having done his best to lessen the terrible fatalities, went down with his ship, trying to the last to be worthy of the record of the Anglo-Saxon captains of many centuries.

Sometime ago in bygone decades—when no one will ever know—a great glacier in the Arctic Seas slowly and almost imperceptibly thrust out of an ancient valley, long since covered hundreds of yards deep with the accumulated ice-layers of many winters, a great tongue of flinty ice, to gather bulk in the colder months and

part in hot summer days with its snow-crests and less solid superstructure. At last a day came when its mighty bulk, hanging unsupported or perhaps buoyed up by the deepening sea, brought a breaking strain to bear that even the enormous strength of the glacier could not resist. Then with a tremendous commotion the great iceberg came to the surface of the Arctic sea, and rolled, ponderously churning the depths, until at last the newly-born iceberg sailed majestically away from the scene of its stupendous birth.

Grim walruses and spotted seals dove and splashed around it; the white ranger of the ice-floe, the terrible polar bear made it his temporary lookout or resting-place; myriads of gulls and ducks, auks and tern flew, swam and rested about its massive shelter, while it floated on, now driven northward by savage storms, and again swept southward by the tremendous pressure of tempest and tide, but all the time yielding something to the ceaseless ocean current, which carries to the Gulf-stream the infinite variety of the northern ice-pack.

Hundreds of miles wide, and of infinite variety of tenuity, size, shape and color, is that eternally mobile yet irresistible ice-stream. Here it presents a pool of icy particles, swiftly melting, or as swiftly congealing into flinty flocs; there a procession of fantastic pinnacles, islets, weird simulacrae of royal architecture, or inanimate and animate things; massive fields of bluish-green, adamantine ice, formed in still havens during the six-months winter night, and amid it all the fated leviathan of these Arctic navies, the great iceberg.

Over its sides and peaks and the flocs

around it, the beams of the sun and the hues of the sea, the reflection of the glories of dawn and sunset, the fierce glare of unclouded noonday, and the softening shades and mystical curtains of sea-mist and frost-veil, throw changing hues and shades of color, that beggar the skill of the painter and the coiner of apt description. Pearl and emerald, chrysophrase and tourmaline, alabaster and the iridescence of the margarita shell; every gold-tint of the jeweller, every silvery gleam of woven tissue or reflected light, and at times even fiercer gleams of ruby-red or diamond-white burst for brief moments upon the startled eye and then are gone again. But when the drizzling rains and chilling fogs shut down upon sea and floe, or the darkness of night covers berg and pinnacle, the chill night air seems heavy with impending death, and the gloom of thick night and fog-veiled day give only a wraith-like, shimmering, ghostly outline of the great ice mountain.

But always, through whatever glory of sunlight or gloom of darkness and sear-mist, the great ice squadron works steadily southward, bearing the herds of newly-born seals, safely voyaging on the great level floes, around which the mother seals fish by day, returning to suckle and fondle their white-coated babies, until they, too, are able to care for themselves. Of these herds, thousands of hunters take toll of skins and blubber, from Esquimaux hunters and Danish half-breeds of Greenland to the crews of the powerful sealing steamships of Newfoundland, which, plunging into the heart of the great ice-field for booty and safety, sometimes make shipwreck, but seldom heavy loss of life, as long as their crews could land on one of the huge floes, or lofty bergs. On such a life-raft, years ago, a part of the crew of the exploring steamship *Polaris* drifted in safety over thirteen hundred miles and were rescued, as many a crew of shipwrecked sealers had been before.

So the great berg came southward, past Hudson Bay, the Moravian Missions of the Labrador coast, the berg-blockaded Straits of Belle Isle, the rugged, broken coastline of Newfoundland, until at last on Sunday, April 14, 1912, night found the great iceberg about 450 miles south of

Cape Race, in latitude 41.43 north, and longitude 50.14 west, right in the track of the *Titanic*, which, making nearly five hundred miles a day, came rushing onward, as if to put to the proof the claim of her builders and owners that she was too strong and too big to fear the starkest dangers of the open seas.

Nearly nine hundred feet in length; rivalling a nine-story building in height; with a burden of over 66,000 tons, and a registered tonnage of over 46,000; and propelled by engines whose size and power were the crowning triumph of marine engineering, she represented the utmost that man had been able to perfect in the way of sea-going comfort, luxury, speed, and, it was thought, safety. Nearly eight millions of dollars were expended in building and furnishing the *Titanic*, when on Wednesday, April 10, she lay at her dock at Southampton, bound via Cherbourg, France, for New York. Nine hundred and eighty officers, men, women and boys, formed her crew, and complement of waiters, stewardesses, bell-boys and miscellaneous assistants, necessitated by the variety and completeness of the equipment of this floating city, or rather immense ocean hotel.

Two hundred and eighteen passengers, quartered within the limits of the first cabin, undoubtedly found themselves surrounded by such luxury and convenience as had never before been attained even in the (perhaps mythical) royal argosies of the Ptolemies, or the great house-boats of Caracalla and Domitian, whereon, it is true, gold and gems may have been lavished, but in real luxury could never have rivalled the perfection of this last and greatest of great ships. Scarcely less luxurious was the lot of two hundred and sixty-two passengers in the second cabin; and comfortable in a high degree were the seven hundred and ninety passengers, who in the third cabin knew nothing of discomfort, hunger or neglect, and counted themselves fortunate in being able to cross the Atlantic in the maiden passage of the *Titanic*.

From almost every land and clime that great convocation of America-bound pilgrims had come together. From far Cathay, and distant Armenia, the plains



THE BIRTH OF AN ICEBERG



A TYPICAL ICEBERG

of Syria and the holy places of Jerusalem; from luxurious voyaging on the storied Nile, and leisurely loiterings among the bazaars of Cairo and Constantinople; from love-enchanted nights among the palaces and upon the canals of storied Venice, or never-to-be-forgotten love-trysts by Como or Lugano; from reverential pilgrimage to the fountain head of Catholic authority and belief, and visits to the remains of "the glory that was Rome," and the beauties of Naples, Florence and Genoa. Others were returning from golden days amid famous galleries, ateliers and schools of music and sculpture; some from the wilds of the Hartz ranges or the flower-harvests of the south of France; here and there came a pleasure seeker from Monaco, Vienna or Paris, and withal men and women whose travels and whose labors have had for their goal the happiness of mankind and the greater glory of God. Ancestral and acquired wealth, pronounced mercantile success, military, civil and social position, literary and scholarly repute—all of these distinctions pertained in no little degree to the passengers of the Titanic, when at ten o'clock on that fatal night, the Providence of God brought the great iceberg to a point exactly intersecting the course of the Titanic.

The first officer was on the bridge, in charge of the great ship; two lookout men at their posts above him scanned sea and sky; in the engine-room the engineers and their helpers watched the smooth play of the gigantic engines and moved busily about with cleansing waste and oil-can; and in the tartarean gulf below sweating stokers, naked to the waist, faced the fury of scorching furnaces, and tore away tons of fuel from veritable coal-mines of supply, for the Titanic was gaining fast on her previous day's record; the mileage item would look well on the bulletin board Monday at noon. The officer in charge seems to have had no special anxiety about icebergs, although three separate warnings of their presence in his path had been received that day, and the lookouts were evidently anxious to detect and announce their first appearance. Meanwhile the lights gleamed, the band played; music, laughter and brilliant converse filled the chief cabins, and men ate, drank, smoked and played cards to

round out a pleasant Sabbath. In forty minutes more Fate claimed that majestic ship, that splendid company.

Out of the gray sky ahead, the lookouts saw a darker outline traverse mid-heaven and cried a warning. Once, twice, they called it before the officer heard or comprehended the danger, and he scarce had time to act before the tremendous monster beneath him would dash her steel cut-water upon the ice mountain now dead ahead. He tried to make a sharp curve; stopped one engine and swerved the Titanic as far as possible out of her course. He appears to have averted a direct head-on collision, but as the ship paid off the underhang of the iceberg crashed against the side of the vessel.

Tremendous as was the shock it was little felt in the cabins of the Titanic, for such impacts in awful, relentless, resistless silence often shear away like cheese plates of steel, frames of iron and immense timbers and braces. It was like the ripping stab of the swordfish when he charges the whale, laying open the great viscera with a scarcely-felt incision. A few pieces and scales of ice fell on the decks from the heights of the berg, but little was thought of this, although an officer was sent below to ascertain the damage done, if any. It is said that he never returned, engulfed in waters whose presence and depth he never suspected, and the ship kept on her way until the stokers came rushing up on deck, driven from their furnaces by the intruding waters.

Then at last men knew that their splendid ship was doomed, and that twenty-two hundred men, women and children stood face to face with death; a death that more than half could not hope to escape. With boats for only eleven hundred persons, and no vessels in sight, or likely to arrive in time, the outlook was enough to appall the stoutest heart. That it did not, all know, and that Briton and American alike provided as far as might be for the safety of the women and children; lowering the boats, almost forcing some of the devoted wives and mothers into the little argosies, and keeping back men insane with the desire for life and fear of death, who in some cases tried to fight their way into the life-boats. Prominently named among the men who saved others

and did not save themselves are Colonel John Jacob Astor, head of the millionaire family of that name, who sent his young wife and unborn child away in safety and stayed by the Titanic to die; Major Archibald W. Butt, aide to President Taft; Jacques Futrelle, the popular feuilletonist, whose wife was saved; William T. Stead, the great journalist; and unnamed men by the score, who awaited patiently the inevitable plunge which no man, however strong and skilful he might be, could long survive.

Who shall judge the men who died rather than leave the innocent and helpless to perish, or the few who out of we know not what considerations of care for loved ones, impending ruin to vital interests, failed to observe the hard, stern decree of self-abnegation, and utter self-sacrifice? Men have died willingly to defend and preserve such interests as undoubtedly unfitted many a man to sacrifice himself on that fatal night.

Long since the thrilling danger-call of the Marconigraph had gone flying to the four quarters of heaven, finding speedy recognition as it was fated by the Carpathia, which was not the nearest steamship to the disaster, but from a hundred miles away came flying to the rescue. Slowly but surely the deadly flood welled up through deck after deck, submerging priceless goods, and treasures beyond the dreams of avarice, and ever the survivors waited; helplessly as all must do when a great ship is disabled and her officers and crew have no initiative or resources beyond the conventional apparatus of their profession, for the sailor of the long voyage is seldom able to effectively use his boats and life-saving apparatus, still less to originate any new means of safety.

Far away to the northeast the great berg, the cause of this calamity, drifted majestically to its own dissolution in the warmer current of the Gulf stream, and around it many a floe on whose level surfaces ten thousand men could have found safety in that calm weather and almost pulseless sea.

Her victim, with extinguished fires, hissing boilers, fading light and deserted cabins, lay helplessly listing in the seaway, beneath which she was to find a tomb.

There was no welcome glow of red and green and white from approaching vessels, no answering rocket or roar of siren out of the gloom of the southeastern sea-line. The boats were gone, and the temporary glow of physical exertion and generous self-devotion had given place to that strange, wordless calm with which brave men condemned to death review the past and contemplate the end of life.

Women there were left unsaved; boys too manly to be saved, and yet over-young to die, faced the inevitable; the band, which a few hours before were receiving the plaudits of merry auditors, now lifted up their hearts and music to seek the favor and mercy of our Common Father. The glow of a cigar or pipe shed a fitful light here and there on pale faces, and the cruel, relentless sea crept up and on.

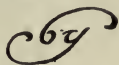
Why prolong the agony of even imagining the last sidelong roll, the final submersion of the lofty bows, the supreme plunge of the massive stern as cabin-roof and deck-house blown up by the compressed air lost their last atom of buoyancy and descended into the almost unfathomable abyss?

When morn came, there had been added a very few stalwart swimmers to the tenants of the boats, who ere long saw the Carpathia rushing to the rescue of the wounded Titanic, coming too late to do aught but succor less than half of her great and splendid company.

What more can be said than to express the hope that the lesson of this ever-present ocean-peril intersecting the established lines of ocean ferriage, and the need of adequate life-boats and boat inspection and drill, may never again need repetition, and further that despite all instances of less manly and selfish weakness, we recognize with sorrowful pride the spirit of true courage and self-sacrifice, which still dwells in the hearts of true Americans and Englishmen, as it did in the bosoms of their common ancestors who in the days of Drake, Hawkins, and Grenville sang:

When the sun is slain in the dark;
 When the stars burn out and the dark night
 cries
 To the blind sea-reapers and they rise
 And the water-ways are stark;
 God save us when the reapers reap?

Except for the "Bonehead"



Harrison C. Morning

THE cigar drummer from Memphis, having an hour to wait for the train north, was being entertained by Abe Skinner, proprietor of the Shelbyville Hotel.

"You may speak of hoss-racin' in this town, friend," remarked Abe, confidentially, "an' baseball, but if you don't want to start a riot, don't ever mention the word 'football'!"

"How's that?" asked the drummer, scenting a story, and passing Abe a prosperous looking cigar. "Why must I refrain from mentioning a sport so universally popular the whole country over?"

"Because it *ain't* popular hereabouts, and here's the reason: There's a family livin' here by the name of Ferbus, about four miles out of town. Ol' Deacon Ferbus be purty well fixed—both in property an' boys, havin' seven big strappin' specimens of the last mentioned, an' one little runt of a feller named Lew, his youngest boy.

"Well, Lew he wasn't much 'count to help work the farm, so the ol' man sent him off to college, over to Bakersfield. Lew spent a year or so over there, livin' at his Uncle Phil's place, an' then he come back home.

"Well, Lew," says ol' Deacon Ferbus, 'what hev yuh done fer yerself over there at college—is

it worth while keepin' yuh there any longer?"

"Dad," said little Lew, 'I'm the best quarterback they ever had at Bakersfield!'

"The Deacon looked over his spec's at him, sort of disgusted. 'Quarterback!' he snorts. 'What's a quarterback?' Then Lew gets out a football, lines up his seven big husky brothers, an' sets 'em knockin' each other aroun' somethin' awful, showin' 'em how to dive on the ball, an' tackle each other goin' at full jump, an' how to kick the everlastin' stuffin' out of that football, so that it'd go soarin' end over

end down the field screamin' for mercy! The ol' Deacon took to that there game like a visitin' presidin' elder takes to fried chicken. Seems like he wasn't able to cuff the boys aroun' much hisself, an' it jes' naturally done him good to see 'em lambastin' each other, an' fightin' like mad over that football.

"As I say, the Deacon be purty well fixed, an' farmed more land than even his seven boys could take care of; so he had three hired men. Two of 'em were jes' plain American, an' the third was a big husky Swede named Ole Bjorsen. Lew he got the hired men mixed up in it, too, an' then he had the full eleven—the number it took to play the game—an'. you'd die laughin' to see the stunts



Ole Bjorsen

little Lew had the ten, big strappin' men goin' through, jes' as soon as the ol' man would let 'em knock off from work—which got to be earlier an' earlier each day, till finally it got so there wasn't no work



Was being entertained by Abe Skinner

done at all on the Deacon's big farm after twelve o'clock noon.

"By this time Lew's seven big brothers an' the hired men thought they knew jes' about as much football as Lew did hisself; an' they'd get to arguin' an' janglin' about the way the game orter be played out in the lot back of the barn, noisy as a flock of Eye-talian hens, an'—"

"One moment, please, Abe," broke in the drummer, "what do you mean by 'Eye-talian hens'?"

"Why, *Guinea* hens, of course; an' those big wallopers would argue by the hour out there behin' the barn, when they wasn't kickin' an' maulin' the everlastin' daylight out of that ornary ball; say, friend, you'd died laughin' jes' to watch 'em; all except Ole Bjorsen; he couldn't make head nor tail out of what it was all about, so he didn't try to pull any of the chin stuff; jes' so they let him *play* was all he wanted. 'I tank dis haer football baen fine game!' said Ole Bjorsen; 'it beat huskin' corn, you betcha!'

"Along about this time a young feller—Oswald T. Carpenter—whose folks own nearly half of Shelbyville, came back home from Yale or Harvard, or some one of them big eastern intellect factories, an' Oswald T., *hè* got busy gettin' up a football team from among the young fellers belongin' to the best families aroun' town here. They wasn't much for bone an' muscle—but, say, them young bloods Oswald T.

had lined up sure did have the 'science' of the thing cinched down tight an' copper-rivettet to a fare-ye-well! Man, those slim-jims of his moved aroun' like streakin' flashes of light.

"Well, one day when ol' Deacon Ferbus was over in town, he saw this football squad of Oswald's out practicin' in the big lot back of Pinders' store, an' the longer he watched 'em, the more he got to feelin' like a Herford bull does when somebody shakes a red cloth in his face! Finally he couldn't stan' it any longer an' he calls out to Oswald T. who was sprintin' aroun' in a big red sweater, 'Say, young feller, come over here, will ye?' an' Oswald goes over to hear what the Deacon has to say.

"'Out in the medder east of the creek,' went on the Deacon, 'I've got a gridiron smooth an' level as a floor, all marked off, an' with goal-posts an' all the necessary trimmin's.'

"'Oh, have you, indeed?' says Oswald, sort of languid an' bored-like.

"'Yes, sir, I hev!' says the Deacon, not likin' the other's tone an' manner, 'an' if you'll come out there with these here shoe-string line of sand-plovers of yours, an' play a game—'

"'But whom shall we play against?' asks Oswald, turnin' an' laughin' in the



"Say, young feller, come over here will ye?"

direction of the other slim-jim players now comin' up from all sides to listen.

"'Play against!' says the Deacon, 'why, play against the *Ferbus Football Family*, the greatest aggregation of football players that ever kicked a pigskin!'

"'Forget it,' says Oswald, an' starts to move away.

"'Come back here, you,' the Deacon shouts after him.

"Oswald stopped an' turned aroun'.

"'Oh, I don't think you can say anything to interest me,' he said, 'come on, fellows, get in the game again.'

"The Deacon was wild.

"'Can't interest you, eh?' he yells out.

'Say, young feller, I'll jes' tell ye what I'll do; I'll drive a stake in the groun' back of our goal-posts, an' I'll pin a thousand dollar bill to that stake, an' if your team of angle-worms can get a man to that stake with the ball, the money is yours; *now* what do ye say?'

"Oswald looked at him more bored than ever.

"'Fade away, Deacon,' he says, 'you don't interest me in the slightest.'

"Then the members of Oswald's team came crowdin' in fast; *they* didn't have as much ready spendin' money as he had, an' the proposition looked mighty good to 'em. 'It sure does interest *us*, Deacon,' someone on the team shouted, 'do you really mean what you say?'



He caught him a dinky little cap

"'Mean it,' says the Deacon, 'I generally do mean what I say.' He reached in his pocket and peeled off two five hundred dollar bills. 'Does this look like conversation money—or the real goods?' says the Deacon, who had gotten purty slangy since takin' up football. 'I'll take this over an' leave at the bank as a guarantee until time to pin it on the stake, if you can get this proud young aristocrat leader of yours to say the word.'

"The team began crowdin' aroun' Oswald, an' coaxin' him 'til at last he says: 'Well, have it your way. If you want to play this team of hay-makers, why all right. I don't want to stand in the way

of your picking up one hundred bones apiece.' They gave a great cheer when they heard this, an' inside of a few minutes it was all fixed up with the Deacon—



"He took the trimmin' like a thoroughbred"

the game to come off the followin' Saturday in the Deacon's medder east of the creek.

"The news of the game between the Shelbyville Stars and the Ferbus Football Family spread like wildfire all out through the country an' to the neighboring towns; by one o'clock Saturday afternoon there was a steady stream of people an' vehicles pourin' into the Deacon's medder, edgin' up close to the sidelines to be sure to see the whole show.

"The Deacon had fixed up a long row of seats. An' before the game started he brought aroun' a wagon loaded with apples, free to one an' all, an' had two big barrels of fresh cider on tap for the crowd, too; an' ev'rybody had a fine time—that is, ev'rybody 'ceptin' the Stars an' their nearest relatives an' friends."

"Didn't the Stars win that thousand dollars?" queried the drummer, with evident concern.

"Win it? Say, friend, Oswald T. an' his Stars never got nearer than forty yards to the Ferbus Football Family goal the whole game! Those big husky Ferbus boys jes' knocked 'em over right an' left. The busiest man out there was little

Doctor Bean—who went out to see the game—an' had more practice in fifteen minutes than he'd had in fifteen years up to that time. You see, this 'science' stuff was all right, like Oswald's team had, when he was up against a team that had



"Dad," said little Lew, "I'm the best quarterback they ever had at Bakersfield"

a sprinklin' of science, too; but the Ferbus Football Family didn't have none of that in their outfit—jes' brawn, an' bone, an' muscle; consequence was, when Oswald's team was tryin' to pull a little of that 'science' stuff, here was one of the Ferbus Football Family messin' aroun' somewhere he had no business to be—'cordin' to the 'science' of the game—an' Oswald's man would run slap-dap into him; an' when one of Oswald's men runners went slam-bang into some big husky like Ole Bjorsen, it was easy to see that partic'lar runner slowed up a bit durin' the rest of the game. An' big Ole was the hero of the day—jes' because he was always standin' aroun' somewhere he didn't belong, with the Shelbyville slivers bumpin' into him an' gettin' sent over to little Doctor Bean for repairs. If you tol' Ole Bjorsen jes' what to do he'd do it or bust a hame-strap; but if you didn't tell him what to do, he'd sorter stan' aroun' on one foot an' look as though he was wonderin' what was goin' on, anyhow, an' how long it was before supper. Then somebody carryin' the ball would run into him an' get bowled over, so you see Ole was a valu'ble man to have on the team, only he was what you'd call a—a—"

"A bonehead?"

"Yes, a bonehead, only Ole Bjorsen's head was solid ivory! An' so the Shelbyville Stars got beat by the Ferbus Football Family by a score of 20 to 0, an' ol' Deacon Ferbus was the happiest man in Spicer County. He took one of them five hundred dollar bills an' he gave it outright to the Stars, for the game fight they put up, an' to sort of repay 'em for the awful mawlin' an' physical beatin' they took without a whimper."

"And Oswald T?"

"He took the trimmin' like a thoroughbred. He goes up to the Deacon an' sticks out his han' an' he says: 'Deacon, you've got a team that no 'science' trained team on earth can beat, for the simple reason they're always doing something you don't expect, and bobbing up somewhere they don't belong. I want to know if you'll give the job of manager of your team and let me arrange a schedule of games to be played around over the country?'"

"Well, the Deacon was that tickled he jes' jumped up an' down. He hired Oswald on the spot for manager, an' he says to him, 'Now, Oswald, they're yourn to do with as you please; do you think it would be a good plan to teach 'em a little more inside play an' some of this here 'science'?"

"'Not a bit of it,' says Oswald.

"'Why not?' asks the Deacon.

"'Because they're more valuable as they are,' answers Oswald. 'Now take that Swede person, for instance, Ole Bjorsen; why, Deacon, that man is a tower of strength in himself.'

"'Is he?' says the Deacon.

"'Sure he is. Now when you're up against an opponent who uses his think tank, why you sorter take into consideration what he's going to do and prepare for it, don't you?'"

"'Sure.'

"'Well, then, when you are up against one who uses his head only to *butt* with, how are you going to plan any sort of defense against him, except to put on armor-plate and say your prayers?'"

"'How indeed,' says the Deacon. 'I hadn't thought of that, but I've turned 'em over to you now, an' understan', it's my team—the Ferbus Football Family—

an' my heart's wrapped up in 'em. I'm goin' to hire an overseer an' another set of hired men to look after the farm, an' I'm goin' to take this trip aroun' over the country with you an' the boys."

* * *

"The trip begun.

"Oswald had a fine schedule of games lined up, an' the Ferbus Football Family started in at the head of the list an' trimmed 'em to a frazzle as fast as they could get around to 'em! High schools, colleges, military institutions, it was all the same to the Ferbus Football Family—they showed no favorites; they served 'em all alike—jes' backed 'em up in a corner an' spanked 'em 'til they yelled for help!

"Ole Bjorsen, bein' the hero of nearly ev'ry game, began to swell out fore an' aft and put on college airs. He bought him a dinky little cap he wore over one ear, an' wore his trousers turned up half way to his knees, but when he got in the game—well, Ole was a regular stone wall; you'll have to han' it to Ole Bjorsen for bein' *there*, especially if it was somewhere he hadn't ought to be from the stan'-point of the opposin' players.

"Well, they cleaned up that whole list of Oswald's—jes' a glad, triumphant massacre from beginnin' to end—then they come back home, for it looked as though the football season had about tuckered out. All of Shelbyville turned out to welcome home the heroes—the Ferbus Football Family, the aggregation that had placed Shelbyville on the map, had made the little city down from Texarkana to San Antone. An' there was a banquet for 'em in the town hall, an' the Mayor made a speech, an' the fire company gave a parade in their new red flannel shirts—an' run themselves half to death to put out a fire in a barrel of tar set for the occasion. An' Ole Bjorsen was honored an' praised on all sides. 'I tank it baen fine game—dis haer football,' said Ole, 'it beat milkin' cows, by heck!'

"Well, things were jes' about to settle down to normal again, when along came a letter from Atchison, Kansas, statin' as how they've got a team over there that 'd trimmed ev'rythin' they'd been up against all season, an' that if the Ferbus Football Family didn't come over an' play 'em, they—this Atchison team—would claim the

championship of the South-Middle-West—which title they said they were more than apt to claim *after* they'd played the Ferbus Football Family—for there was nothin' that could stop 'em or even make 'em hesitate!

"Oswald took the letter out an' showed it to the Deacon. 'What had we better do about this, Deacon?' he says.

"The Deacon read the letter.

"'Do!' he snorts. "'Why, we'll go to Atchison, that's what we'll do; we'll show 'em who's the champions of the South-Middle-West, an' we'll show 'em in a way they'll remember long as they live!'

"All of Shelbyville agreed with the Deacon, an' half of the town began makin' plans at once to go over with the team, an' them that couldn't go drew their money from the bank to send over to bet on the Ferbus Football Family.

"Well, the next Saturday found us all over in Atchison—yes, I went along, too—an' so did ev'rybody in Shelbyville who makes any pretense at amountin' to anythin'. Those people over there treated us mighty fine 'til the game started, then it was war to the knife between us. They had a purty football park, all hemmed aroun' by rows of seats, from the groun' high up to the top of the fence; an' more people turned out to see that game than I ever knew was in the whole state of Kansas.

"It wasn't any trouble at all for the Shelbyville folks to put up all the money they wanted to on the Ferbus Football Family, which sort of surprised us, seein' as how our team had made such a mas-

sacrin' record all season; but if they wanted to give us their money, why, it was all right, was the way we looked at it.

"A mighty cheer went up from the home crowd when the Atchison team came out—an' they sure were a fine husky lot



"I lost my hat the first thing"

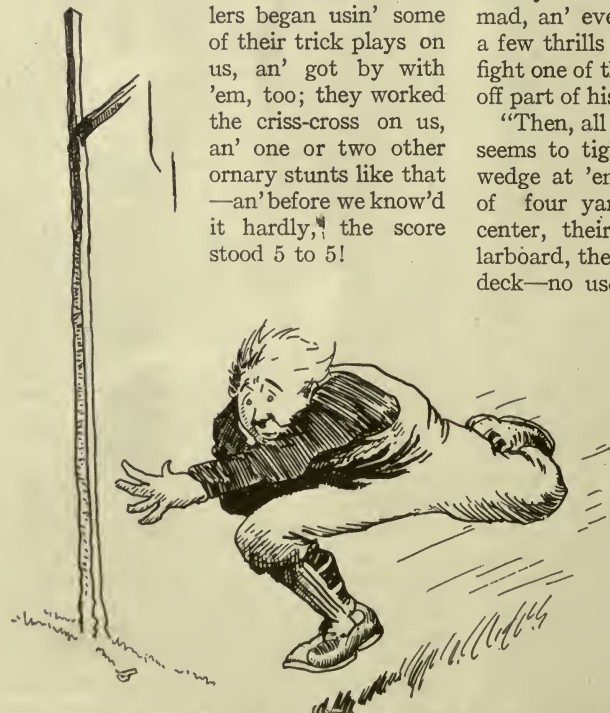
of players; then our boys came boundin' out on the field, an' Shelbyville yelled fit to kill—an' that Atchison crowd cheered *our* boys, too, which I thought was nice of 'em—an' then the battle started.

"Friend, that was some game, right from the whistle!

"I lost my hat first thing, an' jes' hopped aroun' an' hollered an' cheered for the Ferbus Football Family 'til my voice give out, an' I had to go aroun' jes' whisperin' what I wanted to yell! Our boys were goin' right after 'em, pushin' down the line, walkin' over 'em, shovin' 'em aside, or jes' steppin' on their faces—anyway, seemed like, jes' so they kep' gettin' the ball nearer an' nearer the Atchison team's goal. About the last of the first half, our boys made a touchdown; then Sam Ferbus kicked goal, an' it seemed as though the Shelbyville crowd had gone crazy, whoopin' 'er up, an' huggin' one another—an' there was *me*—jes' havin' to *whisper* what I thought about it all."

"The second half wasn't so good.

"Them Atchison fellers began usin' some of their trick plays on us, an' got by with 'em, too; they worked the criss-cross on us, an' one or two other ornary stunts like that—an' before we know'd it hardly, the score stood 5 to 5!



"That blooming bonehead—Ole Bjorsen—was running in the wrong direction"

"When Oswald T. come home from Yale or Harvard, or wherever it was he learned football, he brought back a real, genuine, blowed-in-the-bottle football yell. I don't jes' remember how it went, but it was somethin' like this:

Oo-ski wow-wow!
Skinny wow-wow!
Dig 'em up—rip 'em up!
Eat 'em up—some how!
Rack-a-tack-tack!
Hagen-sack-sack!
Pe—ru—na!

"Of course, that *may* not be jes' the way that yell went, but it was on that general line of thought.

"Seen' how things was goin' now with us, Oswald came down close to the sidelines an' he turns loose that war-screech. Man, you should have seen the Ferbus Football Family get together when they heard that ringing cry!

"They jes' naturally tore the linin' out of the Atchison defense, an' went plowin' down the field, five yards at a time. The Shelbyville crowd begins cheerin' like mad, an' even Ole Bjorsen begins to feel a few thrills of real emotion, an' wants to fight one of the Atchison players for spikin' off part of his left ear!

"Then, all at once, the Atchison defense seems to tighten up; we hurled a flying wedge at 'em—an' came out with a lose of four yards. We tried buckin' their center, their left guard, their port side larboard, the upper bulwarks of their poop deck—no use; steady an' sure they was pushin' us back over the storm-tossed battlefield. An Atchison man on my right began hollerin' in my ear, 'Back to the corn field for the Ferbus Football Family now!' I made signs to him on my fingers that if he didn't cut out such remarks as that I'd knock his block off. He hollered back, 'Start right in, ol' billy-goat, if you're feelin' lucky!' Then we both got interested in the game again an' forgot all about each other's bein' there at all.

"Then little Lew Ferbus, who's playin' quarterback, gets hold of the ball, finally on downs, and he gets down, with his neck stretched out like a little bantam rooster, an' then he sings out, 'Nineteen—thirty-six—seventy-two—eight!' then, *blim* goes the ball to big Sam Ferbus, then *bam*, he shoots it over to Zeke Ferbus, playing left guard, an' aroun' the end goes big Zeke, huggin' the ball tight under one arm, an' mowin' down with straight-arm-jolts any player who tries to stop him! Oh, it was great—*great!* Then, all of a sudden, a big Atchison player comes hurtlin' through the air like an express train. He catches big Zeke aroun' the knees; they both come crashin' down together! The ball gets away from Zeke—it goes rollin' off over the groun'—it goes straight on 'til it comes to where Ole Bjorsen is standin' on one foot—an' it stops. Ole, he sees the other players all makin' a mad rush toward the ball, so he grabs it up, waitin' for someone

to tell him what to do with it! Oswald is down at the sidelines yellin' like mad, '*Run, Ole, run!* Run, you *big Swede bonehead!*'

"Ole don't know what a 'bone-head' is, but from Oswald's tone he knows it is somethin' no Swedish gentleman should be called, an' it makes him mad.

"Run?" he shouts, 'you betcha I baen make *gude* run,' an' he starts off down the field hard as he can tear, with the ball under his arm, an' knockin' over three Atchison players who chanced to be standin' right in his way! Now he had a clear field—on, on he flew—the crowd in the stands howling like mad; ten yards from goal—five yards—now past the goal, an' he planted the ball on the groun' behin' the posts, an'—"

"And won the game for the Ferbus Football Family?"

"'Won the game!' I should say not! That bloomin' bone-head, Ole Bjorsen—was runnin' in the *wrong direction!*'"

HELLO!

THERE'S a world of hearty cheer
In the little word "Hello!"
It will banish every fear,
Chase away the deepest woe.

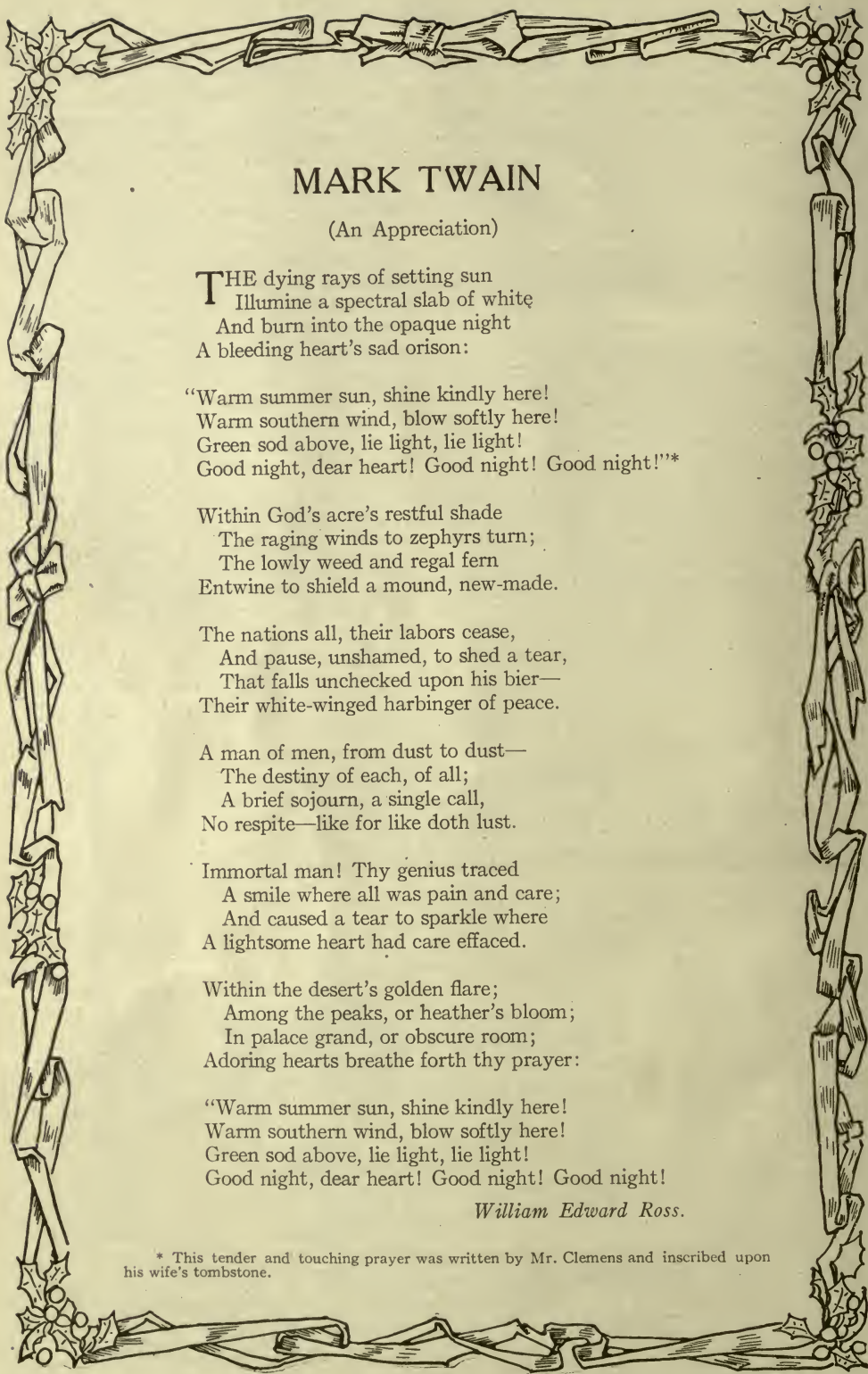
Then greet your fellow-man and say
"Hello!" and take him by the hand,
"How are things with you today?"
It will give him lots of sand.

Greet the man who passes by
With this word of happy cheer;
Say "Hello!" and see his eye
Brighten and gloom disappear.

Greet the man with heavy load
Of misfortune on his back;
Say "Hello!" and then his road
Will be smooth, and light his pack.

Greet the stranger, neighbor, friend,
Say "Hello! how do you do?"
And the little word will send
Them away with courage new.

—J. Andrew Boyd.



MARK TWAIN

(An Appreciation)

THE dying rays of setting sun
Illumine a spectral slab of white
And burn into the opaque night
A bleeding heart's sad orison:

"Warm summer sun, shine kindly here!
Warm southern wind, blow softly here!
Green sod above, lie light, lie light!
Good night, dear heart! Good night! Good night!"*

Within God's acre's restful shade
The raging winds to zephyrs turn;
The lowly weed and regal fern
Entwine to shield a mound, new-made.

The nations all, their labors cease,
And pause, unshamed, to shed a tear,
That falls unchecked upon his bier—
Their white-winged harbinger of peace.

A man of men, from dust to dust—
The destiny of each, of all;
A brief sojourn, a single call,
No respite—like for like doth lust.

Immortal man! Thy genius traced
A smile where all was pain and care;
And caused a tear to sparkle where
A lightsome heart had care effaced.

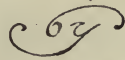
Within the desert's golden flare;
Among the peaks, or heather's bloom;
In palace grand, or obscure room;
Adoring hearts breathe forth thy prayer:

"Warm summer sun, shine kindly here!
Warm southern wind, blow softly here!
Green sod above, lie light, lie light!
Good night, dear heart! Good night! Good night!

William Edward Ross.

* This tender and touching prayer was written by Mr. Clemens and inscribed upon his wife's tombstone.

A Rare Burnsianist



HENRY C. HANSBROUGH*



It is a considerable accomplishment to have collected a modest library of interesting miscellaneous books for one's own enjoyment and the pleasure that it brings to family and friends; it is much more to have gathered copies of quite every edition of a great poet's works with a view to giving the public free access to them for all time.

Such has been the life task, the controlling ambition of William Robertson Smith, a sturdy Scotchman who, at the age of eighty-four, is under the care of doctor and nurses at his residence in Washington City, confident and hopeful that he is soon to be well enough to return to his native land that he may fetch away additional rare volumes of Robert Burns and add them to his already remarkable collection—the largest of the kind in the world.

This American Burnsiana comprises nearly 5,500 volumes all told, including seven hundred copies of the nine hundred editions of Burns' poems, songs and letters. Of secondary importance to these is a collection of two hundred volumes, minus twenty books, an exact duplicate of Burns' own library, so certified by the poet's son—the works which Burns studied and from which he drew his great fund of knowledge. The other four thousand and odd volumes of the Smith library comprise Burns' biographies, criticisms, eulogies and quotations, showing the immense influence of the great poet's mind on mankind, the world-wide recognition of the incomparable genius that slowly brought him into public favor.

Supplementing these bound tomes is perhaps the most extensive assortment of newspaper clippings pertaining to the Scotch bard and his works to be found anywhere.

Altogether it is a very rich treasure, this American Burnsiana, the fruit of much laborious exploration and scrutiny. Mr. Smith declares his work would have been a failure but for the helpful aid of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, whose financial assistance during the past fifteen years has been very generous.

As an example of the deep universal interest in Robert Burns, Mr. Smith relates an incident of his visit to the poet's birthplace in 1907. While he lingered about the Burns museum at Ayr the greater part of an afternoon, one thousand people came and paid admission to see the "big ha' Bible" that belonged to the father of the immortal bard. The trustees of the collection at Ayr gave eight thousand dollars for this famous copy of the Scriptures. From the small fee that visitors are charged the corporation has been able to pay one thousand dollars for a copy of the original Kilmarnock edition of Burns' poems (1786). It was on the flyleaf of a copy of this first print, presented by him to an old sweetheart, then married, that the poet wrote these tender lines:

Once fondly loved and still remembered dear,

Sweet early object of my youthful vows,
Accept this mark of friendship, warm, sincere:
Friendship, 'tis all cold duty now allows.

The following year, 1787, appeared the first Edinburgh edition, two of which are in Mr. Smith's collection. A contemporary copy, costing one thousand dollars,

* The writer, as chairman of the Senate Committee on the Library, which exercises quasi jurisdiction over the Botanic Garden at Washington, had exceptional opportunities to study the subject of this sketch. Readers of the NATIONAL will remember Senator Hansbrough's long service as Senator from North Dakota.

is now owned by a St. Louis Burnsianist. One of Mr. Smith's treasures is a copy of the first Dublin edition (1787), reprinted from the first Edinburgh edition by William Gilbert of Great George Street. It is considered very rare.

There are some sixty Irish editions thus far. A few of the earlier ones, it is claimed, were smuggled into Scotland and

1788, and at a recent sale of rare books brought \$115. Two months later a second edition, a reprint of the first, with the addition of a portrait of the poet and selections from the works of Robert Ferguson, was issued from the same press. This is known as the George Washington edition, a copy of it having been found in our first President's effects after his death. This



PORTRAITS OF MRS. M'LEHOSE (CLARINDA) AND ROBERT BURNS (SYLVANDER)
From the volume presented to Mr. Smith by Mrs. Andrew Carnegie

sold in violation of the copyright laws; which may account for the discriminative prayer attributed to a Scotch divine of that day, who, approaching the throne of grace, petitioned for the blessing of "Thy ain people the Scootch; but, O Loord, dinna gi'e it to the Airish."

* * *

One hundred and thirty-eight editions of Burns have been published in the United States. The first of these was brought out by a Philadelphia printer in

edition sold for \$350 a few weeks ago in New York. Another copy of the Washington print, with Andrew Carnegie's autograph in it, was purchased in Scotland two years ago for \$250. Recently, by direction of Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Smith procured a copy of this edition and presented it to the Mount Vernon Association, in whose keeping it now is.

In time, no doubt, as Mr. Smith hopes, someone will enrich his extensive collection with the original Kilmarnock edition,

thus broadening the basis of this the most complete Burnsiana in existence.

Of the many edition-copies in Mr. Smith's library none is more highly prized by him, perhaps, than the very rare "suppressed" 18mo forty-eight page print of "Burns' Letters to Clarinda," published by T. Stewart, Glasgow, 1802. The vagrant volume was "bagged in a wayside cottage" in Inverness-shire by Craigie

words written underneath Mr. Angus' dedication:

Presented to her friend, William R. Smith,
by

LOUISE W. CARNEGIE
(Mrs. Andrew)

May 4th, 1911.

At this writing Mr. Smith is slowly recovering from a long illness, and is able to be up during a few hours of the day.



COTTAGE WHERE BURNS WROTE "TAM O'SHANTER"

It is from the only negative in the United States, as Mr. Smith believes, obtained from Burns' biographer at Tarbolton, never before published

Angus, a celebrated Burnsianist, now deceased, who presented it to Mrs. Carnegie with this inscription on the flyleaf in the hand of the donor:

This booklet, which I obtained in a cottage at Kingussie on my way from Cluny Castle, where I enjoyed her generous hospitality, I present to Mrs. Andrew Carnegie with all good wishes for her own and her husband's happiness.

W. C. ANGUS.

Glasgow, Jany. 9th, 1889.

The little volume, rebound in mottled board, came to Mr. Smith with these

His mind is clear and he suffers no pain; nor has his native humor deserted him.

"Your physician, very properly, no doubt, is not disposed to dwell upon the nature of your malady," said I to the interesting old gentleman; "and yet I, having spent many delightful hours with your Burnsiana, have arrived at a diagnosis for myself."

"Aye, I'm glad o' that," he replied with a smile. "These doctors are so very mysterious. What is it, my friend?"

"Burns bibliomania," I answered humorously. "But you will recover."

"Not from the disease, I hope," was his laughing retort. "I've had it more than fifty years. And although it may prove fatal, even so I cannot imagine a sweeter excuse for death when the time comes for me to go."

* * *

Of Burns, his poems, prose and songs, there is nothing new to be said. They have been celebrated in every land and in nearly every tongue. Long ages after the numerous monuments that have been

spark of hope that survives, that never dies, in the breasts of down-trodden humanity. It cheers the hearts of the forlorn, rekindles confidence, strengthens the claims of justice, inspires patriotism, fixes our trust in God. Its impressions are lasting and eternal. In the simplicity of its reasoning the scoffer is rebuked, the malcontent is calmed, the revolutionist made to pause. It is the bulwark of ratiocination, of the principle of deductive philosophy, the anchor of the reposeful



SMITH COTTAGE, THE HOME OF THE AMERICAN BURNSIANA, WASHINGTON, D. C.

erected to the great Scottish poet the globe around have crumbled away to dust, the worth of the bard of bonnie Doon will continue to be recounted and extolled. His fame is indestructible. It will outlast granite, marble and bronze. Monarchies and republics will arise only to decay, but the glory of Robert Burns will endure forever to thrill the hearts and light the way of catholic mortal kind.

It is a distinctive feature of Burns' poetry that it appeals particularly to the lowly, to those in humble walks of life, to the oppressed. It revives the glimmering

mind, the healing balm of the soul. There is nothing in it of the ephemeral; there is everything that suggests the immortal.

Reading "The Cotter's Saturday Night," one readily understands why it is that the sons of Caledonia the world over deify their country's bard.

From scenes like these Old Scotia's grandeur springs,

That makes her loved at home, revered abroad:

Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
An honest man's the noblest work of God.

In this poem particularly is found an

explanation of the ever-spreading enthusiasm of Scotchmen—of the deep-rooted nature of Burns bibliolatry. The secret of it is well marked in the heroic purpose of the living subject of this sketch of whom, to use a paradox, it may be said that he is an idealist of the practical sort.

Standing at his bedside and listening to him as he discoursed rapturously anent the worth of Burns, involuntarily I raised my hand to uncover my head. It was like a voice from the very "banks and braes and streams around," an impression that

His title to recognition in this respect is derived from his long service as the superintendent of the Botanic Garden, located at the foot of Capitol Hill, in the shadow of the great dome. When he came to Washington the site of the garden was a miserable swamp draining into Tiber Creek, at that date the Capital's foul, infectious, open sewer. It was the abode of slimy snakes and other "crawlin' things," the breeding ground and hot-bed of malaria. He has transformed it into a thing of beauty, filling it in



SECOND AND THIRD SONS OF THE POET

I had arrived suddenly before some distant shrine where pilgrims come to renew their faith; or that "the simple bard, rough at the rustic plough," himself were pouring out his tender human solicitude for the tiny mother mouse in the furrow of the field, the "wee, sleekit, cow'ring tim'rous beastie."

William R. Smith was born in Scotland in 1828. He came to the United States in 1855, while Franklin Pierce was President, and has known intimately quite all the leading statesmen since that period. He is the government's arbiculturalist, though there is no such federal office.

with fertile soil, planting it to trees and shrubs.

Mr. Smith has been a professional gardener from his youth. Before coming to America he served two years in this capacity at the famous Kew Garden near London. Like many others of his calling he is a lover of nature. As Burns is the poet and champion of the struggling poor, in like measure is W. R. Smith the propagator and friend of plant life. During the half century and more that he has plied the husbandman's art in Washington and elsewhere in every state and territory of the Union, he has set out in this re-

claimed morass and miasmatic fen thousands of rare, scarce and valuable trees and other plants gathered from every latitude and clime. From this arboretum millions of useful shoots and seeds have been disseminated over the land.

The Botanic Garden has come to be one of the most interesting of the several historical places in and about the nation's Capital. The many sightseeing visitors who regard it a great privilege to tarry for a time amidst these traditional scenes enter here with reverential feet, for the place has its hallowed memories. And at this late date to be permitted to grasp the hand of the aged gardener and listen to his broad Scotch accent—the dialect made classic by the genius of a single man—is to enjoy association for the moment with the dead and dying past.

One hesitates even to disturb the peaceful quiet that pervades the little brick mansard-roofed house that shelters the precious Burns' collection and its modest collector. Mrs. Ramsey, a comely middle-aged woman, who observes the biblical injunction and "gives everything to the poor," answers the doorbell. At once the visitor is made to feel that he has been expected; that the ancient thumb-worn tomes on their enclosed shelves, the yellowed prints and engravings on the walls, the busts and other mementos pertaining to the bard of Ayr, have been waiting for his curious inquiries and admiring gaze.

It is an unpretentious structure, of no greater value, perhaps, than any of a thousand cotter homes in the rural districts of Scotland, and not unlike them architecturally. I venture the prophecy that when time has dealt with this quaint habitation the transplanted sons of Scotia will not neglect the sacred spot, nor the memory of its present distinguished occupant.

Near by is the great greenhouse where the garden's products are nurtured. Here, too, tradition breathes its challenging message to the wayfarer. The very ferns reach out their arms like presiding spirits to remind us that we are on consecrated ground. The greenhouse owes its existence to Senator William Pitt Fessenden of Maine. He was chairman of the committee on appropriations, a warm friend

of Mr. Smith, and when the latter asked for eleven thousand dollars with which to extend the old greenhouse and make of it a fit shelter for his plants against winter's blasts, Senator Fessenden inquired: "How much will be needed to complete it?" "Thirty-six thousand dollars," was the answer. "I'll give it to you in a lump," was the Senator's business-like reply.

It was here in the presence of Mr. Smith that Senator Fessenden told Senator Grimes of Iowa that the attempt to impeach President Andrew Johnson was "a dirty business." And it was in the Burns library that Mrs. Jefferson Davis, looking at Fessenden's picture, which has hung over the old gardener's desk full fifty years, said to Mr. Smith that, owing to his great ability, William Pitt Fessenden was "the most dangerous man in the North." Here it was, also, that Commodore Wilkes, the famous explorer, made the statement, in the presence of Senator Pearce of Maryland and Senators Fessenden and Morrill, that George Washington himself having created and located the Botanic Garden it must never be despoiled.

Among the most cherished objects of the place, a little way to the northeast of the great greenhouse, stands the celebrated Crittenden oak, the product of an acorn brought from a Kentucky forest in 1861 at the instance of the patriotic Scotch gardener, and put in the ground by Crittenden himself. It was planted on the spot that, soon after the breaking out of the Civil War, had witnessed an impromptu meeting between Senator Crittenden, Representatives John A. Bingham, Robert Mallory, Mr. Smith and others. Peace was the subject of discussion. Senator Crittenden had introduced his now historical compromise resolution prohibiting slavery north of thirty-six degrees thirty minutes, while on the other hand Mr. Bingham was pushing his force bill in the House. Mr. Smith, who loves peace, if it can be had on just terms, and equally a fight if it cannot be avoided, besought Mr. Bingham, at the instance of Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia, to withdraw his bill and accept the Crittenden compromise. The effect of this would have been to leave the slavery question in abey-

ance until peace could be restored on equitable grounds. Both Bingham and Crittenden were anxious to do what they thought was right, but the war disease

Is there, that bears the name o' Scot,
But feels his heart's bluid rising
hot,
To see his poor auld Mither's pot
Thus dung in staves,



AT DOORWAY OF COTTAGE WHERE BURNS DIED

From left to right, Mr. Brown, his wife, Mrs. Brown, granddaughter of the poet; Jean Armour Burns Brown, great-granddaughter, and W. R. Smith, taken in 1907

in the House and elsewhere was so virulent that the *modus vivendi* fell through.

Is not the scene of such traditions as these worthy of preservation? What promoter will have the heart to disturb it?

And plundered o' her hindmost groat
By gallows-knaves?

I have said that Mr. Smith, now recognized as the foremost American Burnsianist, is a lover of nature. It is equally true that he is a lover of his fellow-man, proud of

the achievements of the great body of the people. It could not be otherwise with one who is wedded to the memory of the lyric wizard of the winding Ayr, as if it were a thing of human sentience. Next to his love of Burns, the sublimest of poets, the old Scotch naturalist venerates the name and fame of our own majestic Lincoln, the matchless American. Both were of humble origin, and in their respective spheres they attained to the loftiest eminence. One struck the shackles from millions of slaves; by his simple, poetic appeals to reason, the other stripped religion of its prejudice and set the nations singing. That they were divinely appointed, each in his own field of usefulness, it were well to forego serious argument to the contrary with our Scotch friend or any of his clan.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that Mr. Smith entertains a fine concep-

variety of native trees assembled from American forests far and near:—first a mile of red oaks, the next of white oaks, another of Jefferson oaks, and so on to the very spot that Mr. Lincoln stood upon when he delivered his memorable



ROBERT BURNS THE SECOND
Eldest son of poet



COTTAGE IN DUMFRIES WHERE BURNS DIED
Jean Armour Burns Brown, his great-grand-daughter, in doorway

tion of a suitable monument to the immortal liberator. Enlarging upon the plan for a national highway leading north from Washington to the battlefield of Gettysburg, already proposed in Congress, he would hedge it on either side with a

address in 1863. In furtherance of his patriotic project, with the planting of thousands of arboreus and ligneous decorations to adorn this American Appian Way, he would name the larger trees for the notable men who have made the history of our Republic, and have a record kept for the instruction of and as an inspiration to future generations. He has no doubt that in time a national sentiment would attach to a forest such as this, and that the endless throng of visitors coming to the nation's Capital as the years roll on would gather the seeds and carry them away to be cultivated lovingly at the four quarters of the globe. In his opinion it would turn out to be the grandest memorial ever erected to man, a fitting monument to a true representative of the "plain people," thus excelling

in extent and grandeur the famous Kew arboretum in England, the only thing that could begin to approach it without really doing so. I have referred elsewhere to Mr. Smith as being a practical idealist. Does not his suggestion for a "Lincoln Road" justify the title?

* * *

By the terms of Mr. Smith's will Andrew Carnegie and his trustees will fall heir to this exceptional Burnsiana. The collection is to remain in Washington forever, "as an aid to preserving the Republic in pure democracy—with demagogues left out." This was the terse answer of the zealous and learned bibliophile when asked about the future of his precious collection. "I would be glad," he went on "if arrangements could be made to house it permanently in the substantial brick residence of my late friend, Senator Justin S. Morrill, on Thomas Circle, as an appreciation of a man who, next to the Scotian poet himself, did more for rural life in America, in my opinion, than any other citizen within my knowledge.

"Rural life is the mainstay of the nation, and it received its greatest impetus on this side of the ocean in the enactment of the Morrill law providing for an agricultural college in every state and territory of the Union."

These sentiments readily identify William R. Smith with the most ardent of patriots, a lover of his native land and alike of his adopted country. They reveal his true character, his deep devotion to a cause. As a worshipper of Burns, he revels in the fine posthumous incense that

belongs to the influence and fame of the sweetest lyrist of them all. He believes with Lord Morley that Burns has done more for democracy in its broadest sense than any other mortal. "I believe, too," said the interesting invalid, as he adjusted his pillows, "that he has done still more for religion, for the consecration of prayer. Family worship of God, the kneeling at the family altar, has been the grandest thing for Scotland."



JEAN ARMOUR BURNS BROWN
Very latest picture of Burns' great-granddaughter,
taken about two months ago

Then kneeling down
to Heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father,
and the husband
prays:
Hope "springs exulting
on triumphant wing,"
That thus they all
shall meet in future
days.

Compared with this
how poor Religion's
pride,
In all the pomp of
method, and of art,
When men display to
congregations wide
Devotion's every
grace, except the
heart.

He has no patience with the
"Holy Willies," and
on my hinting at
his idol's tender dalliances he gave
vehement expression to his indignation, quoting these well-known lines:

Thou knowest that thou hast formed me
With passions wild and strong,
And list'ning to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

"This, mind you," said he, "is a public confession of man's weakness. It is a direct appeal to the Throne for mercy. And as for Burns' alleged disbelief we have but to recall this immortal stanza:

"When ranting round in pleasure's ring,
Religion may be blinded;
Or if she gi'e a random sting
It may be little minded.
But when in life we're tempest driven,
A conscience but a canker,
A correspondence fixed wi' Heaven
Is sure a noble anchor.

"It was such sublime utterances as these," he declared, "that checked 'Voltaireism, and saved Great Britain and America as well to Christianity."

It is said by Burns' admirers that when he died (not in poverty, as some of his traducers have claimed, but as a poor man, like many another Scot) the only debt he owed was the price of a suit of military clothes which the poet had purchased to be worn by him in the service of his country as a loyal soldier—as a crusader against French infidelity. This historical fact is cited by Mr. Smith as a refutation of the charge that he was a disbeliever.

O Thou Great Being, what Thou art
Surpasses me to know.
Yet sure I am that known to Thee
Are all Thy works below.

"Herbert Spencer," he exclaimed, "occupied two volumes on 'The Unknowable' in saying as much as Burns says in these four lines."

It must be that the prime stimulative which spurs this resolute Caledonian in his noble work is reverence of the Supreme Being, this and his earnest devotion to his fellow-creatures of earth. His optimism is unbounded. The petty discords of men have not been permitted to obstruct his hopeful view concerning the future of

the human race. His guide to the divine understanding is the Bible; the poetry of Burns his rule of mortal action—the two agencies that have brought sunshine into dark places and will continue to light the way for the advancement of the deserving. While old age may have dimmed his eye, it has served nevertheless to strengthen his faith in mankind.

He is leaving a priceless legacy. And, in stipulating that it shall remain at the Capital of his adopted country under the trusteeship of the world's greatest institutional founder, he has chosen wisely. For it is here that the endless generations of Scotchmen will come to worship; that lovers of liberty, the devotees of individual freedom and national independence, will assemble throughout the years to testify their affection for the genius who has "pondered deeply the mystery of life and of death," who teaches that—

To make a happy fireside clime,
To weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.

And, humbly admitting his own and the frailties of our kind, has left us this inspiriting solace:

The rank is but the guinea's stamp:
The man's the gowd for a' that.

MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN

Many and sharp the numerous ills
Inwoven with our frame;
More pointed still, we make ourselves
Regret, remorse and shame;
And man, whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.

Robert Burns, in "Heart Throbs."

THE ROYAL ACADEMY

*Behind the Scenes of London's
Famous Art Gallery*



OSCAR FRICHET

With Illustrations by the Author



VERY few visitors to London fail to make their way to Piccadilly, which extends from the top of the Haymarket to Hyde Park Corner. History tells us that this street of wealth and splendor derives its name from the Piccadilla Hall, which, when James I wore the British crown, stood at the corner of Great Windmill Street, and was so called because it was the favorite resort of young gallants who affected fantastic "pickadils" or "peccadillos"—pointed ruffs which at that time were worn around the necks of ladies and gentlemen who moved in fashionable circles.

Undoubtedly the greatest attraction

Piccadilly possesses today is Burlington House, about a minute's walk from St. James' and Bond Streets, where the Royal Academy of Arts has been located since the year 1869. The yearly "show" of works by living artists which is held here from the first Monday in May to the first Monday in August owes its existence to a meeting of painters which was held at the Turk's Head, Soho, on November 12, 1759. The knights of the brush and palette resolved that "once a year, on a day in the second week in April, at a place that should be appointed by a committee for carrying the design into execution, to be chosen annually, every painter, sculptor,



BURLINGTON HOUSE, PICCADILLY, LONDON, THE HOME OF BRITISH ART

engraver, chaser, seal-cutter, and medallist may exhibit their several performances." It was also resolved that "the sum of one shilling be taken daily of each person who may come to visit the said performances."

The first exhibition of works under these rules was held from April 21 to

May 8, 1760, in the Adelphi, in the Strand, which, by the way, stands on the site of Durham House where bishops of that see held court till Royalty appropriated their palace, and where the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey was married. In an apartment rented by the Society of Arts one hundred and thirty paintings were hung, and prominent amongst them were Conway's portrait of William Shipley, who is said to have been



THE OLD SCHOOL

the founder of the Schools of Art; Wilson's "Niobe"; and the picture of the surrender of Calais to Edward III, painted by R. E. Pine, which was awarded a premium of a hundred guineas by the committee. A. Casali carried off a premium of fifty guineas for his "Story of Gunhilda"; George Smith, of Chichester, was awarded fifty pounds for the best original landscape, and his brother John received twenty-five pounds for a similar canvas. One of the most striking exhibits, however, was the model for Roubiliac's statue of "the immortal Shakespeare."

There were two exhibitions in the following year, the most famous artists displaying their works at Spring Gardens as the Society of Artists of Great Britain, while the lesser fry made a bold show in the rooms of the Society of Arts. The Spring Gardens' exhibition was opened May 9, 1761, and noteworthy amongst the canvases were Hogarth's much-discussed "Sigismunda," and five paintings by Reynolds, including his portrait of Laurence Sterne.

The Society of Arts' exhibitions continued until 1764, when the young artists migrated to Maiden Lane, in the Strand, and afterwards to Cumberland House, Pall Mall. Their shows finally ended in St. Albans Street, the site of Waterloo Place, in 1775.

The Society of Artists of Great Britain continued their exhibitions at Spring Gardens until 1769 when the first "Royal Academy," under the protection of King George III, was opened at the "Print Warehouse," in Pall Mall. For ten years exhibitions were held there, and then, in 1800, a grand show was thrown open within Somerset House. To inaugurate the installation of the Royal Academy in this historic building a dinner was given to which ninety of the most distinguished people of the day were invited. The great Dr. Johnson sat down to the table, and afterward he wrote to Mrs. Thrale: "The exhibition is eminently splendid. There is contour and keeping, and grace and expression, and all the virtues of artificial excellence. The apartments are truly very noble. The pictures, for the sake of a skylight, are at the top of the house; there we dined, and I sat over against the Archbishop of York."

Thousands of persons flocked to the exhibition hall, which, according to Horace Walpole, was "quite a Roman palace, finished in perfect taste, as well as boundless expense."

* * *

Some of the pictures exhibited are now worth small fortunes. There were six paintings by Sir Joshua Reynolds, including portraits of Sir William Chambers, the designer of Somerset House, which was built on the site of the palace erected by Protector Somerset, in the reign of Edward VI, and Lord Richard Cavendish; while Gainsborough was represented by no fewer than fifteen canvases, of which



THE NEW SCHOOL

six were landscapes, pronounced by Walpole "admirable as the Great Masters."

The original officials of the Royal Academy were Sir Joshua Reynolds; Sir William Chambers, the treasurer; George Michael Moser, the keeper; Francis Milner Newton, the secretary; Thomas Sandby, professor of architecture; Edward Penny, professor of painting; Samuel Wale, professor of perspective; and Dr. Hunter, professor of anatomy.

Michael Moser died in January, 1783, and Reynolds wrote the following obituary notice which was published in all the papers of the period: "Long before the Royal Academy was established George Michael Moser presided over the little art societies which met in Salisbury Court and St. Martin's Lane, where they drew from living models. Perhaps nothing that can be said will more strongly imply his amiable disposition than that all the different societies with which he was connected have always turned their eyes upon him for their treasurer and chief

manager, when, perhaps, they would not have contentedly submitted to any other authority."

The galleries at Somerset House remained open for about ten years, then the Royal Academy removed to Trafalgar Square until the present palatial quarters at Burlington House were erected.

The King and the members of the Royal Family visited Somerset House in state at a select private view in 1788. A prominent feature of



W. A. WYLLIE, R. A.
The famous marine painter

that year's exhibition was Reynolds' huge canvas, "The Infant Hercules Strangling the Serpents," painted for the Empress of Russia. Horace Walpole was invited to the private view, a ticket having been sent him as "a tribute to his connoisseurship and infirmities."

George III was a great lover of art and

artists, and he was constantly putting his hand in his pocket to help along a poverty-stricken painter. His Majesty's death on the twenty-ninth of January, 1820, was a sad blow to the whole of artistic England. "All the world knows the story of his malady," writes Thackeray, "all history presents no sadder figure than that of the old man, blind and deprived of reason, wandering through the rooms of his palace, addressing imaginary parliaments, reviewing fancied troops, holding ghostly courts. I have seen the picture, as it was taken at the time, hanging in the apartment of his daughter, the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, amidst books and Windsor furniture, and a hundred fond reminiscences of her English home. The poor old father is represented in a purple



SIR EDWARD J. POYNTER
President of the Royal Academy

gown, his snowy beard falling over his breast, the star of his famous Order still idly shining on it. All light, all reason, all sound of human voices, all the pleasures of this world of God were taken from him. Some lucid moments he had, in one of which the Queen (Charlotte) desiring to see him, entered the room, and found him singing a hymn and accompanying himself at the harpsichord."

Burlington House is built in the Italian Renaissance style, and has picturesque entrance gates and an expansive quadrangle. It was erected on the site of the original mansion of Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington, which cost the Government £149,000, while the Academicians furnished about £120,000 for the construction and completion of the galleries. Of these there are thirteen, accessible from the vestibule or Central Hall.

* * *

There are, probably, no better-abused men in Great Britain than the gentlemen to whom is intrusted the task of deciding

which pictures and works of sculpture shall be publicly exhibited in the galleries of the Royal Academy during the summer months.

Young artists are under the impression that the Selecting Committee take but little notice of work submitted by unknown men, and when they learn that their pictures have been rejected they do not hesi-

tate to bring forward charges of personal animus, selfish haste, and the like. As a matter of fact the Selecting Committee are only too pleased to recognize new talent, and they carry through their work in an extraordinarily careful manner.

The Selecting Committee consist of ten members, with the President of the Academy, *ex officio*, as chairman, and they settle down to work before artists and carriers have finished delivering pictures at Burlington House. The President and his secretary are fixtures, that is to say they have to assist year in and year out at the tedious, ungrateful, and painful duty of judging. The other members of the Committee, however, "go off"



MR. SARGENT, R.A.
The great portrait painter

five every year, each serving two years in succession. Associates are not eligible for the duty of judging, but by the laws of the Academy the latest elected member of the year is called upon to serve on the Committee.

The Selecting Committee take up a position in Gallery III of Burlington House. The members sit in a semi-circle, with the president in the middle, his secretary close at hand. Then the Academy carpenters come in one by one, each

carrying a picture. They come to a standstill about four yards from the judges, resting the larger works on the floor and the smaller on a stool. The majority of the pictures that are brought in are so poor from an artistic point of view that a mere glance suffices to determine the verdict, and "No," "Out" are the cries that come constantly from the Committee. If a promising picture is brought in the carpenter carrying it is stopped, and the work is very closely examined by each individual member. If the canvas is considered excellent it is accepted outright, its back being marked with the letter "A." The carpenter then carries it to another room for the attention later of the members of the Hanging Committee—men who decide which pictures shall be placed on the line and which shall not.

Doubtful pictures—paintings that are not good enough for immediate acceptance—are marked with a "D" (doubtful)—a sort of decree nisi which might be made absolute later on. If a picture is not worthy of any consideration the carpenter carrying it is told to mark its back with a "cross" (X), and convey it to the academic shades—to the cellars.

Many of the pictures that are taken to the cellars every spring are never claimed by their owners, and it has been surmised that the painters of one or two rejected and unclaimed pictures have committed suicide on learning that the verdict of the Selecting Committee has gone against them.

The Selecting Committee judge for many days from ten o'clock to six, with an hour for luncheon and half an hour for tea. The members judge the oil-paintings first of all, then the water-colors, the black-and-whites, the architectural drawings and the works of sculpture. The works of foreign artists are examined last of all, and, as a rule, judgment is passed upon them within half an hour. When the last foreign canvas is removed from Gallery III, the work of the Selecting Committee is at an end.

The Hanging Committee practically take up work where the Selecting Committee have left off. The "Hangers" usually consist of the latest elected Acad-

emician of the year, and a selection of the members of the Council of ten, who take their turn in rotation. By this rule the Academicians are called upon to serve only once in eight or nine years. There is, however, no Academy law to compel a man to assist in the "hanging," but no R. A. has yet been known to shirk the task.

The "Hangers" first of all proceed to "hang" the two hundred odd works by members of the Academy, and when these have been placed in satisfactory positions, the huge stacks of "accepted" and "doubtful" canvases are dealt with. The "accepted" are placed in the best available spots, and it often happens that the whole side of a gallery will be hung and rehanging three or four times so that the "accepted" will be justly placed.

The "doubtfuls" stand a poor chance after all the "accepted" have been put up, for by that time the remaining space is limited. A large canvas sometimes has to be returned to the cellars because there is no room for it, while a smaller picture, of inferior merit, will be squeezed in to fill up. This injustice cannot always be avoided, but the "Hangers" are as generous as they can be, and now and again they will order the carpenters to remove the frame from a large "doubtful" and procure a narrower one so as to allow of its being "hung."

Sympathy with the absent artist often amounts to generosity, and a single champion of a "doubtful" is occasionally allowed to carry his point against the majority.

"Hangers" of the present day are not so severe as they were in the early days of the Academy, and they cannot be accused of "favoritism." Once when Wilkie was serving on the Hanging Committee he was observed wandering around the Academy galleries with a small canvas in his hands, looking in vain for a place to hang it. He wanted a "line" position, he told a fellow "Hanger," for a picture by Bourlett. "But that's a picture by Black, Wilkie," answered the man addressed. "Black!" gasped Wilkie in astonishment, "eh; I thought it was Bourlett!" and placing the canvas against the wall he left it to its fate. When Bourlett, a noted

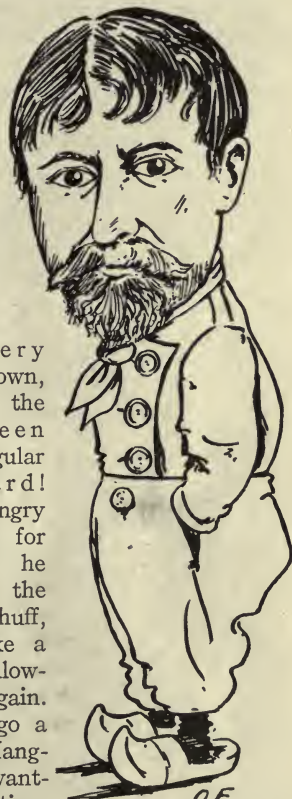
Scotch artist of the period, heard of the story he is said to have remarked that Wilkie deserved hanging with his own braces.

On another occasion Roberts, a Scotch "Hanger," felt that the pictures of his countrymen were not being fairly dealt with by the Hanging Committee, and during the luncheon interval one day he covered all the

"line" space in one of the galleries with the canvases of artists who were born in the Highlands. When Mulready, a member of the Committee, saw what Roberts had done he had every picture taken down, remarking that the place had been turned into a regular Scotland Yard! Roberts was so angry with Mulready for interfering that he walked out of the Academy in a huff, and never spoke a word to his fellow-committeeman again.

Some years ago a member of the Hanging Committee wanted to hang a particular picture, and finding that it would not fit in anywhere he procured a plane and calmly pared down the frame. Finding that the picture was even then too large for the niche, he planed down the frames of the pictures already "hung" in order to get his favorite in.

A more eccentric man never lived than J. M. W. Turner, R. A., and true it is that his life was woven of a mingled yarn of good and evil. At a meeting of the Royal Academy at Somerset House it was decided to purchase Turner's two



SIR L. ALMA TADEMA
R.A.

Is a Dutchman

great pictures, the Rise and Fall of Carthage, for the National Gallery. A Mr. Griffiths was commissioned to offer five thousand pounds for them. "A noble offer," said Turner, "a noble offer indeed; but no, I cannot part with them. Impossible." Mr. Griffiths, disappointed, left the artist's house. As he was striding up the street he heard someone running behind him, and, turning, found that it was Turner. "Tell those gentlemen," gasped the great painter, "that the nation will, most likely, have the pictures, after all."

Turner served on the Hanging Committee, and one day when he strode into the picture rooms he was struck by a picture sent in by an unknown provincial artist of the name of Bird. Turner took it into his hands, and examined it this way and that. "A fine work," he exclaimed; "it must be hung up and exhibited."

"Impossible," responded the other members of the Committee, "the walls are full and the arrangements cannot be disturbed."

"A fine work," repeated Turner, "it must be hung up and exhibited"; and finding his colleagues to be as obstinate as himself, he hitched down one of his own pictures and hung up Bird's in its place.

* * *

When the Hanging Committee has completed the work of "hanging," the artists whose pictures are exhibited on the Academy walls are forwarded a piece of pasteboard, known as a "varnishing card." This card is the first intimation the artist receives that his picture has passed triumphantly through the processes of judging and "hanging," and it allows him to visit the Academy on a particular day—"varnishing day"—just before the galleries are thrown open to the public. Hundreds of knights of the brush are to be found in the galleries of Burlington House on "varnishing day," and here and there are flights of steps and improvised platforms covered with artists putting the last, loving touches to their canvases. Here, perched on the top rung of a pair of steps, is a young lady with smiling face scraping her picture with a palette-knife and putting in fresh spots of paint occasionally, while on the floor at

her feet is a young man whose features are the picture of misery, his eyes roaming toward the ceiling. His canvas is hopelessly skied, and he is silently abusing the members of the Hanging Committee for their lack of judgment.

There are many happy faces at the Academy on "varnishing day," and many sad ones. And the artists are of all ranks and classes and ages. The old school as well as the new is conspicuous, and the modern painter in immaculate frock-coat and tall hat is to be seen conversing with a white-haired, bent old man in a faded velvet coat. The former has yet to tread the long and arduous path trodden by the latter, and his sudden success has swelled his head and he is thinking of the day when he will be elected President of the Royal Academy and have the whole of artistic Britain at his feet.

"Varnishing day" brings many surprises to the exhibitors. One man will find his canvas wrongly named, and another, an impressionist, may be startled to discover that his glorious sunset, over which he has taken so much pains, is upside down. And for the first time he realizes that an impressionist's pictures can be turned about any way without greatly endangering the effect.

Turner had one of his paintings "hung" upside down, and old Academicians well remember that a little canvas, "A Sleeping Naiad," was once, owing to lack of space, placed on the wall in an upright position, and renamed "The Waking Naiad!"

* * *

The majority of the people who visit the Royal Academy are under the impression that the pictures they see there have one and all been produced in well-appointed and comfortable studios. As a matter of fact a very large number of the canvases which appear on the walls of Burlington House are painted in the open air, and often under exceedingly trying conditions of weather and environment.

Few of the many admirers of Mr. Holman Hunt's painting "The Scapegoat" know that the canvas was painted in an Eastern desert. Mr. Hunt spent many months in the desert, and the very goat that is portrayed in the picture was taken there by the artist for that purpose. For

many years Mr. Hunt lived in a house he had specially built for him on the outskirts of Jerusalem, and it was there that he painted the majority of his Eastern studies, notably his "Triumph of the Innocents."

Mr. Luke Fildes' masterpiece, "The Doctor," which has attained fame all over the world, was only painted after the artist had spent months searching for the cottage interior and the characters he wished to depict. After tramping through all the most out-of-the-way places in England he at last discovered the cottage that suited him. Having found the cottage he had a room built at the end of his studio which was a copy in every detail, even to the massive rafters, of the interior of the residence he had discovered.

Several Academy pictures have figured in matrimonial romances. That memorable picture, "Ophelia," exhibited at Burlington House in 1852 and painted by Millais, provided Dante Gabriel Rossetti with a wife. Millais found the model for his painting in the person of a charming young lady in a milliner's establishment. Her name was Elizabeth Siddal, and she was the daughter of a Sheffield tradesman. Young Rossetti straight away fell in love with the fair model, and eventually married her.

"The Black Brunswicker," another painting by Millais, represents a stalwart soldier embracing the form of a young girl. The model for the female figure was Charles Dickens' daughter Kate, and it was while at Millais' studio posing for the picture that the daughter of the world-famous novelist first met her future husband, Mr. C. E. Perugini.

Mr. E. A. Abbey, R. A., was born under the Stars and Stripes, and went to England first for Harper Brothers, that firm having given him commissions for many drawings. On his arrival in England he was in need of ready cash, and he spent his first few weeks in an hotel at Stratford-on-Avon. When the bill was presented he received a shock, and he had to leave his trunk with the landlord and go on to London.

Abbey passed through many struggles before his talent was recognized, but eventually he became the foremost of British illustrators. His first oil painting exhibited at the Royal Academy was called "A May Day Morning," and was painted for the 1890 show at Burlington House.

Mr. Abbey is not the only foreign artist whose name is a household word in Great Britain, for about half of her leading painters have foreign blood in their veins. The inimitable Du Maurier, the great cartoonist of "Punch," had a French strain; Gustav Mayerheim, the leader of British water-color painters, was born at Dantzic; and Sir L. Alma Tadema is a Dutchman, he having first seen the light at Dronryp in the Netherlands.

To those outside the ranks of artists the election of a Royal Academician means little, but to exhibitors at Burlington House it means a great deal. The artist who wishes to become an Academician must first become an Associate. This being the case it will be well first to enlighten the reader as to how the budding painter or sculptor wins an Associateship. The artistic genius who has an eye on the honors of the Academy must exhibit works of art at Burlington House year after year and win the favor of the art critics. The young artist having achieved a certain amount of fame and success, and desiring to become an Associate of the Academy, approaches one or two of the Academicians and politely requests that his name may be put down on the list of candidates for election at the first vacancy.

A vacancy may occur through the death or retirement of a Royal Academician, resulting in an Associate being raised to full honors. When the vacancy occurs a list of candidates for Associates is set up in type, and printed copies are sent to all the members of the Academy. At the same time the members are requested by letter to attend Burlington House on a certain evening—the evening when the election is fixed to take place.

The members having arrived at the



THE ANCIENT
ACADEMICIAN

Academy each marks out on the list of candidates previously forwarded to him the name of the artist which he desires to be made an Associate. When all the lists are marked they are gathered together and placed in the hands of the secretary, who goes through them and takes notes of the number of votes each candidate has received. The names of each candidate receiving more than four votes are then written in chalk upon a blackboard, and the members are asked to vote again for the men whose names appear on the board. The two leading men in the second voting have a further ballot to themselves and the one who finally comes out on top receives the honor of an Associateship of the Royal Academy.

When a vacancy occurs among the Royal Academicians a similar election to the one already described takes place in order to decide which Associate shall fill the vacant post.

The man who becomes a full-fledged Royal Academician may live to see the day when he is voted President of the Academy. The Presidentship is well worth having, for it carries with it a good income. The president's salary is taken out of the interest of one hundred thousand pounds which the late Sir Francis Chantrey bequeathed to Burlington House, or rather the Royal Academy.

A membership of the Royal Academy carries with it numerous advantages. In

a word the Academy is a benefit society founded on a very generous scale. The pension fund of Burlington House is a splendid one. Any Royal Academician who falls upon hard times or who is prevented by ill health from following his profession may claim a pension, and the pension sometimes runs into as much as four hundred pounds a year.

The Royal Academician who dies in straitened circumstances and leaves his widow and children insufficiently provided for is not thought any the less of for his ill fortune. The Royal Academy shows its sympathy by generously allowing those who were dependent on him a liberal sum for their maintenance. And the wife and the children of a deceased Royal Academician receive many kindnesses and acts of charity from the hands of the living Royal Academicians, which are quite distinct from those given by this Academy.

The Associates of the Academy have a benefit and pension fund all to themselves, but the sums handed to them when the wolf creeps to their doors are not so large as those granted to Royal Academicians. Similarly the pensions paid to their wives and children are on a smaller scale.

Finally the Royal Academician has a peculiar advantage over his fellow-creatures, and that advantage is this: He can enforce his correspondents, even if those correspondents are the highest people in the British Isles, to address him as Esquire.

DARKNESS AND LIGHT

HELL can be nothing but the dark, they say;
 The pall that covers hope, drowns the bright day,
 Takes from the vision all its splendid sky,
 Denies the lark
 Inspiring dawn,—ah, verily,
 Hell can be nothing but the dark!

And yet some seem to love the darkness best.
 To these—ah, pity them—who know no rest
 Striving to hide some soul-defacing mark,
 Who need the night
 To cover scenes the better dark,
 Hell can be nothing but the light!

—Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy."

New England's Textile Turmoil

And Some of the Problems Involved in the Recent Labor Troubles

By JOHN N. COLE



WHO built the mills? "We," said the workers, "we, with our labor, we built the mills."

Who built the mills? "We," said the stockholders, "we, with our money, we built the mills."

Who built the mills? "We," said the public, "we, with our patronage, we built the mills."

In that issue, raised for the first time by an organization, by that new factor in the industrial life of the country, the I. W. W., is a problem to be prominent for a long time unless something shall happen that it is impossible to foresee now, and unless some arrangement shall be made to control the industrial life of the country more effective than any system yet devised in any country.

Out of the strike at the Lawrence mills, which, directly and indirectly, has finally been settled for a time by the readjustment of wages affecting nearly 150,000 operatives in New England, people are today drawing the lessons and making the deductions upon which may be based the possible solution of the great issue between the capital of labor and the capital of money.

For nine long weeks, thirty thousand operatives on the one hand and as many stockholders on the other, the one represented by self-appointed leaders, the other represented by chosen officials, were engaged in a struggle which some people have called an industrial struggle, which those nearer at hand have frequently felt was a revolution, which those with closest acquaintance have known was the assertion of a new force in industrial life demanding recognition for an organization that had not before held any conspicuous place in the industrial life of the United States. With the strike at Lawrence adjusted, the next move has been an advance upon many of the other prominent industrial centers of New England, and the closing strike in Lowell, which ended by a renewal of business on the 22d of April, would seem to mark for a time a cessation of hostilities.

More than three millions of dollars have been lost in wages, practically as much money has been lost in the attack upon general business. The state has expended nearly \$200,000 in extra police and the calls of the military, while cities and towns that have been involved have contributed thousands of dollars in an effort to main-



GROUP OF AMERICAN WOOLEN COMPANY'S BRICK APARTMENTS
(42 in number) for its employees at Lawrence, Massachusetts. 4 and 5 rooms with bath rent at \$2.50 and \$2.75 per week according to location and size

tain peace and preserve proper relations between the different interests involved.

The result of this struggle in which the police have attempted to maintain law and order, in which the military of the state have joined with local police to enforce peace and quiet in the community, in which reformers and observers, uplifters and critics of all sorts and degrees have had a part, has meant vastly more to the nation and to the world than any simple problem of hours of labor, or wages to be paid, around which most strikes have heretofore waged their contests.

The immediate cause of the strike, so far as the public was concerned, was the

centered around the initial contest in Lawrence. The real reason for the strike there will be found in the peculiar situation of the city of Lawrence itself, and in the ability of those who lead the I. W. W. in the United States to recognize every effective aid to a propaganda which they felt might wisely be begun in the eastern states at this time. Lawrence was ripe for the message which Joseph J. Ettor brought to the strikers on the day after the strike began, when he assumed charge of the conflict. The enactment of the law by the legislature had hardly become a reality in June of 1911, when Ettor and his associates, who included only four other men,



TYPE OF AMERICAN WOOLEN COMPANY'S DETACHED COTTAGES
For operatives at Lawrence, Massachusetts. Six rooms, bath and pantry. Rents at \$4.15 per week

enactment of a law by the Massachusetts Legislature making fifty-four hours a week's labor for women and minors in textile factories. The relation of women and minors to the textile industry was such that the law compelled the same hours for all other operatives in the mill. This resulted, when it went into effect on January 1, in making the working time for textile mills in Massachusetts a lesser working schedule by from two to six hours per week than the time in any other important textile state in the country, and less than the working time in any other state in the country, excepting several western states in which the textile business has little hold.

Practically all of the serious trouble has

Vincent St. John, the head of the syndicalistic movement in the United States, Big Bill Haywood, William H. Trautman and William Yates, began their plans for what was to take place six months later. The plans included the planting of various men, coached in the doctrines which are now familiar to many people in the United States, but which will become more familiar unless the plans of these people fail in the near future, one or more in each of the important mills of Lawrence, who should be there as spies for their superiors, as well as agitators for the peculiar doctrines which have so prominently asserted themselves during this conflict.

Lawrence, Massachusetts, is a city of over eighty thousand population. Its

entire life covers less than three quarters of a century, but in that time it has seen a development of the textile business which makes of it a remarkable city in many ways. A water power of great magnitude was the beginning of the development of the present industrial life in which more than thirty thousand people are employed. The textile mills line either side of the Merrimack River for more than a mile, and one after another has been added during the last few years, emphasizing the importance of the city itself as a great textile center, even when general

and by a worse management of affairs than almost any American city has been obliged to endure. Its financial affairs were at a low ebb when a new government modeled on a commission plan took hold of city management the first Monday in January of the current year.

Notwithstanding all this, it numbers in its citizenship many men of high character, not only descendants of the early settlers, but from those who have come there either as immigrants or as sojourners from other parts of the country. It is estimated that there are thirty thousand of the Irish



A GATHERING OF LAWRENCE STRIKERS IN THE PARK

business has not enjoyed expansion. Its population, while originally made up of a few settlers who were early residents of the towns of Andover and Methuen, occupying the territory out of which the city was made, one on the one side, and one on the other of the river, gradually brought into the city people of many nationalities, so that today it is probably one of the most cosmopolitan cities of America in the character of its inhabitants. Forty odd tongues are spoken by the people who walk its streets. A dozen or more distinct languages must be understood if one would treat with the people who make up the population. Its official life has been clouded by more misdeeds

people in the city, who have become large factors in its business life, the most prominent owners of its real estate, many of them citizens of which any city could well be proud. Eight or ten thousand English people, as many Germans, nearly as many French, several thousand each of Italians, Armenians, Lithuanians, Poles, Syrians and many other nationalities complete the population roll.

The very cosmopolitan character of these people made one of the most serious problems to be dealt with in the recent conflict, and largely because the city was in the financial condition that it was at the time explains the necessity for the state militia to ensure the public safety.

Some people have insisted that the problem shows that the entire question of immigration in America must be radically changed if we are to retain control of not only the business life involved, but even the protection of our homes and families,

pointing and disturbing factors cannot be ignored, but while they have been given so much prominence in all that has been written about this disturbance, little has been said about the encouraging things briefly touched upon in the foregoing.



STRIKERS' WIVES AND CHILDREN IN LAWRENCE

from this foreign invasion which has been so prominently in the public eye in its association with the Lawrence affair. But the very weakness of the city of Lawrence and its people in the past crisis brings out some of the strongest features that give encouragement in considering the great problem of assimilating all these people into American life. The Irish people of Lawrence, the English people, the German, French, Italian, the other nationalities, can all point (some of them to hundreds, and some of them to only a score or so) to men and women who have proved that American life means to them just what it means to the most intelligent American born boy or girl, by the manner in which they have taken hold of it and by the success they have made of their part in it.

More than \$10,000,000 of the property of Lawrence is owned by the Irish people of that city. Nearly a quarter as much by the English, nearly the same by the French, more than a million by the Italians, many thousands by the Poles, and quite a generous amount by the Syrians. These are property values that represent homes established, business developed, and a grafting of the people themselves into the life of Lawrence, of Massachusetts and of the United States that holds out much hope. The disap-

sonal contact between the employer and the employee to keep conditions and relations agreeable and happy. In a measure this is true, but it is no more true of Lawrence and its mills than of every other large business in the world today. The men who have been agents of the mills in Law-



STRIKERS' CHILDREN DURING THE LATE LAWRENCE STRIKE

rence have practically all of them been loyal citizens of the city and state, and as loyal citizens have never failed to keep in as close touch as large business would allow them, with every need of the people who were serving them.

Striking examples of welfare work mark all of the most recent development of

textile manufacturing in Lawrence. The biggest corporation doing business there has been the most prominent influence to be found anywhere in the state in working out plans for betterment of its people. In constructing its more recent mills, this corporation, the American Woolen Company, has devoted thousands of dollars to such improvements as should make easier living for the people and make them more comfortable. The two most recently built factories of this company, the Wood and the Ayer Mills, are probably the best equipped and the most efficient, from a sanitary standpoint, provided with more conveniences to aid public health, and all in all, worked out along the most approved sanitary lines of any textile mills to be found in the world. They have not been able to change the Syrian, the Armenian, the Polander, the Lithuanian, and some of the other classes, who are late comers to the American shore, from their natural tendencies in living, in working, in enjoying themselves. If they were changed, it is probable that the hundred and more model homes that they have built today would be a thousand, but the old adage of

that are required of their minor children in public schooling is largely looked upon as a loss and a waste. Of some of them, however, this is not true, and it is encouraging that it is not true, for there are known to be many cases where the ambi-



MILITIA MEN ON DUTY DURING THE LAWRENCE STRIKE

tion of these nationalities that their children shall be educated is leading to many sorts of self-denial, and to results that are bound to tell in the problem of making American citizens.

The mill wages were low in some cases, but averaged higher than the wages paid in several other of the great industries of the country. The talk that the average wage of all the workers in the mill was less than six dollars a week was never founded on proper information, or on any of the facts in the case. The average wage in the mills of Massachusetts exceeds \$9.50 a week, and the average wage of all the mill workers in the city of Lawrence was over \$9.25 a week at the time of the strike. It is true that there were some "heads of families" in Lawrence at a wage a little less than a dollar a day, but they were never employed as adults or as skilled labor. Their work was that previously done by minors before the stringent education laws of the state operated as they did to lessen the number of minors employed in the mills. It is a striking fact that from a percentage of nearly thirty per cent of minors thirty years ago, there are today less than ten per cent of minors on the pay rolls of an industrial city like Lawrence. The boys and girls, American born and American trained, are no longer satisfied with the work done by their



FRONT VIEW OF A FEW OF THE AMERICAN WOOLEN COMPANY'S APARTMENTS (42 IN NUMBER) AT LAWRENCE, MASS.

4 and 5 rooms with bath. Rent at \$2.50 and \$2.75 per week, according to size and location

providing the water for the horse, but not being able to make him drink, is just as true of the welfare work that may be planned by the philanthropic business man as it was in the original fable.

These new races are herders in living, as they are in their working. They want their entire families to work, and the days

fathers when they were children. They are devoting their lives to the pursuit of education and to the important labor of fitting themselves for the more attractive duties coming to the trained and skilled men and women of the present day. The mills of the country have long been the refineries for American citizenship. The low-priced labor in the textile mill is an inheritance from the conditions surrounding the textile centers of older countries. It is just as much an economic necessity in the present age and under the existing competition in textiles between countries, that there shall be a certain amount of low-priced help, as is any other question involving the cost and selling of any product.

People should not overlook, however, the marked increase in wages that has come to the low-priced help during the past thirty years, marking practically double wages as compared to the wages paid thirty years ago for all the labor under a ten-dollar a week wage schedule. Foreign competition, with its wage less than one half that of the American, with its living conditions such that the net returns to the American laborer is more than forty per cent greater than the return which comes to his English cousin, and larger still than the return that comes to the German and other foreign workers, must ever be recognized as a factor in determining the success of the mills either for the workers or for the owners.

Probably no great industrial upheaval in the business of this country has ever been accompanied with so much misrepresentation as was the strike at Lawrence. The methods of those in charge of the strike must be understood if one is to judge fairly

of the attitude of mill officials and city officials in dealing with the turbulent element. Women and children were at all times the vanguard of the parades; the buffers for the cowards in the rear, the ones put in front to taunt the soldier, to arouse the antagonism of every kind of authority with which they might be dealing. The sending away of several hundred of the children from Lawrence was bitterly resented by those in authority and undoubtedly was unwisely objected to.

There is little question but that it would have been much better to have allowed the parents of the children, who were being made ambassadors to other cities to secure funds and arouse sympathy, to have full sway. The people who were most largely involved, however, well knew the purpose for which the children were sent away, and the attempts that were going to be made thereby to exploit them for the benefit of those in charge of the strike.

The money question early became

a problem not only for those who had charge, but for those who realized that a great deal of it was being wasted. The injunction placed upon the funds, following the strike, found only a few cents of the fifty thousand dollars that had been subscribed and acknowledged by the leaders. There is a widespread opinion that much of the money contributed failed to be used for the results for which it was contributed. The demand has been met by legal action to secure the income and outgo of the large amount of money contributed by Americans to relieve a situation of which they knew practically nothing.

The sidelights upon this great struggle will not cease to be written for many



GROUP AROUND THE PARK MONUMENT
IN LAWRENCE DURING THE STRIKE

months, if they are for many years. A new force in industrial warfare has found its place in the United States, and a place which is as secure for some time as is the place that similar organizations have found in France, in England, in Belgium, and other important nations in the Old World. The I. W. W. are a part of, with methods copied from, the Syndicalists of France and England, who for several years have been powerful factors in those countries. They see no relief for conditions affecting the working classes save the relief that may come from actual revolution. They prohibit collective bargaining. They insist that the modern trade union is not an effective force in bettering the conditions of the working people, and have their combat with the organized labor people, but a little less bitter than that they have had toward the so-called capitalistic class.

Without hesitation, the I. W. W. insists that not until they are in possession of the businesses which they claim to have created will they stop their warfare. They have but one motto, and that is to fight, and they have no place to surrender short of that point from which they drive the owner out of the office into the factory and place their own men from the factory in the offices. It troubles them not at all that they have had no training in that phase of the business that they attempt to get control of. They do not attempt to show how they are going to work out the problem. They simply do know that they are going to work it out by becoming the men in charge, instead of the men who are under direction. They have no

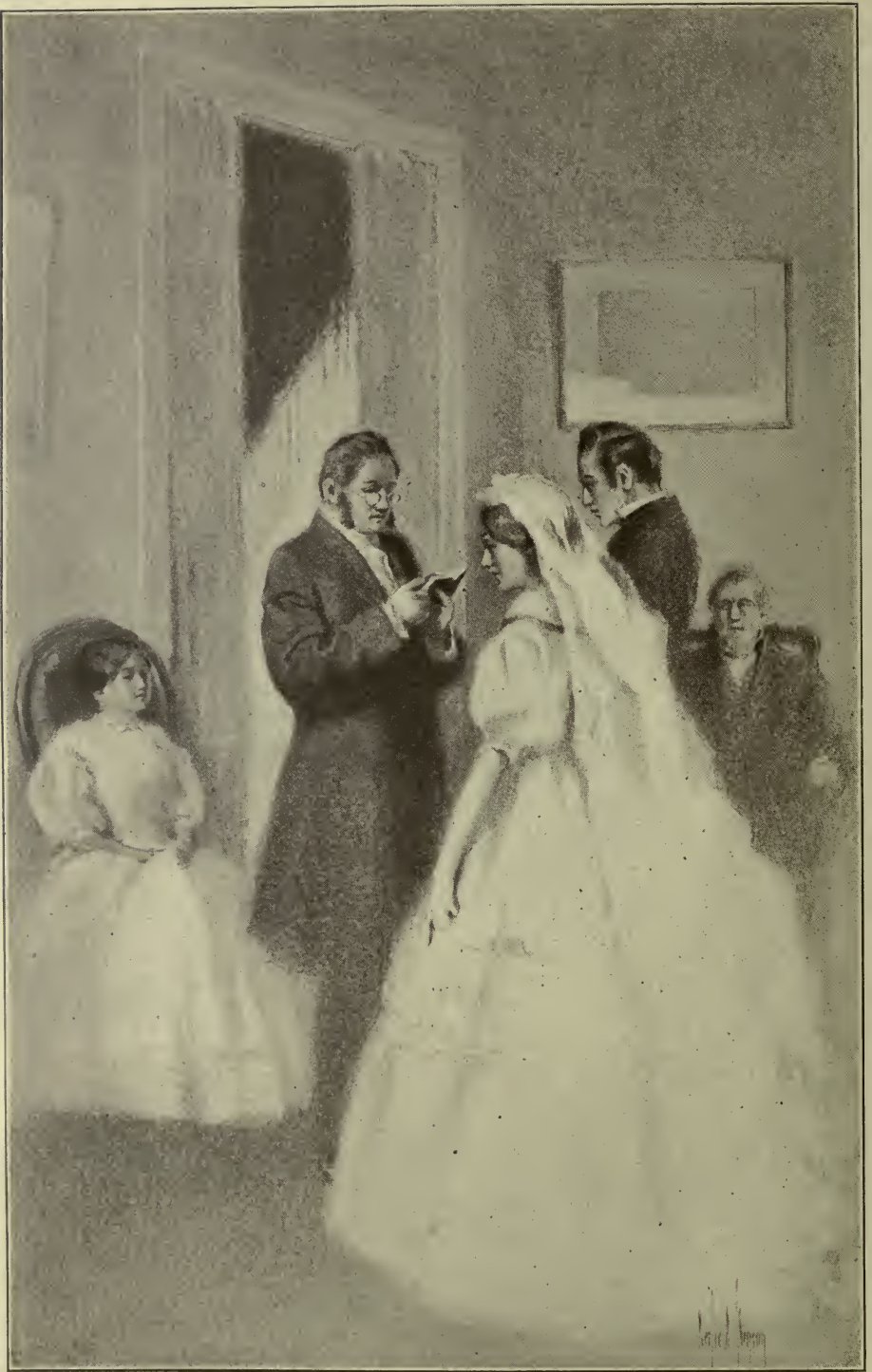
respect for law, for order, for property, they know only one phase of the Constitution, that "all men are equal," and which gives them a right, as they believe, to free speech and license to do anything unrestrained, if the result shall be a bettered financial condition for those under and around them.

"We own the mills," they cry, "and some day we will have possession of them." "We own the shoe factories," they cry, "and some day we will have possession of them." "We own every productive force in the world, and some day we will control them."

Under the present leadership, with the lack of intelligent direction and of moral responsibility which they now show, the advocacy of revolution by these people presents one of the most striking problems that American people have for solution.

"The Lawrence strike is settled." Out of it has come a larger weekly wage for nearly two hundred thousand working people in New England. On the surface, the results are good, from their standpoint. Away underneath are tucked great unsolved problems growing out of that strike and out of its "solution," which lead the thinker and the observer to appreciate that the problem is far from settled, that the issue is yet an acute one, that the problem will not be solved until all kinds of people who are sharers in it understand that the American Constitution still breathes the spirit of liberty and justice, freedom and right, protecting first the human life, but almost equally the right of every man to the property which he has honestly acquired.





Bradbury's reverend father had journeyed West with his son, that he might officiate in the happy event

Henry Holman's Pilgrimage



M. R. UMBERHIND

DAVID BRADBURY



THE Holman family at Bethmar consisted of Hiram Holman, his wife and two children, Henry and his sister Caroline, or "Cad" as she was called when a girl.

It was during those old academy days that David Bradbury, the son of a clergyman in an adjoining state, came to Bethmar to attend the famous old school. He went to board with the Holmans and so congenial was this new home of Bradbury's that it was but a short time before he felt himself one of the household. He would often relate how after the long, tiresome ride in the stagecoach he had arrived at the Holman home and when the stage driver looked around and called out, "Hey, you young feller that's to stop at Hi Holman's, here's the place," and no sooner had he got off the stage than Mrs. Holman was there at the gate to meet him and to ask him if he wasn't Rev. Thomas Bradbury's boy. He informed her that he was Dave, and while walking up the path to the house, Mrs. Holman said in a cheery, motherly way:

"Now you come right into the house and I'll get you something to eat, as I know you are both tired and hungry." He said it was but a short time before the meal was ready and he was free to help himself without the observation of others. He often wondered whether it were by chance or on account of a tactful knowledge of a boy's nature, which caused the absence of Mrs. Holman while he was eating. He believed it was the latter. He said that when he had finished that first meal in the Holman home, he wondered what he would do or how he would let Mrs.

Holman know that he had finished. Suddenly a door slammed and he heard a voice call out: "Marm, is the minister's boy here yet?" He told how he heard the mother say "Hush" and how he listened intently to catch the whispered conversation, but could not catch a word. He made up his mind, though, that it was the voice of one who would be his school-mate.

As later events proved, Bradbury's years at old Bethmar were the happiest of his life. He and Cad Holman at once became inseparable companions, and, as the time approached for Bradbury to leave Bethmar to enter the theological seminary to prepare for the ministry, it was generally conceded that eventually they would be married.

It was only about a year after Bradbury left Bethmar that Hiram Holman decided that the West offered better opportunities than his New England farm did. So he gave ear to the alluring prospects and went West.

Bradbury had been installed in one of the leading churches in a city in central New York. After about a year he started one day for the Western city where he was to claim the girl of his happy schooldays as his bride.

During all the long years of separation that the preparation for the future had necessitated, both Bradbury and Caroline Holman had waited with patience for this long cherished event. On the day of the wedding, no happier coterie of friends ever gathered together in a little home than on this occasion.

Bradbury's reverend father had journeyed West with his son, of whom he was

so justly proud, that he might officiate in the happy event.

The wedding was over, and the good-byes had been said. The happy couple entered the carriage to be driven to the railroad station to start back to their home in the East. Without a moment's warning the horses took fright, and before they could be controlled by the driver both occupants were hurled into the street.

Bradbury, who was only slightly injured, rushed to his bride only to find her unconscious. The body of the stricken girl was carried back to the home which a short time ago had been one of so much happiness and which in a very few hours was to be one of mourning, for Bradbury's bride never recovered consciousness.

During the time which intervened between the death of Mrs. Bradbury and the funeral, Bradbury's condition was that of one struck dumb. His grief was such that no friends could console him, and on the night after all that was mortal of Caroline Bradbury had been laid away in that far Western cemetery, David Bradbury passed out of the Holman house into the night and became a wanderer on the face of the earth.

THE RIDE

For more than two hours old Chub, the fattest, laziest and best-natured horse in Riley's stable, had been in his element. For during these hours old Chub had been permitted to assert his predominant quality, that of laziness.

Earlier in the day an old couple had called at Riley's and inquired of Jim, the general all-around man at the stable, if they could secure a rig to take them across the country some twelve miles to the old Bethmar Academy.

"Hain't got only one horse an' that's old Chub, but I guess he'll git ye thar sometime if ye prod him up some," said Jim.

"You may harness up old Chub, as you call him; we'll risk he'll get us to our destination, as we have plenty of time," answered the old gentleman.

Jim smiled and muttered to himself, "You'll need the time all right."

For the first time in over half a century

Henry Holman found himself, with the aid of old Chub, slowly wending his way over the picturesque New England hills to the scenes of childhood.

This was Mrs. Holman's first visit to her husband's boyhood home. They had married many years before in her native city in the middle west, which at that time was only a small hamlet, where the older Holman had settled when Henry was but a youth.

As the old couple slowly wended their way along the quiet country road, Holman pointed out to his wife many objects and places that were reminders of the long ago.

At the top of a long hill old Chub deliberately stopped, looked around at the occupants of the carriage and seemed to say, "Here is where I rest."

The old horse, whose ability had been for many years a livery stable asset, had grown wise by his experience, and he knew that he had that day an easy master.

He was not urged to move on, for the familiar, yet vastly changed scenes of his boyhood days were so crowding the mind of Henry Holman that some minutes passed before he realized that old Chub was not continuing his usual snail pace.

While the old horse was enjoying a breathing spell, Holman turned to his wife and said, "Right on the other side of that fence you notice that old cellar. Over that cellar once stood the home of Deacon William Wilson and his good wife, Aunt Polly, as everyone lovingly called her."

A smile of pleasant recollection passed over Holman's countenance as he said to his wife, "This spot recalls to memory a prank that I never told you about, which sister Cad and I cut up when I wasn't more than a dozen years old. It was at a time when there was but one meeting house, as the churches were then called, in the neighborhood in which we lived, and that was the Hardshell Baptist.

"As we belonged to the Freewill branch of the Baptist persuasion when Sunday morning would come around, instead of our going and worshipping with the Hardshellers near home, father would harness our old carriage horse, take mother, Cad and myself to Deacon Wilson's, who

was also a staunch Freewiller. With the Deacon and Aunt Polly we would go to the old schoolhouse, which at that time stood about a half a mile down the road. There we children, with the rest of the faithful, would have to sit for more than two hours and listen to Elder Hiram Pike discourse those sulphur and brimstone sermons, upon which rested his reputation and whose manner of 'serving up' had made him famous.

"This particular Sunday that I recall

were idle, seemed to feel it her religious duty to find something for us to do and calling us to her she said, 'Children dear, after meeting is out brother Pike is to come home with us for dinner, and if there is one thing that the Elder is more fond of than another, it is rhubarb sauce. I want you two children to go down to the patch near the corner of the barn and get some of the finest stalks of rhubarb that you can find. We'll make him some of the best sauce he ever tasted.'



At the top of a long hill old Chub deliberately stopped, looked around at the occupants of the carriage and seemed to say, "Here is where I rest!"

we got down to the Deacon's a little earlier than was our custom. Instead of going right down to the schoolhouse, father and the Deacon took a stroll in the pasture to look over the Deacon's cattle. Mother and Aunt Polly were busy in the house preparing dinner, the anticipation of which made those meeting hours seem doubly long.

"This custom of joint preparation and mutual enjoyment of the Sunday dinner was of no little importance and was accepted as a part of the day's program.

"Aunt Polly, noticing that Cad and I

"At that moment Cad looked up at Aunt Polly and in a most pleading tone of voice asked the old lady if we couldn't prepare the rhubarb for stewing, as it would help her and mother so much toward getting dinner. The poor old soul, little suspecting that within our young hearts there existed enough of the original sin to prompt a betrayal of trust, even though the means came easily to suggest the deed, willingly consented.

"As we started away to get the rhubarb I recall how Aunt Polly bent over and kissed us both, saying that we were

little angels for being so willing to help.

"Cad with a dishpan and I with two old case knives started out to obtain the sauce material. When we were scarcely out of the hearing of the older people, Cad recalled an experience we ever remembered.

"Turning to me she said: 'You remember last winter when we had the big snow-storm and the snow was so deep that old "Spouter Pike" (this was the name that Cad and I called the Elder when no one else was present) couldn't get home and had to stay at our house over night.' Then she recalled that mother had served for dinner that day the only jar of grape preserves that she had put up that year, because an early frost had killed nearly all the vines. We remembered how we had waited for the second table and to our sorrow and disappointment learned that there were no grape preserves left for us.

"Mother attempted to pacify her youthful but indignant children by calling their attention to the undisputed claim, then accepted as a just one by the adults, that the best and all if he wanted it belonged to the representative of the church.

"He was given the choicest bits of everything, and when he came to share our home's hospitality the unusual delicacies were brought from the dark recesses of safe keeping in the old cellar and placed upon the table.

"It was a time to which we children looked forward with pleasure. The waiting for the second table seemed to whet our appetites for the special dishes to be served, and no explanation of duty could justify to us Elder Pike's liking for those grape preserves and the passing of his dish for three helpings.

"By the time we reached the rhubarb patch we were not in a too friendly frame of mind toward the Elder and as we were busily engaged Cad called to me and said, 'Look Hank, see what you are doing.' I had gathered, along with the rhubarb, several stalks of burdock. My mistake at once suggested to Cad a way to even up with the Elder for his gourmandizing feat.

"We gathered rhubarb and burdock

about half and half; we cut off the leaves and peeled the stalks and cut them into inch lengths. When we had prepared what we thought would be a sufficient amount, we started for the house.

"If the 'Cloven Footed One' ever worked in collusion with two willing assistants, it was on this occasion.

"When we reached the house with our pan of sauce material we found the folks all ready to go to meeting and mother said, 'You children needn't go to meeting this morning. You may remain here and have dinner ready for us when we get home.'

"We certainly had dinner ready when they got home and right near where the Elder was to sit at the table, we placed a huge dish of our sauce so that he could help himself, a privilege which he freely exercised. When we were seated at the table the Deacon called on the Elder to ask the blessing, which he did in his own stereotyped way, not forgetting to offer thanks and praise to the ones who had so carefully prepared the nourishing food before us.

"This ceremony being finished, the Elder was not long in getting into action. His first move was to reach for a slice of Aunt Polly's buttermilk bread, which he covered with a liberal coating of butter and then added a layer of our sauce.

"Not daring to even peek at Cad for fear of exposing my guilt, I cast a quick glance around the table at the grown-ups, and I recall, even to this day, the staid Sunday expressions that were on all their faces.

"How soon it all changed! Just at that moment the Elder got his first and only taste of our sauce. Dropping the slice of bread that he had so carefully prepared, he jumped from his chair and rushed to the kitchen, gagging in a way that caused all but Cad and me to believe that he was choking to death.

"Very naturally, everybody followed the Elder to the kitchen, to ascertain, if possible, the cause of his unusual conduct. In a moment, when the Elder had gained his equilibrium, he glared wildly at poor Aunt Polly, who was nearly frightened out of her wits, and in a voice which made those low ceilings in that old farmhouse almost vibrate with an echo he said,

'Sister Wilson, who is the instigator of this plot to poison me?'

"Aunt Polly stared at the Elder in a dazed sort of way for a moment and then gave way to an outburst of tears. This was more than mother could stand; above all things she would not allow a harsh word said to her dear old friend, even if it was uttered by an authorized dispenser of Freewillism.

"Turning to the Elder and in no gentle tone of voice, mother demanded to know of him why he had seen fit to address so good a woman as Aunt Polly in so harsh a manner.

"Seeing the attitude that mother had assumed, the Elder at once realized that he had lost his self-control and had given way to a fit of anger. He attempted to make amends by explaining the cause of his outbreak; he told of his fondness for rhubarb sauce and his humiliation upon finding what he supposed was one of his favorite dishes a concoction more bitter than gall.

"Elder Pike's explanation caused an investigation to be made, and very soon the exact cause of his discomfort was known.

"Things were beginning to look decidedly squally for Cad and me when dear old Aunt Polly came to our much-needed assistance by taking all the blame to herself. She said that she should have attended to the preparation of the sauce herself, as it was such an easy matter for children of our age to make mistakes.

"The dish of sauce was removed, and the dinner was finished in almost silence. It seemed that our minds were all on the same subject, but no one cared to open the conversation.

"I recall the stern expression on mother's face when the true cause of the commotion was known, though all she ever said to us

children was never to mention to a living soul what had happened in the Wilson home that day. We never did.

"I always had an idea that mother knew well enough what kind of a 'mistake' it was and really enjoyed the joke as much as we did, though she was in no position to show it."



He had not thought of Ezekiel Gordon, the old blacksmith at the "Four Corners"

During Henry Holman's recital of this little incident of his carefree days, old Chub had voluntarily resumed his pace and was now within a mile of the old Bethmar Academy.

After a moment's silence, Holman turned to his wife and in a voice indicating a more serious thought said: "My dear, I want to walk down the path there that leads through the 'silent village yonder.'"

THE OLD GRAVEYARD

The day that Henry Holman entered the old country cemetery, or the "silent village" as he chose to call it, his heart burned within him. Like the disciples of old, he considered himself on sacred ground and he felt the presence of the spirit.

Near the entrance to the cemetery was a stoneless mound of blue clay. On this grave was a wreath of withered flowers.

The newly made grave brought to mind the first funeral that Holman could remember, and it had left such an impression on his mind, he could recall it even to the most minute details.

He told his wife how a playmate's mother had died and how, on account of childish superstition, he and his sister had preferred to remain at home and watch the carriages from within as they passed slowly along the road to this cemetery.

He told of the many questions they had asked their mother, all of which she had answered with a knowledge of truth and faith.

"We could not understand," said Holman, "why the doctor had not made this little playmate's mother well as we knew he had done with our mother. We believed it was in his power and ability to do so."

He went on to relate how that afternoon and evening were passed without play. When it was time for them to go to bed he told how the mother lighted the tallow candle and they followed her to the old open chamber where both he and his sister had a bed.

After hearing their prayers of "Now I lay me down to sleep," his mother kissed them both good-night and bade them go right to sleep. He told how he wished the tallow dip could be left burning in the chamber, as the light would lessen their fears. He then recalled how he pulled the covers over his head for the better protection from the creative beings of his imagination, and how he expressed the wish that his mother would never die and with a childish faith in the power of prayer, believed that the Lord would grant his request.

The true meaning of an absence of fifty years was now fast dawning on Holman;

as he slowly wended his way through the old cemetery, he read from the marble and slate slabs the names of nearly all whom he could recall at the time he went to his new home in the West. When he had reached a remote corner of this sacred lot, it was by curiosity that he was led to push aside the weeds and brush to see whose name was recorded on a yellow, weather-beaten, moss-covered slab which stood at the head of a long-neglected grave.

He had not thought of Ezekiel Gordon, the old blacksmith at the "Four Corners," the one at whose forge he used to watch the flame and from whose anvil he dodged the sparks.

"Uncle Zeke," as all who knew him called him, was always to Holman a little old man. So bent forward was he from hard work that he could place the hoof of a horse between his knees and work in almost his standing position.

This old blacksmith was so naturally diplomatic, yet so frank and honest in everything, whether of his own interest or that of the community at large, that he was loved and respected by both the "Freewillers" and the "Hardshellers," though he was considered by the former as one of the latter.

In his shop Holman, as a boy, had heard many discussions and arguments that at times left enmity and ill-will, but Uncle Zeke was never a party to these arguments. He thought much and solved the problems to his own satisfaction, but seldom gave to anyone his own opinions.

Having known "Uncle Zeke" as Holman did, there was both humor and pathos in his words as he turned to his wife and invited her to read the following epitaph at the bottom of Uncle Zeke's gravestone.

My sledge and hammer are declined,
My bellows have lost their wind;
My iron is spent, my coal decayed,
And in the dust my vice is laid.

As the old couple left the grave to return to where they had left old Chub, Holman smilingly said to his wife: "The dear old soul carried his trade to his grave with him, didn't he?"

THE ACADEMY

During the earlier decades of the last century, there was no more cherished educational institution than the old academy. In small hamlets, far back among the hills and away from the busy centers of industry, were many of these famous old temples of learning.

Seldom was the style of construction of the old academies deviated from. They were high-posted, two-story buildings with two large rooms. One of these rooms was so constructed that it could easily



Baker was a man over six feet tall; straight as an arrow and a disciplinarian in every sense of the word

be converted into a place for social amusements. On the roof, over the front entrance, was a belfry in which there always hung a large bell. This bell was not only used to call the attendants of the academy to their duties, but its clear, sweet tone always rang out on occasions set aside to celebrate any great achievement in the Nation's history.

Attendance at one of these institutions of learning was a marked distinction not only for the sons and daughters found there, but for their parents also. The problems there presented and solved were no more difficult to the young minds

than was, many times, the problem of finance to the old ones.

They whose parents were able to send them were considered fortunate children indeed. Others, who went by parental sacrifice and strict economy coupled with industry and determination, were none the less favorably received, for favoritism found no abiding place there.

It was really to their credit that a patch of potatoes or corn had been planted, cultivated and marketed with this end in view; for there existed in the minds of the New England parents a high estimate of the value and the necessity of an education.

The stagecoach made travel so difficult that the scholars, who lived afar, often remained in the community, where one of these academies was located, during the whole of the academic year without returning to their homes. Thus were the conditions favorable for the success of these cherished institutions toward which the paths of the young focused and from which the memory roads of the old diverged.

During the years that youthful Holman attended Bethmar Academy he knew but one teacher, Master Hugh Baker, a teacher of the old school. Baker was a man over six feet tall, straight as an arrow and a disciplinarian in every sense of the word. His manner of dress was in keeping with the period of time. He always wore a long, black, frock coat, a high collar with a long, black, stock-like scarf around his neck. He never wore other than a tall, bell-top beaver hat.

Master Baker had characteristics that he never failed to demonstrate. He would never enter the schoolroom until all the scholars were seated at their desks. Then, with the dignity that his position demanded he would walk into the room and if in the winter time, would invariably go to the big drum stove which stood a few feet from the entrance, take off the lid and look in, presumably to see if he who had charge of making the fire was faithful to his duty. He would then go to the platform and stepping behind his desk, which faced the school, he would reach around to the pocket in the tail of his long coat, draw forth a red bandanna handker-

chief and vigorously blow his nose. He would then take off his tall hat and place it on the desk, top side down, with the handkerchief inside it.

That he should think of this old academy and its master was a natural sequence as Henry Holman neared the town of Bethmar, after visiting the cemetery.

Those stately elm trees, which bordered the main highway of the settlement, seemed but a little larger than when he last saw them. To see them now, the personified friends of his early childhood, was like the greetings of long absent friends. The swaying of their tops and the rustling of their leaves seemed to bow him a welcome and to applaud his return.

Through the branches of these trees Holman tried to look, and hoping for a better view he leaned over the dashboard of the buggy. His anxiety to see something aroused Mrs. Holman's curiosity and she inquired: "Henry, what are you looking for?"

"I will show you in a moment," was the reply behind which was a look of anticipated pleasure.

A few rods back of those border elms on a slight elevation, itself shaded by other elms, stood a building at which the elements had directed their forces for many years and then withdrew, leaving it an object of pity.

With the shaking of his head, Henry Holman approached the building of which he had once been so proud and with disappointment he sadly gazed upon a ruin that stood before him as a monument to his former usefulness.

The small panes of glass that once ornamented those tall windows were broken; this testified that the younger generation held not this place in reverence. The old bell, whose peculiarly sweet tones Holman remembered so well, was gone.

The great gathering of the people the day it was hung and the cheering of the throng when its clear tones first vibrated the air were all forgotten.

The opening days, that the natives looked forward to when the old stagecoach would come loaded with scholars, were no more. The whistle of the locomotive had sounded the death knell of the stagecoach. The centers of education

had shifted to the great travelled highway.

Henry Holman did not reckon with time, the great eliminator of creation and also of destruction. He had wished to see Bethmar Academy as his memory pictured it and so great was his disappointment at that moment that he silently wished he had not come.

UNCLE RUFE

In the little hamlet of Bethmar "Hopkins Lane" is the only thoroughfare that is designated by a name. Other thoroughfares, or byways, are just plain roads. At the extreme end of this lane stood a rather wide, low-posted, story and a half house. In the center of this house was a large old-fashioned chimney that one sees only in houses built during the early part of the last century. The ravages of decay and dilapidation, that so often embellish old homesteads of this kind, were not in evidence around these premises. The usual empty window frames stuffed with discarded wearing apparel were not to be seen; for the occupant, though having reached that age when life's span must soon be severed from earthly cares, still retained that inborn pride for the place that had always been home to him. During the summer months the grounds around this home were always in a state of almost perfect floral repletion, which further demonstrated the fact that he who dwelt in this humble abode found time each day to give attention to the soul-inspiring beauties of nature.

To Henry Holman, the most disappointing hour that he ever spent was the hour he spent in and about the old academy the hour following his arrival there. He was prepared to face many changes; but to see the old institution, about which there were so many pleasant memories, a mere relic that a few years would entirely obliterate was more than he anticipated.

For fear of a still greater disappointment, it was with great reluctance that Holman asked a rather uncouth looking individual, who was sprawled on the steps of the only store at Bethmar, if he could inform him where he could find some native in Bethmar who was about his (Holman's) age.

This town "oracle" exerted himself

enough to shift a quid of tobacco from one side of his mouth to the other and after quizzically surveying his questioner for some little time drawled out: "'Cordin' ter ther looks o' ye thar hain't many natives 'round these parts thet's old's you be; mos' on 'em shuffle off 'fore they git thet old. 'Bout ther only one I know is Rufe Hopkins that lives in ther little house down ter the foot o' 'Hopkin's Lane.'"

When he heard the name of Rufe Hopkins spoken, a smile of perfect contentment passed over the venerable countenance of Henry Holman. He felt his very fondest hopes were to be realized; to be back again among the scenes of his early boyhood and in a few moments to be with him who, as a boy, was his closest companion made Holman feel that he was about to be compensated for the disappointments that had marred his happiness during the past hour.

These two old men, who had each lived life's allotted span, were about to meet again after a separation of more than half a century. How great a contrast these two old men presented.

As a young man one had ventured into the mercantile life where from the first he had made a success, and when the time came that he retired from active business life his name was embellished in the history of the business world as one of its most successful participants.

The other had remained within the little hamlet where he first saw the light of day. By owning his humble little home, that had come to him by inheritance from his father, and living a frugal life that his daily compensation necessitated, he was able, with the aid of a small government pension, to enjoy the short "Indian Summer" period of life with comparative ease.

A very few minutes elapsed after Holman learned that his old schoolmate still lived before he, accompanied by his wife, was on his way down the lane to the home of Uncle Rufe.

More cheerfully and hopefully, Holman turned to his wife and said: "There is no possible way of Rufus knowing who I am, so for a little time after I meet him I am going to keep from him that I am his

old schoolmate, Hank Holman, as he always called me." With this plan in mind, the old couple reached the little home of Uncle Rufe.

Approaching the front door Holman knocked, but received no response. He then lifted the latch and found that the door was locked. Noticing the key protruding from the outside of the big old-fashioned lock, he was convinced that the occupant was not far distant.

While his wife busied herself admiring the beauties of the numerous artistically arranged flower beds, Holman strolled to the far corner of the yard where he had noticed a vine-covered arbor. Noiselessly approaching he peeked within and there sat an old man fast asleep.

The gentle expression on the kind old face showed that the material things of life were not harassing his dreams.

For some time Holman stood, as if spellbound, gazing at the old man and trying, if possible, to recall one familiar boyhood look in that placid face that the inroads of time had not effaced, but he could not.

Feeling sure that the sleeper could be no other than Uncle Rufe, Holman stepped within the arbor and gently touched the old man on the shoulder.

As Uncle Rufe awoke, he looked for a moment with wonderment at the stranger who stood beside him; then quickly gaining his self-possession he remarked: "Wal, I swan! ef ye hadn't cum 'long 'bout es ye did I ain't so sure but ye'd found me 'sleep."

Holman could hardly suppress a smile at the manner in which the old man attempted to apologize for being caught in the "Land of Nod."

Wishing to allay all possible doubt in his mind as to the identity of Uncle Rufe, Holman asked him if his name was not Mr. Hopkins.

"Rufe Hopkins, yes," answered Uncle Rufe.

"I am very glad to know you, Mr. Hopkins," continued Holman. "I have been informed that you are a lifelong resident of this little town and, without doubt, can tell me of some of the old residents that once lived here."

Uncle Rufe was at once all attention,

for nothing so pleased him as to be given a chance to get reminiscent.

Rising from the bench where he had been sleeping, he stepped out and noticing Mrs. Holman turned to Holman and said:

"Guess as the woman is with ye it might be a good idee ter go inter ther house; it would be cooler in thar. Ye won't find anything citified in thar, but 'twas good nuf fer Mandy an' me fer over forty years, an' I guess you won't complain."

So pleased was Holman at finding his dear old boyhood chum, he was obliged to exert every particle of the power of resistance that was within him to keep himself from throwing his arms around the old man and proclaiming his identity.

Realizing though that the sweetest essence of the reverie must come from the source where there is unadulterated innocence, he allowed the situation to remain as he had planned for the time being.

When Uncle Rufe reached the house he turned to his guests and said: "I'm goin' ter take you people inter ther parlor; 'tain't so cluttered as ther other room is. Yer see I hain't used ther parlor much since Mandy left me two years ago. Everything in thar is jest as she fixed it fore she went."

Thinking that Uncle Rufe lived alone, Mrs. Holman asked him if it was not lonely for him to spend his time without a companion. Turning to her the old man went on to explain the situation in his own way:

"When Mandy left me I was pretty much left 'lone. Yer see we never had eny children. I used ter tell Mandy ther reason we didn't have eny was 'cause ther Lord was afeared they wouldn't be like her an' thar was nuf sech as I was in ther world as 'twas.

"One evening 'bout sundown, 'bout a year ago, I was out in ther garden kind o' fussin' 'round ther plants when young Jim Morton come runnin' down ther lane an' sed thet thar was an old man up ter ther post office thet sed he wanted ter see Rufus Hopkins. I asked him who 'twas, but all he knowed was thet he was an' old man an' wanted ter see me.

"I didn't think when I was trudin' up ther lane thet night thet I would find

thar one o' ther biggest s'prises o' my life waitin' fer me, but I did.

"When I got thar, I found an old man, older'n I be, waitin' ter see me.

"I walked up ter him an' sed, 'Did ye want ter see Rufe Hopkins?'

"An' he sed, 'Yes, Rufus, I do, but I don't s'pose yer know me.' I 'lowed I didn't an' then he sed:

"Do you remember ther time, when you wusn't more than knee-high to er grasshopper, thet you fell inter ther Cardin' Mill pond an' you wus goin' down ther las' time when somebody pulled yer out?'

"Yes," says I, 'but thet wus Dave Bradbury thet pulled me out o' thet pond an' he left here long 'fore ther war, and I heard afterwards thet he wus a big preacher out in York State sumwhar.'

"He 'lowed 'twas true thet Dave Bradbury left here 'fore ther war an' hed preached in York State, but he sed thet he wus thet same Dave Bradbury thet pulled me out o' ther Cardin' Mill pond.

"O' course ther wusn't anything left fer me ter do but ter believe him; but I didn't think thet time could play sech havoc with one's looks 'cause, 'sides bein' old an' bent, Dave's almost blind.

"Wal, we got ter talkin' an' he went on ter tell how one day long 'bout two years 'fore, he run acrost a feller out in Californy by ther name o' Steve Todd an' somehow he found out thet Todd lived here in Bethmar some twenty years ago.

"When Todd tol' Dave he wus from here, he sed he got interested right away an' begun ter ask fer ther old folks 'bout here. As near as Todd knew, 'bout ther only old ones thet wus left here wus Mandy an' me.

"So Dave sez, when he found hisself gittin' blind an' no kin nowhar he longed ter git back ter Bethmar where he sez he spent ther happiest days o' his life.

"Dave says he tol' Todd thet he knew thet Rufe Hopkins an' Mandy Wheeler would let him spend his few remainin' days with them.

"Mandy wus er Wheeler 'fore I married her. Thet wus ther reason thet Dave called her thet.

"When I tol' Dave thet Mandy had gone home I tell yer I felt sorry fer him. He

wus so disappointed that he cried like he felt he hed no home on earth an' God wusn't ready ter take him ter heaven.

"An' ter see Dave feelin' as he wus made er lump come up into my throat, so I sez ter him:.

"Now Dave Bradbury, you stop thet blubberin'. Even though ther Lord has called Mandy home ther old house is still down ther lane an' ef you can put up with what I can, we'll jest have a little kingdom thar all our own 'til we git er call from ther great kingdom, an' thet won't be long.' So Dave hes bin here ever since.

"This mornin' he went up ter spend ther day with ther new Methodis' minister; but he'll come pickin' his way down ther lane pretty soon.

"Thar has bin somethin' in Dave's

life sometime thet's left er black spot. Some days he'll jest sit 'round an' not say er word for hours at er time. One day he an' I wus talkin' an' I asked him ef he ever got married. Ther minute I asked him he got up an', without sayin' a word, he went out o' ther house an' he didn't come back 'til mos' dark. When he did come back he looked as if he'd been sick er month; so I never sed nothin' to him 'bout it agin'."

The interest that Holman displayed while Uncle Rufe was telling of the reappearance of Dave Bradbury was very marked. It had vividly brought back to him a tragedy by which one life was sacrificed and another, a shining star of humanity, was so enveloped in a shroud of despair that he disappeared from the scenes of his wonderful success, as if the earth had opened and engulfed him.

(To be continued)

PAOLA AND FRANCESCA

(Dante's Inferno, Canto V)

WHAT matter though the bitter blast of hell
Enwraps our souls, and all the hideous band
That in this Pit for their foul deeds must dwell.

Howl in our ears? Within this coil we stand—
We two—alone, and no fierce breath of flame
Can touch to wither us. Upon this strand

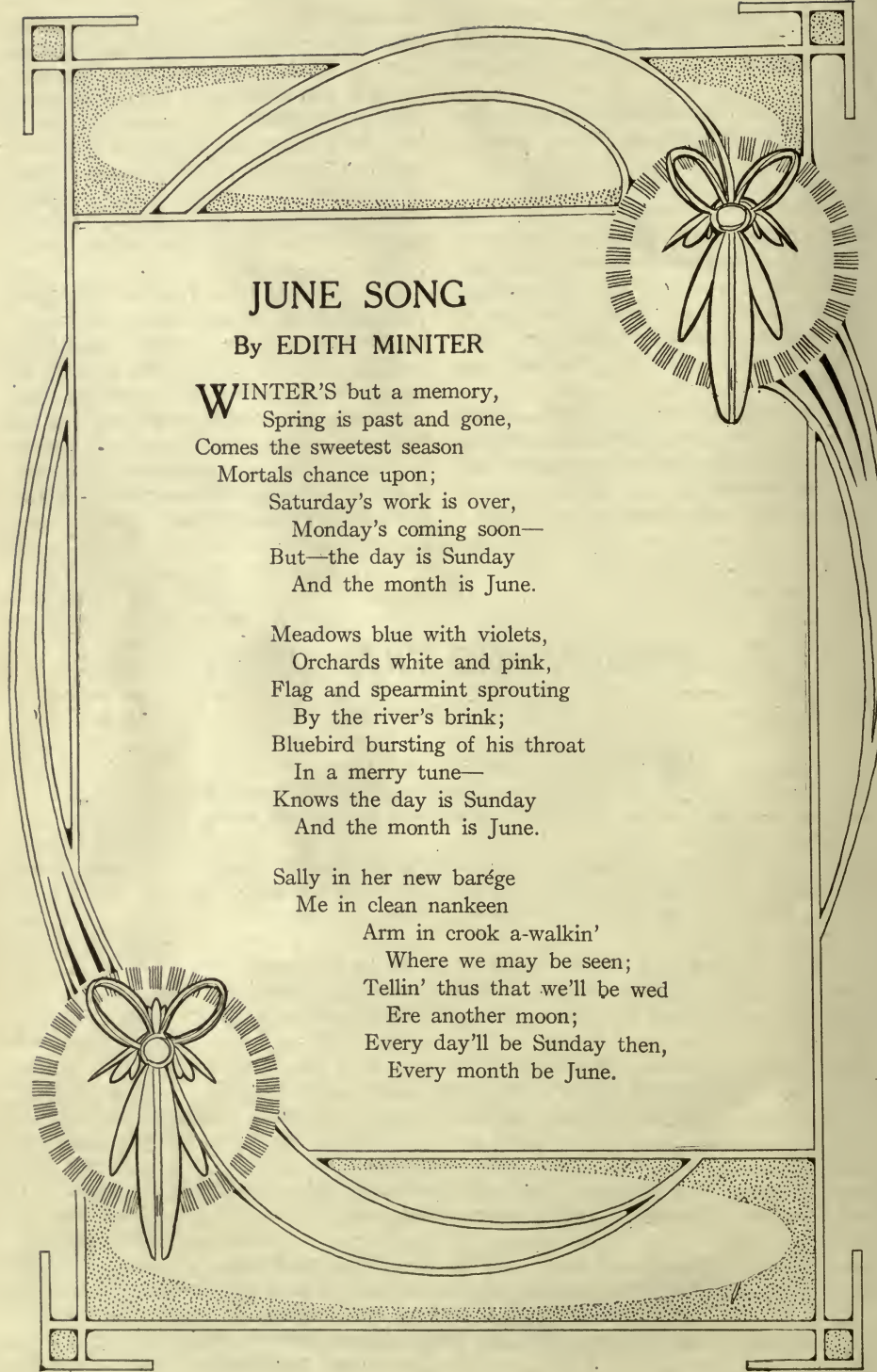
Where upward-lifting Hope for us who came
Through yielding soft to wicked-sweet desire
Lives not, we two, whose hearts remain the same

As on that blissful-bitter day, when fire
Flowed through our veins as in a book we read
Of Lancelot and Arthur's Queen, and dire

Confusion seized our senses, that time sped
All unawares, the book now flung aside—
We two, divided never, crimson-wed,

Wander at peace and let the whole world slide.
For what to us is all this wail and woe
As long as Love shall with us twain abide
And on our hearts his precious gifts bestow

—M. Jay Flannery.



JUNE SONG

By EDITH MINITER

WINTER'S but a memory,
Spring is past and gone,
Comes the sweetest season
Mortals chance upon;
Saturday's work is over,
Monday's coming soon—
But—the day is Sunday
And the month is June.

Meadows blue with violets,
Orchards white and pink,
Flag and spearmint sprouting
By the river's brink;
Bluebird bursting of his throat
In a merry tune—
Knows the day is Sunday
And the month is June.

Sally in her new barége
Me in clean nankeen
Arm in crook a-walkin'
Where we may be seen;
Tellin' thus that we'll be wed
Ere another moon;
Every day'll be Sunday then,
Every month be June.

FATHER

By EMMA BATES HARVEY

DEER Mr. Father please ive got ter have a toofoe yank out. pleis cum to, Bess." The clergyman smiled as he read little Bess' letter. How many similar ones he had already received in their years' acquaintance!

Long ago he had first found Bess crying and clinging to her mother's skirts as she was bending over the weekly wash-tub to help Jane, and it only required the magic of his Father's heart, five minutes' time, and a bunch of jingling keys to have a transformed kitchen while a happy baby crowing with delight was ensconced on a fur rug in the minister's study. From that time they had been friends, and hardly a day went by now but what he was the recipient of some childish note from his tiny friend. Jane could do her best at playing dragon over his study hours, but however successful she may have been in keeping grown people away, between him and the children there seemed to be that rare understanding that defied even her vigilance.

Like the famous early missionary, he never retired to his room for study or rest, but what he would say, "Remember, if any child wants me, be sure to tell me." So this morning when told that the minister was busy and mustn't be disturbed by little girls, the midget not at all abashed had hastily torn off a piece of brown paper from a bag of potatoes on the kitchen table, whipped out of her pocket an ever-



The clergyman smiled as he read little Bess' letter

present stub of pencil and had written her little appeal for sympathy that never yet had been given to him in vain, knowing that in spite of a grunt of disapproval, Jane would eventually carry it to him!

Let's see! Her last note had been only yesterday and had conveyed the valuable information that her doll had lost one of its blue glass eyes, and that her wounded child refused to be comforted until she had seen "Mr. Father,"—Bess' favorite

name for her friend—a resultant of religious environment, and also of a little heart flowing over with love and devotion.

He was very busy, this big-hearted clergyman this morning, for it was Saturday and his sermon was but yet in a foggy outline. Then, too, the morning had been full of interruptions, and already his heart was tired with the heart-aches of his callers. He had but just returned from comforting a poor widow whose son had been arrested in a drunken disturbance. It was his first offence, and when the minister found he was only twenty years of age—just the age of his Billy—it didn't take him long to furnish the requisite one thousand dollar bail to give him another chance.

This one thousand dollar bail of the minister was a very peculiar thing and had been much enjoyed by his friends. It was years ago when in a similar case "Mr. Father" had been called upon to appear in behalf of one of his faulty parishioners. The man had done wrong, but he was the

father of a large family. He had no security, and there were none to furnish bail.

Then "Mr. Father" with the unconscious air of a millionaire had said, "May it please your honor, I will go bail for my friend." Surprised, the Judge asked him if he had any property, and to the amazement of all he admitted he had a little cottage by the sea!

"For how much was it assessed?"

He had paid two hundred dollars for it, but it was on one of those lots that twenty years before had been given away to any one who would build upon it, and the property had so risen in value that this last summer he had been offered for land and cottage eight hundred dollars, so it was with a peculiar gratification that he answered, "Eight hundred dollars, your Honor!" If his honor would only consider that sufficient bail!

His Honor would like to know if the gentleman ever lived in this cottage?

No, he had rented it to two old ladies with a crippled grandson. How much rent? How much *rent*? His Honor didn't suppose that one could take rent from two homeless old ladies and a crippled child? No, certainly not. He took no rent.

The Judge smiled, and in a peculiar voice had said, "Defendant admitted to bail!"

Eight times since for one or another unfortunate town disgrace, when no other bondsman could be found, he had appeared with the same security, and only once had the defendant defaulted. In this special case, ten days before the case had been called, the defendant had run away!

When the minister as bondsman was summoned before the Court, no thought of personal loss seemed to trouble him, but rather he had a great anxiety in regard to the coming fate of the old ladies and crippled grandson!

The case was called, and the Judge waited a moment, and then drily said he guessed a certain crippled boy and two old ladies had more claim on a certain cottage than even the court of the land! And then what do you think this minister did! Breaking all court precedents he stepped quickly up to the Judge, and giving his hand a regular Methodist

shake, he said, "Judge, you are a great man! I wish I could help people the way you do!"

And now once more it had been his privilege to offer up his little all in the service of a fellow-being. "Did ever cottage bring an owner such delight before?" he thought.

And yet that delight today was tinged with sadness—the sadness that a telegram received two hours before had brought.

* * *

He sighed as he took up Bess' note. Bess wanted him. That was enough. Without hesitation he arose, re-read that yellow telegram, closed his Bible, pushed back his papers, and reached for his hat. Gently brushing it with an old silk handkerchief he started for the door.

"O Mr. Father, I knew you would come," and two swimming eyes looked up to him with a devotion that even swollen cheeks could not disguise, knowing that he would understand how hot and achy the little face felt, and how awful it was for little girls to be dragged to the dentist's chair!

"And shure, yer riverince! it is after being ashamed meself to trouble yez—and Saturdays, too, but yer Riverince knows this yer Bess, and the doctor man was after saying the tooth must be pulled right off or she would be that sick with the pizen, and Bess, there, the spalpeen, just screamed and screamed that she wouldn't go unless 'Mr. Father' went, too! The saints bless yer! but I am that ashamed of the darlint!"

Bess' mother with one sleeve still rolled up started back to her Saturday's baking, but as she turned the corner, she stopped a moment to watch Bess trudging along with her one-eyed doll under her arm, while one hand was snuggled into the minister's big warm palm, and her own eyes grew tender, for she knew because of that warm hand-grasp her little girl although on her way to the dentist's was smiling. "The saints bless the old heretic! Shure he is the father to the whole town, is Mr. Father!"

It was an hour later when the minister walked up the parsonage steps. His sermon was not yet written, and somehow

he was loath to return to the task. He had intended to preach about the Prodigal Son, the next day, but memory was too busy with his heart to allow room for study. Perhaps the telegram was the reason. Perhaps it was something about the love-light in little Bess' face that made him think of the long ago when little faces of his own looked so trustingly into his.

Why should he remember just then Billy as he used to run down the walk to meet him, shouting at the top of his voice, "Faver's cum! Faver's cum!" while he hurled his whole little weight against the loved one's frame?

He remembered those nights when once a quarter he would bring home the quart of ice-cream for Mother, Father, the four children and Jane, and old Dusky on the hearth. Did ever a king receive such ovations! New clothes might not be realized, salary could be withheld, but Father never failed his children that quarterly treat—and now all were gone, all but Jane—and Billy!

But he had so much to thank God for, he had Billy still, yes, and Jane, the dear old housekeeper—and most of all there was always somebody left to be helped everywhere. The richness of many years of loving world service had taught him this.

"Billy," he used to say, "That's what our Lord meant when He said, 'The poor ye have with you always'—never forget, my boy, you and one person poorer than yourself whom you can help, can make a heaven for any man."

That was months ago when Billy first went off to school! How he dreaded sending him, and how he missed him! And Billy had longed to come right home again to Father, for the school was big and rich, and Billy was poor and small.

When Father got that first homesick letter how his arms ached for Billy and how he wanted to take the very next train and fetch Billy home, but instead he sat down and wrote to him, and in the letter he said, "Billy, find some one, find some one quick to help. It is the only way. It is God's way. Some day when Father gets the 'big city church,' he and Billy will have nice clothes, and give to other fellows nice clothes, and have big dinners

and have all the poor duffers like Billy and Father come to them, too—when Father gets the big city church! Meanwhile, Son, Father sends you his stylistic pen. To tell you the truth Father is tired of it. I guess *it* is tired, too, of writing sermons, and will do better work in a college than in a parsonage."

And Billy never knew how that same pen was missed, and how almost indispensable it had become to Father's Saturday morning's task.

"When Father gets the big city church," how it had been the family watch-word through the years!

He had wanted it so for the sake of the dear wife—the dear mother. He had wanted it so for the whole family. He had wanted it for Billy, but most of all he honestly had wanted it for the great Master's sake, for its increased opportunities of service, because he loved his appointed work, and longed for recognition from the leaders of his faith. He had prayed for that great city church passionately at times, at times tranquilly, but always seeking in his prayer for that strength and wisdom that would make him more worthy to serve his fellow-man wherever he might be called.

His sermons, not brilliant from rhetorical flights or profound as to doctrinal dogma, were yet in such perfect harmony with his life that all who heard him were strangely drawn to the preacher himself? He did indeed become at once the dear father friend of all who heard him.

* * *

With a sigh he opened his Bible again, and read once more the yellow telegram that unconsciously was lying face to face with that wonderful glimpse of heavenly love, the story of the Prodigal Son.

Billy was coming home tonight, and through some strange twist of adolescence, or some black feather of past generations, or perhaps indeed his own weakness of character, the Billy that was coming home that night was not the same Billy that had first left the little parsonage for school so many months ago.

Billy was coming home for good, but Billy had not graduated. His Billy, no, he couldn't preach on the Prodigal Son the next day. Billy had always made fun

of it for some perverse reason. The last time he had heard it, he had actually got up and left the church. His Father had never referred to this act, but he was troubled. How strangely the boy had acted in several ways on that last visit home. At prayers Father found his own and Jane's the only voices as they read, "I believe in God the Father." He had even begun over again, hoping to hear Billy's voice, but in vain. Perhaps the boy had not felt well, and he was placing undue stress on the whole circumstance.

Father was not yet quite fifty, but surely he was getting old. He couldn't seem to collect his thoughts that morning in any direction. Of course a city church would never come to him now, and Billy, his Billy, was coming home, but it couldn't be in disgrace. It must all be just from some misunderstanding. He had never been able to have the University Course himself, but he had always planned it for Billy.

An overcoat, veteran in service; a somewhat vegetarian diet for other than hygienic reasons, one fire alone in coldest weather were the coins he gladly had used in payment for Billy's tuition. He even had hoped and expected that Billy himself might some day feel called to preach the Gospel, and Billy as clergyman would quickly find the big city church that his father had missed on the road. Perhaps even yet Billy would realize in his career his father's own ambition. Who could tell? Greater things had happened. It might be not half as bad as it seemed. Some boyish misdemeanor, that was all. Why had he been so worried?

The telegram had simply said,

Coming home for good. Tired of school.
BILLY.

Oh, without doubt he could persuade him to go back for the spring term. The door bell rang. Another telegram! He tremblingly grabbed it from the messenger's hand. Perhaps Billy was sick! No, thank God!

Can you meet me at my home in T—today at four?

J. H. BOULTENHOUSE.

What could it mean? J. H. Boultenhouse! He was a leader in the largest

church in T. What could he want? Of course he must go at once to meet him. Billy wouldn't be home before nine o'clock. There was plenty of time to go and return before the boy arrived and he would try to get some thoughts for his sermon on the road.

This country minister combined so well the simplicity of a child with the rare unconsciousness of the true gentleman that in his dealings with life he always gave the impression of perfect ease. He was at home anywhere and whether quieting a crying child on the train, or shaking hands with the dust-begrimed engineer, or later mounting the marble steps of the elegant home of J. H. Boultenhouse he was the same natural gentleman possessed of that dignity of Christian manhood that defies clothes and circumstances.

Before him as he entered the house he found seven men seated in what seemed to him a palatial library but to which the owner referred as "his den."

They all arose and he recognized among them not only the leaders of his loved religious world but also men whose names were equally well known in business enterprise.

In response to their courteous greeting, he was glad, he said, to meet face to face people already dear to his heart because of their service to humanity.

What was there about him that made even the magnate of the committee unconscious of all else but that a veritable prince among men was before them?

"Mr. Benton," said his host, "a few months ago it was my good fortune to pass through your little village on a Sunday. As a rule I will not travel on the Sabbath Day, but necessity compelled me to take this journey. While awaiting the repair of a punctured tire I found my way to your church, and unbeknown to you, slipped into a rear seat.

"Your sermon was on the Prodigal Son and strangely moved me. Afterward throughout the village I made inquiries concerning its minister and found that 'Father Benton' was so universally loved there that it betokened highest success of service.

"Since then I have kept more or less in touch with your work, and now that a

vacancy is soon to take place in St. Luke's, on the strength of my judgment, reinforced by more or less investigation by us all, as secretary of the church supply committee of St. Luke's I ask you to take into consideration a call to our church. I realize how much your own little community will suffer in your resignation, but feel the larger field of opportunity demands your service, specially as on consultation with higher church authorities I find a good and worthy man is already available for your present charge.

"Perhaps now that we have plainly, though briefly, given you our view of the situation, you will kindly tell us how you, yourself, feel in regard to the proposition."

It had come! *The big city church*, and no one that loved him was with him in that moment of triumph. If Billy were only there!

Are joy and realized ambition more potent than disappointment and years of poverty and sorrow to disturb one's poise?

Poor Father Benton! what riches and earthly power, and circumstance of high life had failed to do, great happiness *had* affected. The strong man trembled, and for the first time for many years he stood stammering and embarrassed. Quickly recovering himself, with a voice not quite steady, he said, "Gentlemen, Brethren, I thank you. I have honestly tried all these years to make my life one of helpfulness to others. If the good Lord through you has called me to a field where I can the better help some one, it will be my joy to come!" No pretence! No hesitation! How characteristic of the man that in this great crisis he did not for one moment try to enhance his own value by a less hasty acceptance.

What mattered the rest of the interview! They were kind to him. They asked some questions, and the unworldliness of the minister was revealed in every answer.

A magnificent lunch was served, and as he said Grace they wondered equally at his simplicity and at his power. As he arose to go, his host said, "Before you give your final decision, Brother Benton, possibly you would like to talk it over at home?"

"No," said the minister, "Billy is all

my home this side of heaven, and Billy will be simply *glad*, too!"

"Billy!" said Mr. Boultenhouse. "Have you a son?"

"Yes, my son, Billy, is in college at X, and I expect him home this very night to rejoice with me."

Mr. Boultenhouse started, "You expect your son at home tonight, Mr. Benton?"

"Yes, on the nine o'clock train, God willing!"

Mr. Boultenhouse looked strangely disturbed, but in a moment said, "Well, Mr. Benton, we thank you for your consideration today, and will hope to welcome you a week from Sunday in St. Lukes. By that time I think both for your present charge, and for our own we can have all the details arranged."

* * *

A few hours and he was back home again, but with what a song in his heart! Recognition at last! His ship *had* come in. The big city church was his. Oh, *could* Mother know! Didn't she and all the children rejoice with him? Was it not indeed perhaps their joy in another world that swelled the anthem in his own soul? And then, Billy! How pleased the boy would be! Now, there could be no more trouble about going back to college. He should have the finest room there. He should dress like other boys. He should always have money in his pocket now to help the "other fellow!" Oh, no, there couldn't be any trouble about his going back now. He would be at the station to meet him, and he guessed with his Father's arms around him, his poor wayward Billy would forget all his own worries, and laugh, and yes, really hug his old Dad once again!

It was almost time for the train, and the old hat and silk handkerchief came again into conjunction, and Billy's father started for the depot.

But he did not reach there, for on the way he was intercepted by a Western Union messenger with a strange and puzzling telegram. That was the third in that one day, and he could not remember when he had had *one* before! It simply said:

Billy will not come until next week. Meet me Monday at my home, five P. M. All well.

J. H. BOULTENHOUSE.

Disappointed about Billy, puzzling over why a telegram about Billy should be signed, "J. H. Boultenhouse," but reassured by its "all well," and yet rejoicing in the brightness of his approaching future, he plunged faithfully into the duties of the Sabbath.

On Monday he started again for T. "Perhaps the committee had changed their minds," he thought. "No, that



"I didn't know until Saturday afternoon that it was your Billy"

couldn't be. They had been too insistent, and too anxious on Saturday to close the proposition at once."

Probably Mr. Boultenhouse just wished to consult him about some method of procedure in the proposed transfer.

What a force this Mr. Boultenhouse was! What a man to have back of him in his ministry! All the committee had taken such special pains to be courteous and appreciative! With what zeal he would assume his new work to prove them justified in their choice. How good God was to him!

So thinking he rang the bell. It was a very different Mr. Boultenhouse who met him at the door than was his host of Saturday. He looked worried, and was strangely nervous and excited.

"Come right in, my brother! Come right in! Never mind, James, I'll wait on Mr. Benton myself. Some coffee in the den at once, James, and James, I'm home to no one, remember, James."

"Fine weather, Mr. Boultenhouse!"

"Fine weather, Mr. Benton. We are very glad you've decided to accept our call, Mr. Benton. Very glad, indeed. Great field for your talents. Great field. Oh, don't thank me! It is *our* good we are thinking of, I assure you. We business

men are selfish, I suppose, even in our religious transactions; but really, Mr. Benton, I might as well tell you what I hear you don't yet know. Hate to do it. Your son, Billy, is a scamp—a scoundrel! He forged my brother's name in college for one hundred and fifty dollars, went off with two wretches, got drunk, had pneumonia, begged them not to tell you, cold settled on one lung. Doctor says only chance is out west in higher latitude."

Mr. Boultenhouse kept his eye stonily on a little brass knob on opposite side of room from the clergyman, and recited mechanically the awful phrases, but was finally cut short by a groan from his visitor, "Billy, my Billy," he heard him say. "No, no! there is some awful mistake. My Billy is weak! He never called on God to help him. He is nothing but a lad, but Billy, *drunk, forger*, no, never! Oh, God help me! Tell me, tell me quick, that this is some awful mistake!"

The other man came and placed his hand on his shoulder.

"Father Benton," he said, and there was a strange tenderness in that business voice. "I had to tell you, but I'll help you. I already have helped you. I didn't know until Saturday afternoon that it was your Billy. A strange intuition, a foreboding of ill came over me when I first heard you use the name 'Billy,' and then when you went on to tell of his college, I knew there was no mistake. As soon as you left, I telegraphed at once to my brother—verified my suspicions, and then telegraphed to you to relieve your anxiety while I took the train for X. I wanted you to be unburdened over Sunday. I found Billy, spent Sunday there and did what I could. I've been busy these two days trying to work the thing out, and God knows I believe I am right.

"Papers were out for the boy's arrest. It is a states-prison offense, and no doubt as to evidence. I've done what I could. My brother will withdraw charges, and Billy is already on his way West to a sanitarium where God and nature I am sure will yet make a man of him.

"You see I had to do it. He was my pastor's son, and St. Luke's Church can not be brought into the disgrace. Only very few know the facts, and they can be

trusted to hold the truth. For remember St. Luke's pastor must never be known as the father of a drunkard and a forger! Take a few days off, in the country somewhere, and a week from Sunday come to us. Then in the thought of your glorious new opportunities in a big city church, you'll find I have done wisely and kindly, and you will be ready to begin your new labors, leaving 'Billy' to your God. I promise you that your boy shall be well taken care of, and that the truth shall ever be kept from our parish."

With a look full of pity that transformed even the strongest lines of his face into messages of compassion, he stepped quietly from the room, while Father Benton piteously moaned, "My son, Absalom! My son, Absalom! Oh, Billy, my Billy!"

* * *

It was a Sunday morning. Now it so happens even under a fine postal system, mails are sometimes delayed, and that is why a large congregation was gathered in St Luke's this Sunday morning expecting to welcome their new minister. Few had heard him preach, but all had heard of his far-famed eloquence and piety, for the committee of seven had done their work well. It was said that a veritable Abelard had appeared among them, and they were in a highly congratulatory mood at their good fortune in having secured so valuable an asset.

The music was quivering away through the last chord, as if the notes themselves were trying to fill in time. The anthem was even repeated, but where was the minister? A nervous tension was beginning to be felt throughout the congregation. Mr. Boultenhouse crossed one foot over the other, uncrossed it!—and then opened his Bible. No minister! The other members of the committee were seeking telepathic communication with each other. Finally, Mr. Boultenhouse slid out of his pew and retired to the vestry, and as quickly did six other men find their way there also. "I don't know what to make of this," began Mr. Boultenhouse, when a messenger hurriedly thrust into his hand a letter. Tearing off its corners he breathlessly read aloud,

To the Secretary of the pulpit supply committee of St. Luke's Church, I hereby

tender my resignation as pastor. Deeply sensible of the honor I am thus declining, and with great gratitude to you all, and specially to the God-like kindness of your Secretary, I offer as my only excuse for this action, that God made me a *father* before he made me a clergyman.

I am not unaware that I hereby am abandoning a possible field of great usefulness, and that to some it may seem I am choosing my son instead of God, but in my own heart I know this is not true. I am simply choosing my son instead of a big city church. God is on both sides. My Heavenly Father has already taught me that everywhere in this world there is always someone to be helped, and it may be that along the "Great Highway" as I seek my Billy I shall find those to help that need me more than the parishioners of St. Luke's.

As to St. Luke's I realize that God has some better man to serve her than myself, and that He will not let His work suffer there. Whenever I am day or night I need not say my earnest prayers shall be offered for her welfare. God bless you all!

L. B. BENTON.

And Billy, poor, weak, wicked, sick Billy lay on his cot in the open air breathing into his body God's sunshine and health-giving breezes, but hourly realizing no air is rich enough to heal a sick soul and a bruised heart. Homesick, disheartened, weary, he had just one longing left in life and that was for "Father!" He



He suddenly started and tried to raise on his elbow

knew all about it. He couldn't blame anyone but himself. Mr. Boultenhouse had very kindly told him everything that day he had found him so sick in the boarding-house.

He, too, had dreamed for years of the big city church for Father. It had come—but oh, it didn't include Billy. Mr. Boultenhouse had told him so. Father could never belong to Billy again. The big city church needed him, and Billy had been bad and could no longer belong

to Father. It was right, only if he could have seen Father just once, and had him have forgiven him and felt his arms around him, he believed he even might have found God through Father. He had always wanted to be good and to love God.

Perhaps if he had only been good and years ago had really found God, it would all have been different, and he wouldn't be in this frightful loneliness now.

But the chance was gone, and all he could think of was, *he had been so bad!* Father's Billy had become a drunkard, a forger! At this moment he would have been in jail had it not been for Mr. Boultenhouse's kindness. He had told him so!

Then the sun's mocking sunbeams would dance right into his eyes, and all the dazzling whiteness of infinite space would press down upon his head, and the nurse would find a delirious Billy, muttering, "Father, Father!"

Then he would feel better again and he would remember how Father always helped him when a little chap in trouble. What fun it was that day when the big boys went out swimming to the Island! They said Billy was too small to join in the fun, and must play on the beach. When Father saw his tears he just put Billy's arms around his neck and swam with him out beyond all the rest, and when he felt the cold water he hadn't screamed, for he heard Father say, "All right, my boy. Hold on!" and he and Father had beaten them all and landed first at High Rock!

Perhaps soon, very soon, he again would feel the waves of another ocean—for there was nothing left for Billy but to die—and how could he help being afraid when now he didn't have Father say to him, "All right, son. Hold, on, my boy!"

How could he ever have gone back on Father! He didn't know, only he was so sorry and he could never tell Father so, now. If Father only knew how sorry he was he would want to help him, he knew. What a father he was—never happy except when helping someone! But the big city church had come to Father, and the big city church and Billy must have a continent between them. And so he turned and tossed, and the nurses looked grave, and the doctor looked anxious. In an

uneasy sleep they heard him muttering, "He came to himself! He came to himself!—a long way off—worse than a prodigal!"

"Nurse!" he whispered, "Say, it is awful to be worse than the prodigal! Nurse, say, you know *that* poor fellow could go to his Father, but I know a fellow that can't. Don't be sorry for him, nurse. He is a worthless sort of chap, and deserves it all!"

And then just as the evening sun streamed through the trees, he suddenly started and tried to rise on his elbow. "Am I dying, nurse? I thought I heard my father's step. I could always tell it! Listen! Yes, yes, I'm sure! Is it time for heaven? No, my Father can't come, nurse. God has given him a big city church. I'm bad and only Billy. O Father, Father! and I'm not dead, either, I know I'm not. It is better than the Prodigal, for when he was a long way off, when *Billy* was a long way off, *his father came to Billy*."

"O Father, my Father. Is God like you?"—And Billy was in his father's arms, and both were thanking God.

It was morning when at length the tired traveler started to leave his boy for much-needed rest.

For the last few minutes Billy had apparently been sleeping quietly on his father's arm. As he felt it gently slipping out from under his head he murmured, "Wait, Father. Have prayers first with Billy," and as his Father knelt, Billy clasped both hands around his neck, and reverently the first time in his life, himself led their old-time, simple evening service, that mother, father, and brothers and sisters had once made his cradle song—that Father, Jane and himself had in later years held so often in solemn conclave.

Sweetly and rapturously as if kissed by the coming sunbeams sang out Billy's voice in the morning air, "I believe in God the Father!" and again as if such wondrous music caressed his very soul with triumphant accents came the world-old song, "I believe in God the Father!"

And this was Billy's ordination service, for he did not die, but he and Father together went out to a holy ministry on the Great Highway.

The Nobility of the Trades

THE FARMER, 1600-1900

By Charles Winslow Hall

WITH the advent of the Seventeenth Century and succession of the Stuart dynasty to the throne of Great Britain began the many attempts to settle North America which did not end in failure and eventually opened to the laborers of England a new land in which the underpaid and often unemployed freeman could find work at fair wages, with decent food and lodging, and also very much needed education in self-respect, morality and decent living, which fitted him to become a freeman of the colony, and to receive a due allotment of land whereon he could build and maintain a home.

Thousands of such poor laborers were eventually sent into the "Plantations," and much has been written to chronicle the injustices, cruelties and humiliations practised upon many of the poorer sort, who helped to build up a New England in the American wilderness.

True it is, that rebels saved from massacre in battle or hanging judges in state prosecutions were sold like sheep, to be transported across the Atlantic, and sold into servitude for a term of years, and it is probable that many cases of "crimping" and private conspiracy to remove an enemy or rival, reduced to misery and unwonted hardships men of the better classes; but the agricultural laborer on the big manors of Elizabethan England was poorly paid, miserably edged, had no more idea of sanitary cleanliness, or separate sleeping arrange-

ments than an Esquimaux, and even at that was fortunate as compared with hundreds of thousands of his fellow-countrymen, who as "masterless men," "strong rogues" and "vagabonds," filled the prisons, and workhouses, and too often loaded the gallows of an England that could not give them work, and would not let them beg.

For although hundreds of square miles of cultivated lands had been made sheepwalks and pastures, and the trade in English wool had immensely increased, the local and foreign demand for grain had failed to largely increase investment

or profit in cereal farming, and there was little diversified cultivation of root crops, turnips, beans, peas, etc.

As has often been the case in our own newer settlements, the lack of transportation facilities rendered it impossible to sell a surplus of grain to advantage, and the utter wretchedness of English roads at

this period can never be realized by the modern reader. Where river lighterage could be used, or coasting vessels could safely ply to the larger seaports, there were at times fair prices for the farmer's surplus staples, but the available tonnage at that date was very limited and largely engaged in the exportation of wool and animals and the importation of foreign wines and wares.

But the depredations of the pirates, who in that era always infested the English Channel, at times made it impos-



THE FARMSTEAD OF YEARLY
TENANTS, 1600-1850

sible to carry on even the coasting trade, and left every small seaport practically in a state of siege. For at the time when Puritan and Pilgrim were preparing to sail for America this was the first and greatest danger of all to be encountered,

set upon by two great Turkish men-of-war, near Scilly, and were obliged to run ashore in order to save themselves. Divers fishermen to the number of forty taken. The 'Lark' of Topsham, of the burthen of eighty tons, having fifteen men and a boy,



THE SQUIRE'S. GRIMSTONE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

and it was considered necessary not only to put each vessel in a complete condition for defence, but to form a squadron of several sail whose size and readiness for attack or defence should appal the corsairs or at all events meet their attack with resolution and effect.

That such an attack was anticipated by Winthrop and his associates when they sailed from Plymouth for Boston in 1630 is plainly admitted in his diary, and that it was no empty fear which prompted the leaders of the enterprise may be gathered from a copy of instructions given in 1636 to an English solicitor, employed to draw up and present a petition to Charles I for redress against the pirates.

"23rd July, 1636—From Plymouth it is advertised that fifteen sail of Turks were upon this coast, and had done much mischief. The losses sustained from this source as set forth by letters from Plymouth were as follows:

"The 'Dorothy' of Dartmouth, of eighty tons, taken near Scilly, about a month since. A collier of Axmouth coming with culm, was chased by the Turks and very barely escaped. The 'Swan' of Topsham,

was lately taken, and the master slain. The 'Patience' of Topsham was taken two days after her setting out on her voyage to Newfoundland. The 'Rose-garden,' a barque of Topsham, coming from Morlaix and having aboard her near one hundred fardels of white ware belonging to the merchants of Exeter and other places, and the barque, goods and seamen carried away by them. There are five Turks in the Severn, where they weekly take either English or Irish, and a great number of their ships in the Channel, upon the coast of France and Biscay, whereby it is come to pass that our mariners will no longer go to sea, nor from port to port; yea, the fishermen dare not put to sea to take fish for the country. If timely prevention be not used, the Newfoundland fleet must of necessity suffer by them in an extraordinary manner. These annoyances are principally by the pirates of Salee, which is a place of little strength, and they might easily be kept in, if some few ships were employed to lie upon that coast."

It was not only the fear of death and wounds and the loss of property which paralyzed the courage of the mariners of

Devon and Dorset, many of them the survivors and descendants of the devoted sea-fighters who in 1587-88 had chased the Spanish Armada from the chops of the Channel to the Flemish sand-dunes; it was the fear of that infernal debasing and fatal "white slavery" which sent the Christian woman and child to the harem, and the man to a slavery which not even the almost certain prospect of a profitable ransom failed to ameliorate in any considerable degree.

Other conditions militated against the creation of a steady and increasing wholesale business in cereals. In 1552 it was enacted: "That any person that shall buy merchandise, victual, etc., coming to market, or make any bargain for buying

market, or within four miles thereof shall be deemed a *rebater*. Any person buying corn in the fields, or any other corn with intent to sell again, shall be reputed an *unlawful engrosser*." It seems impossible that such laws should not only have been passed, but continued in force for generations.

"Market-day," for ages an institution in England, still exists in certain localities, and may still be studied with interest by the tourist who visits Halifax, Nova Scotia, or Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, where large enclosures and roomy market-houses are maintained for the benefit of the country people, and such citizens as have established a regular market business. Everything from live



THE WALLED TOWN—1600

the same before they shall be in the market ready to be sold, or shall make any motion for enhancing the price, or dissuade any person from coming to market, or forbear to bring any of the things to market, he shall be deemed a *forestaller*. Any person who buys and sells again in the same

stock to a bouquet of flowers may be brought here for sale, the owner being allotted a suitable place, and charged a small fee for his accommodation, and while most of the market-people are far from being especially rustic in their dress or speech, the variety, and sometimes the

peculiarity of their offerings still suggest the important part which the English market and its legal control played in the local and business life of three centuries ago. To keep down the wages of servant and farm labor, and to depress the cost of cereals and cattle to a level at which



THE OLD WAY—1800

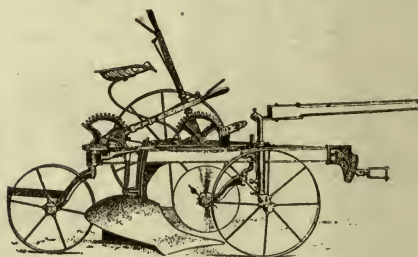
these low wages could save the hired laborer from semi-starvation, was the twin-problem set before the magistrates who made and enforced laws of the town and town-market in those days.

The corn-laws, which were intended to further prevent exportation, gradually raised the limit from six shillings and eight-pence the quarter (that is eight bushels) of wheat in 1463, to forty-eight shillings in 1663, after which date importation was burdened with duties, although the corn laws were suspended three or four times, and often amended during this period before they were finally repealed in 1846.

As a result of these conditions, only a local demand and access to near markets gave the agriculturist, who did not devote the greater part of his energies to raising sheep, cattle and horses, his only remunerative sale for the products of the soil, and the payment of tithes to the parish priest, and of innumerable little fees and taxes due the town, or the lord of the manor, with the system of yearly leases which discouraged individual progress or improvement added to the inconveniences under which the poor farmer labored in vain to acquire something more than a bare living, with little prospect from year to year of any increase in wealth or comfort.

The implements and methods of farming had changed little through the centuries, and the English colonists for generations farmed their lands in much the same way as the average agriculturalist in England did at the date of the first departure for Plymouth, Boston, Salem or Saco. The plough was the principal implement, and was made, as to its wood-work, by the carpenter, and ironed and steeled by the blacksmith, who was supplied with iron and steel by the owner—a custom kept up in the Canadian provinces within the last generation, but now abandoned for the purchase of iron and steel plows.

The English towns of those days were not governed like the New England towns, for a mayor and aldermen maintained a city form of government, but they were not only obliged to provide for all peaceful and ordinary expenditures but to build fortifications, provide cannon, powder and small arms, to muster and inspect the soldiery in peace and war, and in almost every way to bear the burdens of not only municipal but national expenditure. It is true that at times the ruling monarch was induced for very shame's sake to defray some share of the more extraordinary expenses of fortifica-



SULKY (RIDING) PLOW—1870

tion and harbor improvements. Thus in 1581, under "good Queen Bess," an annual appropriation of one hundred pounds was granted for the improvement and defense of Lyme Regis, but the first year's gratuity cost sixty-eight pounds for official fees and "graft." Forty years later the deduction was forty-seven pounds, but finally these outrageous charges were reduced to twenty-six and at last to seven pounds sterling. The townsmen and neighboring farmers were also levied upon

for labor on such works, although really a matter for the defence of the realm, and of the vessels and goods of other municipalities. Not only were such injustices common, but pensions granted by the court to veteran soldiers were made payable by the treasurers of the several counties, and made a charge upon the shire in which the veteran resided.

The first English settlers in America took great pains to establish a general ownership of farmlands, and to encourage agriculture in all its branches, even to the planting of orchards and vineyards, the growth of vegetables, herbs and medicinal plants; the home manufacture of woolen, linen and hempen yarns, and weaving the same, and everything that could make the early settlements self-supporting and independent of imported necessities. But for some years food was largely imported from England, and except in Virginia, where tobacco became a profitable crop at an early date, the chief exports from America were lumber, fish, furs and like commodities. For many generations in New England, this idea of producing nearly everything that the family required, and consuming it in the home was with little modification the policy of most of the farming population,

generally followed in other sections, and it is a curious fact, that while the first French settlers in America chose to reclaim low-lying lands in preference to woodlands, immense areas of fresh meadow and salt marsh still lie unreclaimed three centuries nearly after their allotments to English pioneers.



SULKY CULTIVATOR OR LIGHT HARROW

This is the more remarkable that in Nova Scotia the dykes, originally constructed by the hapless Acadians, have been strengthened and multiplied, and the lands thus reclaimed are accounted the most valuable farm acreage in the Province, while along the western rivers millions of acres are made and kept valuable by the dykes and drains that keep back the river floods.

Still it must be remembered that the English settlers poured in in increasing numbers; that the cleared forest gave them building space, logs for houses, fuel for fires, and a chance to raise Indian corn on the burned-over ground, and that masts and spars for the king's navy were wanted in large quantities, as well as potash, pitch, and other forest products. The Indian trade in furs and skins, maple sugar, sassafras root, then considered a specific for many diseases, and the products of the fisheries brought in ready cash, which could not have been assured by shipments of grain, at the high freight rates then in vogue.

But long after the neighboring forests were laid low, and agricultural products became an important article of commerce, the neglect of the pioneers to reclaim wet



THE ANCIENT HARROW—STILL IN USE

the sale of surplus poultry and dairy products, wool, fruit, maple sugar, staves, shingles, firewood and the like providing the money for the other expenses of the family.

The reclamation of fens and marshes dates back in England to the early part of the twelfth century when Richard de Rulos Lord of Bourne and Deeping in Huntingdonshire, married to the granddaughter of Hereward (Kingsley's "Last of the English") began to drain the fens of the east of England. This example was not

marshes and meadows has continued to keep valuable territory unimproved, and in fact worthless.

At an early date shipbuilding became an important and rapidly increasing industry in America, and a greater demand for cargoes to England began to make a market for farm products, and this demand was increased by the Civil War, in which King Charles I lost his kingdom and his head, and which paralyzed the farming industry throughout a good part of the realm of England. Another great calamity which befell England in this century was the "Great Plague" of 1665 which carried off over one hundred thousand people, and close upon this followed

but a system of apprenticeship of white and Indian boys and girls was common in New England in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. These apprentices practically became members of the family, eating at the same table, attending the same church, and cared for "in sickness and in health," as well as the average farmer's boy of that era. The work was quite hard but not exhausting, and until well into the nineteenth century the scythe, cradle, sickle, hoe, hand-rake and flail were relied upon to the almost total exclusion of farm machinery of any kind.

The home of the writer's ancestors at Ploughed Neck, East Sandwich, Barnstable County, Massachusetts, was, in



THE SOWER

a great fire which destroyed a great part of the city of London, both of which calamities made increased demands for agricultural products and importations. Very little improvement in farming methods is noted in the seventeenth century, but in some districts clover and turnips were grown to feed stock and revitalize the land, and potatoes began to be more generally grown for food. The exportation of wool was prohibited by statute in England in 1647, again in 1660, and again in 1688, a measure which to some extent benefitted the northern colonies, which in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries exported considerable quantities of wool and tallow.

Negro slavery existed to some extent in England and all her American colonies,

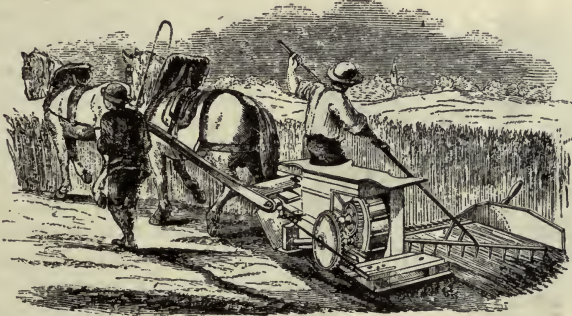
1849, a typical farmstead, and may be worth description. The house was a two-story oblong building, framed of oak, the main timbers being visible in every room as the lathing and plaster were laid on against the sheathing and flooring boards. Roof and sides were covered with hand-riven and shaven cedar shingles, which did not rot but slowly wore away under the action of rain, frost and the attrition of wind-driven sand. A great stack of chimneys included hearths in the three lower rooms, and one chamber, of the four overhead, and warmed to some extent the great unfinished garret.

The kitchen was the "living room" of the house, extending clear across the northerly end, excepting the cellarway, buttery and a small bedroom on the

eastern side of the house. The great fireplace would take a six-foot log, leaving room for the big brick oven and chimney corner in which one could sit in cold weather. The back stairs led out of the kitchen over the slant of the chimney; and from the front door another pair of stairs, very narrow, and making three very angular turns, led to the second floor. Old-fashioned chairs, seated with rushes or leather, a table, light-stand and clock furnished the kitchen, and an antique bookcase, one or two tables, some well-made painted chairs, and Venetian shades of hard-wood ribbons, the sitting room. The andirons and fire equipage in this room were ornamented with brass and steel work, which were kept bright from one year's end to another. The parlor

of captured Louisbourg in 1745; cross-belts, cartridge boxes and bayonets, which had been worn in the militia coastguard in the Revolution and the War of 1812, and British cannon shot that had sought to drive away the musketeers, gathered to defend some vessel driven into the nearest haven for safety. The muskets hung on the hooks in the houses of father and son, still useful, although the ancient flintlocks were altered to percussion, and the crazy stocks had been repaired and strengthened again and again.

And here it should be said that the farmer and herdsman in every new country, and especially in America, has been the chief pioneer of civilization. True it is that the soldier, trapper, miner, lumberer, may for brief periods, or in



HUSSEY'S REAPING MACHINE (1850)

was carpeted and had the handsomest hearth and fire-equipage of all; fancy candlesticks and some display of rare shells, whale's teeth, curious ware and like reminders of bygone voyages to foreign lands and distant seas.

The garret was a very treasury of things new and old, including wornout tools and implements, old-fashioned clothing, hats and headgear, great hogsheads of seed grain, bunches of dried herbs, packages of ancient colonial proclamations and papers, and curious shelf ornaments, including a "Garden of Eden" in wax, in which Adam and Eve had evidently met with a "fall" which had destroyed whatever attractions the old-time artist had bestowed upon them. More significant were swords, rusty and sheathless, that had gleamed on the decks of colonial armed vessels, and in the streets

certain localities, make way for the farmer, and even make it possible for him to enjoy safety and an ample market for his products. But the farmer has generally built his log house, or humble shack, well up to the frontier line, and often beyond it, and held his dangerous position by rifle and musket, and the walls of garrison houses built, armed and provisioned by himself and his neighbors, when colonial state and federal legislatures fought over skimpy measures of defense and were not ashamed of their cruel neglect, when messengers told of alien forays and savage massacres. From the "Field of the First Encounter" on Cape Cod in 1620, to the last Apache raid in the nineteenth century, and in every war that has called into the field the levies of the king or the volunteers of the Republic, the farmer has ever demonstrated his love

of native land, and his readiness to lay down his life in its defense or honor.

The barn was fairly large with the cattle stalls on the right of the entrance, and the "bay" or enclosed space for the sheep on the left. The box stall for the horse and the rear door leading from the main floor opened into the barnyard on the east.

There were three orchards belonging wholly or in part to this farm, including a number of "Highbough sweetings," "Pig nose" and "Spice" apples; "Summer," "Button" and "Orange" pears; some English cherries and other nearly extinct varieties of fruit; with an old-fashioned garden, in which a great clump of "lovage" furnished bits of aromatic root, which could be surreptitiously chewed in church



MOWING MACHINE AND SELF-LOADING WAGON

during somniferous sermons. A quaint, two-seated wagon, a hay wagon and ox-cart, sled, and drag for heavy stone, etc., made up the transportation outfit.

A steady old horse, a pair of oxen, another of steers, four or five cows, with pigs, calves, sheep, poultry, etc., would be the average list of live stock kept up from year to year.

The woodland provided soft pine and hard oak for firing, an adequate supply of hornbeam, hickory, etc., for making axe helms, etc., and certain swampy lots tall cedars, wild grapes, blueberries and cranberries in their season.

There were plenty of whortleberries, high-bush and low-bush blackberries, beach plums of varying size and excellence, and strawberries, all of which varied the fare without the expenditure of money.

There were red deer, partridges, quail

and rabbits in the woods and swamps; wild fowl and beach birds, close at hand and easily procured; trout, perch, pike and bass in the streams and ponds, and all kinds of sea-fish, including the delicious bass, besides eels, clams, quahaugs, scallops, etc.

The good wife and girls spun woolen yarn on the "big wheel" and linen thread on the "little wheel," and wove woolen and linen fabrics, besides rag-carpets of enduring stiffness and a multiplicity of colors. All the hosiery, mittens, scarves, etc., were knitted at odd moments, or when the work was done for the day and neighbors came in to knit and gossip together.

Cheese was made in the summer on the co-operative plan by which four cattle owners, owning say fourteen milch cows, received all the milk night and morning, according to the daily yield of their little herd. Thus given two families having five cows each, one with three and one with one, supposing that the average yield per cow was the same, in two weeks, two owners would make five cheeses each; one would press three, and one only one cheese, but this one would be as good and as large as any of the rest.

The crops included Indian corn, rye, oats, English hay and sometimes clover; with yellow pumpkins, watermelons, squashes, turnips, carrots, etc., etc.; none of which were raised in large quantities; indeed the plan seemed to be an adequate provision for the food of the family and stock, and a sufficient surplus for clothing, taxes, merchant attendance, religious contribution, etc.

There was no stove, but the cooking in the "Dutch oven," and brick oven, or over the hot embers, was perfect in its way and did not lack variety. White and brown bread, mince, apple, berry, custard, lemon, and pumpkin pies, huge sheets of light yellow gingerbread, jumbles, cookies and tarts, Indian puddings, great jars of baked pears and baked beans, chicken pies of a noble amplitude and flavor, seemed to pour out of that big oven every Saturday, without any sign of the "high cost of living" that makes us misers of meat, and very Shylocks in our provision of other dainties.

Beside the farm work there were summer days when the seine boat was manned, and the shoreline skirted, until a school of mackerel or sea-bass could be enclosed and laid flapping upon the beach, or perhaps the ever-ready whaler was launched when the lonely look-out hoisted his flag to show that a whale had wandered inshore and might be captured. There was no lack of experienced harpooners, or daring boatmen among the quiet, God-fearing neighbors of the East Sandwich farms.

Not every section of New England afforded so many resources, but nearly all reflected like conditions and ways of living, and as the young people grew up they went to the cities or pushed on into the wilderness, getting a broader arena in which to improve upon the methods of their fathers. In the Eighteenth Century the success of the Revolution opened to the United States a larger field of commercial activities and the struggle between Napoleon and Great Britain greatly advanced the prices of wheat, which in 1795 rose from fifty shillings to eighty-one shillings six pence a quarter, and in 1812 reached 126 shillings, six pence for eight bushel of wheat or nearly four dollars a bushel.

The fall of Napoleon in 1813 suddenly reduced these inflated prices, and it became necessary for the English farmer to decrease the labor cost and other items of farm expenditure, to a point where he could compete with the cheaper lands, and in some cases, the cheaper labor of other countries. There is no doubt that the greater part of the improved methods and implements of modern agriculture originated in England, where an up-to-date farm with its buildings, special machinery and convenient arrangements for the care of stock and other purposes, are indeed a revelation to the cruder methods of an American "bonanza farm."

It was not until early "in the forties" that McCormick's and Hussey's American harvesters began to replace the cradle

and the sickle, but it is scarcely to be doubted that as early as 1838 the Rev. Patrick Bell of Carmylie, in Forfarshire, Scotland, had made a harvesting machine which antedated either of the American harvesters. It is said that at least four of the Bell machines were bought and shipped to America, and that the American harvesters embodied all the material features of the Bell machine. All have since given place to the automatic wire-binders, and these again have been replaced by the Appleby twine-binding machines, or have been forsaken for the "header" which seems to be the favorite where the harvest must be "rushed" to save a large acreage of over-ripe



SHEEP WASHING

grain from serious loss by "shelling."

The use of steam in plowing and threshing dates back in England over half a century, but has been carried in Western America into a more general use than anywhere else. Many costly and fatal accidents resulting from the use of steam in traction engines, and from fires set by sparks from their chimneys, have hastened the substitution of oil and gasoline motors, which are much safer, and little if any more expensive in action.

A novel innovation is the use of high explosives for breaking up the "hard pan" of clay lands. Small cartridges exploded at the bottom of holes from three to four feet deep break up the "till" so thoroughly that the rains permeate and soften it to a remarkable degree. It is also used to dig drains and ditches in marsh and meadow lands, and to split up boulders

and excavate stumps, all of which things it does effectively and as a rule more cheaply than in any other way.

The substitution of diversified for staple products has made wonderful records in the last twenty years, and has developed unsuspected virtues and values in large bodies of light and sandy soil along the Atlantic seaboard, where an enormous revenue is derived from "truck," berry and fruit culture.

In connection with these branches of farm industry the production of dried, canned, preserved, pickled and otherwise conserved fruits and vegetables, has been almost wholly developed within half a century, and has already become a very important item of the daily food, not luxury of the American people.

The growth of irrigation systems throughout the world has been a remarkable feature of the agricultural progress of the nineteenth century. The great Assouan dam across the upper Nile has added myriads of acres to the fertilized area of Egypt; France has sown the Northern Sahara with oases, made beautiful and fruitful by artesian wells; British India is dotted here and there by public works, which store up the floods of the periodical rains, against the scorching drought of midsummer, and besides millions invested by corporations and private citizens, the United States government has constructed some splendid irrigation systems in what have been considered irreclaimable deserts.

A governmental movement to educate and encourage the farmer to choose his seed with judgment and care, has been very successful in certain sections where today only the best kernels from the finest ears of corn are chosen for seeding and especially for planting a special area, for the next year's seed. An enormous number and copies of expert suggestions on agricultural topics, are issued and distributed from the presses of the Department of Agriculture at Washington.

As a rule the American farmer of today represents the most independent and comfortably prosperous class of American citizens. The rural delivery post keeps him in daily touch with the world; his fence wires frequently give him cheap tele-

phonic communication with his workmen, neighbors and the nearest town; driven wells and a windmill tank bring pure cold water into house and barn; and the traction engine or gasoline motor-truck, lessen the drudgery of transporting products to market. Prices for many years have steadily advanced on nearly everything that can be produced on a farm, and seem likely to continue to appreciate.

That a very great number of residents in towns and cities must go "back to the farm" can scarcely be questioned, and to do this it will not be necessary to leave their native state in most instances. There are myriads of acres in Massachusetts that have never known hoe or plow, and myriads more, worn out by over-cropping a generation or more ago, that for over a human life have been resting and gathering nitrogen and plant-food from the never idle forces of nature. Even the desert sands will yield good crops if watered and fertilized, and a home market in a thickly-settled state, make "a little farm well-tilled" a good deal more profitable than many a big farm scores of miles from any city.

Above all an increase of our intelligent and enterprising agricultural population will do much to avert the extinction of that great middle class, which, driven out of independent business and manufacturing by corporate and monopolistic competition, and bearing, on the other hand, the burden of increased prices for material and labor, owing to trades-union organization, is being rapidly ground to pieces between the upper and lower millstones of capital and labor. The "Squires," the "landed gentry" of England, have ever maintained their dignity, influence and independence, and the American farmer is beginning to realize that his position and resources far excel those of many who are accustomed to consider him a mere rustic, with no claims to respect or deference.

On the shoulders of the farmer, among all the workers of the human hive, is laid the burden of producing the "daily bread" which is indispensable to existence, and those other products which furnish the luxuries of the table, for all classes. Into his specialty, the promoter of corporations and trusts can never intrude.

SENTIMENT And The SENIOR

by
M r v i n F e r r e e



HE had taken the footpath across the fields and pastures that he might gain the farmhouse unobserved, and a sense of shame spoke in his lagging steps and uneasy face. He had hoped to form some definite line of action before being discovered. But even as he rested his arms on the top rail of the lane bars, his first furtive glance over the quiet, homely farm fell on the bent figure of his father working about the barn. In utter self-derision he contrasted the old man's shabby clothing with his own spruce attire, for he had sought home by unfrequented ways to confess his moral insolvency, for he had nothing left with which to repay the many sacrifices so cheerfully made in his behalf, and this last reminder intensified his tardy repentance.

He picked up his bag and vaulted over the bars, just as his father straightened up in joyous surprise. All that life had to offer would be a cheap price now if it could but buy back the old man's content and happiness.

"Jameson!" cried the old man, advancing stiffly, with both gnarled hands outstretched, "ye've come home to see us."

The son could only seize the hands, clutching so eagerly at his, and wring them in silence.

"Mother!" bellowed the father, snatching up the bag and eyeing it in genial amazement, "the boy's here. Left all his high-falutin' doings and larning and run down to see us."

Almost at the first words the porch door slammed and a white-haired woman hurried to meet them. "The dear boy," she cooed, appropriating him entirely.

He groaned inwardly as he realized how his honor and success had been the very hope and purpose of their lives and labors.

"Come in! come in!" she cried softly. "To think you should come at the busiest time of your last year."

"We kinder looked for ye in the Easter vacation," said the old man apologetically, "yet we weren't so unreasonable as to expect ye to let a little thing interfere with yer books. Lawd! but it's good to see ye."

"I had to come," cried the boy as they entered the old-fashioned sitting-room.

"It does me a world of good to hear you say so," murmured the mother. "We ain't seen you since Christmas."

It was impossible to tell them just now. He must wait at least until the first fever of their joy had quieted; then, perhaps, he could distort or prevaricate, or do something to soften the blow.

"There! set down under that class flag yer mother pinned up last fall," his father was saying. "Now let's have a good squint at ye. I snum, Jameson! but ye do looked peaked. Why, mother, he looks all tuckered out. Why in sin didn't ye

write me to meet ye instead of toting that durned handsome carpet-bag three miles?"

"I didn't know I could come till the last minute," was the weary explanation.

"Be you ill, Jameson?" anxiously queried his mother.

"Yes, yes," he mumbled brokenly, "that is, I'm tired. No, really, nothing ails me beyond that."

"Dang it! What d'ye want to kill yer-self for over yer books?" remonstrated the old man, pushing back his spectacles and gazing at the youth in mild disapproval.

"Why didn't ye steal out and play a few of them golf games and git perked up a bit? I was looking over about a ton of yer truck this morning and stole one of yer clubs to drive nails with. The game must be broadening to the mind. See what I did to my finger." And he chuckled as he exhibited a swollen digit. "And I didn't say a single cuss word, neither."

"And to think of the money I've spent in buying that stuff," muttered the son.

"No such a thing," defended his mother. "In climbing up a ladder that reaches to a diploma, you must have some easy rungs. It's all a part of your education and we've gloried in it. Whenever you've fetched home a new music instrument or any other fixing, your father has always been pleased and vowed you should go through college in a pleasant way."

"That's the idea," affirmed the father. "The farm can send you through flying—and has. From the very start we planned ye should have all yer mind for yer books and a decent amount of play. No slave-driving game for Jameson, says I; and we're satisfied with the way it's worked out. All we asked was that ye bring us a rip-bang diploma at the end."

"You've done too much for me."

"No, siree!" denied the father brusquely.

"We jest suited ourselves. To be honest, we was selfish through it all, and by the Old Harry we've got him!" And he smote his palms exultingly.

"And your father didn't use any disagreeable language when he pounded his finger, dear, because it was your club," smiled the mother, brushing back his hair in the old, fond way.

"I cussed like a trooper when I got out to the barn," growled the father.

"And you've been so anxious to do well

at graduation that you've hurt your health," continued the mother, oblivious of her husband's gaze. "Why, you don't even talk."

"I shall be all right soon," he muttered, almost desperate enough to take advantage of their fears and give way to the physical strain. "To see you two has done me good already," he added.

"Bless his heart," whimpered the mother, not attempting to conceal her tears.

The father, made of sterner stuff, yet envying her in all her little affectionate prerogatives, winked owlishly and arose

and drank deeply from the long-handled dipper. Then he declared, "Wal, young man, seeing as how ye've almost ruined yer health by too much study, we shall expect something pretty pert from ye at commencement."

"You know, dear, we're going to be there to hear you," confided his mother. "We'd planned it as a surprise, but as you've been so good and thoughtful to come to us when commencement is only a few days off, I guess I'll let the cat out of the bag." And she smiled in happy expectancy of his delectation.

"It's—it's too good of you!" he cried passionately. Then he closed his eyes to conceal their misery. He had not counted on this exigency. They must be spared for the moment at any cost. He should have remained in town and by



"All we asked was that ye bring us a rip-bang diploma at the end"

written communications broken the blow by degrees. Now that course was too late.

"Ye'll be going back on the night train, I s'pose," the old man regretted.

This gave him a hint of one last thin possibility and he hastened to return, "Yes, I could steal away for only a few hours. I must go back, this afternoon."

"But the baggage ye fetched?" mildly reminded his father, scrutinizing the bag.

"Only some odds and ends I wanted to leave," he explained, heartsick at falsehood.

"And don't, please don't," he begged, "expect me to do anything at graduation. There's lots of chaps brighter and better than I in the class."

"Why, Jameson Ridley!" gasped his mother, highly indignant at such heresy.

"Tut! tut!" scoffed his father. "Modesty is a good thing, but, dod rot it, boy, what have yer mother and me been waiting for, and scrimping and saving for, all these years? Neither of us are fools, and we pride ourselves on having started our only son square. I swan! ye've simply got to beat 'em all, or ye'll be playing ag'in us. Why, he can't help beating 'em. Look at yer mother! Wa'n't she the brightest gal in the whole neighborhood? Wa'n't she run after by every younker? Huh! talk to me about yer being several rods behind in the homestretch and I'll larrup ye." And he chuckled in much good humor. Then with a mischievous twinkle:

"Jest because of yer mother alone ye must come out ahead. D'ye know why she was so sot on ye going to college?"

"Henry Ridley, stop!" she commanded.

"Because," persisted the old man in high glee, "once a young schoolteacher in this neighborhood, who is a college professor somewhere, got sweet on her." Her smiling confusion, spiced with a touch of indignation, added zest to his enjoyment.

"Henry, I'm ashamed of you talking such nonsense," she protested, yet not successful in attempting to smother the inception of a complacent smile. "The idea; I'll never tell you anything again as long as I live. A young man may be foolish without being told on. You was foolisher." But with a toss of her head she confessed, "Not that I didn't have

my share of good looks in my younger days."

"God help a poor, weak fool," groaned the youth, as he stumbled up the narrow stairs leading to his low-roofed room to get ready to return to the college from which he had been expelled.

II

"Well, Ridley, what is it?"

The youth turned eagerly from the window by which he had been dully waiting, but his heart sank as he scanned the stern jaw and strong face of the tall, thin, white-haired president. Instinctively he knew all was won or lost in the first few words, but he could only cry out: "Have mercy on a fool."

"Now, now, Ridley," protested the president in icy disapproval, "how many times have you young gentlemen been told that the way of the transgressor is hard? How many times have you been informed that it is useless to appeal to me and seek to take the advantage of my sympathies when once the faculty has joined with me in taking a certain course of action? What I may personally feel toward any misguided student must not deter me from being just. And certainly do I owe it to those young gentlemen who have always conducted themselves uprightly, to carry out my decision in your case—or in any case where repeated infraction of our rules is the offence. I am very sorry, very sorry indeed, Ridley, that you should embarrass me by calling here tonight. It's—ah—it's almost unjust of you, inconsiderate, to say the least. Go home and strive to start anew. With new and purer purposes seek—"

"I'm not pleading for myself," broke in Ridley despairingly, with passionate, unflinching speech. "I'm pleading for an old man and woman, my parents—the best in the world—who have centered every attention and loving thought on giving me a chance. It will ruin the last years of their simple, honest lives if they learn of my disgrace. I went home yesterday to tell them all. To have told them anything would have broken their hearts. My God! isn't there such a thing as a reprieve? Even a felon sometimes enjoys a commutation of sentence. Must their souls' peace be damned because of my

folly. Have I committed so unpardonable an offence that lasting sorrow must be mine? Grant me one more boon." Now, how Ridley? deplored the president's vanity. "I have heard all this before so many times. The evil we do always rests most severely on the innocent."

"But the price is too great. In this instance," pleaded the youth. "See: I have been a foolish fool—admitted. I have wasted my father's hard-earned money, and have lived uselessly; and yet, you would punish me to correct me. All was won or lost in the first few words, but he could only say out: 'I have mercy on you.'"

"I have mercy on you," said the president, "but you must be punished. You have been a foolish fool—admitted. I have wasted my father's hard-earned money, and have lived uselessly; and yet, you would punish me to correct me. All was won or lost in the first few words, but he could only say out: 'I have mercy on you.'"

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youth's vehement and fiery appeal. It was sophomoric, of course, and yet interesting from its sincerity. Finally he inquired, "And your request is?"

"That I be permitted to stand on the stage with the other students and to deliver my class part. That I be allowed to receive—a blank diploma."

"You ask too much, even on the plea of mercy," said the president coldly.

"They are coming here. They will sit well in front. They will proudly wait for their poor devil of a son to deliver the address they know he has prepared. And I regret to say they will expect much of him," continued the youth wildly. "What difference does it make to you and your sentence if I am allowed to take a member's place and file on and receive a worthless roll of paper? What odds if I take my part? If I do not do the last, their hearts are broken. If I am indulged in all I ask my punishment is none the less severe—my bit is increased. The iron has grinded through and through. And, after all, your sentence will have been carried out; for I shall not have graduated."

"Impossible!" muttered the president, frowning.

"Don't say that," groaned the other. "Remember, I came here a raw country boy. It was ignorant of consequences. I have ended as I began—a fool. But, by the memory of some overpowering, all soul-filling wait of your own at some time—grant me this!"

"The appeal did not impress the president as 'being' magniloquent. Instead, he bowed his head and stared at the petitioner dreamily for a few seconds, and then said gravely, 'My great desire when I was a youth was denied me. But there, God forbid, I should not temper justice with mercy to the innocent—your parents. Go to your room, Ridley. Appear with the others, deliver your part—and receive an unsigned diploma. But remember, I am permitting this deed for the sake of an old father and mother, who in the fondness of their love cannot imagine you guilty of any undesirable thing, and whose great love has not deserved the pitiable return you have made of it. Then, there sternly, 'Go to your room,' said, and remember that while you have received a

reprieve—after doing evil—there are men who have been denied their heart's dearest wish, although they were actuated only by the best motives, and failed. Good-night. No; don't thank me. Thank your God for such a father and mother."

III

Of all the fond parents who gathered at the college commencement, perhaps young Ridley's father and mother evidenced as much complacent joy as any. To this old couple the occasion was purely a personal one. The college buildings were erected expressly for their boy; the campus was thronged and decorated only for him. In fact, they could not imagine that anything surpassed the interest of his four years of activity there.

From his early childhood they had worked and prayed for this day, had sacrificed for it—and behold! it was now realized. Other triumphs would come in due season, but the present, overwhelming in its completeness, was their very own, bought with many cares and labors. And so the great joy radiating from their faces was not that of onlookers, but of participants.

In his turn he lavished every attention upon them, feeling the fervor of one reprieved. He took them to his rooms—most students enjoyed but one—and waited humbly while they idolized them. He took them to dinners, and, to top all extravagances, insisted they revel in the dissipation of the town's one theater. In this round of undreamed-of delectation, they could see only the loving handiwork of their boy. The theater had been created solely for them, because of his forethought; for them swept on the nerve-tingling "cane-rush"; for them and them alone was the medley of three days' doings celebrated; but the last and greatest delight was the class graduation.

When he mounted the platform and encountered their confident, complacent gaze, all timidity left him; and whereas he had neglected them for four years, he now poured out his whole soul to them alone. Uplifted by the awakening of his better nature and inspired by an intense realization of all their goodness, he abandoned the cut-and-dried mannerisms of conventional declamation, and in his

address embodied much of his passionate appeal to the president.

The audience applauded and said young Ridley was an orator; the faculty sighed and whispered that he might have made a gallant figure in the law; the president pursed his lips and sought to crystallize into definiteness the film of a day's dream, suggested by the boy's impassioned demeanor! But the old father and mother, unashamed of streaming tears, murmured to each other in an ecstasy of pride, and the climax was capped when he received his valueless diploma.

As their satisfaction reached its zenith, so, inversely, did the fear of an awakening sink into his soul; and he groaned inwardly in lamenting he should so tardily impersonate his better self.

"We must see yer president and shake him by the hand," whispered the old man, as the aisles filled with rustling silks. "We must see him and thank him for 'you'—as ye be now," he continued, as they reached the open air. "Lawd! but I bet he hates to lose ye. Gee whittaker! but I wish Tibbetts' store could have heard ye. Ye did it grand. But let's find the president."

"Henry," reminded his wife timidly, yet giving a satisfied switch to her skirts, "mebbe the president is too busy. I'm—I'm almost too happy to see anyone."

"Better go to my rooms," urged the youth. "Maybe—later. Plenty of time."

"No, I'll be danged!" cried the old man stubbornly. "I'm going to see him while I'm in fettle to thank him as I should. I'm going alone if ye two pull back."

The son, praying the president would be engaged, led the way in silence across the campus. Contrary to his hopes, they were admitted, and once they entered the dreaded chambers he begged with his eyes that he might not be exposed.

"My father and mother," he mumbled, and then fled in soul-sick apprehension to an anteroom.

To his surprise the interview was protracted much beyond the time allowed casual callers, and when he was summoned he was glad, for the sake of his telltale cheeks, that it was dusk.

"The president remembers us," mur-

mured his mother, while his father stood very straight in pride.

"Remember *you*," laughed the president softly, as they moved to the door. "As if any of us youngsters could forget Patty Marlin! Yes, I have remembered it all. And to think our young Ridley is the son of the happy man!"

"And to think you should remember so far back," wondered the old lady, smoothing her skirts carefully. "To think, after being a college president, you should remember when you taught a country school in our district."

"I am still a bachelor," reminded the president gallantly, and bowing low as they crossed the threshold. Then, as if by an afterthought, he called after them: "But, Ridley—I now mean the young Ridley—will you stop a bit for a private word?"

The youth returned, with all the old dread revived. "Don't spoil it," he beseeched. "Don't spoil—"

"*It*" was all spoiled a long time ago," murmured the president, only half aloud. "A long time ago. Hark! What are the boys singing?"

Ridley bent his ear to catch the farewell song of the old glee club, and half apologetically said, "Only a bit of foolish sentiment, sir. Something about '*An Old Sweetheart of Mine*.'"

"Yes," said the president, softly opening the window and bowing his white head to listen. Then he cried tenderly, "God bless the boys and their foolish sentiment."

But as he stood erect he was his old, grave, stern self, and, facing the boy, he demanded, "Your diploma, Ridley."

"Here, sir," sighed the youth, slowly producing the roll from beneath his arm.

"I knew it must come to this—but it's hard—hard."

The president took the roll almost roughly, tossed it on his desk and studied the abject figure before him for a few seconds. He was *her* son. Then bending quickly he seized a pen and scratched sharply. As he straightened up he returned the paper and said coldly, "Ridley, you are now duly graduated from this college. I have signed your diploma."

FORGET IT

IF you see a tall fellow ahead of the crowd,
A leader of music, marching fearless and proud,
And you know of a tale whose mere telling aloud
Would cause his proud head to in anguish be bowed,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a skeleton hidden away
In a closet, and guarded and kept from the day
In the dark; whose showing, whose sudden display
Would cause grief and sorrow and lifelong dismay,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a spot in the life of a friend
(We all have spots concealed, world without end)
Whose touching his heartstrings would play or rend,
Till the shame of its showing no grieving could mend,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a thing that will darken the joy
Of a man or a woman, a girl or a boy,
That will wipe out a smile or the least way annoy
A fellow, or cause any gladness to cloy,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

—Heart Throbs, II.

ADVENTURES OF A COUNTRY SCHOOLMARM by Katherine Kingsley Crosby

I. THE MAKING OF HER

YOU'VE got to leave school and go into the country for a year," said the doctor, tilting back in his swivel chair.

"I can't," replied Drucilla, simply. She looked out of the window across into the wind-swept Common, where the soggy turf was beginning to show the faintest hint of green, though the twigs on the trees were still bare and rattling; it was all the country she knew, very nearly.

"It's not a case of can or can't, young lady. You're going. That's all."

"How?" There was a listless amusement in her voice; she would like to see someone else try to manipulate her affairs—they were quite beyond her.

"Board at a farmhouse—four or five dollars a week—drink a lot of milk, eat a lot of eggs, and live out of doors. I know just the place for you with some friends of mine."

Drucilla took out a shabby little purse, opened it, and poured its contents into her lap.

"Three dollars and fifty-eight cents, and my tuition bill for this semester not paid," she said.

"That isn't all you've got, surely?"

"No, I've two dollars in the savings bank to keep my book," Drucilla admitted, "but even with that—"

"Would you mind telling me how you've been living?" The doctor sat up in his chair.

"I wait on table for my

board at a restaurant, do typewriting for the professors, and correct themes for the English department," the girl explained. "It would be quite easy if it weren't for the tuition. Someone told me I could get my life insured and raise it on that—that's why I came to you."

"You can't get your life insured," said the doctor gently.

"Why can't I?"

"Because you are not what is considered a good risk. You are very much run down, and at the end of your strength; add to that the fact that your mother died of consumption—and you will see what I mean."

Drucilla looked out into the Common again. This time she did not see it. Then she bowed her head and began picking up

the money and restoring it to her purse. Her eyes brimmed, but no tear fell.

"My dear child," said the old doctor, "why don't you borrow some money and take life easy?"

The girl shook her head. "I promised Dad never to borrow," she said with a little choke; "I can't do that."

For a moment the doctor chewed savagely at his moustache. Then—"I have it!" he burst out, "you will go to my friends in Windom—that's a hundred miles north of here—and take the spring term in the district school—it's next door to the house, if I remember. There's always a vacancy—you leave it to



Now that she must not go on, she realized that she could not

me! It will be the making of you."

"But I'm only a sophomore," protested Drucilla, opening her eyes so wide with consternation that the tears slipped back, "and I've never taught even a Sunday-school class in all my life!"

"They'll think you a marvel of eru-



"Guess my mother must have been a frog don't you?" and he chuckled gleefully

dition. College girls don't grow on every bush up there. Ever hear of a thing called bluff?" laughed the doctor.

Drucilla turned pink to the ears. "I'm afraid I—I bluff my lessons sometimes," she confessed.

"Only sensible thing I've heard you say this morning," he cried. "You'll do. Don't fret about that. I'll arrange it and let you know. Better send that tuition bill back to the office!" and he bowed her out with a fatherly pat on her shoulder.

By the time she had climbed three flights of stairs into her small, sky-lighted room, Drucilla was too tired to care what she did or where she went. Regardless of Xenophon and Genung lying open on the table, she cast aside her wraps and dropped limply on the bed. Now that she must not go on, she realized that she could not.

Since her father's death two years before she had not known a single day of complete rest. From him she had inherited no money, but an intense ambition to make something of herself, to have an education. For that end she had worked early and late—waiting on table in hotels at nearby beach resorts in the summer,

clerking in stores during the holiday rush in the winter, studying when she could, sleeping when she must. It had seemed that college was worth any sacrifice. Then, after all, to have to give up in the middle of her second year! Drucilla knew that she ought to feel humiliated; she had been defeated in her first great fight; she was down and out; she hadn't made good. Instead, she felt a cowardly relief. She was only nineteen—and so tired.

* * *

A week later Drucilla was leaving the train at Brookford station, accompanied by a shabby suit-case and a small half-trunk that had once been her mother's—they held all her worldly possessions.

"I'm reversing the usual order of things," she thought, as the first whiff of mountain air met her on the platform and set her blood tingling; "I'm leaving the city to seek my fortune in the country!" And at that moment she felt ready for a good stout search!

A youngster of fifteen or so took her bag and led her to a democrat wagon drawn up at the curb.

"I thought you must be the new teacher," he explained cheerfully, "you look like you'd been to college, somehow. Jump right in, and I'll get your trunk in a jiffy." And he was off with a merry whistle.

Drucilla hadn't met anyone quite like him before, but she decided that he was an interesting type. Up to this time people had always impressed her as being interesting types—or as not being interesting. It's the Boston attitude, and she had acquired it young.

Harry, the farm boy, returned, still whistling, and a minute later they were off down the main street of the town. Drucilla looked at him sidelong to see if he tallied with the descriptions she had read of country lads. Stocky build, light hair, freckled snubby nose, blue eyes—yes, he was quite the type. Except that there was a quizzical cast in one of those eyes, and a lift to the corners of his mouth, which gave him the drollest possible expression even when he was trying hard to look serious.

They had barely left Brookford behind when he gave the horse a final cluck, settled back in his seat, and began to give

the new teacher a brief summary of his career. Yes'm, he worked on the Deecies' farm; all the year round, yes'm. Liked it—pretty well, but wanted to be a chauffeur. Guessed he'd go to the city when his time was up. He had only three years more, then they'd give him fifty dollars and a suit of clothes. Yes'm, and he could go anywhere he pleased.

"But where are your people?" asked Drucilla.

"People?—oh, you mean family. Haven't any—not a one. Found me in a swamp when I was a week old—someone did; guess my mother must 'a' been a frog, don't you?" and he chuckled gleefully.

It seemed that the state had taken him over and given him, with a lot of other boys, to an old woman to bring up. He had gone to school and worked out-of-doors and taken the thrashings that came his way—he described the old woman's prowess with great gusto—but had finally come up here to Windom to serve out the rest of his time with the Deecies.

By the time the narrative was ended they were well out into the country, which was crammed with big, sleepy-looking mountains all dullish purples and browns. The roadsides were soft with a blur of pussy willows, and every now and then a turn in the road would show a new mountain looming up through a mist of white birches against a china-blue sky. A frolicsome little brook pattered alongside or hid itself with sudden shyness behind some lichened ledge. Once a furry brown rabbit scuttled across the road, and Harry pointed out deer-tracks in the dust, with crooked little fawn-tracks hurrying to keep up.

Drucilla was amazed at his sleuth-like ability in this line; he seemed able to tell at a glance just who had been over the road that morning, where they were going, and why!

"Jim Saccam must 'a' had an extra order for his lithia water—this ain't his day to go to town; them's his old mare's tracks

—see, she's lame in the off hind foot," and he pointed out the hoof-print with his whip. Drucilla felt stirred to emulation.

"There's been a motor car along, too," she observed.

"Three of them," corrected Harry, with a glance at her out of the corner of his eye; "two of 'em from out of town, I guess, but the one with the nubbly tires is the Squire's—gee, I'm making po'try!" he discovered in amazement.

Drucilla laughed outright. "But who is the Squire?" she asked.

"City feller come up here farmin' for his health," answered Harry scornfully; "don't know no more about agriculture 'n the old cat. His mail comes addressed Edwin Montgomery, Esquire—guess that's how they got to callin' him Squire." They jogged on in silence for a while, then he appeared to consider it time his companion did some talking and made a tactful opening. "Everybody's wondering why on earth you wanted to come off up here to teach in Number 7," he said.

"Why not?" Drucilla was startled.

"Oh, the place is all right, of course—for the country; but where you live in



"That's our place . . . yes, the yellor one"

Boston and go to college—" there was awe in his voice, but Drucilla looked at him to make sure he was not laughing at her; then she remembered what the doctor had said about her qualifications as a teacher.

"I got tired of school," she explained

"and—I have never been in the country in the spring." This was not all the truth, but enough of it to serve. Harry could understand and sympathize, too, as it turned out.

"You do get awful tuckered out going to school," he agreed, "even when you like the teacher."

"Are you going to like me?" Drucilla said it before she realized how it would sound, but it was too late.

"You'll be all right after you've been here awhile," the boy answered honestly; "you need to get sort of limbered up, that's all." After a moment's reflection, "That's what the Squire needs, too; he ain't stuck up, exactly, but—"

The new teacher broke in hurriedly with a question about the school, and then about the neighborhood, effectually changing the subject and incidentally reaping a harvest of quaint details. It was nearly noon when they finally came in sight of their destination, and by that time she was well primed with local lore—genealogy, biography, history. Part of it was humorous, but a lot of it wasn't, even the way Harry told it. He stopped midway in his discourse and pointed down the road with his whip.

"That's our place," he informed her proudly; "yes, the yellor one—the only house in sight."

Drucilla's heart warmed to it from that first glimpse. It was such a cheerful place, in the April sunlight; two stories front, sloping to one in the back, painted yellow with green blinds, and its small-paned windows filled with blossoming geraniums. A big square chimney in the center bore the date 1759. There was an ell at the right, with a huge barn beyond. A walnut tree with a seat about it stood guard over the dooryard.

Level fields stretched away to the hills, which seemed to wall the farm in on all sides. Old Dog Mountain rose some four thousand feet behind the house—a great lazy hulk of a mountain, all ledges and scabbly pasture-land. The girl had scarcely time to wonder why the hills all looked so sleepy, when they drew up at the door and a stout motherly woman came out to greet her, followed by a small and very much excited white fox terrier, yapping at her heels.

"So you're the new teacher!" she cried cheerily, "come right along in—dinner's ready and waiting. Harry, you see to her things—careful, Dixie—Mudder'll step on you in a minute if you don't look out!" This to the small dog, who subsided sufficiently to lead the way into the kitchen, where dinner was waiting on the table.

The kitchen was a big, sunny room with a beamed ceiling and a chimney place where, in olden times, they had roasted their bears whole. The floor was broad-planked, yellow-painted, and strewn with braided rugs. Under one window was an old lounge where several cats of assorted sizes were playing tag; Drucilla was glad that she had long made up her mind to spinsterhood—she could play with them without a qualm!

Presently Mr. Deecie came in, and they all sat down. Drucilla would never have guessed that he was a deacon in the church, and had been to the legislature, there was such a twinkle in his eyes and a rollicking laugh that helped to keep things going. Not that things needed very much help, though, for Mrs. Deecie was a team in herself when it came to fun-making, and Harry was not far behind. They had the happy faculty of seeing every little incident in their daily life in a humorous light.

"Albin was along today; says old man Perch is failing fast; got to the pass now where he wants to keep his boots in the kitchen sink *all* the time." Drucilla remembered the fragment afterward and wrote it out—but it didn't sound so funny as when Mr. Deecie had told it in his saddest voice.

It soon appeared that "Mudder" Deecie's idea of boarding the teacher was to adopt her at once. She called Drucilla by her first name from the beginning, and saw to it that she buttoned her sweater when she went out. Tears came into the girl's eyes the first time that happened; she had heard the girls in school scold about the way their mothers fussed over them, but this kindness made her very happy—wonderfully happy. It never occurred to her to wonder whether or not Mrs. Deecie was "interesting"!

After dinner they took her upstairs to her room—big and low-ceiled like the rest,

with heart-shaped openings at the top of the door panels. The floor was covered with matting, the furniture modern, except the bed. That was a four-poster, so high that Drucilla was sure climbing into it would be fine practice for the ascent of Old Dog.

That afternoon the wind came up, and she discovered where the town must have

got its name. All night long it roared through the trees outside her window with a rush like the threshing of heavy seas about a ship, and shook the house till her lofty bed rocked like a cradle. She burrowed way down into the husk mattress, pulled the flannel sheets up about her ears, and drifted off to sleep, thinking for once in her life about people instead of books.

SOWING AND REAPING

By E. B. LA COUNT

SOW thy seed and reap in gladness!

If thou reap that not, what then?

Garner thou with joy or sadness

Harvests sown by other men!

Plant with faith and tenderly nourish

That, in blessed after-years,

Harvests rich and fuel may flourish

Where were spent your smiles and tears.

Sow a smile in woe's deep furrow;

Drop a tear on grief's torn heart!

Fain tomorrow is to borrow

Balm that yesterday was smart.

Do the deed that helps your neighbor;

Speak the word which anguish craves;

Brighten care and lighten labor;

Weep with mourners o'er their graves!

"Every sowing has a reaping"—

Sow on, then, Love's perfect seed,

That some soul, o'er bare fields weeping,

Reap your harvest to his need.

THE VOYAGER

By LILLA B. N. WESTON

LONG, long ago God gave to me No sails hung ready to my hand—
A tiny craft all fresh and new; 'Twas plain that I must make my own
He christened it my Ship of Life, And so from every gull that flew
And set me on its deck, in lieu I coaxed a feather, seaward blown,
Of weathered captain and a crew. To be with my materials sewn.

And then one day they hung entire,
My dainty cockle-shell to grace;
How tenderly the breezes crept
From off the ocean's placid face,
Against my sails of snowy lace!
A babe cooed softly in that wind—
That golden-throated breath of air;
A fire crackled on a hearth,
And in its homely, wholesome flare,
A hand brushed light across my hair.
But all that night the storm-god rode
His plunging steed, and thrust and fought;
His frothing hosts behind him swarmed:
And through my sails so lately wrought,
Their lances crashed and tore and caught.

So daily, with my broken dreams
To urge me on, I spun and wove;
Until a sturdy sail stretched firm,
And wrestled valiantly, and strove
With every wind that beat and drove.

For me no more the lurking fear,
No more the need of stress and strain;
I rest within my cabin snug,
While rattle hail and sleet and rain
Upon my polished decks in vain.

And yet, though all repose is mine,
At night I lie and listen long,
For some vague breath of that dear past—
That lilting, throbbing, quivering song,
So deathly sweet, so heavenly strong.

That in the vanished Long Ago
Caressed my soul and lent me grace!—
That witching and enchanted tune,
Escaped from some seraphic place,
To sift itself through sails of lace!

A BROKEN PINION

By HAROLD STRONG LATHAM



HERBERT SUMMERS paused and looked up from the scroll in his hands out over the audience. For just the fraction of a second there was scarcely a sound and then that vast body, entering into the

speaker's mood, laughed, first an embarrassed, apologetic laugh, but one which gradually increased in volume until its roar filled the big gymnasium. An expression of surprise crossed Summers' face, as if laughter was the last thing he had expected. Holding up his hand in mock dignity for silence, he continued his reading of "The History of the Class of 1911."

It was Class Day at Northeastern University, and Summers was Historian. Those of his associates who had looked with surprise upon his elevation to that office, banished their fears after the first sentences of his introduction and devoted themselves to wondering why it was that they had never appreciated that Summers was a wit of the first rank. Bright and studious enough they had known he was, but usually those who were regular in attendance upon lectures and often found in the study halls, made impossible Class Day officers. Summers had been a study hall frequenter, and the reason for his election was a fertile source of speculation among the fraternity men. But elected he had been, and, more than that, he was making good, decidedly good. The first laugh he had aroused was but the forerunner of many. Cocking his head on one side and peering out over his glasses he got off "knocks" which were appreciated by the "admiring

relatives" as well as by the graduates. With a final fling he finished his chronicles and with giant stride, his black gown flowing out far behind him, he went back to his seat, amid the pounding of many hands.

As he sat down at the back of the platform with the other speakers, a bright spot of a familiar shade of blue in the audience caught his eye. He looked quickly away—a dull flush spreading over his face. He knew the wearer of that dress, and he had no wish to meet the gaze which he felt bent upon him. From that moment his whole bearing suffered a change. All signs of the joy of his triumph disappeared, and he was more like a convicted man than an honored leader. It was not a passing mood, either. Even the hearty congratulations of his classmates at the conclusion of the program failed to restore his good humor. When the others, forgetting the dignity in keeping with their newly-won caps and gown bore down in eager haste upon their friends, he stood alone, off at the side, avoiding everyone. Most of the crowd had gone when he turned to where the girl in blue had been. She was still there, waiting expectantly. With a squaring of his jaw, he went over to her.

"What's the matter with you, Herbert? I thought you were never coming. To be sure you're quite the lion of the afternoon, but you didn't expect me to *hunt* you, did you?" The tone was that of good-natured banter.

"I wasn't certain you would care to see me."

"Why, of course, I wanted to. Why shouldn't I? I was terribly proud of you. I wanted everyone to know that you were a friend of mine. I tried to attract your attention when you were on the

platform, but you absolutely ignored me. You were splendid, perfectly splendid! Honestly, Herb, I didn't know you had it in you." This last with a little laugh.

"I'm glad you were pleased. It means a lot to me that you should be, you know."

In answer she shyly slipped her hand in his. "Father and mother are waiting for us," she said after a pause. "They both want to see you."

He followed her out to the campus and over to a seat under a giant tree where they found Mr. and Mrs. Carewe.



He got off "knocks" which were appreciated by the "admirer relatives" as well as by the graduates

"Ah, the conqueror comes." Mr. Carewe grasped Herbert's hand vigorously. "You were a revelation to us this afternoon. Didn't know you cared for that sort of thing or that you could be so easy before a big crowd, if you did. Your stuff was largely impromptu, wasn't it?"

"Yes. Things seemed to come to me that I hadn't thought of before."

"A most excellent characteristic to have when facing an audience. Unfortunately it's quite the opposite way with me. Things I have thought of frequently go. By the way, have you landed that much desired newspaper job yet?"

"I start in next week on the 'Review' of this city. They're going to try me out on some special articles—interviewing people and getting up features about them, you know."

"I am afraid you don't half realize how lucky you are to step right from college into a good position." Mrs. Carewe regarded him doubtfully.

"Oh, I think I do. I know I'm quaking for fear I won't make good."

"If you'll put into your work some of the spice you had in your history of the greatest class that ever was, you'll do very well," Mr. Carewe remarked as he reached over and taking his wife by the arm drew her up from the bench. "It's time for old folks like mother and me to be thinking of home," he said in jovial explanation. "I'll rely upon you to see that Margaret is back in time for a late dinner. Can't you come yourself?"

"Thanks. Sorry, but a class jollification interferes."

"It's been a glorious day—one you'll always remember, and I, too," Margaret Carewe said as she sank into the seat her mother had vacated.

"No, I shall never forget it," Herbert replied as he dropped down on the grass beside her.

* * *

Somehow the girl felt that there was more in his words than appeared on the surface.

"Won't you tell me what it is that you're

thinking about? You haven't been yourself this afternoon. Why didn't you come to me after the exercises? You knew I was waiting."

"I can't tell you now," he said hesitatingly. "Perhaps sometime I will, but not now."

"Well," she smiled good-humoredly, "I'm not going to pout. I suppose you'll tell me when you're ready, so let's change the subject. We'll talk about graduation. How does it feel to be graduated? Aren't you eager to get out into the world?"

"Where have I been for the last four years? Surely a fellow who goes to a college which is located in one of the biggest cities in the land knows something of life. He sees several sides of it."

"Oh, yes, I know, but then, after all, your chief interest has been in your books."

"Perhaps so, but still I've seen the failures and the successes, the good and the bad which are the stuff of life."

"I almost wish I were a man with the possibility of accomplishing things before me, which you have, the surety I might say. You know you'll do things worth while, don't you?"

"I suppose every young man is more or less hopeful of making a name for himself. I have my little ambitions."

"Don't have little, have big ones."

"Well, big then."

"I once heard an old hermit philosopher say that any man who had youth, education and purpose, could, provided he was encumbered with no bad habits, have the whole world at his feet. I believe that, too, don't you? The possibilities are unlimited, if only, unlike Adam, he can let the forbidden apples alone."

"Yes, I suppose I do, but," he mused, "there are so many apples that appear sound until we bite them. Then we see the worm, and it really isn't our fault."

"I never yet saw an apple that was wormy that didn't show it. Sometimes you have to look closely to see the blemish, but it's always there. And it's the little hole on the outside that leads to the big rottenness within. But how absurd!" she broke off, "here we are discussing ethics like two old experienced people of the world. I venture to say you will be able to talk much more illuminatingly

about appearance and reality a year from now. Didn't you say that there was a faculty tea in Bliss Hall?"

"Of course. I'd almost forgotten." Herbert rose to his feet and they made their way slowly across the campus, which, with its bright patches of young people, had never looked more festive.

Though Summers had taken little part in college activities outside of his studies, it was not from lack of inclination, but from his sense of duty. His education was being given him by the only relative he had in the world, an uncle, and he felt obliged to make the most of his opportunity, which he saw only in the more strict sense of book knowledge. Though his uncle was a bachelor and had few responsibilities aside from the nephew whom he had adopted at the death of the boy's father, college was an expense he could ill afford.

Summers' instincts were literary, and probably he had never been prouder than when a short article of his was published in the "University Monthly." He had always meant to write another, but he had never had the time. He looked to his work as offering the fulfillment of a great desire.

He did not find that he had built on false hope. The first feeling of satisfaction which he experienced when he was introduced to the littered and noisy rooms of the *Review* and was given a desk and typewriter did not grow less. The smell of the freshly-printed paper, the clacking of the typewriters, the hum of the presses, the harshly shouted orders, the suspense in the air—these were breath to his nostrils, the very essence of life. He took his place on the staff easily, he turned his stuff in confidently, and he suffered inward agonies under the blue pencil. It was all as he had imagined it would be, and he was content.

His first big assignment came when he was sent up town to interview a spectacular novelist, who, largely because of her sensationalism, was enjoying considerable vogue. He found her all that she had been described. As she sat in her garish apartments, a cigarette between her lips—she was a staunch advocate of smoking for women—a bubbling glass at

her side, it was hard for him to believe that she was an author. He would, rather, have taken her for a "Queen of burlesque." Either from purely selfish motives or from an instinct of good fellowship, she pressed the very best imported cigarettes and the finest cognac upon him generously, and he, throwing aside the restraint which he would ordinarily have felt under the circumstances, met her on her own plane. After all, she was jolly good company, even if her books were rot.

He left her, flushed and excited, resolved to give her the best write-up ever. The author, good soul, knew from the light in his eyes as they drank their last toast together, that her money was better invested than it would have been had she put a full-page advertisement of her latest novel in the paper.

A quarter of an hour after Summers had handed in his story, Beasely, the managing editor, sent for him.

"See here, young man, did you write this?" he demanded.

Summers assented.

The manager regarded him intently for a moment.

"Will you kindly tell me and be quick about it," he said with an oath, "what you think I've been paying you good money the last few months for? If you could write like this, why in — haven't you done it before? There's ginger here. Your other stuff has been dead—plain matter-of-fact reporting. This has spirit. See to it that everything you do from now on is like it, you understand?"

Summers nodded and went back to his desk.

They printed his story of "The Woman Writer Who Is a Good Fellow" in the Sunday edition, with display heads and illustrations.

After that Summers was given other specials, and in every case he distinguished himself and pleased his superiors.

* * *

One afternoon when he had been with the *Review* nearly a year, Beasely sent for him.

"I've got a little different job for you tonight," he said pleasantly. "You know the Hadley bribery case that's scheduled or next week—well, old man Hadley's

son has signified his willingness to talk to representatives from three of the city papers. The *Review* is one of those he's chosen to take into his confidence. He wouldn't tell me which the others were. The boys are to meet at his house tonight at eight. Now I don't want this to be a cut-and-dried account. We've got to make something out of the ordinary of it and play it up big. You get the story and see what you can do with it. Your usual style, you know, lots of detail and side remark. Catch the idea?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Good. Get your copy in by eleven, earlier if possible. We can't make this thing exclusive—curse him anyway, why couldn't he have let us have a scoop?—but we can make our style of giving it out exclusive." With a final motion of his hand Beasely dismissed both the subject and Summers.

Summers had been pleased with some of his earlier assignments, but he was overjoyed with his latest. To write up the Hadley case! First page, subject of vital interest, everybody sure to read it! His whole body tingled at the thought. He could hardly wait for the time to come. He hung around the office aimlessly until seven-thirty and then took the car to Sixty-sixth Street, where he got off and walked to the Hadley home.

In all the time that Summers had been with the *Review* he had not failed once in regularity. "As punctual as the clock," was the way he was frequently characterized, for no matter where he was sent, he was back at his desk by nine-thirty, banging away for dear life on his machine. So on this night, when, at ten, Beasely stuck his head into the outer office and called for him and there was no response, the staff felt that they were experiencing a sensation. They turned together, almost to a man, to his desk. The chair was empty and there was none of the customary litter of crumpled up paper around it.

"I guess he's not in yet," the cub reporter mildly remarked.

"Not in," Beasely bellowed. "Of course he's in. He must be. It's ten o'clock. He's always here by ten."

"Maybe he's hiding under the desk,"

ironically suggested the oldest man, who was privileged to say things which would cost younger men their positions.

Beasely glared at him and slammed the door.

Fifteen minutes later he opened it again and repeated the operation. And at ten-thirty, ten forty-five, eleven—in fact every quarter of an hour up to midnight his head appeared and the gruff voice roared out.

"What in hell do you suppose is keeping him? This is a fine mess," he almost whined at twelve-thirty.

"Keeping whom?" It was Jimmie Flanders of the day force who had a way of appearing at the office just as the copy was being finished up.

"Summers."

"Summers! Why, I just saw him up in Murray's saloon drinking and cheering to beat the cars. He's got a nice jag on."

"Drunk!" several of the men chorused in surprise.

"Yep! He sure is. But you don't mean to tell me that he's been on the job and hasn't got his copy in."

"No, oh, no!" This with withering scorn from Beasely. "We just wanted him around to brighten up the office. You get him and be d— quick about it. We'll have his story if we have to wring it out of him."

There was little to be had from Summers that night. When Flanders led him into the presence of the irate Beasely he smiled foolishly, dropped into a chair and closed his eyes. In vain they shook him and plied him with questions.

"Shorry—ol' chap—give you—story—tomorrer—fine story—but—took too much—whiskey—to tell it—tonight—" He paused and then rambled on again.

"Like ol' Dan Webster—write best—when have—little spirits—in me—sort of fires me up and—puts ginger in it—but—got—too much down—this—" The

words ran together into indistinguishable sounds.

Beasely regarded him furiously for a minute, all the disgust in his vehement person coming to the surface. Then he strode out of the room, returning shortly with a cheque. He grasped Summers by



She was still there, waiting expectantly

the shoulders and stood him up forcibly on his feet.

"Here's your pay for the week. Now go—and don't ever show yourself in here again."

Summers blinked and pocketed the money. There was no sign that he comprehended what had taken place.

"Oh, Beasely—isn't that too much? This is his first offence." Flanders dared to remonstrate.

"Shut up, you Irishman, or you'll go too. Take him home. The rest of you get busy."

II

Margaret Carewe often said that she was a believer in telepathy, or at least in thought transmission between people who were dear to each other.

"Call it what you will, I know when a friend is in trouble," she had remarked on more than one occasion. "I feel a disturbing presence in the very air that I breathe."

Perhaps it was this which accounted for her uneasiness when Herbert did not come on the train she had expected he would. With her father and mother, she was spending the week-end at Overlook Ledge, ten miles from the city, where they had a tiny cottage set in a wild tangle of bushes, on the banks of a clear-water lake. For many summers now, almost as many as Margaret could remember, they had lived five months of the year in the cool shades of this wooded recess. During Herbert's attendance at Northeastern University he had been a frequent visitor at Overlook Ledge, for Mr. Carewe's interest in the boy was more than passing and was fostered not only by his liking for him, but by a long friendship with his father. Of late it had been evident that Mr. Carewe's companionship, delightful as Herbert undoubtedly found it, was not the main attraction, and, though there had been no formal announcement of the engagement, Mr. Carewe had been led to believe that it was only a question of time, and a short time, too, before he became his daughter's confidant and Herbert's father confessor.

"Late today, is he?" Mr. Carewe asked as he came up to Margaret who stood at the porch rail looking off down the shaded path up which Herbert must ultimately come.

"Yes. The next train is just in and—Oh," she broke off, with evident relief, "there he is."

As she spoke Herbert appeared at the far end of the enclosure which marked the bounds of Overlook Ledge. Mr. Carewe shouted a greeting and then wisely went back to his magazine. Margaret walked slowly out to meet him.

"You missed your train this time," she said teasingly. He had often boasted that never in his life had he lost a train.

"Yes, I did." He smiled wanly. "And almost the next one. At least I almost let it go. I was undecided whether to come or not."

"What's the matter? Didn't the prospect of that picnic lunch appeal to you? You know I told you we hadn't got the house opened up yet for the season, but you said you wouldn't mind."

"Oh, it wasn't that."

Margaret searched his face anxiously.

"Herbert Summers," she said severely, "something is wrong. Did the editor cut out your favorite epigrams? Come to the 'Crow's Nest' and tell me." She led the way through the trees to a high mound where there was a rustic bench under a low-boughed maple. It was Herbert who had christened the spot the "Crow's Nest" the previous summer. From it the land fell away on all sides and there was an unobstructed view of the water.

"Now," she said, "what is it?"

His eyes fell.

"It's—hard to tell. I've—I've failed."

She laughed lightly.

"Failed! Who are you to say that you've failed—twenty-five years old."

"I'm blue penciled out, all of me," he went on, falling into metaphor to hide his embarrassment.

"You're what?"

"I've lost my position." He spoke hurriedly. "I was fired last Thursday."

"Well, what of it? That's nothing to look so dreary over. Get another. There are plenty of them. Next time, do better." Though Margaret smiled, there was a troubled look in her eyes.

"There's more to it, Margaret, more to it than that. It's the way I lost it."

"What do you mean?"

"That's the hardest thing about it—I've got to tell you. I couldn't respect myself if I didn't. I don't very much, as it is."

Then brokenly, hurriedly, confusedly, he blurted out the whole story. Margaret did not look at him as he spoke, but when he had finished, she put her hand over his, and pressed it.

"That isn't all," he hurried on. "Do you remember that there was something I wouldn't tell you about Class Day?"

"Yes."

"I told you perhaps sometime I would. I little thought it would be under such conditions as these. Well, it was the same thing then," he declared almost defiantly, wiping the perspiration from his forehead.

"Herbert!" There was none of the scorn in the tone that he had feared there would be. It sounded more like the cry of a wounded animal.

He gulped and went recklessly on with the confession.

"All during my college years I had been straight. Most of the fellows drank, but I seldom did. On Class Day morning I went off for a motor trip with a lively bunch and—well, I joined in with the others. I suppose the thought that my work was over made me feel freer than I had before. We didn't get back until just before the exercises began. I remember how I threw on my cap and gown and tore over to the library where the line was to form for the march to the gymnasium. I never felt finer in my life than when I stepped out on to the platform and faced the crowd, but I didn't feel like myself. I was keyed up. You know what happened. I did well. I made a great hit, and I wasn't conscious that anything was wrong until I saw you. Then I knew and was ashamed."

"Herbert, I'm so, so sorry," the girl at his side breathed.

"If I had only made a mess of it that first time, if I'd only acted like a fool, oh, why couldn't it have worked out that way? For that was the beginning. I found out that I could do everything better when I was drunk."

Margaret started at the word.

"Yes," he said, noticing her movement, "that's what it amounted to—drunk. They praised my writing when I'd been drinking, they kicked about it when I was sober. I thought like a million other fools that I could use the stuff just as I wished, that I could make it help earn my bread and butter. I found out. I've got to start over, this time with a handicap," he finished grimly.

For a time neither spoke, and then Margaret burst out impatiently, "Be sensible! Don't talk about handicaps."

"Very well," he smiled at her good

humoredly. Now that he had told her he felt better.

"But there's another side to it. I shall not go back to newspaper work. I'm a plain ordinary man, good for plain ordinary work. I'm convinced that I couldn't make a success of anything like—like writing—*alone*. That was what so astonished my class. They had known me as an average person; not distinguished by brilliance in anything. My class history showed me in a new light—but it wasn't *I*. It was some new being, a being fired with inspiration and alive to suggestion. I, the real I, haven't the least particle of inspiration. I'm sluggish in my mental processes. I've decided to give up trying to be a genius and set the world afire. I'm just going to be what I am."

"What are you going to do?"

"I haven't made up my mind. Something that requires muscle and brawn rather than wits."

"Why not go on a ranch?"

"I might."

"Father has a part interest in a big cattle ranch way out West. It's run by his brother and I'm sure he would help you."

"I'm not quite ready to settle the matter."

"Oh, but you must—I—I think you should get away at once—it would be—why, pleasanter, you know," Margaret finished in some embarrassment.

"I understand what you refer to, but I am quite sure of myself. I am still my own master, and there is slight danger of my filling a drunkard's grave. I shall wait until I find what I want."

"Don't you think this ranch is that? It's miles away from civilization, nothing there but acres and acres of land—rolling stretches of it as far as the eye can see, and cattle. Just the place for a man to grow strong. I've often thought if I were a man I should choose to go to such a country. I think the Creator never intended us to huddle together in one little spot eking out our existence by wit. That's why He made the earth big, so that we could spread over it and each get a share of the sun and the wind, the blue sky and the rain. Why, I'll venture to

say you never look at the sky in New York."

"Let's go," Herbert leaned forward, and took her hands in his. "Let's go together out to this land you speak of, out where we may live, just you and I, as God meant we should."



*He followed the players,
forgetting for the moment
his own wretchedness in
the joy of the contest*

Margaret drew away. "I must be certain of the man I marry, Herbert. Prove that you're a man and I'll come—just an ordinary man. I don't want a genius."

Herbert shook his head.

"I would have gone with you. I'm not going alone, but I'll show you right here I'm a man. I've got to show you, that's all. If I do, you won't let this make any difference, will you?"

"It—will—not—make—any—difference," Margaret spoke the words slowly and as though each called for an effort. She was deadly white, and her mouth twitched nervously.

"Come," she said unsteadily, "let's go in. I think that picnic lunch must be nearly ready."

Half way up the shaded walk with a smothered exclamation she darted to a patch of green at the side and bending over, picked up a swallow.

"See," she cried, "the poor little thing is hurt."

"It's only a swallow," Herbert said indifferently.

"Yes, but it's *hurt*. Its wing is broken."

"Too bad. Better kill it and put it out of its agony."

"Kill it because its wing is broken! You're a heartless wretch, Herbert Summers," and with an assumption of dignity Margaret turned on her heel and hurried to the house carrying the bird in her hands.

III

The older graduates said that it was the biggest reunion in the history of the university, while the fact that several of the younger alumni had to sit two on a seat in the Commons bore added testimony to the unprecedented attendance. No doubt the exceptional interest was due to the championship basketball game which was to follow the dinner. Collegians everywhere had been watching with close attention the series of which this was the deciding battle, and every "Northeasterner" who was within a radius of fifty miles looked upon it as his duty to be present, and by his cheers lead the home team on to victory.

It was a jubilant throng that packed the immense eating room. Occupying the place of honor facing the speaker's platform was the table of the "Society of Older Graduates"; next to that, the "Early Eighties," and so on down to the back of

the hall, where the biggest and noisiest class of all, the 1911, made merry.

Herbert Summers was in his element. The prolonged laughter which followed his yarns and the interested attention which was at first given to him by as many as could get within hearing distance, showed undeniably that he was the life of his table and that he was getting as much fun out of it as anyone. As the dinner progressed, however, his wit gradually lost its sparkle until it was no more than noise. One by one the more sober-minded in his vicinity turned their backs upon him and endeavored to ignore his presence, though several boon companions remained constant, urging their star clown on to greater hilarity and seeing to it that a well-filled glass was ever in front of him.

"I didn't know he drank like that," Phil Brockway, the class president, remarked to some of the more staid members of the class. "That's the 'steenth bottle he's had."

"Oh, he's a regular tub," one of them replied. "Lost his job on the *Review* two or three weeks ago and since then has been going down hill rapidly. The shock of it pretty nearly killed the girl he was engaged to. Look at him now—for a civilized being he certainly takes the prize."

Summers was waltzing around the table, an empty bottle in one hand, beating the air wildly with the other, and carolling merrily.

"We never can let him go into the game if he doesn't sober up. He'd disgrace the college. They tell me the gym is packed, lots of women. What would they think if we should march in with a specimen like that. It's about time to go, too."

It had long been the custom for the Alumni to enter the gymnasium on Alumni Day with a band at their head and parade before the tiers of spectators, executing ingenious and fantastic dances as they marched. Even as Brockway spoke the line was forming.

After a moment's hesitation Brockway ran over to the Alumni Council President and spoke a few words to him. They both looked in Summers' direction. The older president nodded his head in agreement, and Brockway returned to the group he had left.

"Copely says not to let him go in. It's a pleasant job for me to keep him out," he reported.

To the tune of "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," the line began to move, the classes falling in by age. Brockway resigned his position as leader of the 1911 division and went back to the rear in Summers' vicinity. After a little preliminary drilling the cheering graduates made for the scene of the game. As they passed in at the door of the gymnasium, Brockway drew Summers aside.

"Say, old man, don't you think you'd better go home. You're not in a fit condition to go in there, you know, where there are women." Without waiting for a reply he went in himself and shut the door, giving orders that Summers was not to be admitted.

* * *

For a few minutes Summers stood leaning against the gymnasium wall, a blank look upon his face. At length he groped his way into the open and sat down on the ledge which ran around the first story of the gymnasium. How long he sat there in a kind of stupor he did not know, but he was roused by a mighty cheer, a cheer in which many voices were raised. Clinging to the ledge he crawled around to a window which looked down upon the scene within. A solid wall of people, thousands upon thousands they seemed, surrounded an open space where the battle of strength and skill was being waged. As he looked upon the almost frantic mob, he was conscious of the difference between the admiration which they voiced in their cheers for the ruddy specimens of manhood fighting for goals—goals of a game they were to be sure, but differing little from the goals of life—and that surface admiration of which he had been so jealous a short time before. They were playing the game fairly down there; he had thought he could win on a foul. Revulsion for himself came over him. It seemed strange that he did not feel bitterly toward those who had cast him off, but he did not blame them. They would hiss "dirty work" in the game they were watching just as quickly. From the ledge he followed the players, forgetting for the moment his own wretchedness in

the joy of the contest and when at last his team won, he joined in the shouts of victory with the mighty throng. Way up above the others he had not been seen, and his voice was lost in the roar of rejoicing which came up to him.

Realizing that some of the boys would soon be out, he hurriedly dropped down to the ground, for he did not wish to see anyone. But he had not acted soon enough.

"Hi, you Herb," a voice called to him from behind, "come on over to the Casino and celebrate."

He paid no attention, but kept on his way in the direction of the car line. Whoever it was that had greeted him evidently thought he would not be good company that night, for the invitation was not repeated.

Herbert Summers had made up his mind, and the calm which followed his decision made it possible for him to get a good night's rest. When he called bright and early the next morning at the Carewes' city home where he knew the family were for that week he bore little trace of his dissipation.

"This is an exceedingly early hour to disturb you," he said when Margaret came into the hall where he was waiting for her, "but I was eager to see you. I had to tell you."

She did not ask him to sit down but stood waiting expectantly.

"I'm going out West to that ranch, Margaret," he said with a partial return of his old-time buoyancy.

The girl's eyes brightened.

"Herbert," she cried. "Really!"

"Yes, and I'm going today. I've come to say good-bye."

"Oh, we won't say good-bye now. I'll come to the train to see you off." She spoke as she had not done for weeks. "Come into the library," she went on, "and sit down. I want to hear all about it." She led him off gaily to what had once been a much frequented corner.

For over an hour he stayed there, and when he did leave—and then only because

train time was approaching—his heart was lighter for his having unburdened it to her.

Margaret was as good as her word. A few minutes before train time Herbert saw her looking anxiously in every direction.

"I can't tell you how I appreciate this," he said as he went up to her. "Your coming, I mean, and the fine note your father sent me. I haven't many friends. You don't see the depot crowded with them, bidding me Godspeed, do you? But it's good to know that some of them care." There was just a touch of bitterness in his voice.

"Probably they would all be here if they knew."

"I feel as if I were going away a failure and leaving behind that which I hold most dear. It's—oh," he broke off abruptly. It was evident that he was having to exercise all his self-control.

"Your train is being called," Margaret exclaimed excitedly. "Hurry." She ran up to the gate with him and slipped past the ticket examiner.

"I'll expect to hear that you've become the greatest cattleman in the West," she said cheerily as they stood on the platform together.

"You still think I can be great at something, do you?" he put in sadly.

"Of course! I expect you to. That talk about the bird with the broken pinion never soaring so high again is all rubbish. I don't care if you do hear people quote it. I know better. You remember that little swallow I found at Overlook Ledge? I bound up its wing and cared for it, and this morning I took it outdoors and it flew right away from me—up—up—up into the blue until I could scarcely see it."

"Margaret! I understand. Thank you." There was the light of new-born hope in his eyes.

He jumped aboard the moving train, and as he did so Margaret said something very softly and he bent low and caught the words above the rumble of the wheels.

"Herbert—if everything goes well—perhaps I'll see you Christmas."



Typical Americans

Joseph Burr Tiffany

America's Foremost Creator and Adapter of Applied Artistic Effects

A DECADE ago a fifty-thousand dollar piano would have seemed not only an extravagance, but an absurdity. But American love for musical art has advanced materially in the last ten years, and nothing can be too elaborate or too expensive in a musical instrument, especially a piano, for the music lover who can afford to lavish money on his musical tastes. One of Europe's most distinguished musicians said in a recent interview that American love for music and musical instruments was far ahead of that of the Continent; that Americans loved the ornate and luxurious more than any other people of our modern civilization.

After all, the evolution of the piano in America is but a natural sequence to the development of the country. In the old pioneer days men cared little for the luxuries of life and art, but as the nation waxed strong and great, and as its citizens grew richer and more cultured, so have their desires increased and their tastes become more expensive. A half to a quarter of a century ago the place

of honor in the parlor was held by an ungainly, square box, mounted on ornately carved legs—a glistening creation of rose-wood whose varnished surface reflected like a mirror. The grand pianos of the same period were equally homely, but they were few in number and considered a rarity.

It is a long journey from this period to

the magnificent instrument that now adorns the White House in Washington, and which is the admiration of every visitor who has the pleasure of studying its graceful lines, but this elegant instrument is only one of the many thousands of art pianos that adorn the homes of the wealthy, representing every period of architecture and style of ornamentation, and which have cost their owners anywhere from one to fifty thousand dollars. In one sense of the word, the enlistment of artistic taste and luxurious ornamentation in piano-making was an evolution, but an evolution especially due to the genius and ability of one man who, breaking away from all traditions and preconceived ideas of piano architecture, like the awakening



DECORATION PRESENTED BY MRS. TAFT TO THOSE WHO GIVE RECITALS AT THE WHITE HOUSE

Mr. Tiffany possesses one of these medals, which are as prized by their possessors as is the French cross of the Legion of Honor in France

of the dawn after long years of night, made it his life work to change an ungainly box that held the precious soul of music into a setting worthy of the gem hidden therein with the result—the Art Piano.

Mr. Joseph Burr Tiffany occupies the unique position of the only man in this country who has made the artistic decoration of musical instruments and music chambers a profession; which, added to his thorough knowledge of the applied and fine arts, rare stuffs, fabrics, and tapestries of mural decoration, has given him a reputation that has become international.

One of a family to which the world of art is deeply indebted, it was but natural that he should early turn his thoughts toward all things beautiful, and as soon as he had finished his collegiate education, he took up the study of applied arts with Tiffany & Co. From them he went into the studio of John LaFarge to obtain a thorough knowledge of color schemes, after which he took a course with Adrian Pottier in order that he might possess that intimacy with the ideals of decorative art which would be needful in his future vocation. His further desire for an intimate knowledge of the beautiful took him to the warerooms of C. H. George so that he might study stuffs and rare fabrics, after which he spent several years in the great art centers of Europe, filling his brain with a knowledge of architectural decoration covering all periods; an intimacy with rare tapestries and hangings that is possessed by few and such a fund of new ideas as would only find a place in an active, artistic and enterprising brain. Returning to this country, Mr. Tiffany took up the interior decoration of artistic homes, and many of the finest residences owe their beauties to his rare talents. It was while engaged in beautifying the Mexican Legation Building at Washington that he first applied his talents to piano decoration. Senor Romero, the Mexican minister to this country, expressed a desire to possess a piano whose case would be in harmony with the interior decoration of the room which was to be its home. Mr. Tiffany undertook the commission and saw the great possibilities in this line. Two years later he connected himself with one of the great piano houses of the country,

and from that time to the present has made this particular line of art a life study. During these years he has set the pace for those that follow in his footsteps, and while he has had many imitators, the trade at large recognizes the fact that he is the only creator. He saw how well the architecture of the various French periods and some of the English and Flemish styles of architecture could be adapted as models for piano case construction, and at the present time specimens of his art are to be found, not only in the homes of wealthy Americans, but in nearly every royal palace in Europe.

The price that has been paid for some of these instruments seems almost fabulous, but when it is taken into consideration that the most noted painters, sculptors and artisans in metal working have spent months on a single instrument, and that ornaments of the most expensive bronze, and sometimes trimmings of solid gold have been added wherever necessary, it is easy to see wherein the cost lies. A piano of this description is much like a magnificent painting or piece of statuary: its value lies in its being a true object of art and not merely an artistic object. Only a short time ago Mr. Tiffany was confronted with the problem of preserving a rare painting that had been executed on the cover of an ancient harpsichord, and incorporating it in the cover of a piano which was being built for a gentleman. This was done by building the piano in the same shape, only larger than the harpsichord, stripping the painting from the original cover, placing it on the new cover and building up the edges with veneers until flush with the original painting. An artist of high repute then carried up the sky line and brought down the foreground until the whole top was covered, and at the completion of the work the owner possessed a veritable ancient harpsichord with a modern interior.

Recently Mr. Tiffany originated the idea of making memorial pianos to take the place of the useless bronze tablets so often found in churches. He believes that a beautiful piano or organ placed in a Sunday-school is far more appropriate and does more to keep the beloved dead in the memory than a whole church full of useless bronze.



JOSEPH BURR TIFFANY

In speaking of organs, Mr. Tiffany has also made an exhaustive study of art as applied to the modern chamber organ, and has so beautified that instrument that it has become the central and most attractive feature of the present day music room.

Mr. Tiffany's superior judgment in all that pertains to art in its broadest sense led to his being unanimously chosen as president of the jurors of the Decorative Arts at the St. Louis Exposition, and as a judge of rare old tapestries and the like he is regarded by critical purchasers as being the best informed man on this side of the Atlantic, a fact which has long ago been appreciated by the customs appraisers for Uncle Sam, who often call upon him

to decide knotty questions as to the true value of certain classes of imports. During the administration of the late President McKinley, Mr. Tiffany became deeply interested in musical events at the White House, and because of his wide acquaintance among the greatest musical artists and of his thorough knowledge of music, he was given charge by Mr. McKinley of the arrangements for the musicales given by the President there. Since that time he has been the recognized *charge d'affaires* of the official recitals given at the White House, and under his supervision have appeared most of the greatest musical artists of the world during all of the succeeding administrations.

ALL SOULS' EVE

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

YE ghosts that walk in the dim light
 Answer us now our prayer aright:
 We ask from out the dust of things—
 Did great death give thee glorious wings?
 What of the darkness? What of night?

Thou king beloved and so long dead:
 Who flings now for thy horse to tread
 Roses that shame the sundown west?
 What hearts are heaped at thy behest
 Into a quivering pyramid?

Bleak beggar who foretasted doom—
 Who walked through life in shadowed gloom:
 Say now, are banquets spread for thee?
 Hast thou thy share of revelry
 Where stars like house fronts burst in bloom?

O poet whose bright fire divine
 Was quenched in treach'rous deeps of wine:
 Tell us, what million throats of song
 Are thine within the silence long—
 What flutes of gold? What harps that shine?

Dead husbandman who loved the loam
 And things that from its bosom come:
 Speak! when the April flings the rain
 Dost long for thy old plow again?
 Art anguished for the fields of home?

Remarkable Development of Interurban Railroads

by W. C. Jenkins



THE current belief that the age of steam will be superseded by an age of electricity finds abundant confirmation in the changes that are being planned in the railway systems of the world.

So radical and widespread are these proposed changes that there are not lacking those who see the beginning of a traffic revolution comparable only to the one inaugurated by the running of Stephenson's first passenger train in England eighty-six years ago.

Stephenson's effort to educate the civilized world to abandon the stage coach and the canal boat met with derision, and his substitute was condemned as unsafe and impractical.

The adoption of electricity as the motive power of our railroads will not encounter such hostility and opposition that first greeted steam when it was first utilized, because people have become more accustomed to the mighty changes wrought through the invention of science.

The marvelous responsibilities of electricity have been demonstrated in so many fields of industrial activity, and have thus become so familiar to the present generation that the popular imagination is now prepared to expect almost anything from its service; and yet, ten years ago, practical railroad men would have ridiculed the idea of substituting electricity for steam on the great trunk lines of the country.

As a motive power in carrying freight and passengers, the field of electricity was formerly believed to be restricted to

the street cars of our cities and suburban districts. There were apparently insurmountable obstacles standing in the way of its extension to the hauling of great trains over long distances. The overhead trolley was too fragile a structure to withstand the strain thus put upon it, while anything like a third rail was manifestly too dangerous to be considered a possibility. Then again, steam traction was apparently fulfilling all the conditions that could be required by the traveling public. It represented an outlay of billions of dollars, and to replace it by electricity would presumably involve the expenditure of billions more.

When the electric motor was first recognized as an important factor in the railroad service it had a handicap of almost a century to contend with. During that time railroad men had grown so accustomed to steam locomotives that it was difficult to convince them that any more serviceable power was possible.

The steam railroad was without a formidable competitor from the time James Watt invented his engine until 1883. In September of that year there was operated in Ireland the first practical electric railway. This road had a trackage of about eight miles and connected Portrush with the Giant's Causeway. The electric current was generated by water-power and was delivered to the cars from a third rail. As the tracks were laid alongside of the highway, numerous accidents caused by the third rail created considerable prejudice against the road. This prejudice culminated in an order from the highway commissioners, in 1897, that the third

rail be removed, and as necessity became the mother of invention, the overhead trolley was substituted.

About the same time there was established the first commercial electric railway in the United States. The innovation was launched at Richmond, Va., and was the first electric street railway in the world. Twenty cars were placed in service early in 1888. The demonstration of the overhead trolley system was received with favor by practical railway men and at once commanded confidence from the capitalists. Four years after Richmond's cars were running there were in operation and course of construction more than

northern Ohio and were designated "interurban systems." The characterization was generally accepted, and ever since then the name has become world-wide in the application.

At first the lines were built on the country highway and were limited exclusively to carrying passengers. The five-cent fare idea was adopted, the lines being divided into sections. Whenever the passenger had been carried a certain distance, the conductor would go through the car and collect another nickel, and this was repeated, section by section, until the entire trip had been made.

As in all innovations, the early roads



INTERURBAN PASSENGER TRAIN

450 roads, with a total of 3,000 miles of track. At the end of 1892, 6,000 electric cars were in operation, and more than a billion passengers had been carried. In 1900 there were 17,969 miles of electric railways in forty-three of the states, New York alone having 2,205 miles. The total invested capital in electric railways twelve years after their introduction was \$1,023,-819.987. Today the invested capital is nearly five billion dollars.

By natural development the city lines were extended to the suburbs, and then came the plan of connecting cities within a short distance of each other. This was the inception of the interurban idea—a scheme entirely distinct from the street car systems of cities and the steam railroads. The first roads were built in

were far from satisfactory. The underlying principle was excellent, but faulty construction soon manifested itself. The lines must be removed from the highways wherever possible and a larger type of car utilized, otherwise a satisfactory speed could not be attained. The current, which at first was furnished by power stations at short distances from each other, or transmitted by means of a "Booster," must be distributed from a central station over high tension wires to various substations at which the voltage would be reduced and fed into the trolley wires. When these manifestly needed improvements were inaugurated, a rapid development ensued until today are found cars of practically the same size, capacity and construction as the best steam road

coaches, and making speed equal to the fastest railroad trains.

In the beginning of the interurban history no one thought of any other service which might be performed than carrying passengers; no one dreamed of a freight or an express business. Within the past few years, however, it has become evident that the freight business offers an important field for exploitation; in fact, several interurban companies have developed the

railroad would get no patronage worth mentioning; that the people would not dare to ride at so great a speed. They were not good prophets, for we now have the every-day reality of success beyond the wildest dreams of the electric road's best friends. Dining cars and buffet, and even sleeping cars, are provided, and to the minutest detail everything is most luxuriously comfortable and convenient.

Electric railway operation practically



COMFORT ON THE INTERURBAN

freight business to an extent that it now constitutes from fifteen to twenty-five per cent of their gross receipts.

The story of the electric railroads has been one of success from start to finish. Fortunes have been made by men who had the courage to break away from precedent and do something the railroad world said could not be done. Interurban roads were built in the face of pessimism and ridicule. Nobody outside of the promoters thought that they would succeed. Managers of rival steam roads serving the same territory laughed, and said that the electric

eliminates the danger of rear-end collision and of fire. It affords opportunities for improved methods of protecting trains by the signal system. It makes possible to cut off the power from any given section and in this way prevent accidents. The danger of derailment in the case of the electric locomotive is far less than the case of the steam locomotive, because the center of gravity is nearer the track.

In these days the fact is being forced home by daily object lessons that safety in railroad travel has not reached the height of perfection which is desired; but

more extensive adoption of electricity for motive power will, it is confidently believed, eliminate the dangers of travel to considerable extent.

The nineteenth century was the century of steam. It saw the development of steam manufacturing and of steam transportation. The twentieth century will see the end of both.

There are three rivals, one of which may or may not be destroyed by the others,

motive power; the popular demand finding expression through government regulations for an abatement of the smoke nuisance incident to the steam locomotive, and the recognition of the need, through the great increased volume of traffic, for a speedier and more frequent service than apparently is possible with the present system of railroading.

It is computed that there are over half a million miles of railroad in the world



INTERURBAN FREIGHT TRAIN

but which, all combined, will surely destroy steam as the world's motive power. The rivals are gas, electricity and compressed air. The patentee of the gasoline automobile was derided about twenty-five years ago for his "explosive buggy," but he has had the satisfaction of living to see his invention used throughout the world.

Three factors which have arisen during the past decade seem to render the universal electrification of the railroads inevitable. These factors are the discovery of the practical means by which electricity can be utilized wherever steam is now the

today operated by steam, representing a cost of something like forty-two billion dollars.

The transformation of this vast system to a system radically different seems well-nigh inconceivable; and yet, the work has begun, and those engaged in it who dare to hazard a prophecy, believe it will not end until the whole has been accomplished and the steam locomotive has been relegated to the dust heap of abandoned human achievements along with the stage coach which it once proudly superseded.

A little study will convince anyone that

a steam railroad and an electric line are very different in their methods of operation. The steam railroad consists of a locomotive hauling a number of cars, which are run over rails. The cars may be essentially the same as those on the electric line. A standard gauge is common to both systems, but the difference in the operation is concerned with the application of the motive power. The steam

upon the type of locomotive which will haul the greatest number of cars in the quickest time, with the least expenditure of steam and will create the greatest volume of steam from the given amount of coal. A trolley car, however, is entirely different. It creates no power, neither does it store any. It is merely an arrangement by which electric power is transmitted to the running gear of the car so



VIEW OF INTERURBAN ROADWAY

railroad train is run by a locomotive which generates its own power as it goes along. The trolley car receives its motive power from a central station, which may be many miles away. The locomotive burns its own coal and makes its own steam; it is a ponderous affair and is as clumsy as it is uneconomical. In order to make it profitable it must necessarily haul a number of cars on each trip.

Economical management of a steam railroad depends, to considerable extent,

as to push it over the rails. When the trolley car is standing still, it expends no power. Every time a locomotive stops for five minutes, while steam is up, it costs its owner something for power, which is absolutely wasted. Under certain conditions the trolley car is essentially more economical.

In estimating the earning power of the interurban railway, investors must not lose sight of the inherent difference between electricity and steam operation,

a difference so great that the steam road would starve to death where an electric road would prove profitable. The reason for this is because the cost of running the cars by electricity is much less than by steam, and the saving thus accomplished forms a very important part of the dividends paid to stockholders of an electric road. When a steam train stops for passengers, the cost is from \$1.50 to \$2.50. When the interurban stops the cost is less than five cents. The short hauls of an electric road are very profitable. The ten and fifteen-cent fares taken in carrying farmers to and from the nearest town constitute an important part in the earnings of an electric railroad, while with a steam road they may represent a balance on the wrong side of the ledger.

Experience has demonstrated that an electric road can be operated profitably if there is a population of 1,200 people to a mile of territory served, counting five miles back on each side of the track and the cities which constitute the terminals.

To figure on the possibilities by comparing early development of the electric and steam roads would be a most unsafe method of basing calculations. In the early days of steam railroading, the cost of labor was one half what it is at the present time. Rights-of-way were given free and subsidies were granted. Cross ties could be secured with but little expense, while the present cost is about eighty cents. Then again railroads were permitted to charge from four to six cents a mile for passenger fare. But with-

standing all this, the interurban, with the present degree of efficiency and with the purchasing power of the dollar reduced nearly one half, can carry passengers with more comfort and safety at two cents a mile and still get better returns to the investors than could the steam roads when cost of labor was low and rates high.

It is, perhaps, not strange that many investors have looked upon interurban securities with some apprehension, and their timidity was, in the early days of the system, justifiable. In the beginning it was but natural that the estimates of construction, the fixing of fares and the arrangements for operation were problems which must be solved without any precedent for guidance. It was soon discovered that expensive equipment for air brakes must substitute the simple and inefficient hand brake. Powerful headlights must be provided, so as to eliminate as far as possible the dangers of night travel; and the early installation of forty-pound rail must be replaced by heavier track. Then again a dispatching system must be inaugurated and a more competent and therefore more expensive class of motormen and conductors employed. These are but few of the unforeseen conditions which were responsible for the disappointments of investors who had pinned their faith on a promoter's prospectus. But those are features of bygone days; the business is no longer an experiment, and today it is possible to estimate with almost exactitude the probable results of interurban operation in a given territory.

(To be continued)

TIME

THE hours 'twixt dawn and sunset are but few,
Yet in this space have greatest deeds been done,
Brave souls met death, racked hearts to love were true,
And truth and right great victories have won.

So one need ask not years wherein to do
Some noble deed; with every little day
That climbs the hills to greet the world anew
Comes time for deeds whose fame would last away!

—Arthur Wallace Peach.

ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE

WHEN you are seeing a production for its third time, it is safe to assume a superior air. Here, on the one hand, are you, with a full knowledge of the delights that are to come—for if it were not a delightful play you wouldn't be eager to witness it thrice—while on the other hand, the people about you must be placidly—or expectantly—ignorant.

Wherefore when I went to the new Plymouth Theater the other evening to see "Alias Jimmy Valentine" again, did I disregard the program proffered me by the courteous usher, wherefore did I accord my neighbors the disdainful smile of the wise upon over-hearing interrogatory discussions at act-endings.

"Yes," modestly murmured the young gentleman at my right to his pretty companion, "this is my sixth time. Saw it the opening night at Wallack's, and had to bring mother twice after. Happened to hit it in San Francisco; saw it once in the Cort and then at the open-air performance.* Yes, this is my sixth."

At the opening of the second act the manager of the house slipped into an end

seat for which he evidently held a ticket—"S. R. O." signs were waving in the rain outside—and remained through to the last curtain.

All of which is introductory comment upon the gripping power of "Alias Jimmy Valentine," Paul Armstrong's great detective-thief play. That the plot was suggested by the late O. Henry is proof of its human appeal.

A thief turned straight—what a volume of possibilities here! And that Mr. Armstrong has made the most of them is proven in every performance of this wonderful melodrama.

The press in all parts of the country has so enthusiastically accepted "Jimmy Valentine" in its two successful years that most readers are already familiar with the plot. "Jimmy Valentine" is in the first act serving a term in Sing-Sing. The Lieutenant-Governor of the state, accompanied by his niece, Miss Rose Lane, and two ladies of the "Gate of Hope" society, visit the prison, and the warden, to prove to the ladies the astuteness of the criminal, exhibits certain of his choicest wards,



MR. H. B. WARNER,
whose interpretation of the title role in "Alias Jimmy Valentine," is one of the achievements of the American stage

* Given in San Quentin penitentiary, California.

including "Blinky" Davis, a forger, and "Dick, the Rat," a sneak-thief. Both of these gentlemen are glad to accommodate the visitors with demonstrations of their skill. Then is summoned Jimmy Valentine, the "gentleman crook," who opens safes by the sense of touch. Before the guests he declares his innocence, and in explaining the cause of his imprisonment it turns out that he at one time saved

in Springfield, Massachusetts. Skilfully, masterfully, Doyle is evaded by an alibi—"something which proves," as Valentine explains to "Red" Jocelyn, his confidante and former pal, "that you were not where you were"—and all looks clear. But even before Doyle has closed the door behind him, "Red" bursts in from another entrance with the terrible news that Kitty, the little sister of Miss Lane, is locked in



JIMMY VALENTINE IS PARDONED—SCENE AT THE CLOSE OF ACT I, WHERE THE WARDEN TURNS DIPLOMATIC TO HIS DEPARTING PRISONER

Miss Lane from insult. Her uncle secures for him a pardon, and at her request he is given employment in her father's bank at Springfield, Illinois, of which Miss Lane is part owner. We meet Valentine in the third act as Lee Randall, the assistant cashier of the bank. He has, in a word, "made good." This touching scene, in which Miss Lane forces him to acknowledge his love for her, is shadowed by the appearance of the detective Doyle, who seeks Valentine on an old charge of safe-breaking

the new vault. No one knows the combination. "Only you can open it, Jimmy," pleads the horror-stricken Red, "come for God's sake; open that vault or she'll die, die like a rat."

Valentine goes. His fingers are sandpapered down as in the old days; he is blindfolded. "Red" reads him the combination numbers; the great safe door swings open. Kitty is brought out alive, but as Valentine removes the bandage from his eyes, he sees in the shadow of the



MISS PHYLLIS SHERWOOD

Leading woman with Mr. H. B. Warner in "Alias Jimmy Valentine"

open safe door the form of Doyle. He has been caught "red-handed."

At the other side of the darkened bank interior stands Rose Lane. "Have you—" gasps the beset Valentine, turning to her, "seen all—do you know?"

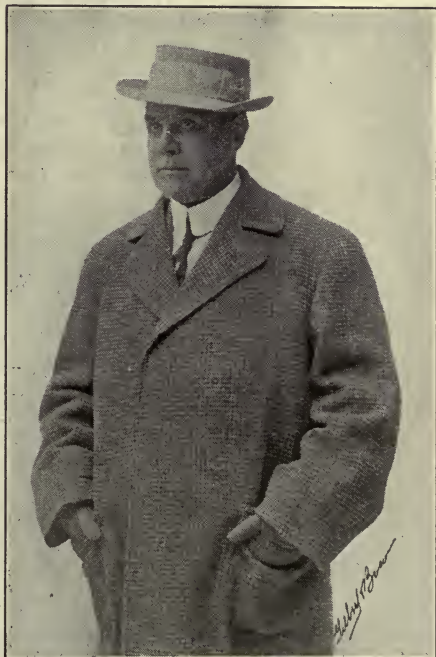
"I only know," she answers, "that I love you." The detective stands a silent witness to their parting scene, but when Valentine joins him, leaving the weeping girl, Doyle unbends. "I guess," he says, turning to go alone, "that the lady needs you more than the state of Massachusetts."

* * *

It is impossible to comment on "Alias Jimmy Valentine" without paying tribute to Mr. H. B. Warner, who plays the title role. His magnificent interpretation of the reformed thief is connected so indissolubly with the success of the play that one cannot conceive of the part in another's hands. H. B. Warner is "Jimmy Valentine" as William Hodge is "The Man from Home."

Henry Byron Warner is London born. His father was Charles Warner, the famous English actor, affectionately remembered

by many an old-time American theatergoer who saw him in "Drink." Young Warner is a graduate of Bedford School and University College, London, and is an athlete of no little note at home. He was but four years old when he first appeared before the footlights, being carried on by Edmund Gurney in "The Streets of London." This was at the T. R. Hanley, Staffordshire, the first stage his father ever set foot on. Since that time he has appeared in important parts with all the leading British actors. Sir Charles Wyndham, Sir Herbert Beerholm Tree, George Alexander, and Arthur Bouchier were among those who realized Warner's possibilities while he was in their support. Mr. George C. Tyler of the Lieblers was in England on one of his flying trips when he discovered the young man. He made him a liberal offer to come to America, but Warner was under contract with Bouchier for two years. Persistent Mr. Tyler, however, stayed on the ground until Warner was released, and introduced his English "find" to the American public in support



MR. FRANK MONROE,

Who plays the part of Doyle, the detective. His acting has earned for him the title of "the only detective on the stage today"

of Miss Eleanor Robson, then starring in "Merely Mary Ann."

Followed "The Girl Who Has Everything," with H. B. Warner's star in the ascendant; followed "In Search of a Husband," "Salomy Jane," "The Battle," "The Dawn of a Tomorrow." Mention of his part in the last play recalls an incident which shows the esteem of Miss Robson (now Mrs. August Belmont) for Mr. Warner. "The Dawn of a Tomorrow," with Miss Robson in the role of "Glad," was scheduled to open in Norfolk, Virginia, on a Saturday. Mr. Warner expected to play the part of "Dandy," but was suddenly called upon to support Wilton Lackaye in "The Battle," opening in New York the following Monday. Miss Robson did not take kindly to this arrangement, and it was not until Mr. Warner appeared at the Norfolk performance that she let

him embark for New York. . A special boat had to be chartered, and with scarcely time to take his makeup off, the young man rushed from the opening performance of "The Dawn of a Tomorrow" on the Saturday night in Norfolk, Virginia, to the opening performance of "The Battle" in New York on Monday.

As "Alias Jimmy Valentine," Mr. Warner made his debut as a star. Members of the profession, critics, and the theater-going public have watched his phenomenal success with peculiar gratification. He is the kind of star who makes for himself a "following," and the actor who draws people to him, whatever may be his part, is pretty sure to be made of the right stuff. For, as an actress of the old school once said tersely to me, "You can't meet up to a part with a personality you haven't got."

LAND O' GOLD

LONG ago the western foot-hills
Yielded up their golden ore,
Where the blue Pacific murmurs
By the California shore.
Then the ring of pick and shovel
Mingled with the singing pines,
Delving deep for hidden treasure
In the shafts of rock-bound mines.

Long ago the silent canyons
Wakened from their solemn gloom,
To the echoing blasts of powder,
And the miner's roaring flume.
But the pioneers have vanished,
As the years have drifted past,
And those frontier days of daring
Only in our memory last;
Changed the land from toil and hardship
To the land of dreams and flowers,
And her riches in abundance
Nature gives in golden showers.

Gleam of gold upon the hillsides,
That were once so brown and bare;
Gleam of gold as pure as sunshine,
Flaunting in the noonday glare.

For the dazzling wealth in fragrant,
Scattered, yellow splendor lies,
In the fields of golden poppies
Drowsing under sunlit skies.

—*Jessie Davies Wilddy.*

BOOKS *of the* MONTH



ENGLISH and Scottish ballads have long been recognized as a splendid storehouse for tales of the days of chivalry, and it seems strange that so few authors have availed themselves of the opportunities presented. In "The Ballad of the White Horse,"* Gilbert K. Chesterton has drawn to some extent from the old popular ballads; yet he, himself, is essentially a balladist.

Stories of the days of good King Alfred have always a decided charm. Mr. Chesterton's ballad is founded on the traditions surrounding the life of the great king, who saved England from the Danes and the worship of Wodin. The ballad draws its name from the bloody battle in the Valley of the White Horse. Like the waves of the seashore, the Danish hosts broke on the shores of Merry England, putting to the sword all those who opposed them. How King Alfred and his faithful Thanes, although often defeated, finally turned and drove the last invader into the sea, forms the theme of Mr. Chesterton's epic.

Masterfully written in true and even metre, one can almost hear the clash of arms, the shout of victory and the wailings

of defeat. A martial spirit pervades every stanza. "The Ballad of the White Horse" is poetry that will live and is beyond doubt the greatest of Mr. Chesterton's works.

* * *

OF all the extraordinary methods of winning a wife, it is safe to assume that the plan followed by Bellairs, the leading character in "The Garden of Resurrection,"* was unique.

Although endowed with earthly goods, Bellairs lacks physical beauty, and because of this his forty-third birthday has been passed without a love affair. While sitting one day in a cafe, he chances to hear a conversation in which a man's duplicity is evident. Soon he is familiar with the whole story, which concerns a young West Indian heiress, now the affianced

wife of an unworthy fortune-hunter. With this information ringing in his ears, Bellairs becomes infatuated with the description and determines to play the part of Sir Galahad.

The experiences that follow run the gamut of stirring adventure, and the long-suffering Bellairs is at last rewarded with the object of his desire. There is a certain



GILBERT K. CHESTERTON
Author of "The Ballad of the White Horse"

* "The Ballad of the White Horse." By Gilbert K. Chesterton. New York: John Lane Company. Price \$1.25 net.

* "The Garden of Resurrection." By E. Temple Thurston. New York: Mitchell Kennerly. Price \$1.30.

quietness about the story which saves it from becoming a common "thriller"; it is convincingly told in an entertaining manner.

* * *

YOUNG girls breaking in upon the serenity of bachelordom are sometimes unwelcome. Provokingly pretty and refreshingly frank, with the impetuosity of her eighteen years, "Miss Billy,"* who gives the title to Mrs. Porter's



MRS. ELEANOR PORTER
Author of "Miss Billy," a charming tale of a young American girl

book, comes to the quiet household of the Henshaw boys and sadly disarranges the customary routine of their aristocratic homestead. "Billy" is the daughter of the college chum of William Henshaw, and incidentally his namesake. Circumstances make it necessary for her to appeal to Henshaw for a home, although not for support, as she is an heiress. Having no knowledge of his namesake, the natural supposition is that "Billy" is a boy. Consternation reigns supreme when the mistake is learned, and a chaperon is hastily summoned. "Billy" unknowingly succeeds in upsetting the quiet and dignity of "The Strata," as the old Boston mansion is called, although the brothers all love

her. A meddlesome sister of the Henshaw boys, however, condemns her for disturbing the household, and she leaves.

After studying abroad for three years, Miss Billy returns to America and sets up an establishment of her own. Again the interfering sister disturbs the routine of both homes, but the result is that Billy finds out where her affections are placed.

In this delightful little volume Mrs. Porter has given a charming pen picture of a frank, true-hearted, spirited American girl.

* * *

MYSTERIOUS and shocking tragedies at dead of night in the hospital where she is confined begin the heroine's experiences in "The Amazing Adventures of Letitia Carberry."* She turns detective and does her work so effectively as to



MARY ROBERTS RINEHART
Whose "Amazing Adventures of Letitia Carberry" is one of the liveliest detective stories of the year

track down the perpetrator of the dreadful deeds, thereby restoring peace and order. Her further adventures are on a somewhat less tragic and more amusing scale, and her love of romance and mystery bring her into a variety of situations that will sustain the reader's interest. The

* "Miss Billy." By Eleanor H. Porter. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Price \$1.25.

* "The Amazing Adventures of Letitia Carberry." By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price \$1.25 net.

story is written in the author's most pleasing vein; there is no hint of the denouement until curiosity has been excited to the uttermost.

* * *

NON - PARTISAN

and impartial in every sense of the word, "The United States Government,"* by Frederic J. Haskin, is a timely and useful text-book upon the business and activities of the Republic. Every important department from the chief executive down is given a chapter, in which plain, succinct statements of its salient operations and methods, and to some extent its present personnel, bear witness to the value and accuracy of the essays devoted to their special branch of the service. To the student and the general reader who has not been compelled to "keep tab" on such matters, a large amount of interesting and novel information is carefully and skilfully presented in this book.

* * *

THIS "History of England,"† of which Rudyard Kipling is a co-author, is written for children. The style is clear and concise throughout, and the main facts of English history are sufficiently reviewed to make the book valuable as well as interesting, although its great

attractions are the poems of Rudyard Kipling scattered throughout its pages,



REPRODUCTION FROM PAINTING IN "A HISTORY OF ENGLAND"
(Kipling and Fletcher)

dealing with the various matters suggested by the context. There are also many beautiful illustrations in color, which will delight the young student of English history.

* * *

POLITICAL, social and economic tendencies in the United States are ably discussed by Walter E. Weyl in "The New Democracy."* The author argues that we do not possess a socialized democracy; that in 1789 conditions were against

* "The United States Government." By Frederic J. Haskin. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Co. Price \$1.00.

† "A History of England." By C. R. L. Fletcher and Rudyard Kipling. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co. Price \$1.80.

* "The New Democracy." By Walter E. Weyl. New York: The MacMillan Company. Price \$2.00 net.

its establishment; that later our territorial expansion in development of the country produced individualism resulting in plutocracy; that our present social unrest is a symptom of an evolving democracy with forces behind it giving it the character of a national adjustment; finally, that the socialized democracy of the future can endure in spite of the hard problems it may have to solve.

* * *

VIVID pen pictures of life conditions in Japan, Korea, Manchuria, China, the Philippines and India reveal the

and agriculture down to "the babies to the square inch," and the meanings of the different female coiffures.

By far the most interesting country written of is Japan, which Mr. Poe aptly calls "a land of surprises." His account invites comparison between Japanese and American conditions, and the reader feels that the other half the world might also do well in "waking up."

* * *

BARMAIDS have long been a conventional "type" with the writers of fiction and drama. The London barmaid whom



CHINESE SCHOOL CHILDREN. FROM "WHERE HALF THE WORLD IS WAKING UP"

author's intimate personal knowledge of these countries in "Where Half the World is Waking Up."* Even without the information modestly given in the preface, the reader knows that Mr. Poe has traveled extensively in each country mentioned, and that he finished each writing while on the soil. Perhaps this is why the chapters appeal like the letters of an intimate friend, who understands just what is most interesting, from educational development

Mr. Phillpotts takes for his central character in "The Beacon"* is of a different stamp. Her training is above the average; her ideals are higher and she appreciates patriotism.

In her work at the little Dartmoor tavern, which has no small influence in moulding her future, she meets two marriageable men. One of these is greater in mind and stronger in will than she—a man to whom she can look up—while

* "Where Half the World is Waking Up." By Clarence Poe. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co.

* "The Beacon." By Eden Phillpotts. New York: John Lane Co. Price \$1.30.

the other is more lovable but too spineless. For some time she faces the problem as to which of these men she can best help. Finally she decides that it would be best to uplift the weaker man, whose mind is over-dominated by a wealthy uncle. Upon this foundation is built a deeply interesting tale with thoughtful themes. The book is written in the concise, vigorous style of Mr. Phillpotts, and the characters are original and strikingly interesting.

* * *

AN unique place in American Biography is filled by "The Life of James, Cardinal Gibbons."* With infinite pains and most exacting research the author has comprehensively treated his subject, and has spread out an amazing amount of new data on the career of this famous churchman. The cardinal's efforts in making America better understood abroad, his attitude toward toleration in religion, and friendship toward organized labor and many other subjects are exhaustively covered.

* * *

DEALING with the past and present of a man whose power in two hemispheres is so immense and far-reaching, "The Life Story of J. Pierpont Morgan,"† by Carl Hovey, must interest the reader who appreciates that neither the traditions of century-old monarchies, nor the independence, initiative and institutions of America can be trusted to appease all doubts as to the ultimate reading of the financial riddle by this Sphinx of modern finance. Hitherto his enormous control of men and capital has been used to build up great industries and to strengthen existing systems of finance and banking, the story of which will be found interestingly set forth in Mr. Hovey's book.

Many interesting statements concerning the several great "operations" in which Mr. Morgan has taken the leading part are made by the author, who appears to have been impartial in his study and fair in his exposition thereof.

* "The Life of James, Cardinal Gibbons." By Allen S. Will. Baltimore: John Murphy Company, Price \$1.00.

† "The Life Story of J. Pierpont Morgan." By Carl Hovey. New York City: Sturgis & Walton Co. Price \$2.50.

HURLING innuendo after innuendo at the modern political leader, wielding satire, bitter and denunciatory, heaping upon demagogues the odium of an abused,



EMERSON HOUGH
Author of "John Rawn"

common people, Mr. Hough has eclipsed all his former efforts in the strength of "John Rawn."*

While not openly criticizing the political demagogue, Mr. Hough arranges his story in such a manner as to uncover pretence. All through the volume a persistent voice cries out "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting."

John Rawn, who gives the book its name, typifies the leader. He is an egotist, smug and conceited. Riches come to him by trampling on the rights of others. Having risen to power, he assures himself that luxury, nay, even adoration, are his by "divine right." Rawn's son-in-law, Charles Halsey, represents the common people, and although the elder's success is due to Halsey's genius, the young man is "used" only as a tool. Wife, daughter, home and all are sacrificed to the god of Power.

* "John Rawn." By Emerson Hough. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. Price \$1.25 net.

COUNTRY boys who come to the great cities to win fame and fortune have long been a favorite theme with the novelists. Young Tom Wilson, who gives the

mines him to make a man of himself. In company with his savior, Wilson returns to his home town and establishes a successful newspaper. Then he is able to prove his manliness to the girl of his choice.

The book is written from the play of the same name, which has been so popular, and will be of special interest to those who have seen the dramatic version.

* * *

UNUSUAL adventures, with striking extremes of happiness and misery in the life of the heroine, constitute the novel peg on which "Sekhet"* is hung. Placed by her dying father in the care of an old friend, Evarne Stornway is taken from a life of seclusion to one of luxury and pleasure by her would-be guardian, Morris Kenyon, who has fallen in love with her. She goes with him on a trip to Egypt where among other antiquities she finds the shrine of "Sekhet," goddess of love and cruelty, whom she adopts as her patron saint. Her future misfortunes and trials are all laid to the machinations of Sekhet, assisted, of course, by human agencies. Deceived and abandoned by Kenyon she passes her life in alternate misery and happiness. The ending of the story is rather unusual in that it does not follow the ordinary course of novels, the author evidently deeming it the natural sequel to such a life as Evarne has led.

* * *

SCENE FROM "THE COUNTRY BOY," THE BOOK
TAKEN FROM EDGAR SELWYN'S PLAY



title to the book of Mr. Selwyn's play, "The Country Boy,"* follows the conventional course after he arrives in New York. Wine and women are in a fair way to encompass his downfall when the intervention of a kindly fellow-boarder saves him from self-destruction and deter-

FEW characters in fiction will be found more enjoyable than the genial, wholehearted, old sea captain who wins our love in "Cap'n Warren's Wards."† The "Cap'n's" brother, who has made a fortune in the city, leaves his two children in the care of the old sailor. The "children," a boy and

* "Sekhet." By Irene Miller. New York: John Lane Co. Price \$1.25.

* "The Country Boy." By Charles Sarver, from the play by Edgar Selwyn. New York: H. K. Fly Co.

† "Cap'n Warren's Wards." By Joseph C. Lincoln. New York: D. Appleton Company. Price \$1.30.

a girl, who are almost of age, and having become snobbish according to the custom of their "set," resent the authority of their new guardian. The Captain undauntedly brings his "salt water sense" to bear on the problem of meeting New York and New Yorkers of all types. There is an interesting plot, a pretty love story and an eminently satisfying conclusion. Mr. Lincoln has never written a more delightful tale.

* * *

RATHER a formidable "bundle of reminiscences" are brought to light with Mr. Rideing's "Many Celebrities and a Few Others."* The author gives his readers the benefit of his delightful associations with the "newer" celebrities of the past and present generations. The first two chapters, "A Boy's Ambition" and "First Lessons in Journalism," followed by "Midnight Oil and Beach Comb-ing" make an unusually vivid story of the ambitious American boy. One has the impression, as he puts down the book, that Mr. Rideing has made a very great deal of his life and of the associations which he now shares with the public in a very entertaining manner.

* * *

IN one hundred and twenty-three sonnets the author of "The Story of America Sketched in Sonnets,"† attempts to depict the salient features of Anglo-American history from the discovery of Vineland the Good up to the present day. These sonnets have the orthodox number of lines and the lines scan equably, but the sonnet, however charming by itself and even endurable in a limited sequence, is unfitted for an epic.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Frank in these pictures of the periods did not adopt a more continuous versification and one capable of greater versatility of harmony and expression, for his sonnets are generally true to historical fact, just in expression of praise or blame, laudable in their tribute to friend and foe, and enriched with many explanatory and historical addenda.

IN his posthumously published book, "Hadji Murad,"* Count Tolstoy deals again with the Caucasian life. The story concerns the period about 1850 when Russia was bending all her energies to subjugate the semi-savage tribes of the Caucasians, of which Hadji Murad was one of the leaders. As a matter of fact, Hadji Murad, a man who had spilt much blood and intrigued with Russia, deserved any fate that might befall him. The reader, however, finds himself in sympathy with this strange leader, and accepts his conduct as consistent and straightforward. The book reveals that the natural manners and customs of the tribesmen appealed more to Tolstoy than did the conventionalities of modern society.

* * *

SUCCINCTLY and entertainingly dealing with a timely subject, Mr. Rexford's "Amateur Garden Craft"† treats of the effective planning and perfecting of the beautiful lawns, gardens, pergolas, shrubberies, foliage-beds, ferneries, window and veranda boxes, hedges, borders and other beautiful additions to the charms of neatly enclosed houselots, handsome walks and driveways, and artistic architecture. Within this little volume will be found not only loving and sympathetic tributes to the beauty of almost every shrub, flower and plant generally known to American gardens, but also clear directions as to the best methods of planting, cultivating and bringing them into perfect development.

* * *

LIFE in and about Paris at the time of the French Revolution has been treated upon over and over again, but mainly from the viewpoint of the adult. The author of "The Loser Pays"‡ handles her subject from the child's point of view. The story is quite as thrilling as "The Cross of Honor" by the same author, and the new work is an acceptable addition to the many books founded on the extraordinary social and political developments and awful tragedies of the "Reign of Terror."

* "Hadji Murad." By Leo Tolstoy. Translated by Aylmer Maude. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Price \$1.20.

† "Amateur Garden Craft." By Eben E. Rexford. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. Price \$1.50.

‡ "The Loser Pays." By Mary Openshaw. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. Price \$1.25.

* "Many Celebrities and a Few Others." By William H. Rideing. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

† "The Story of America Sketched in Sonnets." By Henry Frank. Boston: Sherman French & Co. Price \$1.35.



UP to the first of May "winter lingers in the lap of Spring," as if he had determined to omit his usual vacation excursion to the North Pole. We are guaranteed, however, by one of our oldest citizens, "a hot summer and an exceedingly tropical presidential campaign."

"All we can say," remarked the captain solemnly as he tugged at his goatee, "is to adjure everyone to 'keep cool.' Don't get angry with a friend because he doesn't tie to your candidate or accept your favorite cure-all for existing causes of public discontent. Don't despair of a good year's business, or pleasant experiences, because someone tries to frighten voters whom he cannot persuade to support his ticket.

"Be certain," he continued in his optimistic way, "that more tons of groceries, suits of clothing, cases of boots and shoes, hardware, etc., must be bought and sold in 1912, than during the year previous, and that the lumber, coal, gold, silver and baser metals will also continue to add to the real resources and wealth of the nation.

"The hot weather will ripen grain, fruit and textiles for the harvest, and the campaign will again prove that the people of the United States can fight a square fight with their ballots, and accept in good part the final decision of the majority. After more than thirty presidential elections, in every one of which someone discovered 'a great crisis' with a probable 'panic' and the possible damnation of the Republic, we find that in every case the tough old world and its business went right along in pretty much the same old way."

ONE important and deplorable effect of the Turco-Italian war is the bold pilfering of the mails in Italy—especially of those from the United States. The Italian Government, doubtless struggling under the onerous task of carrying on the war, seems to be quite unable to insure safe handling of the mails. That this is petty thievery is indicated by the fact that not alone registered mail, but ordinary letters as well are being stolen right and left.

Two or three weeks ago the Italian police captured a man with forty stolen letters in his pocket.

An American student at the North American College in Rome reports that he receives only half of the letters that his relatives write him. He has lost six letters since January 1, 1912. Americans in Italy, unable to get any satisfaction from the Italian post office officials, are asking their relatives and friends at home to procure some effective action toward safeguarding this international correspondence.

* * *

THE story of modern life insurance is essentially an American story and like most history is largely the story of the accomplishment of a few strong men. In the early seventies a scandal which involved the President of the New York Life Insurance Company made public the enormous profits of that Company and aroused the cupidity of financiers and irresponsible promoters with the result that about fifty new companies of this character were organized within a few years. But cupidity ever overreaches itself and

Economical ~ Effective
Take No Substitute

Silver
Wrapper



Blue
Band

The Soap that Scours.
When nothing else will clean it

SAPOLIO
will easily do it.

Solid Cake ~ No Waste

ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS COMPANY
SOLE MANUFACTURERS



THE LATE SENATOR GEORGE STUART NIXON OF NEVADA

One of the wealthiest and most popular men in Congress. He rose to high office from a telegraph operator in Nevada at seventy-five dollars a month

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

JULY, 1912

Affairs at WASHINGTON

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

WHEN the great concourse of spectators gather to admire the splendid fireworks enveloping the dome of the Capitol and floating off in clouds and eruptions of many-colored lights toward the lofty apex of Washington Monument, there is a special fascination about a National Fourth of July celebration in Washington. When Congress is in session during July there is always a creditable observance of the nation's birthday at the Capital. "A safe and sane Fourth" has rooted deeply in Washington, but although there may be a cessation of political and legislative fireworks, yet the real fireworks, which the boys love and which excite the "ahs" and "ohs" of the gathered throng at the mall are worthy of the National Capital and the day it celebrates.

* * *

THE deep green of the grass of early summer, under the glow of the many rich shades of varied tree foliage, gathers a soberer tint as summer advances. Down the avenue come a group of Democratic Congressmen discussing the day's proceedings, for on the House side of the Capitol just now the Democratic members hold the initiative and voting strength, transferred from the Republicans of the previous Congress. The heads of all the committees are Democratic, and have

made the most of their time in preparing a case to submit to the people in the fall elections.

On a "unanimous consent" day there is a large attendance, but on other days it is a difficult matter to get a visible quorum, for many of the members are gathered in little groups in the cloak rooms, taking a siesta, or at best mildly revolving vexed problems.

* * *

NOW and then the Congressional calendar contains an announcement that is almost as interesting as a play-bill. The remarks of Senator Stone on Damon and Pythias were pointed at the struggle between the President and the ex-President for nomination, and utilized the occasion for a speech for campaign distribution. The discussion on the Panama Canal also drew a large audience.

While the *Congressional Record* may not be read with avidity by the public, there is something fascinating in the habit of reading the *Record* when once acquired. I was talking with a member of the House as he reclined on a sofa, deep in a public document. "We are so used to reading this kind of stuff," he remarked as he threw it down, "that we can't appreciate real literature after awhile. The matter and form of these documents are peculiar in themselves,



SENATOR B. R. TILLMAN OF NORTH CAROLINA
WHO WILL NOT MAKE AN ACTIVE CAMPAIGN FOR RE-ELECTION ON ACCOUNT OF POOR
HEALTH. HE HAS SENT OUT TO THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE ONE OF THE MOST
TOUCHING LETTERS EVER WRITTEN, ASKING FOR RE-ELECTION

and a red-hot, blood-curdling dime novel is the only relief. Ordinary magazine and newspaper stories do not seem to attract after weary hours of poring over public documents and reports."

* * *

IN a perfect-fitting summer suit, and blushing like a schoolboy, Hon. Oscar W. Underwood mounted to the Speaker's chair one sunny afternoon and presided over the House of Representatives. Hon. Champ Clark bowed graciously to his presidential rival as he saw him go up "higher." The debate on the legislative appropriation bill was in progress, but no sooner had the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee rapped with the Speaker's gavel than the house broke forth in applause. Speaker Clark, in "the seat of the deposed," smiled cheerfully, and took an enthusiastic part in the proceedings.

Mr. Underwood handled the gavel in the same business-like way with which he presides over the Committee of Ways and Means, and his friends insist that the fates have executive honors in store for the Alabama Congressman, if not in 1912—well, 1916 is coming, they say.

* * *

THERE was something of the David Harum look in the eyes of two Congressmen as they stood in the corridor of the Capitol and traded jack-knives. They had seen the boys playing marbles that morning and felt the spirit of old school-boy comradeship strong upon them. Another Congressman joined them after they had clasped hands on the agreement, and repeated a "trade" story that had been told him by two Oklahoma Indians whom he met on the terrace of the Capitol. "I think it was the first time," said the Congressman, "that I ever heard a funny story related by an Indian. They were talking about an Oklahoma brave who met a cowboy paleface and offered to trade horses. 'It is a go,' said Blanco the paleface, and they shook hands. Then Blanco shook with laughter.

"Tecumseh," he said, 'I have one on you this time. My horse is a dead horse.'

"Ha, ha, ha," replied Tecumseh, in the genial spirit of Hiawatha, 'mine is dead,

too—died this morning; but I took his shoes off. So good luck to you, Blanco, I am two horse shoes to the good.'"

* * *

ONE of the most surprising evidences of enterprise and growth I ever witnessed was presented at Charleroi, Pennsylvania. It was hard to realize that this thriving little town of western Pennsylvania, the "Magic City" of the Monongahela Valley, was less than twenty-two



GOV. JOHN K. TENER OF PENNSYLVANIA
The leading spirit of Charleroi, his home town near the
— Monongahela

years old. Here were five hundred acres of territory with more than eleven miles of river frontage, a population of ten thousand and an assessed valuation of more than three and a quarter millions of dollars. It seemed almost impossible to believe that all this had sprung up in a little over a score of years. There are five miles of paved streets, with schools, churches, parks and banks—just a lively little town.

Charleroi is very much in the public eye just now as the home of Governor John K. Tener of Pennsylvania. It is twenty years now since young Tener,



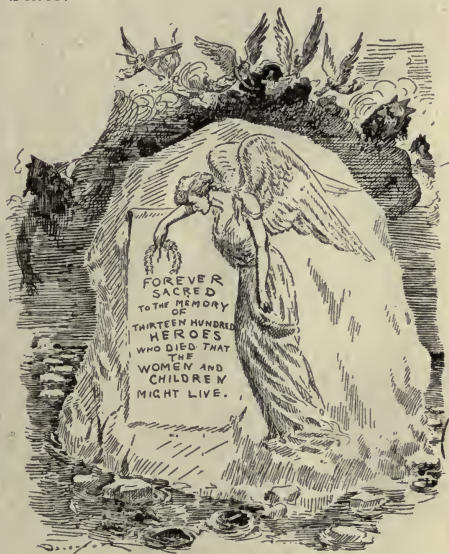
THE LATE HOMER DAVENPORT
ONE OF AMERICA'S GREATEST CARTOONISTS

erst of baseball fame, came to Charleroi, settled in business and established the First National Bank. He and other ambitious, home-loving young men determined to build a real town in this beautiful spot, forty miles south of Pittsburgh, and they began by building a street railway to the city. Churches, schools and public buildings soon sprang into being, and the people of Charleroi became known beyond the confines of their charming town. Young Tener, at first elected Grand Exalted Ruler of the Elks, later was sent to Congress, and now he is Governor of Pennsylvania—all within five years. In Charleroi they do things quickly.

Charleroi is not wholly a residential city. Here are located the great furnaces of the Macbeth Glass Company, whose perfect glass is prescribed to protect and diffuse the lights on every lighthouse along the coast, and for all special use in the Navy. The products of Charleroi reflect the glare of the "Great White Way" and of the lamps of the street lights in many cities of the country. Named after a Belgian town, wherein great glass works are located, it was felt when the little Pennsylvania village was planned that it was destined to be the Charleroi of America. Over the Monongahela River, from Charleroi, are shipped nine million tons of coal, and within the radius of ten miles from this lively city, fifteen million tons of coal are mined annually, with a yearly payroll to mines of eleven million dollars.

Walking about the well-lighted streets with Governor Tener one Saturday evening, it was refreshing to note the friendly way in which everyone looked at the big Governor, whose stalwart form towered high above the surging crowds. All the good townspeople were busy and happy that night, and we dropped into a moving picture show which the Governor pronounced a model. The seating plan is exactly opposite to that of the average hall; there are open exits, and above all the little theater has one of the best fire-proof auditoriums in the country. It was the plan of an energetic young Charleroiian, who knew how to build it and who also knows how to run it.

After all the distinctions that have come to him as Congressman and as Governor of a great state, there is nothing that more delights John K. Tener than to wander about the streets of Charleroi among his "home folks." The growth and development of this pretty town are noteworthy, and there is no handicap of tradition to hold back the progressive and energetic young citizens of Charleroi from their determination to make the "Magic City" the wonder of the Sylvan State.



HOMER DAVENPORT'S LAST CARTOON.

By courtesy New York American

THE passing of Homer Davenport recalls my first meeting with the celebrated artist whose cartoons fairly took the country by storm during the strenuous infancy of the Hearst newspapers. It was during the early days of the St. Louis Exposition, and as I plowed my way through the deep mud, I came upon a brother in distress. He was using good expressive Western language, and I learned that he was to speak on the Exposition grounds. "That is," he qualified, shaking the mud from his boots, "if I can ever navigate to the place."

We wallowed along together for a way, and I found that it was Homer Davenport. We talked of many things, and in speaking of Oregon, Davenport grew reminiscent and described his early experiences

as a member of the Silverton Cornet Band. He told about conditions at home, and of the home folks, with a tender word of the dear old father in Oregon, whom he proceeded to represent in a cartoon, which is here reproduced.

"dollar mark suit," he afterward made the acquaintance of "Uncle Mark," became one of his best friends, and when Senator Hanna was dying in Cincinnati pictured Uncle Sam as standing in silent grief above the couch of the dying Senator.



HOMER DAVENPORT'S CARTOON OF HIS FATHER AND "BABY GLORIA"

At the beginning of his career, Homer Davenport went from Oregon to San Francisco and very soon attracted attention by the virility of his cartoons. In presidential campaigns he did much in moulding public sentiment. Although he gave Senator Mark Hanna the famous

Homer Davenport will go down to history in the front rank of cartoonists with John Leech, Du Maurier, Thomas Nast and other world-famous artists whose versatile genius and pointed satire have not only amused the nations but have induced them to think and to act.

Davenport seemed to have a premonition of his own approaching death, for he gave in his last cartoon a tribute to the Titanic dead that makes the gruesome floating iceberg a monument to the memory of the lost.

His gruff manner sometimes concealed the warm grip of his strong friendships, but those who knew him best realized that back of all his brusqueness beat a tender and generous heart.

* * *

THE Titanic investigation at Washington is now a closed book, but who could have witnessed those days in the oppressive heat of that Senate Committee room, and not be impressed? Back of the Committee sat the naval experts and to their left were Mr. J. Bruce Ismay, and the surviving officers of the ill-fated ship. On the witness stand was young Harold Bride, the wireless operator on the Titanic, who left the ship to jump into the icy waters and be saved on one of the rafts. The room was largely filled with women, many of whom were in deep mourning, who were witnesses of that great tragedy in the icy waters.

There was almost a funereal solemnity as the questions and answers rang out. In fixing the time of events and locating ships in that vicinity, young Bride in his rich English accent replied with remarkable clearness. There was a quiver in his voice as he told of the last message from Phillips, his chief. He had just turned out for the night, and described how the captain came to his room with that grim look in his face that told too plainly the seriousness of the disaster, and after delivering his message, returned to the bridge to face what was felt to be certain death. The recital of this story and its details by those who had a few days before felt the icy clasp of the briny waters in the awful twilight of that starlit night, made this investigation tragic in its intensity to those who sat or stood touching elbows with the survivors.

With pad and pencil, naval experts and officers figured out the exact minutes and seconds that elapsed between the crash and the final plunge. No other catastrophe has been followed so closely in

detail by the people of all parts of the world, as the stories of the survivors given in evidence at this hearing. An investigation in England followed the one in Washington and even more details were brought forth, but in all its prosaic evidence day by day there gleamed a story of chivalry and heroism such as will illumi-



MISS ELSIE CHUNG

Daughter of the Chinese Minister. She christened the Chinese cruiser "Foe Hung," recently launched in Philadelphia.

nate history, for the world never grows weary of the heroism that faces certain death to save women and children. The great marine tragedy has brought the nations of the world to a realization of the great need of stricter and more uniform regulations for ocean passenger transportation and its interest to all nations is an emphatic indication of the gradual weld-

ing together of the races of the world into closer bonds of sympathy and nautical laws for the practical protection of human life.

* * *

A PICTURESQUE interest attaches to the career of Senator Henry F. Ashurst of Arizona, who enjoys the distinction of making the race from cowboy to United States Senator. It is said that when a schoolboy at Flagstaff, Arizona, he wrote "United States Senator from Arizona" in one of his text books, much to the astonishment of the schoolmaster. A little later, young Ashurst ardently desired to be appointed a page in the legislature, but was defeated. He figuratively shook his fist in the faces of the members who did not vote for him, and said that he'd "be back in a few years," and when he was twenty-one he "came back," was elected to the legislature, and became Speaker of the House in his second term.

Senator Ashurst is therefore literally a self-made man. He began his career with ardent study of the histories of the United States and England, and has always taken a special interest in the history and art of public speaking. He says he never spoke an evil word about a human being behind his back. He insists that he does not believe in the right of property rule, maintaining that property rights are inconsequential.

Within the last ten years, Ashurst told a newspaper reporter that every day he studied the Congressional Record for one hour, and found in its pages more accurate history and more philosophy than in any other publication in the world. He gave the Record one of the most enthusiastic boosts it ever received, declaring that if his reading was limited to only one periodical that would be the Congressional Record.

* * *

PERENNIALY before every session of Congress come various immigration bills, and, while restriction is demanded, opinions vary as to the test of fitness to be adopted.

Congressman William Sulzer of New York, in his usual positive way, has de-

clared himself emphatically opposed to any educational test, insisting that illiteracy is not a crime but a misfortune, that it is neither contagious nor incurable. In eloquent outbursts, he declares that the fact that the immigrant cannot read or write is evidence that he is justified in leaving the country of his birth and coming to a country which furnishes educational facilities. He insists that the whole responsibility of illiteracy rests on the country in which people are born and reared. He says that the really



MRS. CHARLES N. PRAY

The wife of Congressman Pray of Montana. She is one of the most popular hostesses in Congressional circles

desirable immigrant is a healthy, law-abiding worker, who comes in good faith, to make this country his home, and is actuated by the same impulse that led the followers of John Winthrop, Roger Williams, Lord Baltimore and William Penn to seek this country as a refuge and a home.

Pointing out that an educational test would not keep out the crooks, because a successful crook always has great facility in reading and writing, Mr. Sulzer presented a convincing argument, and proved that he is never at a loss for words to express his views. His recent

address after the dinner of the American Society of International Law in the New Willard Hotel at Washington has attracted widespread attention.

* * *

WITH the regularity of the succession of quadrennial presidential elections comes up the question of adopting a constitutional amendment, limiting a President to one term of six years. The resolution was introduced in the House by Representative Clayton, from whom it took its name, "the Clayton Resolution," and in the Senate by Senator Works, and the matter was favorably reported to the Senate by a sub-committee, of which Senator Root is chairman. It was surprising how many congressmen, among them prospective candidates for presidential honors, expressed themselves in favor of this resolution. Even President Taft gave it his approval, pointing out that a single term would make it unnecessary for a President, to finish up his work, to go out to stump doubtful states and defend himself against those who sought to prevent his renomination.

Both Speaker Clark and Representative Underwood, candidates for nomination, have declared in favor of the six year term, which would eliminate all this talk of federal patronage being utilized for reencmination. Largely because of the present strenuous race for the nomination the people have manifested more than usual interest in the measure. While the amendment fever is on, it is felt that these propositions will meet with more favor than ever before, and that six years may yet be made the limit of presidential service, including the preliminary nomination and election contests. This would make the real term of action the magic number of seven years given the successful candidate "to have and to hold" the presidential chair.

* * *

AMONG the active and aggressive candidates for Congressional honors is "Dell" Sumner, as he is known among his friends at Washington. Beginning as a page in the Senate, the young Iowan

rose steadily to his present official position, which gives him sixteen years of practical experience in the organization of Congress. Everybody in Washington knows Mr. Sumner, and many a veteran in Congress has watched with keen interest the progress of the bright, dark-eyed boy from Black Hawk County, Iowa.

Rising from page to Congressman is not unprecedented, and Mr. Sumner has many notable examples of success before him. Arthur P. Gorman, who



HON. HENRY D. CLAYTON

Who introduced in the House the resolution limiting a President to one term of six years

finally reached the United States Senate, was once a page in that body. Hon. Dick Townsend, late a representative from Illinois, was once a page. Senator William Alden Smith of Michigan was a page in the legislature of his state. Hon. C. Bascom Slemp, the lone Republican representative from Virginia, proudly announces in the Congressional Directory that he was once a page in the body of which he is now a member.

Adelbert D. Sumner is a native of Iowa and was born at Manchester in Delaware County, which forms a part of the Congressional District where he seeks election.

In Waterloo, where he has resided for many years, he has a wide acquaintance. He became a lawyer at the age of nineteen, is a member of the Iowa Bar and also the Washington Bar and is admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia.

The young man has a host of friends, who are held to him by his open-hearted, frank manner. He is a striking example of the young American who rises by sheer force of enthusiasm and hard work.



MRS. MINNIE MADDERN FISKE

One of America's favorite actresses. Now playing the title role in "Lady Patricia"

EVERY decade seems to bring up its new plan for the adoption or modification of the existing regulations as to command in the navy. Ever since the days of John Paul Jones: a picturesque interest has attached to the personnel of commanding officers. Secretary George von L. Meyer also suggests his ideals of naval officers. It is succinct but complete and has been presented in the House before the Naval Committee so that it is now embodied in a printed report.

"We want our flag officers," says Mr. Meyer, "to be strong, alert, active men;

men of the highest professional attainments, and able to endure the physical and mental strain of dangerous and protracted operations during hostilities.

"The duty of an executive on a capital ship is the best training for command of such a ship, but we want him to command some smaller vessel also if possible.

"An officer should never be allowed to reach the grade of rear admiral unless he has commanded a capital ship in the fleet."

The traditional courage and ability of flag officers is intensified by sentiments of this kind, and the records of American admirals are among the brightest pages in our history.

* * *

THE passing of Clara Barton at the ripe age of ninety years removed an interesting national figure. Miss Barton was the founder of the American Red Cross, and her name will ever be associated with that of Florence Nightingale. Clara Harlowe Barton came of Puritan stock, and she was a real Daughter of the Revolution, her father having served in the army of Mad Anthony Wayne. She was born on Christmas day, 1821, at Oxford, Massachusetts, and when very young followed the vocation of her three brothers and sisters and became a teacher. Having taught for some years in the public schools of Oxford, she finished her own school course at the Clinton Liberal Institute, New York. At the opening of the Civil War she dedicated her life to humanity, and founded the American Red Cross, of which she was president for nearly a quarter of a century.

The impressive funeral services at "Glen Echo," where Miss Barton lived, were attended by many people prominent in official life. The casket, covered with the American flag, under a canopy of American Beauty roses, and the pallbearers, selected from the Grand Army of the Republic, revived memories of her splendid services amid the most terrible and trying scenes of the Civil War.

Among the condolences received after her death was a letter from the aunt of the Kaiser, a daughter of Emperor William. The friendship between these two women began more than forty years ago on the

battlefields of the Franco-Prussian War, and had continued through the years. The tribute from the Grand Duchess was indeed eloquent—"faithful gratitude follows her forever."

In nearly every country of the world Miss Barton was known as the "Angel of the World's Battlefields." Not only was she prominent in the work of saving life in time of war—wherever flood or fire were to be combated, her work and influence were there. In all the great disasters of the past twenty-five years, this noble woman was represented. Taking up the work of Florence Nightingale, she developed it from a merely English movement to benefit English troops, to a great international movement, of service to all humanity.

* * *

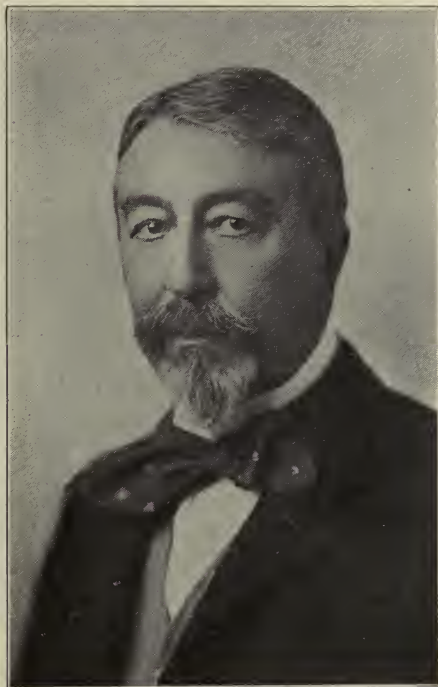
AMONG the names mentioned as candidate for Vice-President on the Republican ticket, is that of Governor Franklin Murphy of New Jersey, who has, for many years, been one of the prominent leaders of his party. He was very active during the '96 campaign, and was given a large vote for Vice-President at the Chicago convention four years ago.

Governor Murphy is a typical American business man, always aggressive and alert; as also in public life, upon which he has brought to bear all his business energy and initiative. He is the head and founder of the Murphy Varnish Company of Newark, New Jersey, and the quality of its product, everywhere acknowledged by the trade, reflects the sterling honesty and thoroughness of the man who makes it. Governor Murphy has been through many a hard-fought political battle, is prominent in the national councils of his party, and is a member of the committee having charge of the arrangements for the national Republican convention at Chicago.

Governor Murphy is New Jersey born and bred. Born sixty-six years ago at Jersey City, he received an academic education at Newark, New Jersey, and at the beginning of the Civil War enlisted as a private soldier in the 13th New Jersey Volunteer Infantry, where he served well and honorably until the close of the war. Upon his return home he founded the Murphy Varnish Company, of which he has been

president ever since. He was chairman of the Republican State Committee from 1892 to 1910; member of the National Executive Committee from 1900 to 1912; was Governor of New Jersey from 1902 to 1905, and received the votes of seventy-seven delegates for nomination to the Vice-Presidency at the Republican National convention at Chicago, in 1908.

The Governor takes a great interest in patriotic and historical associations; is the



HON. FRANKLIN MURPHY

Former Governor of New Jersey and mentioned as candidate for Vice-President on the Republican ticket

president of the Essex County Park Commission; has long been a member of the board of managers of the National Soldiers' Home and is a former President-General of the Sons of the American Revolution. He was closely associated with the late Marcus A. Hanna, and is the type of American who does things.

* * *

ILLINOIS seems not only to preserve in a vivid way the memory of Lincoln, but to reduplicate him in the forms and

features of its public men. Recent events brought to the fore Hon. Lawrence Y. Sherman as the Republican candidate for Senator, to succeed the venerable Shelby M. Cullom. Senator Cullom is the last living link connected with the life and career of Lincoln, and it seemed odd that the man chosen to succeed him was Judge Sherman, who bears a marked likeness to the Great Emancipator.

Some years ago, when Mr. Sherman was a member of the Legislature, I met him and was struck with his remarkable resemblance to Abraham Lincoln. In many other ways the two personalities are similar. Lawrence Y. Sherman worked on a farm until sixteen years old, and most of his education was derived from his self-directed study of books. Only three months in Lee's Academy in Cole County aided his early self-education, and some of his associates in a thrashing crew were astonished to see him spend most of his savings for books, among them such dry-looking documents as "The Revised Statutes of Illinois, 1874."

A little later, young Sherman was a student at McKendree College, whence he graduated in 1882. He obtained his first money to support him in the practice of law by teaming and loading freight in Macomb, Illinois.

His first public office was that of city attorney of Macomb and afterward county judge of McDonough County, Illinois. Later he took his seat in the lower house of the state legislature. He served as speaker for two sessions, and was lieutenant-governor of his state from 1904 to 1908.

Another striking parallel between Lincoln and Sherman is noticeable in the sad expression of their faces in repose, in their deep-set eyes and heavily lined cheeks.

Sherman, too, is very angular, and Lincoln's aversion to dress suits, social functions and the mere fopperies of dress is shared by Sherman, the farmer boy of Illinois now on his way to the United States Senate. The dry humor for which Lincoln is famous is also characteristic of Sherman, for his stories always point a moral or enforce an argument.

Sherman was born in Miami County, Ohio. He came to Illinois with his parents in 1859, was brought up to till the deep, black furrows of Illinois farms and knows

the scent of fields and woods. If there is any one thing that seems to bring forth the native eloquence of his broad, democratic nature, it is an appeal to the state spirit of Illinois. The decisive returns from the primaries indicate that nothing short of a political cyclone will interfere with his election as Senator from the state which Lincoln honored.

* * *



MRS. GERTRUDE ATHERTON
The noted American novelist, who has done much to bring about an American appreciation of "The Typhoon"

THERE is an added interest as well as exhilaration in witnessing the performance of a play that has attracted the favorable attention of prominent litterateurs. "The Typhoon," a play written by a Hungarian author,

and dealing in a most subtle and daring manner with the Japanese character, is the title of a drama that has brought forth outbursts of enthusiasm from authors like Gertrude Atherton and indeed from writers in general.

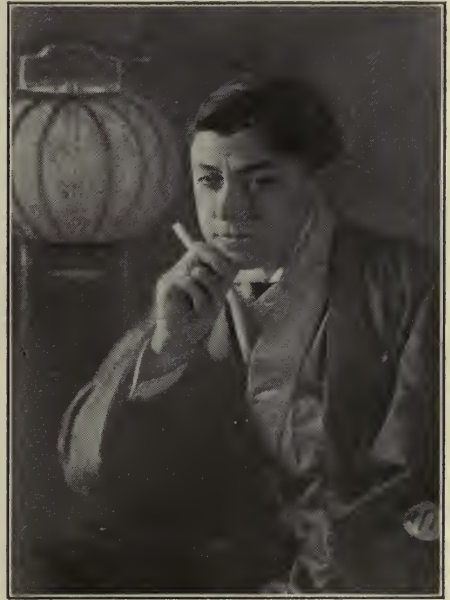
Its plot and characters deal with brains, rather than with morals and sentiment. It is the story of a Japanese officer on a great mission to Berlin, devoted to his country and associated with able colleagues, who falls in love with a Berlin "Geisha girl." It is rather startling to see this character paraded in the first two acts, but the subtle way in which

the relation is portrayed makes a strong mental appeal, which is intensified by the force and prominence of the universal, unsparing devotion to Japan of his colleagues. For the moment the business and professional man, and indeed every other hearer, seems to be taken out of himself, forgetting all the conventionalities of Puritanic inheritance. Every actor on the stage moves and breathes with some suggestion of the awful progress of the Greek tragedies, and every action has a significance, even to the turning on of the electric light over a desk, to throw the glare upon the wan face of Mr. Walker Whiteside, who, as Tokeramo, is the hero of the piece. The weird, passionless counsels of the Orientals, their dreams of conquest, their utter devotion to Dai Nippon—no wonder that Gertrude Atherton, returning from her residence in Hungary, grows enthusiastic and recognizes in "The Typhoon" a veritable storm of passion and the almost tragic ferocity of the Magyar brain, which, she insists, "has all Europe, all Asia behind it—has a thousand uninterrupted years in its cells; that, of course, is the secret of 'The Typhoon.'"

Walker Whiteside has certainly struck a new note in his depiction of the silent and scholarly Japanese with whom the world is more or less familiar in a superficial way, although without insight into the stern purposes which cause them to forsake home and family in order that they may study the habits of other nations. It is singular how a Caucasian of a far less secretive and self-contained race seems able to give such a startling and illuminating interpretation of a Japanese character. None of Mr. Whiteside's many successes have revealed his remarkable talent as shown in his interpretation of the Japanese Tokeramo. The grouping of the Japanese characters, and the whole vivid atmosphere of their secret service policy inspires an irresistible fascination holding to the end the intensest interest of the auditors.

"The Typhoon" is a play that will be especially appreciated in Washington. It touches on our international relationship with Oriental Japan, now of preeminent interest throughout the world.

HOW interesting it is to follow the careers of the descendants of great men. Upon the arrival of Governor-General W. Cameron Forbes of the Philippines, it was recalled in literary circles that this was the grandson of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Governor Forbes, however, has not become famous through the reputation of his distinguished grandfather. He has evoked praise in all parts of the world for his business-like and sympathetic management of Philippine affairs. After four years of service in the Philippines, Gover-



WALKER WHITESIDE

As "Tokeramo," the Japanese hero of "The Typhoon"

nor Forbes returns with a most enthusiastic report upon existing conditions in our island possessions.

Of particular interest were his comments on the Payne tariff bill. Whatever may be said about its deficiencies, Governor Forbes declares that it has been of great benefit to the Philippines. The anticipated falling off in revenues did not follow its adoption, and the Islands continued to pay all expenses of administration without the assistance of one penny from the United States. "The result of this," insists the visiting Governor, "is a better understanding between the merchants and the

government, both in America and in the Philippines."

Mr. Forbes had the deep tan of the tropical sun on his cheek and could not repress his enthusiasm at being once again in his native land. The administration of Governor Forbes has been one that reflects great credit on his administrative ability. He was a young man of independent income, but determined when he took up the work to give it his entire attention. When President Taft visited the Philip-

figure in the settlement and development of the great Canadian Northwest during the past quarter of a century. There was little in his manner and bearing that suggested his early training as a teacher in the public schools of his native country, although the schoolteacher habits and manners, once formed, "remain on the body till death," as Kipling says. His first commercial pursuit was an essay in the lumber business; but he soon foresaw the development of new railroads to the



SCENE FROM THE FIRST ACT OF "THE TYPHOON"

pires as Secretary of War, Governor Forbes told him that the time was coming when the Philippines would appreciate what the United States has done for them. That this has come to pass is now maintained by Governor Forbes.

* * *

PRESIDING at the head of the table around which gathered his directors, themselves of no common mold and dignity, Sir William MacKenzie, ruddy and rugged, is the very type of the modern man of great achievements and greater purposes. He has been the dominant

north of Toronto and secured a contract for the construction of certain sections of these lines; and later a contract from the Canadian Pacific Railway for the extension of their line through the Rocky Mountains in British Columbia. In his early life he was associated with practical railway construction work, and on this foundation is based his great project of building the Canadian Northern Railway. Little did he dream, when the Company started its original modest line, that it was soon to become a transcontinental system.

With the aid of his partner, Sir Donald

Mann, and his son, Roderick J. MacKenzie, the entire work of constructing and financing this great system was carried on. No American railroad enterprise has ever secured such enthusiastic interest on the part of European investors as have the MacKenzie-Mann projects. It has been a remarkable instance of individual initiative. Nearly all of the stock is held by these individuals, and the road has been built entirely through the issuance of bonds.

The dignity of knighthood was conferred upon these two men by the King

EXPERIMENTS have lately been made in the navy with the Sperry gyro-compass, whose action is founded on a law of physics proved by the French scientist, Folcault, in the seventeenth century. The theory is that any mass set in rotation is bound to follow laws differing radically from those that apply to



MISS HILDA FARR

The daughter of Congressman Farr of Pennsylvania. Her engagement was recently announced to Mr. Robert A. Beggs, a prominent member of the Pennsylvania Bar Association and formerly president of the Philadelphia Law Academy

of England in recognition of that intrepid force that has crystallized into being the dream of creating new empires out of what had been described in the geographies and books, when Sir William MacKenzie taught school, as the great American icebound country to the north—a land whose fertile soil is now recognized in all countries as the great wheat-producing section of the world.

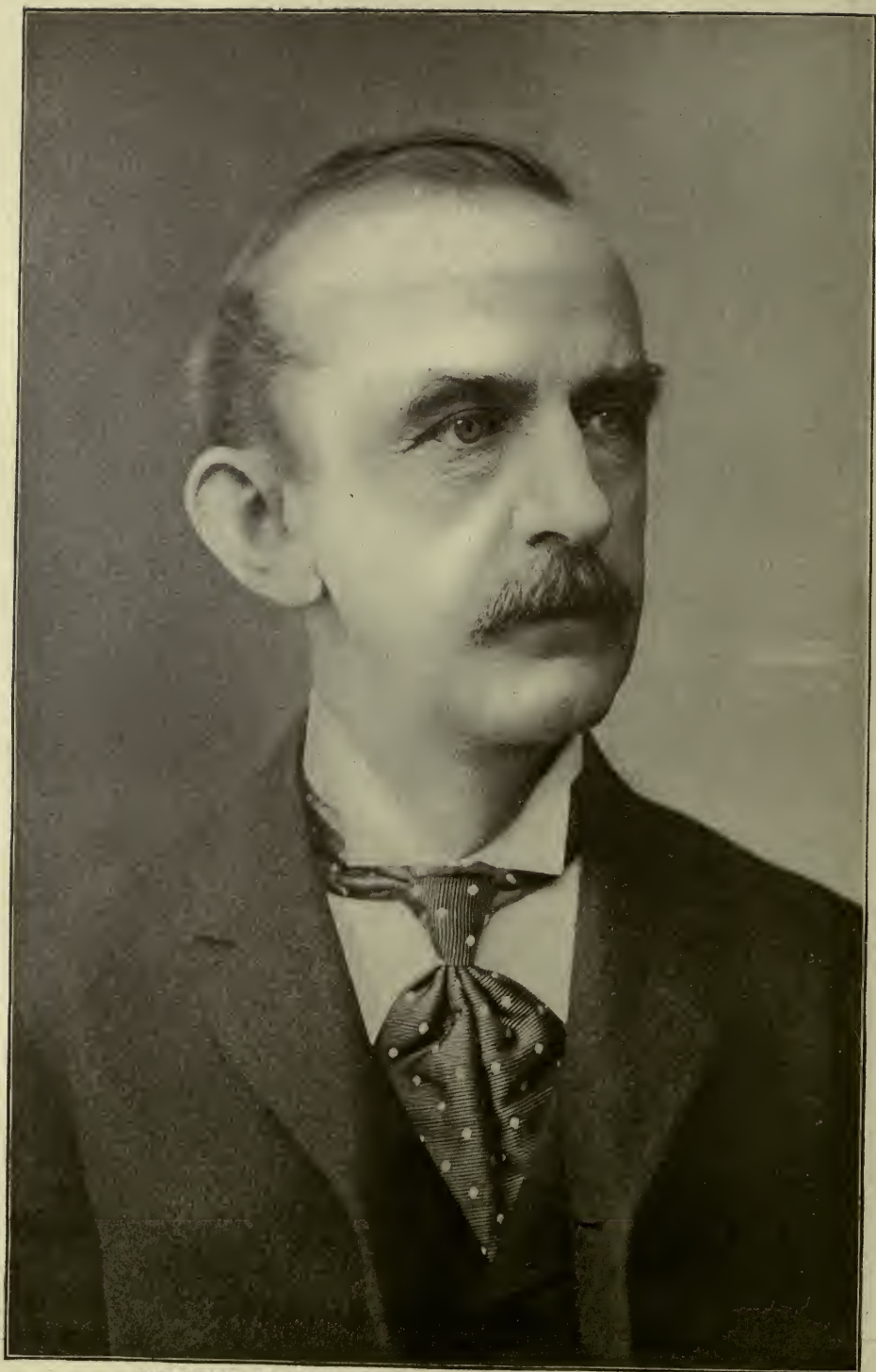


MRS. JAMES F. BYRNES

The wife of Congressman Byrnes of South Carolina. She is very popular in Congressional society

bodies at rest, so that as the body is free to turn in other directions than that in which it is rotating, the spinning mass tries to turn itself so that its axis will be parallel to that of the external force when the direction of the two rotating bodies is the same. Consequently, every body rotating in an opposite direction with a sufficiently great speed will tend to have an attraction on another body, with the result that the axes of the two bodies will become parallel, and will automatically adjust themselves.

Therefore the earth's rotation, acting on the rapidly rotating motor of the gyro-compass, makes their axes perfectly parallel so that the axes of the compass must point to the real North and South



SENATOR W. MURRAY CRANE OF MASSACHUSETTS
WHOSE ANNOUNCED RETIREMENT FROM THE SENATE HAS EVOKED THE DEEPEST
REGRET IN ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY

Pole. The motor of the gyro-compass fits into a box one foot square, suspended by a steel wire, so as to turn in any direction, and the whole is enclosed in a steel case almost four feet high. The readings of the gyro-compass may be sent all over a ship by electric wires.

Experiments have been made in the German navy for some time with good results. The gyro-compass was also tested out at Hampton Roads, and not once during trips of several hundred miles, although there was a violent storm raging, did the pointer of the Sperry compass move one-tenth of a degree from the correct reading of the standard mariner's compass. It was also found that electric currents from the steel of the ship have no effect upon the action of the gyroscope, and its position in the ship makes no difference in results, so that the roll and pitch of the vessel does not interfere in the slightest degree.

The old-fashioned mariner's compass invented by the Chinese is now passing, for it has served its day of usefulness, just as the sailing ship was displaced by the steamship. The carefully prepared variations of the compass, carried out to many decimals, indispensable to nice navigation by the ordinary compass, are made obsolete by the new gyro-compass, whose card points undeviatingly to the real North and not to the magnetic pole.

* * *

THE widespread regret expressed at the retirement of Senator W. Murray Crane is almost unparalleled in the political history of the country. Even from the political opponents in his own commonwealth of Massachusetts, to say nothing of his great personal admirers, from every part of the nation come expressions of appreciation and sincere regret that a man of the integrity and ability of Winthrop Murray Crane should feel constrained to retire from the United States Senate. He enjoys the distinction of one of the most nearly unanimous elections ever conferred upon a Senator from Massachusetts, and in every part of the Commonwealth which he represents he has stood for a sturdy New England sentiment that reaches back through the early days of the Republic.

Mr. Crane has given the best years of his life and effort to public service. Unrelenting and tireless in his efforts, he presented a type of statesman that is unique and withal powerful. He had scarcely entered the Senate when he was looked upon as a leader. As he sat at his desk in his quiet way, making a note here and there, keeping track of the roll-calls and sounding the trend of public sentiment, always



A CHARACTERISTIC POSE OF
SENATOR CRANE

alert and alive to the myriads of propositions that come and go, his senatorial career has been altogether one of the most active in the Senate roll call. His office has been long known as the busy spot in the Capitol, within which the conferences are brief and to the point. Senator Crane is a splendid type of business man, and he has given to his public work the same care and conscientious effort that has always characterized his private affairs. One could not conceive of Winthrop Murray Crane doing only perfunctory public ser-

vice; he reserved nothing and always gave the best that was in him.

The Congressional Directory contains only a few lines concerning this modest



A SNAPSHOT OF SENATOR CRANE AT THE FOOT OF THE CAPITOL STEPS

man who has made a distinguished career. He was born at Dalton, Massachusetts, the place where he still resides, and was educated at Williston Seminary, Easthampton, Massachusetts. His public career began

as a delegate to the Republican National convention in 1892, and he was made governor in 1900. He succeeded the late Hon. George F. Hoar as Senator from Massachusetts. A familiar and prominent figure will be lost to the Senate when Senator Crane retires. Whether he is smoking one of his tiny cigars in an office or committee conference or talking in the corridor, or stirring about on the floor of the Senate, one thing is certain—that no one has discovered an idle moment in the career of Winthrop Murray Crane. His public record is altogether the illumination of simple, rugged, common sense, and no man ever came closer to the hearts and sympathies of the people with whom he came into contact.

* * *

ALL the world seems kin when at Washington gather representatives from all countries in the world representing almost every race, creed and phase of progress. The Ninth International Conference of the Red Cross convened at the Pan-American Union Building and the delegations splendidly illustrated the marked unity of all nations in measures for alleviating human suffering in times of national and international calamities. The marked unanimity of views indicates that this is one subject on which all the world agrees.

Dr. Ladislav Faras, of the Hungarian Red Cross, pointed out that the materials needed by modern Red Cross organizations were of the utmost importance, and he pointed out how greatly in the Japanese-Russian War a lack of uniformity in supplies interfered with the work of the Red Cross.

The many styles of garb, including those of Spain, Italy, Switzerland, France, and nearly all countries, presented a novel appearance, as the delegates were shown an artificial mine on the monument grounds which was blown up. Here there were tests between the American hospital corps, a first aid detachment from the United States mine bureau, some miners and a squad of Boy Scouts, showing how emergencies may be met by proper training.

The party was received on the lawn before the White House by President Taft,



PUBLIC EXHIBITION OF FIRST AID WORK AT RED CROSS CONFERENCE, WASHINGTON
Four teams of young women competed, captained by well-known society girls

and later visited Mount Vernon, returning on the President's yacht, the Mayflower. The discussion of the Servian Red Cross, and of the relation between various governments and this organization were especially interesting, but the address that seemed of

most timely interest was that of Joshua Clark, of the State Department, on "The Functions of the Red Cross when Civil War or Insurrection Exists."

The delegates were entertained at many social functions planned for them and



EXHIBITION OF FIRST AID WORK BY MINERS

under the direction of Miss Mabel T. Boardman, of the American Red Cross. All felt that the event was indeed a foretaste of the advance of that universal peace and good feeling when the work of the Red Cross will only be needed to alleviate the casualties and calamities that do not result from a deliberate declaration

has characterized his life career, Senator Newell Sanders has entered upon his senatorial labors, taking up the work of his predecessor, the late Hon. Robert Love Taylor. Senator Sanders was born in Indiana, worked his way through college and took his degree in 1873, and the same year he married Miss Corinne



SOME OF THE YOUNG LADIES WHO TOOK PART IN THE FIRST AID EXHIBITION AT THE RED CROSS CONFERENCE

Among them are Miss Alice Meyer, daughter of the Secretary of the Navy; Miss Marion Oliver, daughter of Assistant Secretary of War Oliver; Miss Dora Clover, daughter of Rear-Admiral Clover, and Mrs. Langhorne

of war between nations to slay each other, even under the most approved and scientific methods of modern warfare.

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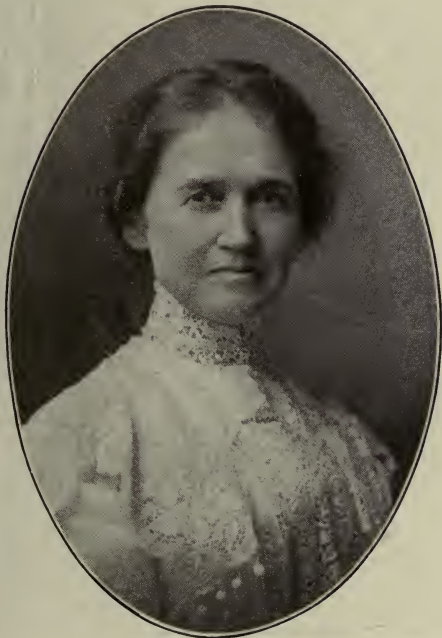
HE has the courtesy, charm and hospitality of the Southerner, the broad brow of the Hoosier, and the nervous energy of the Northerner. With all of the enthusiasm and painstaking care which

Dodds, of Bloomington, who had been his schoolmate. They remained in Bloomington five years, where the Senator was a successful merchant. But he longed for a wider field of activities, and believing in the future of the South, and attracted by the resources and opportunities of Tennessee, he organized at Chattanooga a company for the manufacture of chilled steel plows. He is now one of the largest

plow manufacturers in the country. For the past thirty years he has been prominently identified with the growth and development of Tennessee.

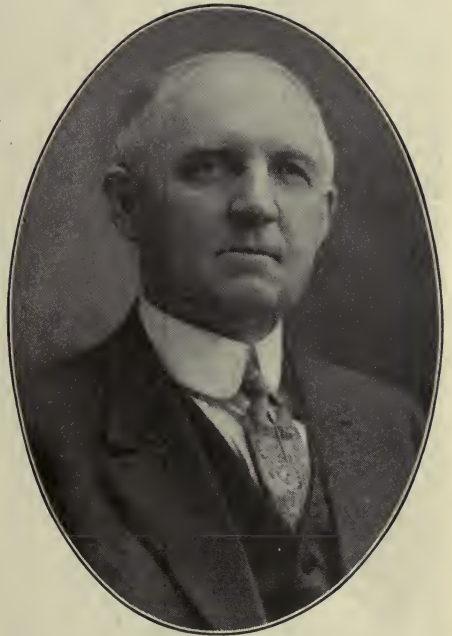
Senator Sanders came into prominence several years ago by his espousal of the interests of the Hon. H. Clay Evans, former commissioner of pensions, and who was elected governor of Tennessee as a Republican, but who by the uncertainty of politics was not permitted to take his seat. He was a delegate to the Republican national convention in 1900 and 1908, and has been chairman of the Tennessee Republican executive committee since 1894. This year he headed the Tennessee delegation to the Chicago convention.

the independent Democrats of the state and the Republicans, which resulted in the judges for the supreme and appellate benches—ten in all—being elected from the independent Democracy, and in turn the election of Governor Ben W. Hooper, a Republican, whose campaign was personally managed by Senator Sanders.



MRS. NEWELL SANDERS

The charming wife of Senator Sanders of Tennessee



SENATOR NEWELL SANDERS OF TENNESSEE

Who was appointed by Governor Hooper to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Senator Taylor

Since the tragic death of the late former Senator Edward Ward Carmack, Tennessee has been somewhat stirred politically, and the issues have been live. Throughout it all Senator Sanders has stood for the best in political life, and has advocated issues that have gone hand in hand with the church and the home. This brought him into the limelight, and two years ago he brought about a coalition of

Upon the death of the late Senator Taylor, Governor Hooper responded to the united demand of Republicans and Democrats and named Senator Sanders to the seat he now occupies and the first political office he ever held. He came to Washington, the third Republican who has served Tennessee in the United States Senate. Senator Sanders has a way of going about things that demonstrates the successful methods of the American business man. Without fuss or feathers, he and Mrs. Sanders took the train for Washington, and the Senator began his work in the Senate with the same vigor that has characterized his manufacturing career. His genial and hearty manner, his recognized honesty of purpose, his close application to

the business of the committees and Senate sessions, soon found him many friends, and his Tennessee constituents are ever graciously received in the Marble Room of the Senate. Mr. Sanders is a prominent churchman and is interested in all of its efforts. Mrs. Sanders has been cordially received in Washington, where she is well known.

Senator Sanders deals with all senatorial matters with candor and punctuality, and has demonstrated a keen knowledge of national affairs. He has shown that more



CAPTAIN ARTHUR N. McGRAY

A prominent figure in navigation circles and the author of "The Titanic," which appears in this issue of the NATIONAL

business men of his kind are needed in the Senate, and the state that gave the nation Old Hickory, James K. Polk, Andrew Johnson, Isham G. Harris and Edward Ward Carmack has furnished the upper legislative hall a stalwart and aggressive, able and valuable Senator in the person of Newell Sanders.

* * *

IN her published letters to Wilkie Collins, Blanche Roosevelt tells of her pilgrimage to Milan to see the premiere of Verdi's "Otello," and of her visit to the House of

Ricordi in February, 1887, where she asked to see the first work written by the maestro. From a row of many volumes, bound in red calf, the attendant took down a thin volume and dusted it, and the visitor scanned the slender outlines of the "fine Italian hand." It was the "Conte di San Bonifazio," not Verdi's first success, but his first failure.

The attendant dusted his glasses as he opened the score of Boito's "Mefistofele," and said his "Nero" would be ready in two years. That was twenty-four years ago and "Nero" comes not, but is still promised and expected.

Giovanni Ricordi, the founder of the House, and the great-grandfather of Tito, the lately deceased head, was a poor violinist and director of a little Punch and Judy show in Milan. He copied music for the musicians at La Scala Theatre, receiving twenty to thirty centimes a page. His little shop was between two pilasters of the Municipal Library in the Piazza Mercanti.

He went to Leipsic, and from the firm of Breitkopf and Haertel learned the process of music engraving. Returning home in 1808, he took a small shop in the Pesheria Vichia near the Duomo, and published the first sheet of music engraved in Italy. It was dedicated to the Cavalier di Breme, Napoleon's Chamberlain.

Giovanni laid the foundations of the great business and died in 1853. Growing year by year it descended to Tito, the son, then to Giulio, the grandson, and present nominal head, with the great-grandson, Tito, who has just died. The latter visited America last year, and saw that the rehearsals of "The Girl of the Golden West" were properly staged and conducted in Boston and in Chicago. While in New York he read a speech at a banquet in which he eagerly advocated the performance of opera translated into English. Mr. Henry W. Savage, who successfully produced "The Girl of the Golden West" in English, is a zealous leader of the movement for "Grand Opera in English." The fact that Mr. Savage, as America's foremost producing theatrical manager, and Tito Ricordi, the talented descendant of the famous old House of Ricordi, both allied themselves with one cause was long of great interest in musical circles.



HON. CURTIS GUILD

American Ambassador to Russia, who has just returned to St. Petersburg after a visit home in which he conferred with the President as to new treaties between the United States and Russia

THERE is something in the name Ormsby McHarg that compels a second thought. It is a name distinctive in itself, and closely associated with contests political. At the Republican National Convention in 1908, when President Roosevelt was directing matters from the White House, his chief lieutenant at the strategic battlepoint in Chicago, where the contests were being tried and

the steam roller prepared, was Ormsby McHarg.

He was born in Wisconsin, but his public career up to that time had been associated with North Dakota. Here he had practiced law since he took his degree at the University of Michigan. He first came to Washington as secretary to Senator McCumber, and became familiar with the workings of Congress. He served in

the North Dakota legislature, taught legal and administrative law in Columbia University, and attracted the attention of the legal world by his conduct of important causes for the Department of Justice in Oklahoma and New Mexico. This work necessitated frequent visits to the capital, and Washington circles soon became familiar with this tall man, whose keen black eyes, from beneath a shock of

was considered for the next term, it was natural that Mr. McHarg's masterly work of 1908 should be recalled. Since November, 1909, he had been proclaiming law in New York City, but he always kept in touch with the political situation. He believed from the first that Colonel Theodore Roosevelt would be strong in the nomination contest, although at that time there were few who agreed with him.

The United States of America is a textbook for McHarg. He knows places and men, and he can diagnose a political situation as keenly as a surgeon does a case. His mind is fertile, and after he thinks he acts. Are there lithographs to go up? Up they go, over night, in hotels and in clubs, or on the fire house, street car barn or boarding house. McHarg always seems to know in which places public sentiment is made and discussed. He is an inveterate traveler; he thinks no more of darting across the continent "to see a man" and learn a situation at first hand than the average person would think of a ride downtown.

McHarg is of a peculiar make-up. Politicians call him "a good mixer"; his acquaintances say he is a congenial soul, a philosopher who gets down to fundamentals, a lawyer and a business man. But most of all he is a keen student of human nature. He has a viewpoint as broad as the horizon of the wind-swept plains of North Dakota, the state he loves. He knows the farmer and his life, the working man and his life; and when he makes an analysis or prediction it is not speculation, but information. He was one of the early pioneers chosen to direct the Roosevelt movement and has been mentioned as Republican national chairman if the Colonel is nominated. There is a directness and a thoroughness in the political skirmishing of McHarg that recalls the Clammarch and the clan of his Scotch ancestors. He guesses at nothing and nails things down. Without any special exploitation Ormsby McHarg, by reason of his ability in obtaining results, has become one of the strong figures in the campaign of 1912, which has already brought well to the front a score of men who are destined to play an important part in future political progress.



HON. ORMSBY MCHARG

An important figure in the Roosevelt campaign

prematurely iron-gray hair, seemed to read into the very souls of men.

No more genial soul than Ormsby McHarg ever sat at a festal board, yet he is a fighter, too, with no such word as compromise in his vocabulary. Frank and outspoken, he says what he means. He was active in the Taft campaign, and early in the administration served as Assistant Secretary of Commerce and Labor.

When the candidacy of Colonel Roosevelt

John Craig and His Institution



Ann Randolph

A LONG time ago, when the best and dearest of fathers was courting the Princess Health through King Travel—ah, what a pretty tale was that!—an impatient young daughter used to persist: “Why don’t we ever find the Princess, dad? When are we going home to Munich?” And then would be told the story of the Critic who found himself, like the Ancient Mariner, a wanderer on the face of the earth, an outcast from Munich—because of the Institution.

How formidable it sounded—the *Institution*. Yet it was only a body of the dear folk who had made Munich home. There was Uncle Jack, who for thirty years had interpreted Shakespeare to London audiences; there were Aunt and Uncle Braun, who had played in many a music hall on the continent; there was little Aunt Renee from the French comedy houses, and a dozen other adopted aunts and uncles who had retired from the footlights to live out their lives in the quiet of Munich’s charming outskirts. It was the Playwright who first discovered the spot. Aunt and Uncle Braun followed, and bought them a farm. One by one the little settlement grew, and last of all came the Critic, who set about to find weak spots in the playlets which the Playwright composed for the motley cast that was gathered about him.

On every Monday afternoon—it was sure to be Monday—all the player folk would meet in the Playwright’s pergola and there would be a performance. The Playwright never left anyone out of the cast, even the Critic’s impatient young daughter, who was very particular indeed about her lines and longed to be a star.

Now the Critic’s part, as the Playwright said, was the most important of all, for he was the Audience. He it was who feigned slumber during tragic passages, who sighed at richest comedy, who wrung his hands at sentimental scenes, who shook his head at the leading man and murmured “wooden acting.” All this, of course, before the dawn of the Institution.

It came about with the usual suddenness of change. A warm Monday afternoon had prompted the Playwright to produce a pageant, staged in the broad field behind Uncle Braun’s. “A mediocre performance,” scoffed the Critic from his hillside seat. But the Playwright pointed to an obscure nook beyond the natural amphitheatre. Half a dozen peasants from nearby farms were crouched by trees, spell-bound.

“How did you like it?” the Playwright asked them in German, at which the Critic also scoffed. “*Wundersam!*” And there poured forth a volume of praise that seemed to mock the regular Audience.

“You see,” murmured the Playwright with a smile. And the next day, after his walk to the village, the Playwright announced that the little priest had heard of the wonderful play in Herr Braun’s field, and had asked if some time he, with others of his little flock, might come to see the English *Schauspielern*. “I told the *Valer*,” went on the Playwright, with a courtesy to the Critic, “that they would be welcome on Monday next—as many as could come.”

And on the appointed day they gathered about the hillside, the pastor and his simple little flock, long before the actor-folk had prepared the crude rigging for their stage. With a wonder almost ecstatic

the audience watched the moving scenes. They laughed and cried, they danced in glee—they even forgot to look to the *Priester* for approval.

Again the Playwright went to town and met the God-like little pastor. "Tom,"

sacred memories attached to the little colony at Munich that the term "institution" has always carried a precise meaning. It may be that these reminiscences have spoiled an appreciation of many a worthy band of musicians or actors. But the spirit of the institution, its personnel—

* * *

How vividly was it all brought back one stormy winter night in the little Boston playhouse, to which after a brilliant success both in America and in England, Mr. John Craig came and founded the Castle Square stock company.

Mr. Craig is a Tennessean by birth, and his boyhood was spent in Texas. But his real career began when he joined Augustin Daly's famous stock company in New York. Here he played many parts, both great and small, according to the will of the omnipotent Daly. As "Angel Clare" in "Tess of the D'Ubervilles," Mr. Craig got his real opening, and for several seasons he was Mrs. Fiske's leading man in Hardy's vital play. He developed the part with rare ability, and won the attention of audiences in all parts of the country. Later Mr. Craig went to London with Mr. Daly's company, and it was while here that he took the most important step in his career. If there be any who doubt that statement, let them consider the Castle Square theater now, or at any other time since its inception, without Miss Mary Young. The important



JOHN CRAIG, THE ACTOR-MANAGER

said he to the Critic later, "do you know that those poor creatures asked Father Gotthold if they had seen part of Heaven? Tom, after this we will have them come every week—the little Father says we are even now an institution."

Thus was the Institution begun. "And in the Institution the Critic has no part."

Perhaps it is because of the almost

step, then, was Mr. Craig's marriage with Miss Young, who was also a prominent member of the Daly cast. Mrs. Craig laughs now when she recalls the circumstances of their wedding. "Our marriage was kept secret for a time," she says, "as we knew that Mr. Daly did not want married couples in his company. But of course he soon found it out, and what do

you suppose he did? Why, he discharged me and gave Mr. Craig inferior parts. Now wasn't that just like a man," she concludes, "to make me pay the more severe penalty, when I wasn't nearly so much to blame as Mr. Craig?" The punishment did not last for long, however. The great Daly relented, took Miss Young back into the fold, and restored her husband to his proper place as a leading member of the company.

Mrs. Craig is an interesting biographer. So modest is she that in answering questions about herself, she unconsciously recedes to the background and talks of Mr. Craig. Thus she says: "It wasn't long after we were back in America before Mr. Craig made up his mind that he was going to have a theater of his own in Boston, and need I tell you that I had a little share in helping him make it up? Where there's a will there's a way, and where there are two wills there are more than two ways, and almost before we knew it, Mr. Craig was deep in his managerial experiment."

Since Mrs. Craig says "experiment," it is not for an outsider to comment upon her choice of words. It will do to state that Mr. Craig's was a successful experiment from its inception. You catch the atmosphere once you are inside the lobby of the Castle Square Theater. Mr. Clark, in the box office, has a pleasant word of greeting for those who are standing in line. Often he selects their tickets without a word—many of them have been coming to him week after week, for years. There is another good-evening as the ticket-taker is passed; a bow and a smile from the usher, and once seated there is pleasant conversation with the friends on either side as the program is discussed. Everybody seems to know everybody else; perhaps four-fifths of the great audience

in the orchestra chairs and galleries is a regular clientele, so vital in preserving the Institution. Perhaps more than four-fifths could be classified in the ranks of "home folks"—people who appreciate a good play, and who do not hesitate to manifest an active appreciation. Here are a father and mother, whose heads,



MRS. JOHN CRAIG (MARY YOUNG)

long since grown gray, are bent together as they run through the "dramatis personae" to see what parts have been allotted to their favorites in the company. Here in front are many young people, sensible, well set-up Americans, although it seems after all to be the fathers and mothers that constitute the greater part of the audience.

When the curtain goes up there is a round of applause which cannot but

gratify Mr. Craig, whose excellent taste in stage settings reveals another of the talents of this very versatile man. Then there is a tribute to each of the actors. It might be disastrous if generally adopted but it is delightful to watch a member of this company as he appears on the stage. The part may call for a clamorous entrance in the middle of an act, but the audience recognizes its favorite and demands a recognition in return.

It must be bowed to and smiled upon by Mr. Meek, whether he be a young English lord or an old German count; by Mr. Hassell, whether he be an English butler or a Palm Beach society man; by Miss McDannell, whether she be a sweet royal youth or a poor orphan girl. There are special ovations for Mr. Craig and Miss Young; the admiration of the audience for these two delightful people is almost akin to love.

Of the acting of Mr. Craig's company much might be said. He manages with rare success. A stranger to his theater might easily believe that he was seeing the performance of an original company. Every actor is primarily an artist, and works under the guidance of one who has a fine appreciation of art on the stage.

With the same discretion that he employs

in his productions, Mr. Craig selects his plays. During the winter there is a season of Shakespeare, sprinkled now and then with an up-to-date comedy. Then there are the old heart-plays and new farces, there is the John Craig prize play—in fact, the best plays of old and new authors are presented in the Castle Square Theater.

One of Broadway's stars who recently came to Boston on a limited engagement, stole up to a Castle Square matinee during the week of "The Prince Chap," in which Mr. Craig played the title role.

"Do you know," said she later, "that at the closing curtain there was not a dry eye in the house? And I thought, on the way back to my hotel, that while many of us were having a fickle success playing to people's higher understanding or baser emotions, here was a man who enjoyed a lasting appreciation, playing direct to the heart."

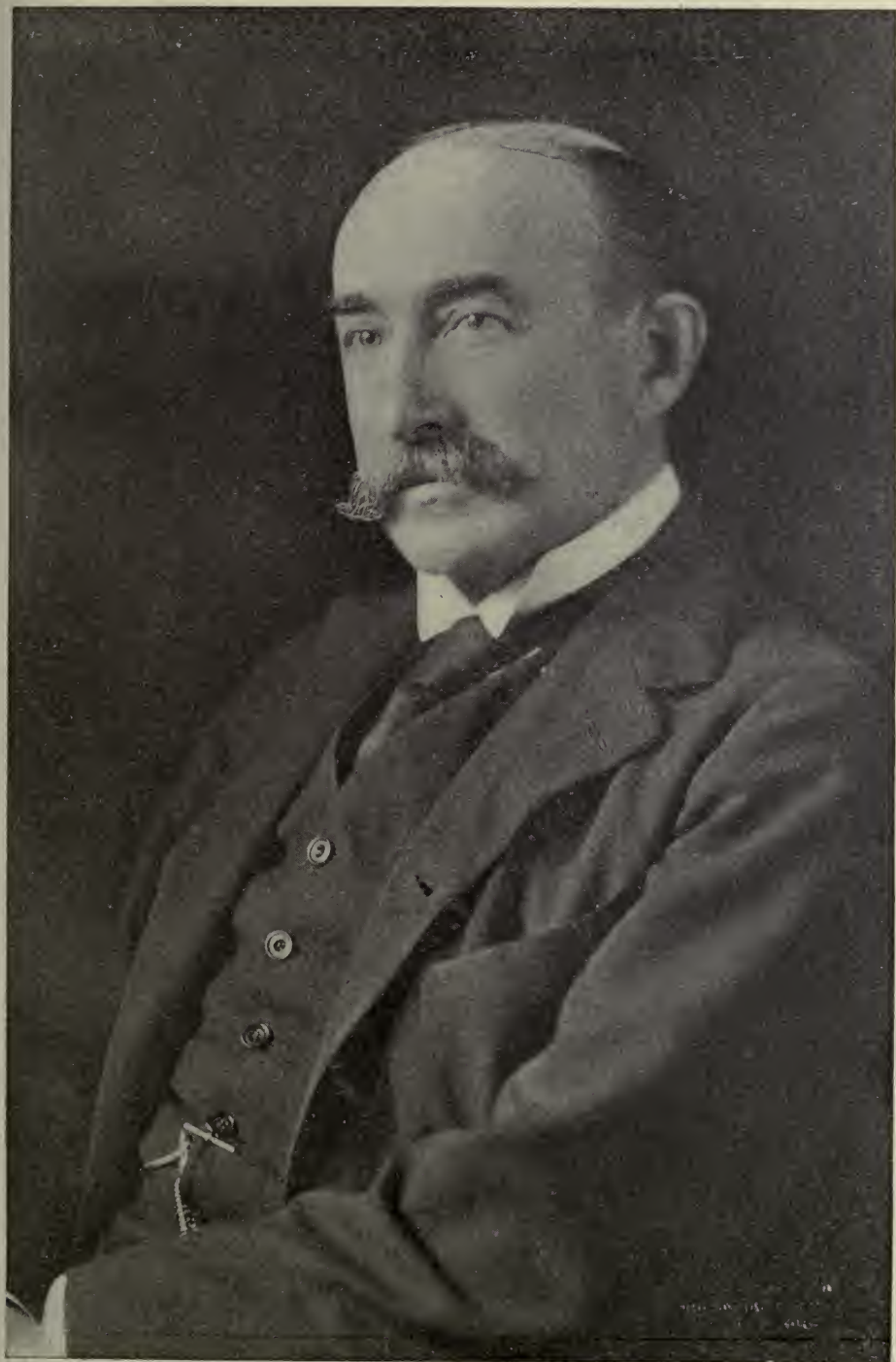
In the progress of the American stage, the name of John Craig stands out from all others in a chapter by itself. For he has founded an American institution. "In the Institution the Critic has no part," but the real institution is and ever will be, "of the people, by the people and for the people."

WHEN EVENING COMES IF IN THY HEART UNREST

WHEN evening comes, if in thy heart unrest
His tireless path goes pacing round and round,
Or huddled sorrow broods, a dark-robed guest,
Or care his heavy burden has unbound,

This would I pray thee do: abide not there,
From thy heart's door unloose the soundless bars,
Walk forth into the holy evening air,
Lift up thine eyes and look upon the stars!

—Arthur Wallace Peach.



HON. JOHN HAYS HAMMOND,
President of the National Republican League.



WM. BARNES, JR.

Grandson of Thurlow Weed, and Leader of the New York Delegation at the Republican National Convention.



FORMER SENATOR CHARLES A. DICK

Who had charge of the contests for the Taft interests and was always armed with papers.



WARREN G. HARDING, OF OHIO

Chosen to nominate William Howard Taft at the Republican National Convention in Chicago.



FORMER SENATOR ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

One of the leading speakers in the Roosevelt Campaign

IN THE COLISEUM

THE overture to one of the most momentous campaigns in the history of party nomination was the proceedings before the Republican National Committee at Chicago. The meetings were held in one of the small audience rooms in the Coliseum. Gaily decorated in flags and bunting, the room and the gathering seemed like a miniature convention in itself. Every detail of arrangement was carefully supervised by Sergeant-at-Arms Stone. The hat-racks provided in the gallery over the platform were not used. The same free and easy disposition of hats customary at the White House prevailed—they were thrown on the table. Inside of a railing painted green the members of the National Committee assembled each morning, taking their seats in the chairs placed in military array. After the gavel had fallen and Mr. Victor Rosewater had risen in the presiding officer's chair to his full height—the proceedings began. There was an atmosphere of dignity about the whole that suggested the United States Senate in its deliberations. There was an earnestness in hearing the testimony and in listening to the cross-examinations and arguments of the attorney that recalled a jury room. There were parliamentary and legislative questions met and solved that would have puzzled a Speaker of the House of Representatives.

* * *

As each case was called, the attorneys and witnesses solemnly filed into the room, carrying with them suitcases full of papers and affidavits. Party history was exploited, and party skeletons now and then stalked forth.

The personnel of the Committee was thoroughly representative of every leading vocation—notable in this respect over any other in the history of the party. Its distinguishing trait seemed to be a serious

purpose to get at the facts. This was the first session of the kind ever thrown open to newspapers and the public, where the proceedings were under the full glare of publicity.

If there was a steam roller here it must have had pneumatic tires, and been utilized for a political joy ride, for there was little in the proceedings to indicate the necessity of the explosive adjectives of "death struggle," "fight to the finish," "party theft," that adorn the political tales of these days. The members of the Committee seemed to have an appreciation of each other as men sworn to do their duty irrespective of popular clamor or public feeling. True senatorial courtesy prevailed in permitting the speakers to continue beyond their allotted time. In some of the Southern contests the colored lawyers made really stirring and eloquent pleas for their clients. There were also, of course, the familiar routing and old tricks that have been known to National Committee Sessions for years past.

As the hours passed from 9 A.M. the ordered array of cushioned arm-chairs in the center gradually became awry, and were thrown about in *tete-a-tete* style. The floor was strewn with papers, and a general atmosphere of parliamentary business of great moment pervaded the scene. The figure of Senator Crane in his old familiar attitude—just keeping watch of things, as in the Senate Chamber—was noticeable. The box of cigars on the table helped to keep the peaceful incense of deliberation in the air. The newspaper men scratched off the result as each vote was taken, to be rushed to the wire and a waiting country.

Outside the room throngs gathered about the Convention post-office and the room of Chairman Harry New and Sergeant-at-Arms Stone, bombarding for tickets to the Convention. There was room for eleven

thousand, with nearly half a million applications pending.

The graphic and stirring scenes of the overture to the National Convention were at the Congress Hotel, where during the evening, hour after hour, until wee small hours, the little groups would meet, and talk and talk. The air was full of rumors, of imprecations, of asseverations, and a summer resort veranda was a Sunday School in comparison. In this hotel were located the headquarters of the Roosevelt forces, occupying the Florentine Room and "close" quarters on the seventeenth



JOHN CALLAN O'LAUGHLIN

Press correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune* and an early leader in the Roosevelt movement. He accompanied President Roosevelt from Africa and was formerly Assistant Secretary of State.

floor. A large picture of Colonel Roosevelt standing triumphant over the prostrate form of a lion thrilled his admirers in the Florentine Room. The campaign buttons containing "a hat in the ring" were worn by the Roosevelt men, but there was lacking the shouting enthusiasm of the old Blaine days.

In the Taft headquarters on "F" floor Director William B. McKinley was kept busy with those continuous consultations which formulate modern politics. The throngs centering about the lobby downstairs eagerly caught the rumors of what was being said in the consultations in the

"rooms above." Senator Joseph M. Dixon of the Roosevelt forces was ready with fresh statements at every turn of the tide. "Boss Flinn" of Pittsburgh was there with a pure sample of Pennsylvania politics. After dinner in the evening until the early morning hours the crowd would throng about the lounges and desks in ceaseless and more or less excited talk. Peacock Alley and the Pompeian Room were points of observation as the panorama of celebrities passed by. New faces had appeared since 1908, but there were many of the old veterans too, who could not resist the fascination of "talking," although they could not "stand to stand" as in the old days. Newspaper artists were busy with their pencils, and celebrities, near-celebrities, past and present, bold and meek, stood here and there in graceful pose while the artist plied his pencil.

The Coliseum in all its glory and convention array suggested something of its prototype and namesake in ancient Rome. When Colonel Roosevelt arrived for his monster mass-meeting it might have stood for Caesar and his legions to some imaginative onlookers and especially to those ardent admirers who had kept the wires hot requesting his presence and "personal contact," to aid in acclaiming the glory of the Rooseveltian era.

The Taft supporters braved the tide of Chicago-Roosevelt sentiment and stood firm for their convictions. They were the cool-headed leaders who have seen political storms come and go, but also among them were the younger young men—first voters—who challenged the leadership of progressiveness. The Convention was altogether progressive enough to suit the political aviators' cry for "more speed."

The doors of the great Coliseum opened upon a rare spectacle. Bands playing, myriads of voices shouting, amid a scene of color and commotion, furnished in one sweeping glance a picture of our country, emphasizing the magnitude and the vitality of the great map of which Plato dreamed in his "Republic."

The great question was, who had a ticket? Then the roll call that marshalled the delegates, and a President was nominated that determined the prophecies.

Who?

CAMPAIGN FOR THE REPUBLICAN NOMINATION

By Harry Litchfield West

THE delegates who will assemble in Chicago to nominate the Republican candidate for the presidency have been chosen under conditions absolutely unique in American political history. President Taft, seeking the endorsement of a renomination after four years of earnest and patriotic service, has been opposed by Theodore Roosevelt, his predecessor and former friend. The contest, beginning quietly enough, has developed into an intense and bitter struggle, with accusations and epithets upon both sides.

A year ago the renomination of President Taft was accepted as a foregone conclusion. No other Republican President asking a second term had ever been denied. Even Mr. Harrison, although antagonized by a faction within his party, had been sustained by a majority of the delegates assembled in convention. There was no reason why President Taft should meet with opposition. His administration had been just and honest, singularly free from scandal, and characterized by efficiency in all its departments. He had been safe rather than spectacular; judicial, rather than impulsive; retiring, rather than egotistical and demonstra-

tive. These qualities, eminently befitting the occupant of the high office of President, had quietly but none the less surely brought about beneficent results. The nation prospered greatly under Mr. Taft's administration. It moved steadily forward along progressive, but not radical lines, maintaining its dignity and self-respect among the nations of the world and affording its own citizens every opportunity for the peaceful and advantageous pursuit of their avocations under an ideal government.

With the knowledge that he deserved renomination and naturally anticipating that the precedent of his party as regards

a second term would be followed, President Taft took no steps toward making his renomination sure. He devoted himself to the important work which his hands found to do—the securing of reciprocity with Canada, the negotiation of arbitration treaties with Great Britain and France in the hope of establishing a world-wide peace, the rigorous and impartial enforcement of the laws, the amelioration of labor conditions, the economic and efficient conduct of the government. In this he proved himself a better



WILLIAM HAYWARD
Secretary of the National Republican
Committee



FIRST SESSION
REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE
JUNE 6, 1912

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CAMPAIGN FOR THE REPUBLICAN NOMINATION

President than a politician. It is not altogether to the credit of the United States that the high office of President is so closely associated with political strategy and manipulation that success may be achieved by those who are most adept in playing the political game while recognition may be denied to conspicuous merit.

While President Taft was thus engaged in the conscientious discharge of his multitudinous duties a faction within his own party became restive. From the politicians' point of view he had done the things which he ought not to have done and he had failed to do the things they had most desired. They planned, therefore, to compass his defeat. Their leader was, naturally, Theodore Roosevelt. With much adroitness his re-entry into the political arena was planned and executed. It made no difference, apparently, that Mr. Roosevelt had twice declared that under no circumstances would he again be a candidate for the Presidency; that he had written to personal friends that his nomination would be a calamity; or that Washington had declined and Grant had been refused a third term. Mr. Roosevelt did not, however, volunteer. The governors of eight states united in a letter urging him to allow the use of his name. They eulogized his progressive ideas; they appealed to him as the savior of the people. His acceptance followed. At first he assumed the role of a receptive candidate, but as it soon became evident that President Taft was securing the delegates, he entered upon a personal campaign and hurried from State to State pleading his own cause.

In the midst of the political turmoil which ensued President Taft pursued the even tenor of his way. Mr. Roosevelt became more and more aggressive and defiant and made many accusations against the President. For some weeks President Taft endured this situation in silence. Finally, however, his patience became exhausted, and in a speech delivered in Boston he made direct reply. This outcome seemed pleasing to Mr. Roosevelt's temperament. He had forced the fighting in the hope of arousing the President into controversy and when he succeeded made

no secret of his delight. He answered the President in a formal statement given to the press and then entered upon a still more earnest crusade. His speeches abounded in denunciatory epithets. Mr. Taft was, in his opinion, puzzle-witted, weak and useless. The President retorted that Mr. Roosevelt was unsafe and dangerous. The larger issues were obscured



SENATOR ELIHU ROOT

From New York, the choice of the Taft delegates for Chairman of the Republican National Convention

in the personal element injected into the struggle.

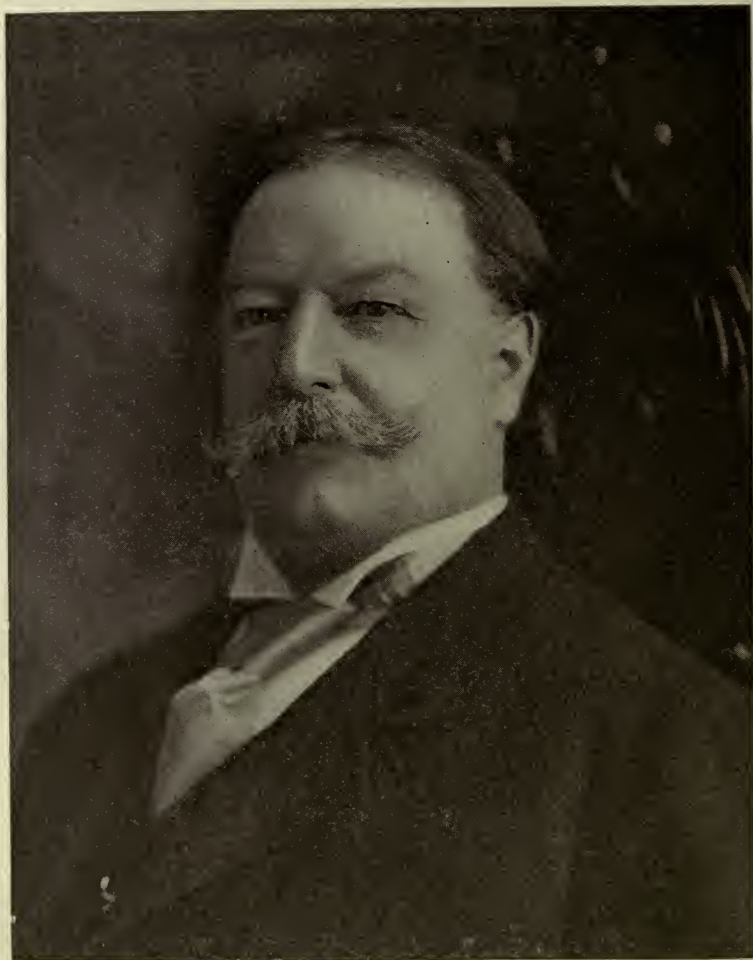
The spectacle thus presented to the country was not, to say the least, an inspiring one. There were many who would have had the President ignore his opponent. It is difficult to see, however, how Mr. Taft could have followed any other course than the one which he adopted. He had been personally attacked; he had been made the victim of serious and derogatory misrepresentation; and, above all, the onus of the assault rested upon the

CAMPAIGN FOR THE REPUBLICAN NOMINATION

shoulders of a man who had always professed to be his friend. To have remained silent under all this provocation would have been equivalent to an admission of the very weakness and indecision with which he had been charged. President of

pelled him to enter upon a hand-to-hand conflict. If there is to be any criticism of the President whatever, it is that he allowed even this spirit of apology to be manifest in his utterances.

Mr. Roosevelt found an opportunity



WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

President of the United States, one of the prominent figures at the Convention Hall

the United States he was, to be sure, but not even a President, if he has any red blood in his veins, can be expected to sit quiescent under the stinging lash of a political antagonist. His defence of himself was both natural and proper. He adopted a deprecatory tone only in referring to the unpleasant necessity which com-

to enunciate his own position in an address which he delivered before the Ohio constitutional convention under the title, "A Charter of Democracy." In this speech he travelled many leagues along the path of radicalism. All the advanced, not to say revolutionary, theories of government which have been suggested

CAMPAIGN FOR THE REPUBLICAN NOMINATION

in recent years received his hearty approval. He even advocated the recall of judicial decisions upon constitutional questions, proposing that legal judgments should be dependent upon popular vote. This proposition was so extreme, however, that it met with almost universal condemnation, the result being that it was promptly forgotten and thereafter remained in the background. As the campaign proceeded Mr. Roosevelt practically abandoned his Columbus speech and

carries upon its face an evidence of inconsistency and insincerity. It is an open secret, for instance, that one of his earliest supporters and a large contributor to his campaign is George W. Perkins, a former director in the Steel Trust, a director in the Harvester Trust, and, until his retirement from active business, the managing partner of J. P. Morgan & Company, the firm which profited to the extent of \$69,000,000 through the organization of the Steel Trust.

The fighting qualities of Colonel Roosevelt, however, appeal to the masses; the emphasis of his assertions stuns the ear into acceptance; the agility with which he leaps from position to position delights the eye. The American people like action, and with Mr. Roosevelt there is always



SENATOR BOISE PENROSE

The imperturbable leader of the Taft forces at the National Republican hearings

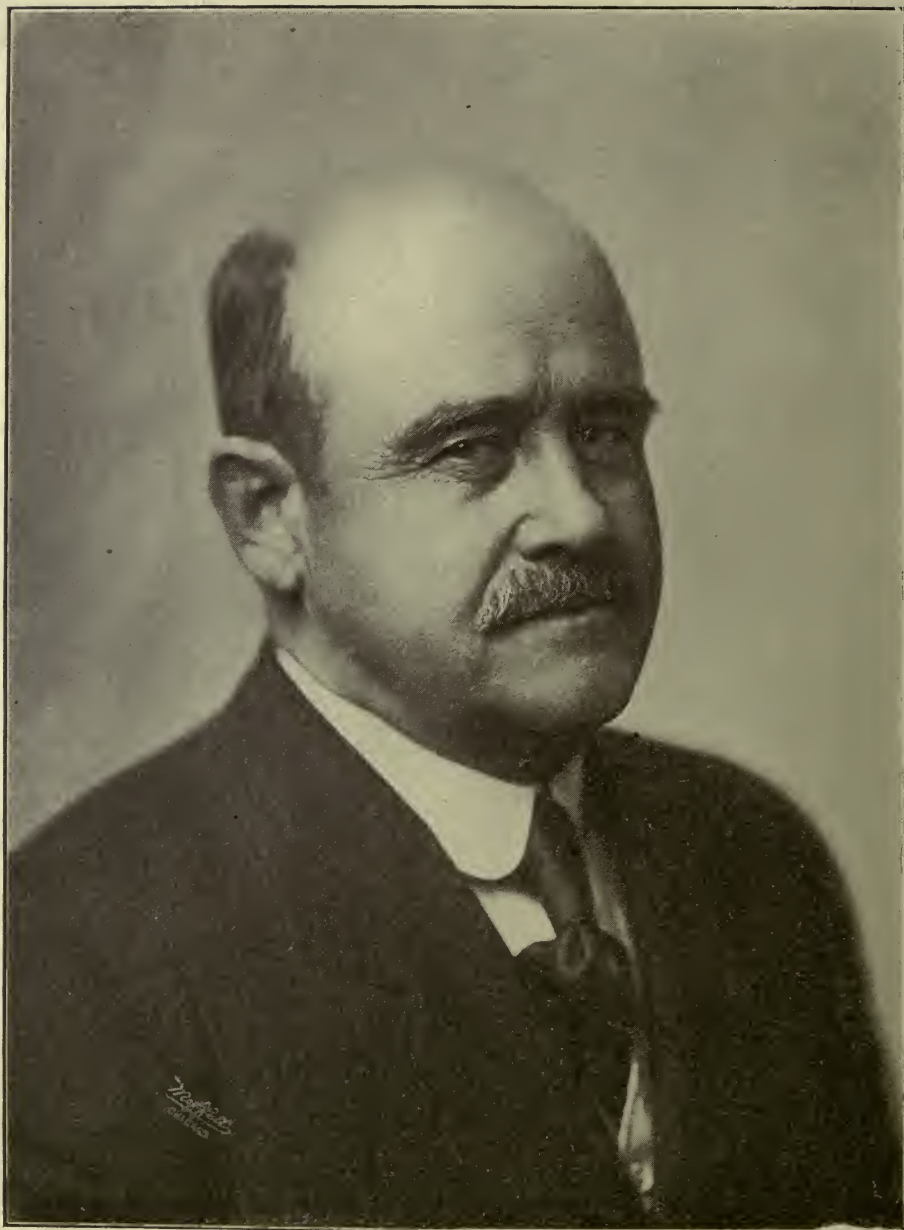
condensed his platform into the single assertion that he was making a fight for the plain people against the bosses. This declaration was adroit and effective. In Pennsylvania there was much unrest because of the lengthy reign of power enjoyed by the Penrose machine, and in Illinois the unsavory Lorimer case had produced a feeling of revolt. Through deliberate misrepresentation the President was aligned with Lorimer and thereby suffered, while in Pennsylvania he went down with the overthrow of the Penrose regime.

The fact that the downfall of Penrose meant the ascendancy of "Bill" Flinn, a notorious political boss of Pittsburgh,



SENATOR BORAH

Who led the Roosevelt forces on the floor at the contest hearings



WILLIAM B. McKINLEY

The able and popular general of the Taft forces whose splendid executive ability and genial nature has made him honored and loved by all opponents, as well as allies

CAMPAIGN FOR THE REPUBLICAN NOMINATION

something doing. This accounts in very large degree for such progress as he has been able to make in his ambitious assumption of a third term. Under the surface, however, there are conditions which have helped him. There is, first of all, an increasing sentiment among the people in favor of a larger degree of individual participation in governmental affairs. There is, in consequence, a revolt against the so-called bosses, and Roosevelt has touched the sensitive nerve. In addition, the high cost of living has made the struggle for existence more difficult and has enlarged the circle of the discontented. Roosevelt has emphasized these conditions, and has promised relief. It is apparent that his followers do not stop to question how he is to transform soothing promises into actual alleviation. They must know that the increase of the cost of the necessities of life is a world-wide experience and cannot be affected in this country by legislation or executive orders. They must know that there will be political leaders in this



HENRY S. NEW

Chairman of the Republican National Committee, who called the Convention at Chicago to order

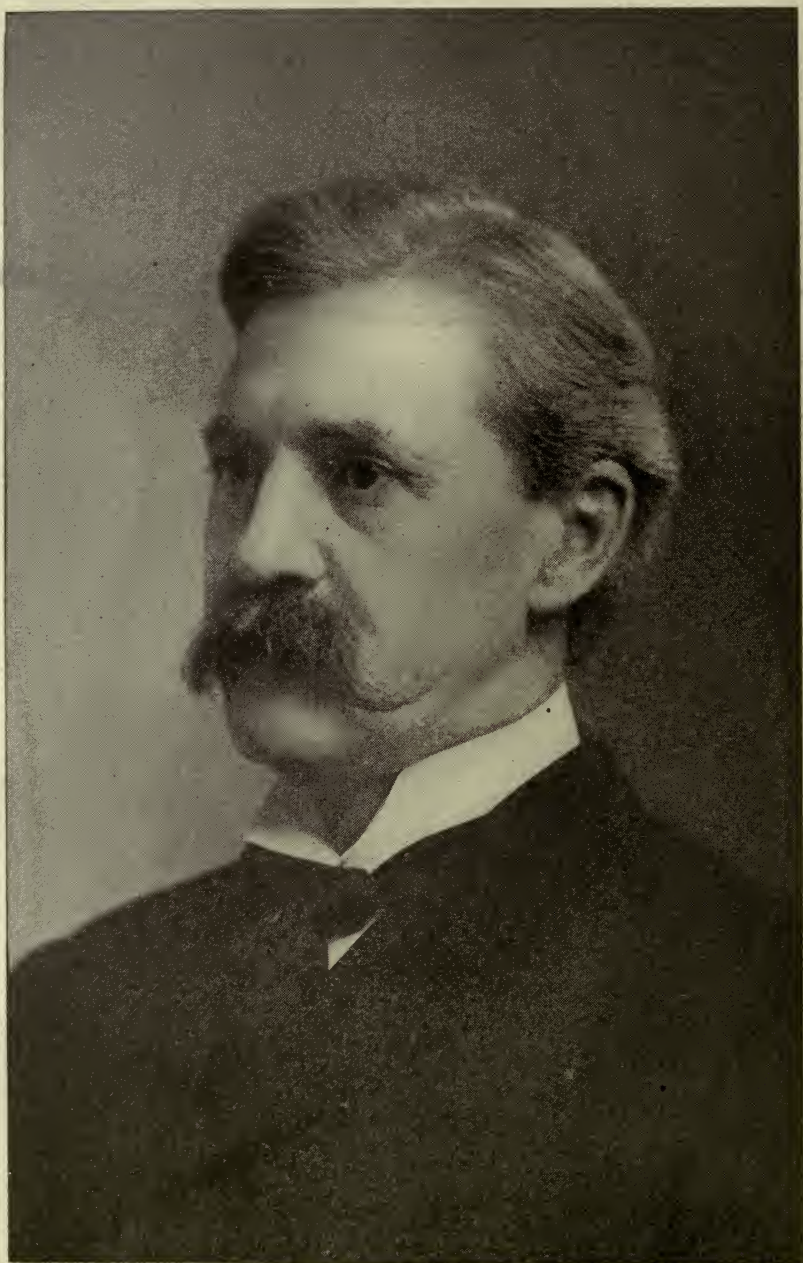


SENATOR DIXON

Of Montana, the leader of the Roosevelt forces during the biggest campaign at the Convention

Republic as long as it endures. They must know, also, that Mr. Roosevelt has in the past accepted with gratitude the assistance of the very men whom he now so savagely condemns.

When Roosevelt appeared upon the scene there was much beating of drums and clanging of cymbals, and the crowd followed noisily. Mr. Taft, patient, hard-working, conscientious and able, attempted with deliberate speech and thoughtful argument to present his own side of the case. He had much in his favor. Under his administration the postal savings banks had been established, the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission in the matter of railroad regulation enlarged and strengthened; a treaty with Russia abrogated because that government discriminated unjustly against a certain class of American citizens; a workmen's compensation and employers' liability law enacted; the anti-trust and other statutes rigorously and fearlessly enforced; a tax upon corporations imposed; and last, but not least, a deficit of forty million dollars left by Roosevelt converted into a surplus of over fifty million dollars. As against this splendid record of achievement it was charged against Mr. Taft that he had



SENATOR ALBERT B. CUMMINS

Whose boom for President was launched early by his Iowa admirers

CAMPAIGN FOR THE REPUBLICAN NOMINATION

signed the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill, that he had favored reciprocity and that he had appointed Democrats to cabinet positions. The first was regarded as a violation of the pledge for downward revision of the tariff, the second antagonized the farmers, and the third alienated the politicians who believe that to the victors belong the spoils. As a matter of fact, the Payne-Aldrich bill did reduce the schedules; it is by no means certain that reciprocity would have an adverse effect upon the agricultural interests; and the appointments which were criticized only demonstrated the breadth of Mr. Taft's character and mind.

For the first time in a presidential campaign direct primary elections were held in several states to determine the Presidential preference of the voters or to elect delegates to the national convention. The result showed a division of sentiment, with a preponderance in favor of Mr. Roosevelt in Western states which had previously shown strong populist tendencies, while in the Eastern section of the



ORMSBY MCHARG

The general who has been on the Roosevelt "firing line" during the hearing of the contest



SENATOR ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE

Who had his forty-six votes at the Convention and had headquarters of his own at the Grand Pacific Hotel

country President Taft more than held his own.

More than this, however, the campaign revealed the many defects of the primary system. It demonstrated that these initial elections do not attract the voters except those whose activity in politics or whose constant desire for agitation and change leads them to the polls. It is evident, too, that primaries are as expensive as regular elections. It is estimated that the expense attached to the Roosevelt campaign in New York averaged \$4.40 per voter. In Pennsylvania an enormous sum, said to be \$250,000, was expended by the Roosevelt management, while in Ohio the most conservative estimate of the entire cost to all the candidates is \$750,000. This means that in the future no candidate can undertake to carry state after state through the medium of the primary without possessing or having access to a treasure chest well nigh as inexhaustible as the ancient widow's famous cruse of oil.

The menace of the primary, therefore, is that it gives to the candidate with the

CAMPAIGN FOR THE REPUBLICAN NOMINATION

most money the largest chances of success. This does not mean that the funds are to be spent in illegitimate or corrupt manner. Thousands upon thousands of dollars are needed to print and circulate literature, to hire special trains, to pay the expenses



THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Who led the forces in person at the Chicago Convention

of speakers and to take full advantage of the numerous methods of publicity. In a state like Pennsylvania, where there are over 750,000 Republican voters, and an attempt is made to communicate with each individual, the cost is necessarily enormous; and in a contest such as the one which the country is now witnessing, it is essential that each voter shall be made subject to personal appeal. When it is remembered that this large expenditure is merely preliminary to the campaign for election, it will be seen that an enormous financial burden is placed upon the aspirant for the office of President. Campaign contributions are rarely made with purely unselfish purpose. It is thus within the power of unscrupulous and designing

persons to elevate themselves to power through the assistance of interests which will, in due time, ask practical return for such outlay as they may have made. Publicity of campaign contributions and expenses will not check the evil.

But if we are to have the primary system extended it would seem only just that the primaries should be held simultaneously in every state. Years ago the October elections in Ohio and Indiana were abolished, and now all the states vote for presidential electors upon the same day in November. Under the present method of different dates, there is an undue temptation to carry the states that have early primaries in the hope that the outcome will have its moral effect in the states which have not acted. If this is not done, it may reasonably be expected that in a few years, when primaries have reached the point of excessive expenditures and unsatisfactory results, the country will revert to the old convention plan. The criticism of the convention method is that it is not truly representative, and that it allows the few to manipulate the many. Surely there can be no claim for the primaries thus far held that they represent anything like a majority of the votes in either party. In Pennsylvania only about twenty per cent of the Republican enrollment participated in the primaries, while in Ohio only forty per cent of the Republicans voted. In Massachusetts, where there was a campaign of unusual activity, fully one hundred thousand Republican voters remained away from the polls. The Democratic vote everywhere was also far below the normal. These figures show conclusively that the primaries are not convincing tests of public sentiment.

The campaign has also been remarkable for the large number of contesting delegations in the field—a number greatly exceeding any previous presidential year. The fact that the delegations seeking recognition through contest are practically all pledged to Mr. Roosevelt indicates a determined policy upon the part of his managers to befoe the situation. In nearly all cases the claims of these contesting delegates rest upon the most flimsy foundation, while in the majority of instances there is no basis at all. Not-

CAMPAIGN FOR THE REPUBLICAN NOMINATION

withstanding this fact, Mr. Roosevelt has already indicated that unless the disputes are decided in his favor, they will, from his point of view, at least, be decided wrongly.

It is important, therefore, to revert briefly to the precedents established in prior conventions in regard to this crucial matter. The national Republican committee, assembling some days before the date fixed for the convention, proceeds to make up a temporary roll, after hearing the conflicting claims. The delegates seated by the national committee participate in the temporary organization, which includes the naming of the temporary chairman and of the committees on credentials, rules, permanent organization and resolutions. In the last three Republican conventions there has been no contest of note over the seating of delegates, inasmuch as the sentiment of the convention in the matter of nominating a Presidential candidate was predetermined. In 1892, when, as now, the Southern delegates were the focus of controversy, and when there was some opposition to the



VICTOR ROSEWATER

Editor of the *Omaha Bee*, who presided at the deliberations of the National Republican Committee during the large number of contests



A. H. REVELL

One of the early Roosevelt leaders in Chicago and the Middle West

renomination of President Harrison, the committee on credentials did not report until the third day of the convention, and then two protracted sessions were held before the majority and minority reports were acted upon.

The law then laid down by Mr. McKinley, the chairman, was that "every delegate seated in this convention by the national committee is entitled to participate in the privileges of this convention until by a majority vote they shall be unseated." The propriety of any delegate acting as a judge in his own case was, however, discussed at some length, Senator Spooner of Wisconsin asserting with much emphasis that such action was barred both by law and morals. Mr. J. Sloat Fassett, of New York, pointed out with much wisdom that if this contention was correct, "the proceedings of a convention could at any time be brought to naught by a sufficient number of conspirators who chose to make a contest in each delegation, and contestants could join together to paralyze the action of any convention." The result was that four



COLONEL WILLIAM F. STONE

Sergeant-at-arms, who had charge of the important responsibility of seating and caring for the delegates at the National Republican Convention at Chicago

CAMPAIGN FOR THE REPUBLICAN NOMINATION

delegates-at-large from Alabama, who were unseated by the majority report of the committee, refrained from voting, but all the other delegates whose seats had been contested participated in the roll-call. Their responses were not challenged.

The convention of 1896 went a step further. That convention proceeded to elect its permanent chairman, Senator Thurston of Nebraska, before the committee on credentials had reported, although that committee had one hundred and sixty cases before it. When Mr. Mudd of Maryland made a point of order that this action was entirely improper, the temporary chairman, Senator Fairbanks, of Indiana, promptly overruled it and put the question to a *viva voce* vote. Again a protest was uttered, it being urged that the roll should be called, but Mr. Fairbanks decided in the negative and insisted that he was acting in accordance with the precedents. When the two reports of the committee on credentials were finally submitted, the majority report was adopted without the formality of a recorded vote.

It is evident, therefore, that there is little patience in a national convention with contesting delegations unless, indeed, it can be shown that the contestants have a genuine and substantial claim. At Chicago the national committee will undoubtedly decide that the delegations which were elected merely as a disturbing element ought not to receive consideration. When this action is taken, it is quite certain that there will be some noisy spluttering on the part of the unsuccessful claimants, and Mr. Roosevelt may avail himself of it as an excuse for independent action. That he is determined not to accept an adverse verdict with equanimity, no matter how decisive that verdict may be, is already a foregone conclusion.

It is somewhat remarkable that during the campaign so little attention has been paid to the material side of things. Few of the people stop to recall the splendid prosperity which the country has enjoyed under President Taft, a prosperity unequalled since the days of McKinley, and compare it with the dark period of 1893 and the panic which depressed busi-

ness in the closing months of the Roosevelt administration.

It may be that the people, having been accustomed to prosperity, regard it as a permanent institution. But the initiative and the referendum will not create work, the recall will not feed the hungry, the overthrow of political bosses will not insure good times. On the contrary, the victory of radicalism means uncertainty and anxiety in the business world. If a Democrat should be elected next fall a revision of the tariff upon free trade lines will inevitably follow; while if a Republican be elected whose idea of law is individual action, the effect upon business enterprise and development will be equally harmful.

It is this fact which makes the outcome of the Chicago convention so important. It is this which inspires the hope that the delegates chosen to vote for President Taft will be enabled to retain their seats, not only because they were honestly elected to represent the safe, substantial, and solid element in the country, but because it is essential that our republic shall not drift away from its constitutional foundation. The nation confronts a crisis. It is face to face with a situation which, if not rightly resolved, will work incalculable injury to every citizen. We must have law, we must have regard for basic principles of government, we must have stability in business. If we disregard any one or all of these, there can be no other result than disaster.

Upon the delegates to the Chicago convention an all-important duty devolves. They are the national jury. They must decide the question of the Presidential nomination without regard to personal preference or prejudice. They must remember that upon their action the future of their party depends. Above all, they must realize that upon their sober and deliberate judgment, uninfluenced by gusts of passion or fervid declamation, and upon their devotion to the principles which have been so effective in the past and which assure so much for the future, the safety and prosperity of this country absolutely depends.

Not by the application of "steam roller" methods but in the exercise of judgment rendered upon the merits of each case, the

National Republican Committee at Chicago decided the contests brought before it. Much interest attached to the sessions of the committee because the number of contests greatly exceeded the record of any previous convention. It developed as the committee progressed with its work that more than ninety per cent of the two hundred contests instituted by the managers of Mr. Roosevelt's campaign had been created merely for their psychological effect upon the country. In the early period of the pre-convention contest Mr. Taft's list of delegates grew apace, while Roosevelt lagged far behind.

Even in the campaign where the Presidential nomination is the stake and where political strategy reaches its highest development, the deliberate attempt to throw discredit upon delegates regularly and honestly elected is one that deserved the severe condemnation which it received. Fair and impartial papers, like the Chicago *Record-Herald*, did not hesitate to characterize the whole proceeding in emphatic terms and to commend the committee for "giving honest judgment in accordance with the weight of the evidence." It is worth while thus to present the real truth surrounding the situation at Chicago. For the committee to have acted otherwise than as it did would have been to countenance political fraud and chicanery and to have transformed a convention assembled for a dignified and important duty into a gathering wherein many of those granted seats had obtained admission through trickery of the most repugnant type.

While nearly all the contests before the committee were perfunctory and unsubstantial, there was one case which presented an important aspect. Under the call of the National Republican Committee the Republican voters throughout the United States were invited to select delegates by Congressional districts, except the delegates representing the state at large. This was in accordance with time-honored precedent, especially with reference to the unit rule. As long ago as the

convention in which an unsuccessful attempt was made to nominate Grant for a third term the Republican party has been against state sovereignty as exemplified by the unit rule. In California, however, under a State primary law, the entire state delegation was chosen in blanket fashion and without regard to Congressional districts. This result, so absolutely at variance with Republican procedure, presented a serious question to the national committee. In a situation less tense the delegation might have been denied admission to the Convention. As it was, the committee accepted the outcome of the primary with the exception that two delegates, chosen to represent the fourth district, were seated. In slight degree, therefore, the principle of antagonism to the unit rule was preserved. It may be expected, however, that in the future the precedent thus established will return to plague some convention and that, in a close contest, some delegation, asking to be voted as a unit, will be enabled to dictate a nomination. It is a matter of history that if in 1880 the New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois delegations had been allowed to vote as a unit, Grant would have been the nominee instead of James A. Garfield.

While the presses are printing these pages there is the rattle of political musketry at Chicago while the leaders engage in the preliminary skirmish. This is not the time, therefore, for prediction. One thing, however, may be confidently asserted. When the smoke has cleared away, to quote the terse and emphatic words of Mr. John Hays Hammond, men of all factions will get together and work for Republican victory. This is the cardinal virtue of the Republican party as an organization. It has its internal struggles, sharp and bitter, but when the battle has been fought a love-feast follows. Its discipline is perfect, its *esprit de corps* is unexcelled. It forgets its own differences in the presence of a common enemy and marches with solid and enthusiastic ranks into each campaign.

Henry Holman's Pilgrimage



M. R. UMBERHIND

(Continued)

PLAYING HOOKEY

NOT wishing for Uncle Rufe to know that the strange revelation in regard to the reappearance of Rev. David Bradbury was to him like one appearing from the dead, Holman was careful to conceal his true feelings. He did not want to do a thing that would turn the old man from the reminiscent trend that he was now following.

With a twinkle in his eyes, Holman glanced at his wife, who was now all attention; then turning to Uncle Rufe he asked him if he could recall, when he was a young lad, a boy that lived in Bethmar whose name was Holman.

"Ye don't mean Hank Holman, do ye?" said Uncle Rufe. When Holman told him he did, a look of almost divine happiness spread over the countenance of Uncle Rufe, and in his own simple, deliberate manner he said:

"Hank Holman, why 'Hank' an' me wus two o' them kind o' boys thet ye couldn't keep apart an' when eny divilment wus cut up you would allus hear 'em say, 'whar wus Hank an' Rufe when it happened?"

"Bout ther wors' mess thet Hank an' me wus ever in wus ther time we played 'hookey' an' went fishin'. Old Master Hugh Baker wus teacher at ther 'Cademy.

"I s'pose you see them two willer trees when you come up down back of ther 'Cademy, didn't ye?" asked Uncle Rufe of Holman, and it was with considerable difficulty that Holman kept a straight face when the old man asked him the question, for he knew what Uncle Rufe was coming to.

"Well," said Uncle Rufe, "I never see them willers but I think o' poor 'Hank.'

"'Twas er long time ago thet Hank an' me wus mixed up in thet scrape thet caused them willers ter be thar, but I can remember it as if it wus only yister-day.

"As it's er pretty long story, p'haps I hadn't better tell it, 'cause ye might not want ter hear it."

Holman assured the old man that any story concerning the boyhood days of he and Hank Holman would not be too long for him to listen to.

This appeared to be all the assurance that Uncle Rufe needed to encourage him to continue his story. Settling himself back in an old high-backed rocking chair, he continued with a childlike simplicity.

"Hi Holman, thet wus Hank's father, owned what they now call ther Jim Grant farm; it's 'bout er mile up ther road.

"'Twas one mornin' 'bout ther middle o' May, Hi sez ter Hank, 'fore you go ter school this mornin' I want yer ter go down to Tom Ward's an' ef ther old sot ain't drunk ye tell him thet I want him ter come up an' help me do some plantin'."

"Tom wus one o' them shiftless critters thet every place has got one o' two of. Good nuf feller ter work when they keep 'way from old cider, but ther trouble is they allus give old cider ther preference.

"Thet mornin' Hank met me an' we started down towards old Tom's ter-gether. Boy fashion, we wus loiterin' 'long, throwin' stones at anything thet we could see ter throw at.

"When we wus pretty well down towards old Ward's, we saw Billy Neal comin' up acrost ther pastur'. Billy wus er little

old man thet ther neighbors sort o' 'pended on fer a 'Jack of all trades'; allus 'round ter answer ter enybody's beck an' call.

"As he was comin' 'long, we see thet he had what looked like 'er big string o' fish. It wusn't long after we spied him 'fore he see us an' I guess he didn't think

eny luck.' Thet wouldn't go down with us boys, so when Billy wus near nuf so we could speak ter him, Hank sed ter him in ther perlitest way you ever heard:

"'Good mornin', Mr. Neal, bin fishin'?"

"'No, not 'xactly,' sed Billy.

"'Ye see,' sed he, 'las' night long 'bout an hour after sundown thet humped-back Boobie boy come up ter my place an' tol' me thet ther widder Hicks wanted me ter go up an' fix ther line fence 'tween her medder and Clem Grover's pastur'; thet's how I happen to be down here this mornin'.

"'But Mister Neal,' sed Hank in ther same perlite way, 'didn't we see you hide er string o' fish 'hind thet tree down thar in the pastur?"

"'Oh! them wa'n't fish,' sed Billy, 'them wus only suckers.'

"'But suckers is fish, ain't they?" sed we boys.

"'But they ain't trout, what you thought they wus,' answered Billy.

"He see we hed him cornered an' he knowed 'twas no use, so he sed to us, 'Now you see here, you young raskils, ef I show thet string o' fish ter you an' tell yer whar I got 'em you'll go an' play hookey. Then old Baker, up ter ther 'Cademy will say 'twas my doin's.'

"Quicker than you could say 'Jack Robinson,' Hank looked Billy right straight in the eye an' in ther most honest way you ever heard sed, 'Mister Neal, thar ain't no school ter-

we'd seen him 'cause, quicker than scat, he jumped 'hind er big oak tree an' in er minute or two he came out and started trudgin' 'long towards whar we wus standin'; but he had left ther fish 'hind ther tree.

"'Fore Billy got up to us, Hank looked 'round ter me an' sed: 'Say, Rufe, thet sawed'off old Skin Flint hes been fishin' somewhar, down ther intervale an' he don't want us ter know thet he hes hed

day. When we come by ther 'Cademy er spell ago, one o' ther fellers hollered an' sed thet Master Baker hed dropped er stitch in his back an' couldn't straighten up; so ther won't be eny school 'til he gits rid o' ther stitch.'

"Billy looked at Hank kind o' 'spishon' like, but Hank looked so honest thet Billy made up his mind thet he wus tellin' ther truth so he sed to us, 'ef thet is ther case, come 'long with me.'



"He tol' us ther truth 'bout whar we would git some fish"

"We followed him down to thar old oak an' he showed us er string o' trout thet some o' them city chaps, thet come here summers, would rather have than be president. After tellin' us whar he caught 'em and makin' us promise not ter tell eny o' ther other boys, he helped us cut two long willer poles an' let us have two fish lines and some bait. We thanked him an' struck out, fergittin' all 'bout Tom Ward, school an' everything but fishin'.

"We hadn't gone but er few rods, when Hank stopped all of er sudden an' sez, 'Do you know, Rufe, I don't think thet Saint Peter will chalk thet lie down agin' me, 'bout ther stitch in Master Baker's back. Do you remember over ter ther fair las' fall, after Joe Skillins' hoss hed come in ahead in thet race an' we wus walkin' back ter ther corner afterwards. Billy wus with us an' he got ter tellin' 'bout er hoss his father hed when he wus er boy?'

"'Don't ye know how he sed, 'you boys may think thet hoss o' Joe Skillins' is ther best one thet wus ever 'round these parts, but he don't come within forty rows o' apple trees o' bein' what old Nell wus. She wus an old roan mare thet my dad hed when I wus 'bout yer age.

"'Jes' ter show yer how fast she could go I'll tell yer 'bout ther time ther old gent sent me over ter John Shaw's, who lived over on ther Pond road, ter bring home er couple o' pigs thet he hed diked with John fer. Ef it wus er rod it wus four miles over ter Shaw's. It wus jes' after dinner thet I started out an' I hadn't gone but a little piece 'fore I see ther old mare wus feelin' her oats pretty well.

"'After I got ther pigs in ther back o' ther wagon an' wus ready ter start back home, Shaw sez ter me:

"'Hey! young feller, don't yer see thet shower comin' up out o' ther souwest? In less than five minutes it will be rainin' pitchforks, so you'd better drive inter ther barn thar 'til it's over.

"'I 'lowed I could beat ther shower an' started. Wal, boys, I jes' give old Nell one slap with ther webbins an' sez git an' she did git. It didn't seem as if ther wheels on thet wagon wus touchin' ther ground more than once in twenty feet;

but I knowed it wus er case o' keep ahead o' thet shower or get all fired wet. So I never pulled in on ther mare, but jes' let her go. Pretty soon I got whar I could see thet our big barn doors wus wide open an' when I got thar I jes' let Nell go ker smash right inter ther barn without stoppin'. Now, what do you think? Not one drop o' rain had struck me or old Nell, but them pigs thet I put inter ther back o' thet wagon wus drowned.

"'Now young fellers,' sed Billy, 'ef ye know er hoss 'round these diggins nowa-days thet can keep jus' six inches 'head of er thunder shower fer four miles, I'd like ter see yer trot him out.'

"'Both of us thought thet thar wus er lot o' worse things thet we could do than ter lie ter Billy; enyhow, es I remember it, ther lie didn't hang very heavy on our minds.

"'It wa'n't long 'fore we got to whar Billy sed we would git some fish.

"'Even ef that old man hed tol' us er whopper 'bout his father's old Nell an' ther pigs, he tol' us ther truth 'bout whar we would git some fish. Never 'fore nor since, have I ever seen trout bite like they did thet day.

"'Fore we knowed it we wus more than six miles down ther brook, from whar we started.

"'We hed caught so many fish thet it wusn't eny fun ter catch eny more; so ther next thing fer us ter figger out wus what ter do with ther fish. We couldn't carry them home, fer then ther folks would know thet we had been playin' hookey.

"'So when we got back ter ther road whar we started from, instead o' goin' up by ther Four Corners whar everybody could gawk at us we sed we would go over to Aunt Ruth Stebbins', who lived at ther foot o' Oak Hill, an' give her ther fish.

"'We boys all liked Aunt Ruth. She wus one o' them harmless old maids, more than eighty years old. When we boys wanted ter hear er hair-raisin' ghost story, all we would have ter do wus ter catch er string er trout an' get er wood-chuck fer her an' she would allus tell us one.

"Aunt Ruth could tell ther pedigree o' everybudy thet hed bin born within ten miles o' Oak Hill, fer ther las' seventy-five years."

"Fer thet reason, thar was some in ther neighborhood, who said Old Ruth Stebbins' word couldn't be 'pended on."

"But I guess 'twas er case whar ther truth shouldn't be spoken at all times."

"We didn't hear no ghost story fer thet string er fish, fer when we got back ter ther road whar we was goin' ter cut acrost ter go over ter Aunt Ruth's, it was after four o'clock. We didn't think it was thet late, or we would have bin on ther lookout."

"We was jes' crawlin' over ther stone wall when we happened ter look up an' thar, not thirty feet from us, stood Master Hugh Baker. It was too late for us ter turn an' run, 'cause he had seen us, fish an' all."

"I want you ter understan' that it ain't no pleasant perdiclerment, after playin' hookey all day, ter find yerself standin' in front o' six foot an' six inches o' schoolmaster, thet hed sed only a few days 'fore thet ef eny o' his scholars staid away from school without a good excuse, he would make an example of 'em."

"I'll never forgit ther look on Hank's face ef I live ter be a hundred. Master Hugh stood lookin' at us; he hadn't sed a word. I kinder looked out o' ther corner o' my eye at Hank an' he was so white round his gills you'd hev thought he'd bin eatin' lobelie."

"After standin' thar for I don't know how long an' hopin' thet ther ground would open an' swaller us Hank sed ter me in a husky whisper, 'he's got us, ain't he?'"

"When Hank sed thet, Master Hugh spoke fer ther fust time an' sed: 'Yes, you are right. I have got ye an' I'm goin' ter handle your cases so you will remember it ter ther longest day o' your life.' Sayin' thet he come up ter whar we was, fer we hadn't moved off ther top o' thet stone wall since he caught us. Reachin' out he sed: 'I'll take them fish an' ther fish poles. Tomorrer mornin' I'll see you both at ther 'Cademy whar we'll have an hour o' reck'nin'."

"After that, we started 'long ther road feelin' like a pair o' whipped pups. Not

a word was spoke by either of us 'til I turned inter ther lane, then, without liftin' his head, Hank sed: 'Wait fer me in ther mornin', won't ye, Rufe?'"

"In the mornin' I waited fer Hank an' when he come 'long I remember ther fust thing I asked him wus, what his dad said 'cause he didn't tell Tom Ward to go help him plant."

"Hank grinned er kind o' sickly smile and sed: 'I wish, Rufe, thet we could git out o' yisterday's mess with ther schoolmaster es easy es I did 'bout Tom Ward. When I got home, dad sez, 'so you found Tom tite agin, did ye?' I 'lowed he had guessed 'bout right an' didn't say nothin' more 'bout it."

"We got to ther 'Cademy thet mornin' jes' es Master Hugh was ringin' ther bell an' we went in an' took our seats without lookin' one way or nuther. We felt like er couple o' captured jailbirds."

"After we sut down, we couldn't help seein' them two fish poles he took from us standin' up back o' his desk. We thought, o' course, thet he was goin' ter use 'em ter larrup us with, but we soon found out ter ther contr'y."

"He read a chapter in ther Bible; then he prayed ther same as he allus did every mornin', an' I remember 'twas ther fust time in my life thet I didn't want him ter stop prayin'. I know'd when he got through prayin' thet he hed somethin' ter 'tend to 'sides school duties."

"When Master got through prayin', he stepped inter ther middle o' ther room an' you could o' heard er pin drop, it was so still. Thar he stood, lookin' over ther top o' his glasses, fust at Hank an' then at me."

"It wa'n't long 'fore he tol' us ter come out inter ther floor. 'Course we had ter go an' after gittin' us out thar instead o' talkin' ter us, he made us face ther school, an' that wus more than er hundred scholars goin' ter ther 'Cademy in them days; then he begun ter tell ther whole school 'bout how he caught us ther night 'fore an' I don't begin ter remember half what he did say, but it wus cuttin' I tell ye."

"After he got through talkin' 'bout us, he told us ter take them two fishin' poles an' foller him. At ther same time he

told ther rest o' ther scholars ef they didn't 'tend ter ther books while he wus out, he would take up their case when he got back. Everyone knew what thet meant, for he hed 'tended ter quite er few such cases in times past.

"After we got outside ther 'Cademy, he led us down to whar ye saw them two big willers. We wus both pretty shaky in ther knees, 'cause we didn't know what wus comin'.

"When we got ter ther spot, Master Hugh sed in an awful hurt tone o' voice: 'Now ther punishment thet I am goin' ter give you is different from what you expect. I want ther 'fect ter be lastin'.'

"Then ther old man went on ter tell us ther natur' o' ther willer tree. 'Bout how ef you take er sprig an' plant it in er damp place it would grow. After 'splainin' thet ter us, he sed fer our punishment fer doin' es we hed done he wus goin' ter make us place them two willer fish poles in ther ground. Thar they would grow an' in after years stan' 'fore us as monuments fer us ter look at an' say ef we hadn't disobeyed Master Hugh Baker, them willer trees wouldn't be thar.

"That old man talked to us in sich er way thet it wa'n't but er few minutes 'fore both Hank an' me wus blubberin'.

"One day, 'bout two weeks after we planted them fish poles I wus over ter Hank's house an' his sister Cad come up ter me an' with er grin sed: 'Say, Rufe, did ye know thet yours an' Hank's monument is leavin' out?'

"Ef ye believe it, 'fore fall thet year, them two fishin' poles wus young willer trees; an' look at 'em now after more than fifty years, big nuf ter shade acres o' grass land."

As the old man finished his story, he remained in a meditative mood for a moment, then he looked at his guests and said: "Things hev changed since them days. Master Hugh wus called 'home' while I wus 'way ter war an' ther old

'Cademy hes gone ter rack an' ruin. Hank hes gone o' course, an' I wus thinkin' only this mornin' when I wus readin' out o' ther Bible ter Dave whar it sez 'bout our 'lotted time bein' threescore years an' ten, with Mandy gone an' 'bout everybudy else gone, too, I wus payin' pretty big interest fer ther time I wus borrowin'."

HOLMAN IDENTIFIES HIMSELF

Holman felt that to longer keep his identity from Uncle Rufe would be doing him an injustice, so he called his old friend's attention to the fact that he had



"Hank said ter me in a husky whisper, 'He's got us, ain't he?'"

failed in telling the fishing story, to reveal what use Master Baker made of the fish.

When Holman put the question to Uncle Rufe, there was fully a minute that the old man sat and gazed at the floor without saying a word. When he finally looked up, the expression on his face was almost pitiful. For Uncle Rufe to tell of as important an event in his life as that day's fishing had been and then be reminded by a stranger that he had neglected to give one of the most important details, was a thing that cut deep into the old man's pride.

In a half-apologizing tone of voice he said: "Ye see, stranger, 'twas er mighty long spell 'go thet ther thing happened thet I've jes' tol' ye 'bout, an' er powerful lot er things hev changed since then; not

so many ter me es ter some others, o' course, fer yer see I've bin one o' them critters thet it didn't make no difference whether I staid or went, fer all ther good I've bin. Nowes you hev put me in mind of it, I'll tell ye what end them fish made.

"Master Hugh Baker wus an old bach, an' all ther years that he wus in ther 'Cademy, he made his home in Ed Wheeler's family. Ther Wheelers wus some sort o' cousins o' Mandy's, but fer all thet she didn't mix with 'em much.

"Ye see when Mandy an' me got hitched

"One mornin', 'bout er week after ther thing happened, Hank an' me wus ridin' 'long ther road in an ox cart when Hank sed ter me: 'Say, Rufe, what do you s'pose Master Hugh done with them fish?' I 'lowed I wished I knowed an' we rode 'long 'til we got ter Ed Wheeler's, when we dropped off ther cart.

"Ed hed er boy by ther name o' Ben, an' he wus 'bout ther same age es we wus. This Ben wus sawin' wood when we went inter ther yard an' he hed er pile in front o' him ter fit up with more than six cords

in it. For all thet, when we got up ter him, Hank sez: 'Hello, Ben, what ye goin' ter do when ye git thet pile o' wood fitted up?' Ben kind er grinned an' looked towards ther house, then turnin' to us sez:

"'Fishin' ef you'll go with me'.

"Ye see thet wus jes' ther thing we wanted ter git him started on, so we sez ter him, 'Do you know whar we can git some fish?'

"In a sort o' a half whisper, he sed: 'I mos' know.'

"Then he went on to tell us how 'bout er week 'fore Master Hugh hed got up one mornin' 'fore enybudy else wus stirrin' in ther house; nobudy knowed whar he wus 'til he come back inter ther house jes' as ther family wus sittin' down 'ter breakfas' an'

he hed er string o' more than forty trout.

"Ben sed his father asked Master Hugh whar he got them fish, but all he would say wus, 'Tain't no use ter tell ye, 'cause thar hain't no more whar them come from.'

"We didn't hev no chance ter ask Ben eny more questions, for jes' then his mother come ter ther door an' hollered out in er sort o' sharp way fer Ben ter come inter ther house.

"Thar wus er good many mothers 'bout Bethmar in them days who thought thet ther boys wus er good deal better off in ther house when Hank an' me wus 'bout, an' Ben's mother wus one o' them wimmin'."



"In a sort o' a half whisper, he sed, 'I mos' know' "

up, Sophia, thet's Ed's wife, sed: 'Mandy Wheeler carried her grist to a tarnel poor miller when she married thet Rufe Hopkins, fer he didn't know anything.' Mandy never quite fergive Sophia fer sayin' thet 'bout me, but I didn't mind much, fer I allus kind o' thought thet Sophia wusn't fur out o' ther way.

"Now ter git ter what 'come o' them fish. Ye see Hank an' me wus gittin' inter a good many scrapes 'bout thet time, but thet wus ther fust time thet we hed been showed up 'fore a whole school full o' scholars; so we felt pretty sheepish like an' wus willin' to let ther thing die out es quick es it would.

Uncle Rufe stopped talking for a moment, and for the first time since these two old men had met, Holman spoke to him in an informal way:

"Well, Rufus, you truly have a wonderful memory, for there is not one detail in that little episode of *our* boyhood days left to be told."

Uncle Rufe had taken Holman's bait; for the instant that he let drop that he was Hank Holman, the tranquil expression on Uncle Rufe's face changed to one of deep perplexity.

Slowly rising out of his chair, with his arms extended, he took a few steps toward where Holman was seated. Then suddenly let his hands fall to his side and with tears running down his furrowed cheeks, he muttered half to himself: "No, 'no, you hain't Hank Holman, 'cause Hank wus tall an' skinny an' hed red hair."

Holman at once saw that the old man would have to be humored or it would not be an easy matter to convince him of his identity. Taking his chair, he went over to where the old man was sitting and placing it in front of him, sat down and said:

"Yes, Rufe, it is true the last time you saw Hank Holman he was tall and skinny, and he was also endowed with a good crop of red hair, but as you said a while ago, 'that was a long spell ago and things have changed since then.'"

Stooping over and placing his hand on Uncle Rufe's knee, Holman with a smile looked at the old man and said: "I just don't know what to think of you not recognizing your old friend.

"Here you have been sitting for an hour telling my wife what a bad boy Hank Holman was. Now I think it is my duty to tell her of a certain bad boy that I once knew, although on the occasion that I am going to mention there was with this boy another boy and girl, who perhaps were equally as bad.

"One summer afternoon, many years ago, these three youngsters were in the vicinity of an old Academy. Being at a season of the year when there was no school, they thought it would be a capital idea to go inside the old building and look around. Finding a window that they could raise, they crawled in.

"After looking around a while, they decided it would be a great stunt to take down the stove funnel and fill it full of 'stuff.' After they got the funnel down, they could find no stuffing.

"One of those boys lived but a short distance from this Academy, so he was delegated to go home and raid his mother's 'rag bag' and bring back the necessary 'stuffin'. This he did, and when the job was duly finished the funnel was put back in its place.

"It was always the custom in those days to hold a reception at the Academy on the Saturday evening previous to the opening of the fall term. This gave everybody a chance to get acquainted.

"It was on one of these reception nights that these three 'Bad Ones' had a chance to see if their work, which they did on that summer afternoon, was going to be effective or not.

"The day had been nice and warm, but after sunset it grew to be very cold; so after the Academy was well filled, a fire was started in the old drum stove. Of course, the chimney wouldn't draw and in no time the room was so full of smoke that it was almost suffocating.

"After a good portion of the gathering had been driven out of the room, the fire in the stove was extinguished by pouring in a bucket of water. At this time somebody suggested that it might be a good idea to disconnect the funnel, as the seat of the trouble might be located there. This was done, and that 'somebody' had guessed right.

"During the entire time that this had been going on, there were two women who had not left the room. They were standing side by side near where the stove funnel was being 'dissected.'

"One of these women was the mother of the bad boy and girl. The other woman was the mother of the other bad boy.

"As the 'stuffin' was being pulled from the funnel, the 'one bad boy's' mother turned to the mother of the other two and very quietly said:

"'Come, Mary, this is no place for us. They have just pulled Rufus' grandfather's vest out of the funnel.'"

When Holman had finished, there was no longer any doubt in Uncle Rufe's mind

about his guest being Hank Holman. Instead of becoming enthusiastic, as one would naturally have supposed he would have done, when he was convinced, he reached over and placed his hand on Holman's shoulder and in his simple, deliberate way said:

"Hank, don't ye 'spose ther Lord will fergive me fer sayin' ter you a spell ago thet I thought I was payin' pretty big interest for ther borrowed time I was livin'?"

THE MEETING

It was near the end of the afternoon and Holman knew that it was about the time when David Bradbury would return. The more he thought of the meeting, the more perplexed he became. He knew from what Uncle Rufe had said, that Bradbury had in no way enlightened him concerning the tragedy of his early life. So, in order that he might spare Bradbury the sorrow that Uncle Rufe's garrulous sympathy would occasion, he arose from the chair where he had been sitting and walked toward the door, at the same time casting a quick glance at his wife, which she interpreted rightly. Mrs. Holman at once proceeded to engage the old man in conversation so that her husband's departure might pass unremarked.

Once outside the house, Holman started along the beaten path toward the end of the lane. He had nearly reached the main highway, when he saw the bent figure of an old man turn from the road and walk, with bowed head, slowly down the path toward him. Holman's heart sank within him as he watched that feeble figure slowly wend its way toward the spot where he stood.

A full half century had elapsed since Holman last saw the one who now so feebly approached him and in his mind's eye arose the picture of the young man in the prime of his robust manhood standing beside the newly made grave of her whose tragic, untimely death had stricken forever the light from his life.

Bradbury had now approached near enough to where Holman was standing to notice him, and bowing a pleasant salutation, was passing on when Holman

stepped before him and with arms outstretched and in a voice choked with emotion said: "David, don't you know me?"

Bradbury stopped and for a moment stood gazing at Holman in a puzzled way. Slowly drawing his right hand before his eyes, as if to remove some great veil from his vision, a look of recognition flashed into the dim old eyes. He threw himself into the outstretched arms of his oldtime friend and cried out, "Henry." The two old men stood there for what seemed to be many minutes, sobbing as if their hearts would break.

What sad thoughts passed through their minds as they stood there, never were expressed in words.

Bradbury was the first to break the painful silence and, as he slowly released himself from Holman's embrace, he said in a voice which trembled with emotion, from which he had so lately been overcome.

"Henry, at this moment more forcibly than ever before in my life is that far-reaching goodness of our dear heavenly Father brought before me. During all the weary years of my lonely life, that I have been a wanderer on the face of the earth, never once has that ray of sunshine, given me by the memory of the years of happiness that we spent together here in this sleepy little hamlet, been shut out by the otherwise impenetrable cloud that has enveloped me.

"Now to hear your dear voice again, after all these years, is like the music of the Clarion from on high."

Here the old man paused a moment before continuing the conversation and placing his hand on Holman's shoulder said in a voice of almost childlike pleading: "You'll go for a walk with me tomorrow, won't you, Henry?"

Holman informed Bradbury that his stay at old Bethmar would, from necessity, be of short duration. At the same time he assured him that he would certainly take time to go with him and visit again the old scenes, which held so much that was dear to the memory of both.

This assurance filled Bradbury with a happiness that he had not known before since early manhood.

When they reached the Hopkins home, Uncle Rufe was standing in the doorway awaiting their coming. While they were still some distance away, Uncle Rufe, with his quaint drawl, said to Holman:

"Couldn't wait, could ye, 'til Dave got home? Hed ter go up ther lane ter meet him. Bet er doughnut ye didn't fool Dave ther way ye did me."

When Holman told Uncle Rufe that the recognition had been almost instantaneous between he and Dave, he shook his grizzled head and said:

"Guess what Sophy Wheeler said 'bout me was pretty near true when she sed Rufe Hopkins never did know much."

It had been a day of suppressed ex-

citement for these four old people, and supper had scarcely been eaten, when Uncle Rufe arose to the occasion and said:

"You know 'tain't never bin my way ter rush things, but I-wus jes' thinkin' thet Hank an' his wife hes bin on ther go ever sence early this mornin'. You, Dave, have bin'up gossipin' with ther new minister all ther afternoon, an' thet's work, ye know. So I guess we hed all better go ter bed, 'cause we want ter be up with ther crows in ther mornin'."

When Uncle Rufe had finished putting forth this edict, everyone seemed willing to acquiesce, and in one half hour's time the old house was wrapped in darkness.

But were the occupants sleeping?

(To be continued)

A WOMAN'S PRAYER

O LORD, who knowest every need of mine,
Help me to bear each cross and not repine;
Grant me fresh courage every day,
Help me to do my work alway
Without complaint!

O Lord, Thou knowest well how dark the way;
Guide Thou my footsteps, lest they stray;
Give me fresh faith for every hour,
Lest I should ever doubt Thy power
And make complaint!

Give me a heart, O Lord, strong to endure,
Help me to keep it simple, pure,
Make me unselfish, helpful, true
In every act, whate'er I do,
And keep content!

Help me to do my woman's share,
Make me courageous, strong to bear
Sunshine or shadow in my life!
Sustain me in the daily strife
To keep content!

—"Heart Throbs," II.



THE DOG IN THE HOTEL

by
Jack Brant

I'M a mild-mannered man. All my friends will admit that I am a mild-mannered man. But there is one thing that nobody dares talk to me about—and that's my wife's sister Emily's dog. It's because nobody will talk to me about it that I am writing this, to relieve a little of the pressure on my feelings.

Emily resembles my wife, who is the most beautiful person in the world, so I was very willing to meet her at the South Station, take her to lunch, and later see her safely on the Bar Harbor express. My sigh over the breaking up of a day of business was for effect. My wife told me not to mind, I would enjoy it; if she knew about the dog at the time she evidently thought it too trivial a matter to mention.

The train was twenty-three minutes and a half late—I timed it because such things aggravate me. But I forgot about that when I kissed Emily; I always kiss my wife's sisters; they expect it. Then I took her suitcase and umbrella in one hand and her blanket coat and tennis racquet in the other and started for the street.

"Oh, we mustn't forget Sambo," she cried.

Sambo meant nothing to me then. I thought she referred to the colored porter, and put down the suitcase and the umbrella and gave him half a dollar. Then I picked up the suitcase and the umbrella and started again.

"But Sambo!" she said.

"I gave him fifty cents," I answered.

I thought she hadn't seen me. She laughed.

"What a joke! Sambo isn't a man, he's a dog. He's in the baggage car—that's he, barking."

I had heard the barking for some time and noticed that it was a most annoying bark. A feeling of impending disaster came over me. I looked back at the baggage car, where something seemed to be happening, for a large crowd had collected. When we got there it was twice as large. At one side of the open door stood Sambo—one of those long-haired, long-eared, long-nosed, long-bodied, short-legged Scotch dogs—barking furiously at the grinning people about him. At the other side of the door stood the baggage-master, very red and very angry, talking in a loud voice to some official on the platform below him.

"All the way from New York," we heard him say, "and there wasn't nothing I could do for it. He's made speeches to the crowd at every stop, and to me personally between. And just because I didn't approve of some of the planks in his platform and turned my back on him at what I thought was a safe distance, he tackled me from the rear and tore a rip across the seat of my pants just outside of Boston. Now I can't turn round to unload till the crowd clears out, or I borrow a safety-pin."

This was greeted with loud guffaws from the crowd. I dropped the suitcase and the umbrella and the coat and the tennis racquet and elbowed my way to the door.

"That's my dog," I said hotly. I said it hotly because I was feeling hot.

"Thank heaven he's not mine!" said the baggage-master. "If you want him, come up and get him. I'll not touch him unless it's to drop a trunk on him."

With the help of the baggage-master and friendly boosts from behind, I got into the car, with no other damage beside a large smooch of grime down the leg of my trousers. It was my best suit; I had put it on in honor of the occasion. In spite of my rising wrath I had time to think of my clothes, which shows that I was keeping my head. I was thinking of my clothes when I jumped back out of reach of the snap which Sambo made for my legs. The baggage-master chuckled.

"Nice doggie! Come, doggie!" said I, holding out my hand after the manner of tamers of dogs, but keeping it at a safe distance. Sambo came as far as the leash would let him and barked at me.

"He don't greet you exactly like an old friend," said the baggage-master.

"No," I answered, "and he isn't. If he had reached me then, I would have helped you drop the trunk on him."

There was a little scream of dismay from the outside, and Sambo began bouncing up and down at the end of the leash and barking with joy—an entirely different noise from his former bark. Emily had pushed her way to the door of the baggage car in time to hear my threat about the trunk. At sight of her the baggage-master, who had started to help me, backed hastily against the side of the car and stood there bashfully.

I realized that this was my opportunity. While Sambo's attention was occupied by

Emily, I slipped around behind him, clambered over a pile of trunks, scraped a square inch of skin off of my right shin on the sharp edge of one of them, reached down from a perilous angle and untied the leash. With one bound Sambo was in Emily's arms. A cheer went up from the crowd.

"Hold on there," called the baggage-master, "I've got to take that check off of him before you can have him."

"Go and take it off," said I. My shin was hurting, and it did me good to see him discomforted. I knew that he would not move from the protection of the side of the car for a thousand checks. Emily had heard him, and stopped to fumble with the check.

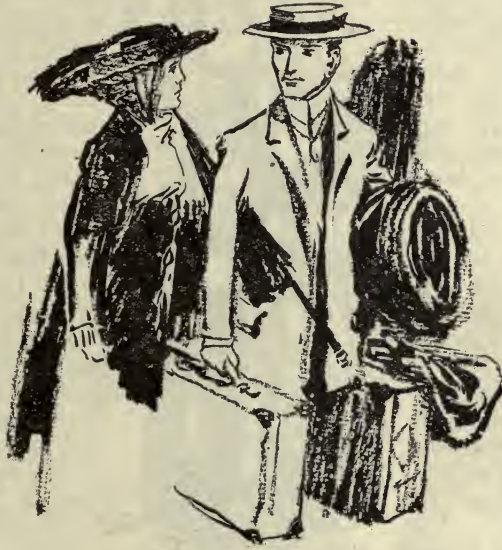
"I can't get it off," she said.

"I can't help you, Miss," said the baggage-master, "because your dog has fixed it so that I can't move."

"Sambo didn't bite you?" Emily, oblivious to the crowd, was all sympathy.

"Well, no, he didn't exactly bite me, but he came mighty close to it. He—he—"

I thrust a five-dollar bill into his hand, which had the same effect as if I had thrust it into his mouth, and jumped out into the crowd and led Emily to her pile of baggage. I picked up the suitcase and the umbrella and the coat and the tennis racquet, and finally got them all stowed away in a taxi, together with Sambo and Emily. The first stop that we made was at a store where they sold dog muzzles. I got out and bought one and put it on Sambo, despite the protests of Emily that he was as mild as a lamb. Even if he was as mild as a lamb at that moment, I wasn't going to take any chances with what remained of my suit. We men must be firm.



"Oh, we mustn't forget Sambo."

We rode to the Toureen, which is the hotel where my wife says that I should take my wife's sisters; I would never think of the extravagance of a taxi and lunch at the Toureen if I had not been with my wife's sister. It was not a very gay ride. Emily had taken offence at my firm-mindedness in putting the muzzle on Sambo and refused to talk, after the manner of a few women when they imagine that they have been wronged, and Sambo and I looked at each other with mutually growing dislike, neither of us saying anything. I wondered what we would do at the Toureen.

The first part was easier than I expected. Bell-boys swooped from all sides, and they had the umbrella and the suitcase and the tennis racquet and the coat and Sambo and all of my change before I realized what was going on. The boy who got the suitcase got Sambo and most of the change. I should have advised him to change the suitcase for the umbrella had not Emily taken up all of his time with instructions as to what kind of food and how much Sambo should be given.

When Sambo found he was to be led away for a lonely lunch in lower regions, he voiced his indignation by a series of long-drawn howls, each howl ending in a pathetic but very audible wail.

One would have imagined that he was undergoing the severest torture, rather than being led to a real Toureen lunch down stairs. Everybody looked up, and two policemen came hastily through the turnstile that blocked the entrance, followed by as many of the people on the street who could get by the doorkeeper. When the policemen saw that the dog had a muzzle on him, they didn't say anything, only just looked at me. Everybody looked at me; if there is one thing I don't like, it's being stared at, especially in the

lobby of a hotel. I grabbed Emily by the arm and hurried her into the dining-room, where we were lucky enough to get a table immediately. I was thankful to get seated, for I was afraid we might be put out. My worst nightmares are of being roughly put out of a hotel before a crowd of silent, staring onlookers.

Then we heard it! We couldn't tell where it came from, but there could be no mistake what it came from. It was the

same exasperating bark that had issued from the baggage-car—Sambo's call to his mistress. With it came an awful, unnerving dread that we would be sought out by burly porters, perhaps a policeman, and be conspicuously thrust from the hotel.

My first impulse was to leave the hotel while we could still do so peacefully, and desert Sambo to his fate, which I had no doubt would be some sudden death. One look at Emily convinced me of the hopelessness of suggesting such a plan. She loved Sambo, and when a girl loves a dog or a man, to try to reason with her is hopeless.

"It's Sambo," she said.

"Yes," answered I, rather dryly, "it is Sambo!"

"Do you suppose they are hurting him?"

I was afraid not. I kept silent for fear that I might say so. Still I do not think that she would have heard anything that I said, for she was thinking of something else.

"Don't you suppose," she said, "that they might let him come in here?"

For a moment I glared—literally glared—at her. Then I had an idea.

"I'll go and see," I said. I went out into the lobby, keeping step to a distant yelping, which strengthened me in my resolve. There I picked out what looked like an intelligent bell-boy, and slipped a dollar bill into his hand. It's very easy to find the hand of a bell-boy with a dollar bill.



"Run to the nearest drug store and get me a small bottle of chloroform."

"Run," I said, "to the nearest drug store and get me a small bottle of chloroform."

Then I returned to Emily and explained that it was against the rules of the office to allow dogs into the dining-room. Having taken the step, I felt my good humor returning, and even joked a little about Sambo's Toureen luncheon, which remarks I am afraid were lost on Emily.

In an incredibly short time I saw my bell-boy zigzagging among the tables toward me. I beamed up at him.

"Excuse me, sir," he said in a loud voice, "but they want to know why you want the chloroform."

It was a trying moment. Emily looked at me with horror and surprise. I think I turned a little red, and spotted my clothes with soup, but otherwise I kept my head beautifully.

"Tell them," I said, "that it is to take spots off clothes," and I pointed to my soiled trousers' leg.

This relieved the situation. The boy left us, and Emily smiled, and said how sorry she was that I had soiled my suit. Then we talked of other things till the boy returned and put a large pint bottle on the table.

"It isn't chloroform, sir," he said, "it's benzine. They said it was better."

There was nothing to do. I told the boy to clear out, and he cleared out. Inside of me I could feel my anger rising like a volcanic eruption. I knew that the Fates were combining in an effort to outwit me. But they could not do it! I would pit my ingenuity against theirs and foil them yet. The bell-boy was an imbecile, an incompetent, and I would call the head waiter. I shut my teeth with a snap and turned sharply. My elbow struck something, there was a moment of suspense, and then the crash of breaking glass. The bottle was gone, and my anger was fed by a sickening smell of spilled benzine.

The manner in which I took Emily's

arm and led her from the room was awe-inspiring. No hand was raised to stop us, no word was spoken to us. We were not alone—the door was jammed with laughing or angry guests, depending on the stage at which their lunch had been interrupted.

At the check-room I stopped long enough to get the suitcase and the tennis racquet and the coat and the umbrella. There was quite a gathering in the hall, but I hoped that we might escape unnoticed, for the attention was directed to the dining-room, and not to those leaving. I had been slightly spattered, but no more so

than two or three others who had been sitting near us (whom I avoided carefully) and everyone who came from the dining-room might have been spattered, for they all brought a good deal of the smell with them.

Out through the swinging doors to the sidewalk we passed, unmolested. Of course there was no cab near—there never is when you want one in a hurry. I took Emily firmly by the arm and started up the street.

"We are leaving Sambo!" cried Emily. She had been saying it for some time, but I had not heard her.

"Sambo be blowed!" I think I said "be blowed." Then, as Emily showed signs of fainting I added, "We'll send for him later." Although I did not mean it at the time, I think I would have sent for him in the end.

I realized that someone was following us; a man we passed informed me that they were calling me. I thanked him and told Emily to hurry. It was quite a distance to the subway entrance, but I hoped we could make it. People were calling—I could hear them now. We were going as fast as a load of baggage and a narrow skirt would allow, and they were gaining on us. I could hear someone running just behind me now. At the entrance he was only a few feet away, and I knew it was hopeless; he would catch us.



"Sambo be blowed!" I think I said
"be blowed"

I stopped and turned defiantly, determined to fight if necessary.

It was the clerk at the office. I recognized him because he had a bald head. In his right hand he held a leash, and at the end of the leash was Sambo; excited as I was, I noticed little details.

"Here's your dog," he said, and thrust the leash at Emily. He was too much out of breath to say more, and we left him gasping. Emily tried to thank him, but I had seen a cab, and in another minute we were all safely in it.

Still I don't believe he would have bothered us about the benzine, he was too relieved to get rid of the dog.

Emily sat on a bench in the North Station until her train was made up, with Sambo in her lap. I remember getting her a sandwich, and but for that respite I sat with her and tried to read the newspaper between attempts at conversation. As soon as the train was ready, Sambo was persuaded to enter the baggage car, and I deposited Emily in her seat. Then I excused myself because of an important business engagement, and hurried to the nearest bar. I do not drink during business hours as a rule, but every rule has its exceptions.

When Emily returned from Bar Harbor last week I was unavoidably detained out of town.

THE JUNGLE

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

I SAW within the jungle deep
The monstrous beasts of prey,
I saw the noisome things that creep
Throughout the night and day.

I heard the lion shake the world
With thunder roar on roar;
Upon creation's head was hurled
His wrath forevermore.

I saw the serpent swift and dread
The tiger in its coils enfold
Till all the grass with war grew red
And horror never told.

I saw the dark birds hide the sun—
The raucous vultures swooping round
Even before the strife was done
Upon the bloody ground.

I looked, and with repugnance keen
I turned away—to wake with start—
God! could it be that I had seen
The depths of mine own heart?

The Nobility of the Trades

THE DENTIST

❖ *by Charles Winslow Hall* ❖

OF all the professors of healing and preventive medicine and surgery there are none who have so numerous a clientele, and few who play a more important part in the preservation of the health and beauty of their patients than modern American dentists.

A rude dentistry doubtless existed from the earliest times, for the removal of the deciduous or "milk" teeth, when their permanent successors replaced them, was seldom completed without requiring some primitive method of extraction on the part of relatives and friends. It will be hardly necessary to remind the adult reader of the ministrations of strong fingers, with or without strings, that "yanked out" teeth too loose to be of any use, yet still painfully attached to gums already tumid with burgeoning ivory.

In a world in which arrows, sling-stones, clubs, and sword strokes, not to speak of more peaceful fisticuffs and wrestling-falls, were the chief arguments in settling differences of opinion, there must have been numerous losses of teeth and lacerations of jaws and cheeks which required attention from the wise men and old women who were adepts in the healing art; and skill in this service was recognized at a very early date, as well as the use of certain medicaments to cure or lessen the pain of toothache and kindred diseases.

The most ancient medical work now existing is the Ebers papyrus, secured in 1873 by Professor George Ebers from a native of Luxor, in Upper Egypt. It is generally assumed that it was written about B. C. 1550, but refers in some sections to methods and medicines prescribed as far back as 3700 B. C., 5,612 years ago. Among the one hundred and eight sections or chapters of this papyrus, Chapter 103 begins:

"Beginning of the book about the *uxedu* in all the members of a person, such as was found in a writing under the feet of the god Anubis, in the city of Letopolis; it was brought to His Majesty, Usaphais, King of Upper and Lower Egypt." Usaphais is said to have been the fifth king of the First Dynasty, reigning about 3700 B. C., and it is hard to say how long previous to this finding the sage had lived who first compiled the chapter or used the cures recorded.

Page 72 contains three dental prescriptions "against the throbbing of the *bennut* blisters in the teeth" and "to strengthen the flesh" (gums), and is supposed to refer to the small abscesses known as gum-boils.

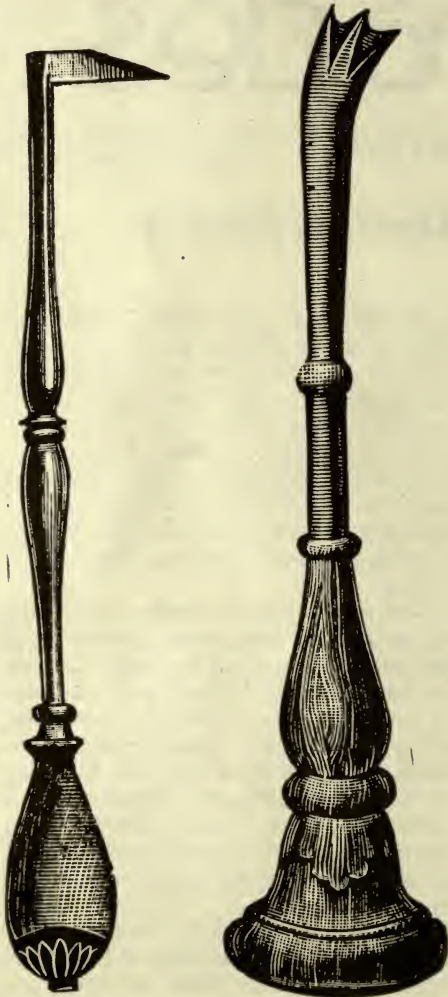
The first, a poultice, consisted of equal parts of "septs-grains" dough, honey, and oil; the second, a mass to be chewed, equal parts of fennel-seed, dough, anesthetic, honey, incense and water; and a

third, also to be chewed, has no less than eleven equal parts of "dâm-plant, anest-plant, incense, ama-a-plant, man-plant, saffron, aloe wood, annek-plant, cyperus, onion and water."

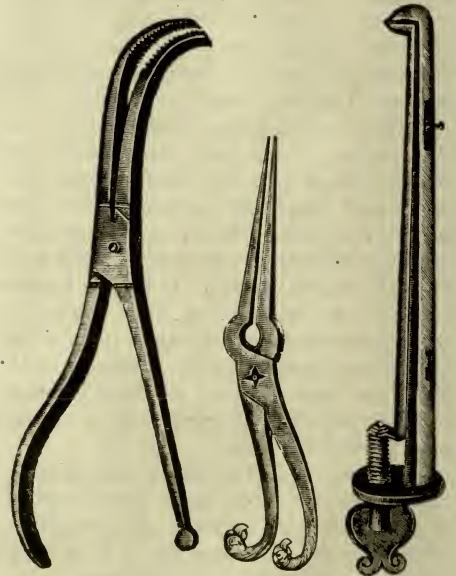
Another chapter contains eleven dental recipes, some to be chewed, others to be rubbed on the teeth or applied as a paste, and on another page among remedies for

Ebers papyrus was compiled, Herodotus of Halicarnassus (500 to 424 B. C.), styled the "Father of History," recorded the fact that "the exercise of medicine is regulated and divided among the Egyptians in such a manner that special doctors are deputed to the curing of every kind of infirmity; and no doctor would lend himself to the treatment of other maladies. Thus Egypt is quite full of doctors; those for the eye, those for the head, some for the teeth, others for the belly, or for occult maladies."

Whether or not artificial teeth, teeth filled with gold, pivoted teeth and the like have or have not been found in Egyptian tombs has been strongly asserted and almost as strongly doubted, but the finding of two canine and four incisor teeth banded together with gold in an ancient Sidonian tomb seems to be generally accepted as proof that reparative dentistry is a very ancient art, albeit rarely exercised, except among very rich people.



DENTIST'S LANCET AND THREE-POINTED "ELEVATOR," PARÉ (1580)



TWO "RAVEN'S-BILL" FORCEPS AND AN INCISOR EXTRACTOR, GIRO CANSO, FABRIZIO (1600)

various skin diseases there are three prescriptions for diseases of the teeth, but there are no special references to any branch of dental surgery.

More than a thousand years after the

Among the Jews, the lover went into ecstasies over the white and regular teeth of his beloved; the judge gave freedom to the slave whose master had knocked out even one of his teeth, and David

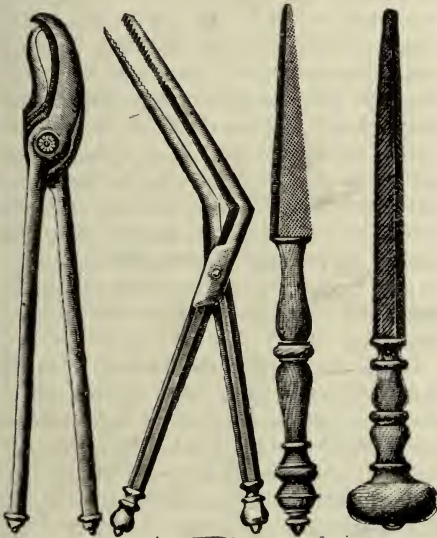
implored Jehovah: "Break their teeth, O God, in their mouth," against his enemies; but even the Talmud has **no** hint at dental medicine or surgery.

The Chinese science of medicine has a literature dating back four thousand years or more. One of the treatises, entitled "Nuei-King" is said to have been written by the Emperor Houang-ry, the founder of Chinese medicine, at least 2700 B. C. A large number of varieties of toothache and other dental maladies are described, although most of the ancient remedies cannot be expressed in English; but draughts, mouth washes, massage, friction, purgatives, extraction of the teeth, acupuncture and cauterization are included in the treatment, which recognizes the exhibition of pills and powders in the nostrils or ears as valuable accessories.

The Japanese have long been accustomed to blacken the teeth of their wives and used many dental prescriptions drawn from Chinese sources. It is said that professional "tooth pullers" formerly trained their fingers and wrists for the

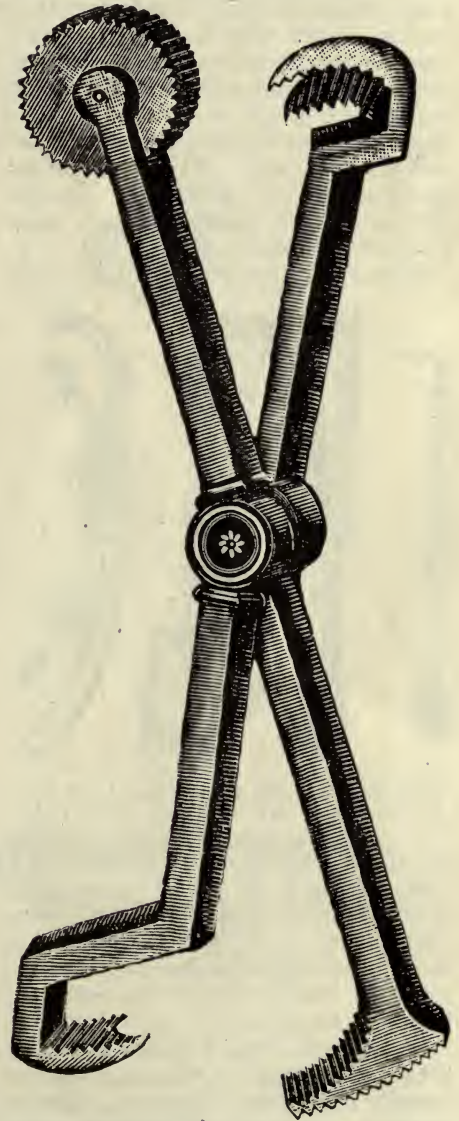
board. It is said that these men often became singularly expert in extracting teeth quickly and with very little injury to the socket and processes.

Certain it is that Hippocrates, the



INCISOR AND "STORKSBILL" FORCEPS AND TWO DENTAL FILES, AMBROSE PARÉ (1580)

work by driving hardwood pegs into a soft wood board and pulling them out again until they could extract pegs almost flush with the surface of the board, continuing the training with a hardwood



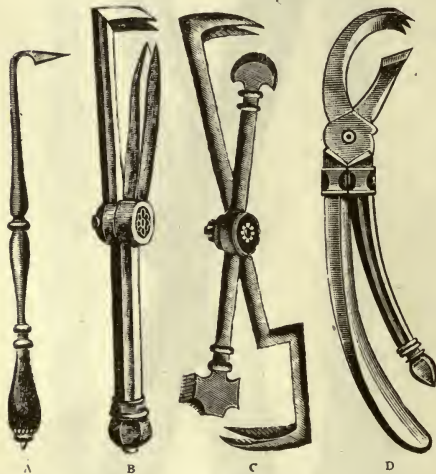
DOUBLE ACTING "PELICAN" FOR EXTRACTING TEETH, AMBROSE PARÉ (1580)

Asklepiades, Aristotle and other ancient Greek practitioners preferred to extract only such teeth as could be taken out by practiced fingers, and although pincers and forceps existed, they were very rude

and cruel in their operation. The binding together of loose natural teeth with gold wire was also practiced.

The Etruscans, of ancient Tuscany, before the founding of Rome (B. C. 753) a free people, led all the nations of their day in dental science, and among the many beautiful and interesting objects gathered from the dust in their ancient tombs are found tooth "crowns" of enamel and partial sets of teeth banded and anchored with gold to the natural teeth; a kind of "bridge-work" antedating our modern improvements by some twenty-five hundred years.

Etruscan art was transferred to Rome,



DENTISTS' LANCE, TWO "PELICANS" AND CURVED FORCEPS, AMBROSE PARÉ (1580)

for (B. C. 450) the law of the Twelve Tables forbade the waste of gold by burning it with the body on the funeral pyre, but provided "but it shall not be unlawful to bury or to burn it, with the gold with which perchance the teeth may be bound together."

Celsus, born about B. C. 30, advocates the use of a narcotic, compounded of acorn kernels, castoreum, cinnamon, poppy, mandrake and pepper for a severe toothache. He also speaks of sweating baths, fomentations, etc. When extraction is unavoidable, the gum must be thoroughly lanced and the tooth gradually removed with the fingers, if possible; pincers are only to be used as a last resort.

Pliny, born at Como (A. D. 23), who

while in command of the Roman fleet was suffocated at Stabia while observing the eruption of Vesuvius and the destruction of Pompeii (A. D. 79), has preserved in his great work on natural history many remedies for dental diseases, most of which are fanciful and cabalistic to a degree, various preparations of animal charcoal and lime procured by burning portions of different animals, as a lizard's liver, shells of snails, salt fish, frogs, crabs, etc., are highly recommended.

Toothpicks of gold, silver, bronze, bone, ivory, etc., were used, and movable sets of false teeth must have been in use, since both Martial and Horace speak of these falling out and disclosing the substitution. Octavia, the wife of Antony, kept her teeth white with a charcoal powder made by burning balls of barley dough mixed with vinegar and honey and perfumed with an equal weight of spike-nard.

Galen of Pergamus, Asia Minor, born about B. C. 131, was for many years the chief medical authority at Rome during his life and for centuries since throughout the world. His description of the teeth, their diseases and the remedies therefor was superior to all former attempts, but some of his remedies would be utterly brutal today, as, for instance, the cauterization with boiling oil of ulcerated gums. He gives directions for the loosening of teeth previous to extraction, by the use of certain drugs, and directs that the fingers only should be employed, except as a last resort, when the gums should be detached from the tooth and pincers employed.

From the Third to the Seventh Century little seems to have been added except the substitution of charms and amulets for medical and surgical aids. Paul, of Aegina, was the last great Byzantine physician. His directions for the care of the teeth are generally excellent, but extraction is still a slow and painful process, in which the lancet is freely used.

Arabian science from the Seventh to the Eleventh Century preserved to the world the medical knowledge of the ancients and added to the list of remedies many important specialties. Rhazes, a Persian in the Ninth Century, used a

stopping of mastic and honey, astringent washes, opium, attar of roses, pepper, ginger, storax and other drugs, but avoided extraction, seeking by bleeding, scarification, cauterization and the use of coliquintida and arsenic to so loosen diseased teeth as to allow of their easy removal. Ali Abbas (died A. D. 994), destroyed aching nerves with heated needles guided into the cavity by a metallic tube.

Avicenna (A. D. 980-1037) also a Persian, is still considered a great master of medicine, and gave considerable attention to the study and cure of dental troubles, but added little that was new to the methods of his predecessors. Abdulcasis, born near Cordova, Spain (A. D. 1050), was the first to seriously treat the evils of tartar incrustation and direct its removal by scrapers of various shapes, illustrations of which were given, several of which are still represented by modern instruments. The extraction of teeth was an operation preceded by the resection of the gums and the use of fingers and light forceps to loosen the roots previous to the final extraction by forceps of sufficient power. The use of elevators and special forceps for removing roots and splinters of bone, of saws and scalpels and other instruments show that this Moorish doctor of the Eleventh Century must have had almost as large a variety of dental specialties as a modern practitioner. Replantation, the wiring of loose teeth to sound ones, the use of the saw and file, are all described and illustrated in this work.

The last of the great Moorish doctors was Avenzoar, born near Seville (A. D. 1070), died at the advanced age of ninety-two years. He says little about dental diseases and nothing about dental surgery, which had gradually passed into the hands of barbers and charlatans. Inasmuch as the public executioner also drew teeth as a punishment for certain misdemeanors and minor felonies, it is thought that it was considered below the dignity of a physician to compete with barbers, charlatans and hangmen.

From the Thirteenth to the Fifteenth Centuries little was added to dental therapy, but Guy de Chauliac, of Auvergne, France, born about A. D. 1300,

advocates hygiene and medical treatment of a heroic character as a preface to the employment of a barber or "dentator," to whom should be confided (under medical supervision) the exhibition and use of "mouth washes, gargles, masticatories, fillings, evaporations, anointments, rubbings, fumigations, cauterizations, sternutatories, instillations into the ears and manual operations." Evidently the "dentators" of those days had become, in some



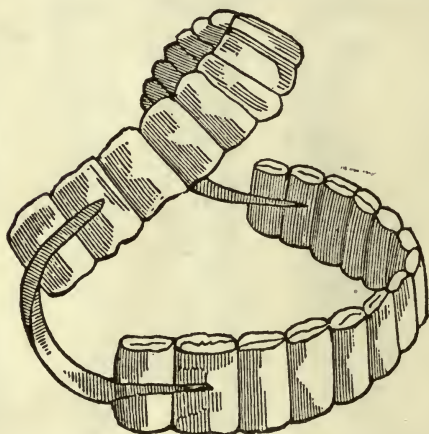
TOOTH KEY, WITH EXTRA CLAWS, WHICH, IN OLD DAYS, BROKE MANY JAWS

cases at least, fairly well-equipped dentists, and entitled to respect and confidence.

He also says: "Some prescribe medicines that overcome the patient with sleep, so that the incision may not be felt, such as opium, the juice of the morel, hyoscyanus, mandrake, ivy, hemlock lettuce. A new sponge is soaked in these juices and left to dry in the sun; and when they have need of it they put this sponge in warm water and hold it under the nostrils of the patient until he goes

to sleep. Then they perform the operation." Guy also goes on to say that it was necessary to apply another sponge soaked in vinegar to the nostrils or even to drop into the nose and ears the juice of rue or fennel. Were the simples of those days more powerful than now, or were the people more readily responsive to the effect of such remedies? Other surgeons, it seems, gave their patients opium to drink, but Guy denounces a practice which had been the cause of several deaths.

Giovanni di Arcoli, professor of medicine at the universities of Bologna and Padua (died A. D. 1484), wrote extensively on medicine, chiefly rather as a commentator than an originator. He first of all mentions



AARON BURR'S ARTIFICIAL TEETH MADE BY FAUCHARD, WORN 26 YEARS (1746)

the filling of teeth with gold and illustrates the newly-invented "pelican," a powerful but cruel extractor of diseased molars, an instrument destined to extract many sound teeth and splinter many aching jaws before it was replaced by the less barbarous "tooth-key."

Andreas Vesalius of Brussels (A. D. 1514-1564), Paracelsus, a Swiss (born A. D. 1493), Gabriel Fallopius of Modena (1523-1562) and Bartholomew Eustachius of Italy (died 1574), added greatly to the knowledge of dental anatomy and of the origin, growth and decay of the teeth. On the other hand, it is evident that these wise doctors did not consider it lay within their province to expatiate on curative and operative dental surgery.

Of another mind was Ambrose Paré, born at Bourg-Herrent, France, in 1517, who began his medical career as a barber's apprentice, whence in due season he was promoted to be the assistant of a Parisian surgeon-barber. Then he entered the hospital service of the Hotel Dieu, and finally, when thirty-seven years old, had made up his lack of early education and was admitted to the College of Surgeons, where within five months, in 1554, he received his diplomas as a doctor in surgery. In 1562 he became chief surgeon to the king under Charles IX and Henri III, and although a Protestant, was saved from the massacre of Saint Bartholomew by Charles IX, who hid him in the royal wardrobe. His chapters on the teeth and their treatment are very original and interesting, illustrated by anecdote and drawings of improved pelicans, forceps, files, lancets, and elevators, which were often quite ornate and superior to those formerly in use. The transplantation of teeth and the substitution of artificial dentures were evidently not uncommon.

In the Seventeenth Century the virtues of tobacco, smoked, held in solution in the mouth and also as a dentifrice, are extolled, and considerable discoveries in anatomy and microscopic lore were described, but operative dentistry was still largely left to the barbers and professional tooth-surgeons. In the Eighteenth Century partial sets of teeth carved in bone or ivory, and even full sets began to come into more general use.

In the Eighteenth Century one notices the adoption of the powerful "English key" which so long was the favorite dental extractor of the army and navy surgeon, the sea captain and numberless minor "tooth-butchers" of the two last centuries. Its sharp steel claws, interchangeable for left or right hand appliance, and the powerful leverage of the cross handle and curved shank, made it most efficient as far as extraction went, but it often left behind damaged jaws which it took long weeks to heal again.

Pierre Fauchard (A. D. 1690-1761) demonstrated that as early as 1700 there were in France dentists who had passed an examination in medicine. He describes the filling of decayed teeth with tin, lead,

or gold, preferring tin to lead, but either to gold; and claims that he had seen a lead filling that had lasted forty years. His excavators, cutting forceps, elevators, and other instruments much resemble many now in use. He crowned roots with a pivoted crown, made full sets of artificial teeth connected by springs, supplied lower sets, which kept their place well, and even in two or three instances managed independent upper plates which kept in place and did good service. He also managed to give these teeth a coating of white enamel, which added greatly to their beauty. A set made for Aaron Burr in 1746 was satisfactorily worn by him for many years.

Mouton, of Paris (1746), applied gold crowns to badly decayed teeth, but enamelled those that were in sight, instead of polishing them. Pfaff, dentist to Frederick the Great, king of Prussia, states that artificial teeth in his time were made of ivory, bone, hippopotamus teeth, walrus tusk, and human teeth, as well as silver, mother of pearl and enamelled copper. He was the first to make plaster models and to cap the exposed dental pulp before filling the tooth.

Lentin, a German, in 1756 advocated the use of electricity as a cure for tooth-ache, and the magnet held in the hand had, half a century before, been highly extolled by several authorities, but the fad was short-lived.

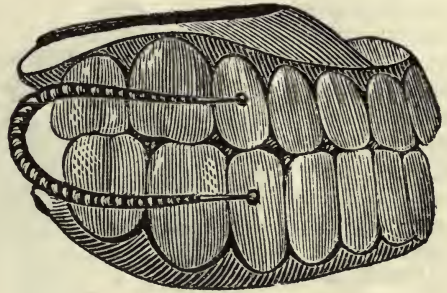
Thomas Berdmore, dentist to George III of England, published an excellent work on dentistry, and trained many professional dentists, one of whom, Robert Woofendale, came to America in 1766, and is said to be the first regular dentist established in the New World.

John Aitkin in 1771 perfected the English key, lessening the danger of fracturing the tooth and its gum, but for many years it was used by many "operators" for all kinds of teeth and unfortunate patients. The clumsy pelican continued in use in Italy until well into the Nineteenth Century, although in some cases three teeth instead of one have been erased by unskillful operators.

In America, the Nineteenth Century witnessed a remarkable improvement and growth in scientific dentistry. By 1848

the use of plates and artificial gums in connection with spring-united sets of artificial teeth had greatly extended their use and usefulness, but the introduction of vulcanized rubber plates held by atmospheric pressure has done away with the use of springs and greatly reduced the cost of artificial teeth.

Porcelain teeth, now so perfectly and cheaply manufactured by millions, were invented in 1774 by M. Duchateau, a Parisian apothecary, but those first made contracted in the kiln while baking. He then set to work with M. Chamant, a Parisian dentist, and produced a set for himself and some others, and was given an honorary membership in the Royal Academy of Surgeons. M. Chamant, however, kept experimenting, greatly improved the teeth, and some twelve years later obtained from Louis XVI a patent



ARTIFICIAL TEETH WITH SPIRAL GOLD SPRINGS AND GUM PLATES

for their invention, while the original inventor was left out in the cold. The teeth now made can scarcely be told from the finest natural dentures, and then chiefly by their too perfect regularity and color.

The introduction of "the Lethean," as it was called by Dr. Morton in September, 1846, revived public interest in the use of the vapor of sulphuric ether as an inhalant, which previously had been but moderately employed in asthma and pulmonary complaints, but had never been used to produce insensibility to pain. Mr. Horace Wells, about the same time, revived Sir Humphrey Davy's experiments with nitrous oxide gas, and the use of chloroform was also practiced. Other methods of lessening pain introduced

during the same period include the use of the galvano-electric battery by the patient during the operation, local anesthesia by spraying with ether, cocaine, and the like, and the hypodermic injection of these liquids.

Many curious and some fatal accidents attended the early use of these "letheans," but the average dentist today is better trained and knows when to refuse to use them and how to recognize unexpected danger. It is owing to these improvements that wholesale extractions and a rapid recovery therefrom enable the dentist to furnish his customers with complete sets of teeth within a comparatively short time after extraction.

A very genial gentleman told of an experience in taking ether which seems worthy of record.

"My teeth were horribly clamped to my gums by the most solid and claw-like fangs," said he, "and I dared not try to have them extracted. Once, however, I had suffered everything with an upper molar, and Doctor Warren says to me:

"Doctor Mayo can give you ether and extract that tooth without your ever feeling it."

"He had pretty hard work to convince me, but I finally agreed to go if he would accompany me, and I took a mouthful of brandy and went.

"Dr. Mayo had a nice office, fine cuspidor, carpet, furniture, a 'solar' oil lamp on the center table, etc., and he soon had me in the chair and drawing in deep breaths of choky, sickly-sweet ether vapor for dear life. Pretty soon the pain was gone and I was enjoying myself pretty well, I thank you. Then I found myself on the road to Brighton, down Beacon Street and over the mill dam, with a neat buggy and a three-minute nag. I just snapped my whip and cried out 'G'lang, git, old fellow!' and was having the time of my life.

"Then I got to Brighton Market, and

a man who drove a pretty good team stopped and asked if I was open to a trade. I said I didn't mind, and asked him about his horse and outfit, walked round them and examined everything, and then he began to ask questions.

"I told him the truth about my horse, but when I told him that he was not yet nine years old, he talked back rather nasty. I assured him that I knew and was telling him the exact truth about the age of the horse. He came back at me mighty vicious. 'You're a d—n liar!' he cried, and the next instant I let out from the shoulder and we had a regular mix-up.

"Then everything seemed to roll away like a bad dream, and I came to myself. I was lying on the floor, amid overturned furniture and oil-soaked rugs and carpet. Dr. Mayo was leaning up against one wall, apparently fighting for more air;

and Dr. Warren was kind of doubled up and kept asking, 'Did you mean it, Thomas? Did you mean it?'

"Worst of all, my toothache had come back again, and nothing would induce Dr. Mayo to give me any more ether, and I didn't

care to let him at me with his forceps after the way I had wrecked his office and doubled him up."

Nowadays dentists are prepared to tide over that period of partial etherization in which a patient is very apt to do something characteristic, while as it were half-intoxicated; but of many curious incidents, this is the most ludicrous that has ever been brought to my notice.

Most of the states today regulate the admission of dentists to practice, and it is no longer possible for a man to set up in business with a chair, spittoon, "a pair of strong arms and a tooth key." In spite of the higher cost of living, good, honest work can be had at very reasonable prices, and dentistry in America is certainly more advanced and more liberal to the masses of the people than in any other part of the world.



DR. MORTON'S METHOD OF INHALING ETHER, 1848

The MINER'S TALISMAN — by — William Alfred Corey

THE Kite Shaped local was sidetracked at a small station a few miles below San Bernardino waiting for the Overland Limited to pass us on the main track. Something had delayed the Overland, it seemed, and we who were "doing" the "Kite" began to fraternize as travelers will who are thrown together and with time a burden on their hands.

A young fellow of, I judged, about my own age and myself had gravitated together and were stretching our legs in the morning sunshine along the right of way near our coach. He was a strongly-built, smooth-faced man, with a

manner that made you like him without other credentials. Moreover, he had that candid, approachable, need-no-introduction way about him that is characteristic of the mining regions of the Southwest.

We had passed naturally, in our talk, from generalities to more intimate matters, and he had told me his name was West, and that he had mining interests back on the desert. My curiosity having been aroused by a peculiar watch charm he wore, an exact counterpart, in miniature, of a tomato can—lettering on the label,

brilliantly pictured red tomato and all—that I made bold to ask him about it.

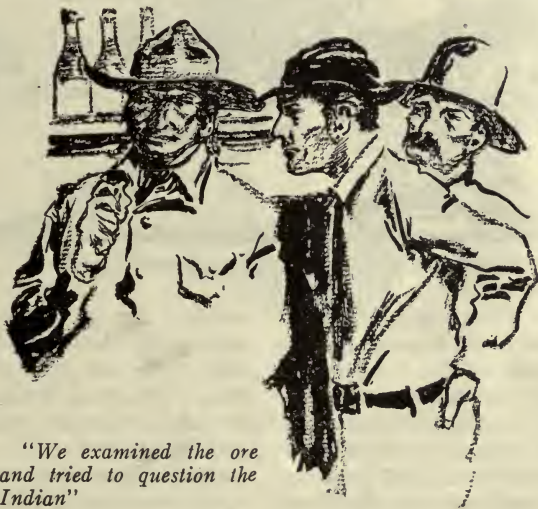
"That's an unusual watch charm you have, Mr. West," I said, motioning to the same, "there must be some unusual reason why you wear it. Excuse my inquisitiveness."

"Certainly," he smiled, as he unhooked the charm and handed it to me for inspection. "Yes, both the charm and the reason for wearing it are, as you surmise, unusual." And then, seeing I was interested, he proceeded to tell me the story.

"A few years ago," he began, "in the month of May, I was at Daggett with three partners, a buck-

board, four mules and a complete prospecting outfit. We had plans laid to make a prospecting trip out to what is now Goldfield, Nevada, where we had heard there were good signs, both surface and ledge. But it was getting late, as traveling on the desert during the summer is extremely hazardous, and it was especially so then before the directions and water holes were as well marked as they are now.

"We had about decided to put the trip off until fall and work in the borax mines at Daggett in the meantime, when we got



"We examined the ore and tried to question the Indian"

wind of something that looked good nearer at hand. An Indian came into Halfbreed Charley's store at Daggett one evening bringing with him some gold quartz so rich that it made us take our feet down off the coffee barrel and take notice. The Indian wanted to trade the ore for groceries. He gave Halfbreed Charley to understand that he had a squaw and papooses out in the Calico hills and that they were hungry. He wanted grub and wanted it bad.

"While Charley was putting up the groceries we—there happened to be nobody else in the store just then but Charley and the four of our party—examined the ore and tried to question the Indian. But we could get little or nothing out of him.

buckboard headed toward the Funeral mountains.

"So the game for us, as far as a guide was concerned, was up. If the Indian really had found something good, and it certainly looked as though he had, he was apparently helping somebody else to beat us to it.

"But we weren't to be beaten without a race even if the other fellows did have the advantage. The Funeral mountains were only about a hundred miles away; by traveling nights we were certain we could make it and we trusted to either stumbling onto the find ourselves or to running across some other Indian who was wise to outcroppings of gold ore in the Funeral range.

"So we laid in grub for a month, filled



"The first two nights everything went as per schedule"

He pretended not to be able to speak English, and all we could squeeze out of him was a vague reference to the Funeral mountains somewhere northeast of a desert place called Resting Springs. But he promised us, by grunts and signs, that in two days he would return and guide us to where he had found the ore. He must first get the grub to his squaw and papooses. Then he would come back and be at our service.

"Well, we made the mistake of letting him get out of our sight. A Chinaman is the soul of honor compared with a Piute Indian. We allowed him to start off alone toward the Calico hills, foolishly depending upon his keeping his word about coming back in two days. We waited and on the afternoon of the second day workmen from the borax mines told us they had seen an Indian answering to the description of 'our' Indian with two white men in a

our four five-gallon oil cans with water and started that very night. Our mules were fresh and in good shape. Two of them we drove to the buckboard, and two we rode or used as pack animals as convenient.

"We judged that about five nights' travel would bring us to the base of the Funeral mountains, where we knew there were springs from which we could refill our cans. Then we could prospect two or three weeks before returning.

"The first two nights everything went as per schedule. We left Daggett in the early evening, passed the Calico hills to the west and Dry Gulch to the east, following the desert trail almost due north. Both nights were bright moonlight and we had no difficulty in keeping our direction. We were all experienced in desert travel and had a good general knowledge of desert topography. Straight

ahead of us loomed the Funeral range, while off to the west stood the silent Pinament peaks. And between them we knew was that vast stretch of desolation, Death Valley.

"We would have made the trip without suffering if our water supply had not given out. And that was due to an unfortunate accident. We used the water, of course, with due regard to economy, but we did not stint, since we supposed we had enough for the trip, as we would have had if a small, unnoticed nail in the wooden frame encasing one of the cans had not punctured it and allowed the whole five gallons to escape.

"Even this would not have been so serious if we had discovered the loss in time. But misfortunes never come singly. We not only lost the can of water, but that can happened to be the last one. We had used the first three freely, counting, of course, on the other one. The result was that on the evening of the third day out we discovered that we had a journey of still thirty or forty miles before us and not a drop of water.

"Neither men nor animals suffered especially during the night march. Nobody had been very dry, and the cool night had prevented acute suffering. But in the morning when we camped for rest and breakfast, we faced the desert's sternest ordeal—physical exhaustion, furnace heat and no water.

"Men and animals were spent with the night's long, laborious pull through sand and gravel. But breakfast without coffee or water was poor comfort. Indeed the mules refused to eat at all, and their braying and the pleading of their eyes was eloquent of the poor beasts' suffering.

"We decided to push on at once. Resting Springs we knew could not be over ten or twelve miles farther, and that was our only hope. It was Resting Springs or perish of thirst. And while ten or twelve miles is not far under normal conditions,

it's a mighty long distance when you are growing weaker every minute from thirst and the fiery heat and when your feet and the wheels of your vehicle are shackled by yielding sand and rolling cobblestones.

"On we struggled through the sand as the sun rose higher and began to turn the sky into one great blue flame and the desert into a shimmering sheet of brass. We kept small pebbles rolling in our mouths to keep up the flow of saliva and prevent our tongues from swelling, and each man sought to keep up his own courage by encouraging the others.

"It must have been about eleven o'clock when young Bradford, a boy of nineteen, began to show signs of thirst craze. He and I had walked on ahead of the team while Williams, an old man, rode in the buckboard and Cramer walked behind. Bradford had been crying thickly, 'Water! water!' for some time when suddenly he began to take off his clothes, at the same time dashing ahead. His disordered brain had caught a vision of water and he was rushing to throw himself into it. I tried to hold him back, but was too weak. I knew he would probably wander off into

the trackless desert and die. But I could not save him. I was too far gone myself.

"In spite of my efforts I could feel my tongue beginning to swell. My temples throbbed as though someone was beating them with a hammer. I realized that my own condition was desperate and that my reason could not hold out much longer under the strain.

"I wondered if I could stop and rest a moment. The idea struck me to lie down in the shade of a desert cactus, though its shade would hardly shield a horned toad, much less a man. I lay down, but instantly sprang up. The sand and cobblestones were as hot as though they had been baked in a campfire. So I got up and staggered on.

"Then another thought struck me. I



"Well, he ain't as crazy as I thought!"

had never been a praying man, but it occurred to me to pray for water. The idea so impressed me that I stopped and looked around. The proposition of finding water in that sun-baked waste was unthinkable. And yet it was pray or die, and I prayed.

"Well, sir, that prayer was answered almost instantly. I remember rushing back to meet the toiling buckboard and hearing old man Williams say, 'West has got 'em.' I couldn't deny it, though my mind was never clearer. My tongue was too thick to speak, and all I could do was to motion to the old man to stop the mules. Then with one bound I was on the wagon and throwing back a pile of gunny sacks that covered a dozen cans of tomatoes we were carrying. Then I drove a miner's pick into the top of one of them and the old man, now comprehending my purpose, said, 'Well, he ain't as crazy as I thought.'

"In an instant the fresh juice from those canned tomatoes was trickling over my swollen tongue and down my parching throat, though I had self-control enough not to take too much. Say! I never expect to taste anything else in this world as sweet as that tomato juice. It was the nectar of the gods to three thirst-crazed men just at that time. Why some of us never thought of the canned tomatoes before I don't know. But my prayer brought it to my mind, and I know it saved my life and possibly the others also.

"In a few minutes all were relieved,

including the mules. You should have seen and heard those mules when they smelled those tomatoes. They looked around at us and emitted the most pitiful and peculiar sounds that I ever heard come from a so-called dumb brute. They didn't bray. They *cried*—literally cried for water. And when I went and reached way back in their mouths and actually scraped the thick, dry phlegm from their tongues and then reached in and squeezed the tomato juice into their mouths, the look in their big eyes was all the thanks I needed. I've revised my ideas about animals thinking and reasoning since that day.

"Well, refreshed by the tomato juice, we pushed on and reached the Armagosha River, where we found Bradford sprawled out on the ground and with his face in a pool of brackish water that had seeped from the rocks near by. It was bad water, but it had refreshed him and he was able to get into the buckboard and we soon reached Resting Springs and safety. Do you wonder that I wear a tomato can as a watch charm?"

"I do not," I acknowledged, glancing down the track at the approaching Overland, "and did you find the gold mine you were after?"

"Don't I look fairly prosperous?" he asked by way of reply as we hurried toward our train which was already in motion to take the main track as the Overland thundered past.

A COMMONPLACE LIFE

A COMMONPLACE life," we say as we sigh.
But why should we sigh as we say?

The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky
Makes up the commonplace day.

The moon and stars are commonplace things,
And the flower that blooms and the bird that sings.

But dark were the world and sad our lot
If the flowers failed and the sun shone not.

And God, who studies each separate soul,
Out of the commonplace lives makes His beautiful Whole.

—"Heart Throbs," II.

A GRADUATE Q by L a d d P l u m l e y

AFTER his tutor had left him Philip remained standing on the corner in the storm. Again and again his thoughts bitterly repeated the opinion for which he had asked: "For your mature mind, sir, the slopes of Parnassus are slippery and steep, are slippery and very steep. I regret to say that you will never make a scholar."

For months and months, after his days of toil in the railroad office, Philip had spent his evenings in laborious study; study that had proved futile except as it went to show the truth of his tutor's opinion.

At last he remembered his engagement and hurried across the deserted town square where the arc lights glowed in blotched blurs against the curtain of the driving storm. As he came opposite the office of the *Record* a man almost rushed him down.

"It's you, Kissam!" and Philip recognized Tom Brosnan of the staff of the paper. "Jove! I was just going after you. The P. and N.—your road—bad accident at the notch. 'Phone message from the western end of the tunnel; relief train can't get through the drifts. They need a surgeon and stimulants. I go for the paper, and Doctor Agnew will go with us. Jove, it's bitter!" and he thrashed his breast with his arms.

"Wait for me at your shop," replied Philip. "I promised Brooke Agnew I'd turn up at Mrs. Hampton's dance and see her home. I'll be with you in twenty minutes or so."

As Philip pushed into the driveway of the Hampton place he could faintly hear the swing of dance music against the surging background of the storm.

As the door was opened he shook the snow from his coat, and waited near the entrance. From where he stood he could look into the shifting crowd of merry young men and radiant girls.

A dance was just ending and twice Brooke came opposite, framed in the doorway. Philip felt a kind of indefinite dull anger toward the tall man who guided the flushed girl. Yet he knew that he, himself, had little chance to win her, and he again thought what his tutor had said to him that evening—"You'll never make a scholar." Of course he would never make a scholar; no one but an idiot would have attempted such a thing. He had meant to surprise Brooke; for he, too, came

of a family of college men and students; he had often thought that if his father had lived every sacrifice would have been made to send him to Harvard—the family college.

"Why don't you take off your overcoat, sir?"

The voice woke him from his reverie, clutching his heart and bringing the old sweet pain.

"And late at the dance—as always—'important things,' the excuse. But, serious one, I *did* keep two. Let me tell you, sir, it was a grind—took every kind of self-denial."

"I'm awfully sorry," replied Philip,



"Bad accident at the notch"

noting the narrow band of ribbon over the glossy head and wondering at its heavenly color. "I'm so sorry, Brooke. Cannot stay—accident at the notch—my road."

The girl lowered her head and he could see nothing but the sheen of the ribbon and the mass of dark hair.

"But you're not a doctor—that road makes a slave of you. Why don't somebody else go?"

"They sent a relief train, but it's stalled this side of the mountain. Tom Brosnan and your uncle are waiting for me at the *Record* office."

"You're always doing things for people, and you haven't been to a dance in months and months. They might let me have you for just this time, Mister Phillie!"

"Please don't tempt me with the old name, Brooke; I'm weak, far weaker than you know."

The shoulders before him gave a shrug, and for a moment the face turned upward with the red pouting lips and the eyes that always reminded him of her name.

"As to taking me home, sir, that's all right. Professor Harrington is here."

Professor Harrington! thought poor Philip; the man who had lately been chosen to fill an important chair in the state university, and he knew that Brooke always spoke with great respect of the young American who had gained distinction abroad at Heidelberg.

Of course that would be the way it would turn out; it would be Professor Harrington. The same old biting regrets came to torture him as he stood before her with the heart-clutching voice lingering in his ears. And after he had said "good-night," her frank girl's hand-grasp tingling to his heart, as he turned back into the storm, he thought bitterly what a gulf lay between his own slight attainments and those of Professor Harrington.

He found the sleigh waiting for him and slipped into the rear seat with the doctor.

"You saw Brooke?" his companion asked, as the sleigh turned from the lights of the town and before them the storm dropped its impenetrable curtain.

Philip replied and had to repeat the word before the doctor understood, adding, "Professor Harrington will take her home."

"So I suppose," came the doctor's voice in Philip's ear.

"Yes," replied the young man, "my only claim, sir, is the right of discovery. If girls were only like continents and gold mines!" He forgot the moaning wind and stinging sleet, and his mind leaped back to the "snuggerty place," as she had called the old couch in the doctor's office; a sweet child's voice sang in his ears, "Mr. Phillie, you've dot to tell your Brooke 'bout Daddy Fat Bear and Bow-legged Jim Bear." That was when he was a lad fighting his way up in the railroad office and crossing the street of an evening to the haven of the doctor's office and the deep-eyed little girl.

"You mean you've at last decided you have little chance?" asked the physician throwing his arm over Philip's shoulder and interrupting his musings. "My dear boy, I've been wanting to talk over things for a long time. We're both busy men, and this is a good chance."

"Then you've understood how things were going and how little there was that I could do?" asked Philip, drawing the icy wind with a gasp through his set teeth.

After some moments of silence the doctor replied, "Yes, I've guessed all about it, my boy. You can't be blamed. A fellow cannot work night after night in an office and get a college training. He cannot send his sister to school and do all the other things that you've done and be a scholar!"

For a little while the hiss of the sleet on the icy roadside and the crunching of snow under the sleigh were the background to Philip's bitter thoughts, then the doctor continued:

"And Brooke is not to blame either. It's natural she should prefer those who are her equals in education. Even before she went to Vassar her vigorous mentality craved every kind of knowledge. Heredity—her mother's father! I've told you how he was one of the great scholars of his time. She gets her name and those wonderful eyes from him. It pains me to say it, Philip, but it must be said, think of some other girl and forget Brooke."

Philip's heart turned to ice. He expected to hear this some time, but he would not have believed that the actual

shattering of his hopes would have come as such a wrenching cruel thing. Life with Brooke would have been such a different path from the hopeless desert of ashes that had already opened before him with the beheading of his dearest wish.

For a few minutes he could not reply. Twice he attempted, and the wind carried away the words; then he pulled himself together.

"If she is happy, sir, that is all I have a right to think about. If the time should come—all sorts of things happen—tell her that I—I—worshipped her. It is Professor Harrington, is it not?"

"I have reason to think so—he's with her constantly. But don't take it so hard. It's nothing so very much, after all. Wrap the blanket over your shoulders; you are shaking with the cold. No wonder. It's a bitter night; reminds me of the blizzard the year Brooke was born."

The physician did not seem very sympathetic, Philip thought. He had often expressed his opinion that "external heart disease," as he called it, was a trouble that any man could cure for himself.

Perhaps there were many kinds of the disease, thought the young man, and knew that his case was not the sort that could be cured. He reflected that it was of so many years' standing that it must be chronic and not to be classed with those lighter complaints that come and go in months or weeks.

The blizzard brought to the doctor other remembrances, and in an absent-minded way his monologue rambled along, mixed with the roaring of the wind through the forests above, for they were now climbing the mountain road.

At last when the chill had seemed to grip his bones Philip saw through the slanting haze flickering lights that came dimly up from a ravine as the sleigh pulled into a drift opposite the place of the accident.

The doctor and Philip scrambled and slid down the long slope. At the bottom was a group of passengers at the side of the tracks, men, women and children, grouped around a brush fire. Beyond, the flickering light of the flames showed broken cars with rib-like timbers flung up into the haze of steam and storm; and

still beyond, like an overturned and dying monster, lay a locomotive, with the blurred light from lanterns showing dimly a group of men around the crushed cab.

Although hours had passed since the accident, the engineer still lay where he had died amid the tangle of twisted steel rods and bent iron plates.

"Brave old Thompson!" exclaimed the doctor as Philip aided in carrying the body to the side of the right of way; "he died at his lever."

A little later with the whirl of a revolving



"Remember Brooke!" he exclaimed

snowplow, a wrecking train came from the north, and the work of clearing the track began; a gang of laborers pulling and heaving at the overturned locomotive and the broken cars. Philip gave his attention to the wants of the passengers.

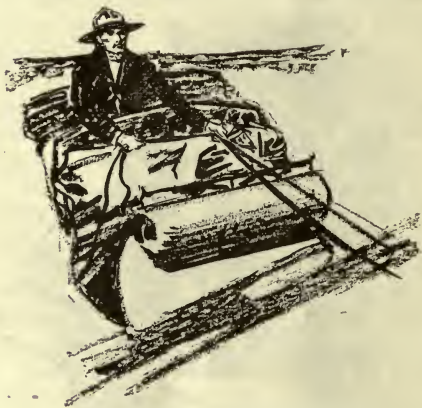
A woman seated with a child in her arms at the side of the fire had requested a drink, and the auditor had gone to the rear coach for the water. As he returned, the glass fell from his hand shattering itself on a timber. From up the track came a shout:

"Get it out, you fool—get it out. God! there's somebody under there!"

Of all the confused dream-like drama of that night—the storm, the firelit anxious faces, the shouts, the blows of axes, the hiss of steam, the crying of children—that which afterwards seemed most unreal to Philip were the few minutes that followed the breaking of the glass.

He was a railroad man and knew instinctively what had happened. He turned from the circle of passengers and raced up the track in the path worn by the feet of those at the wreck. Already the group of laborers, shouting warnings, had opened fan-like away from the end of the forward broken car.

Philip pushed through them and leaped to the side of the physician who had fallen to his knees among the twisted timbers and had already started to crawl toward a sputtering hissing thing.



The never-ending and freezing journey

Philip pushed the doctor to one side, "Remember Brooke!" he exclaimed.

Then came those slow seconds as he flattened himself under the pressing timbers and stretched his arm in vain toward the stick of dynamite.

It seemed an eternity before his hand closed around the evading thing—twice it slipped from his benumbed fingers. Then he pulled it toward him and placing his knee on the glowing fuse extinguished it in the snow.

But he was not content until he had crawled back and lifting himself to his feet had flung the stick far into the storm.

"Thank God it's over," came the husky voice of the doctor, and added, "And now we must get him out."

With the danger from the dynamite over the laborers returned, and a few moments later the newsboy of the train lay at the side of the engineer.

"Sorry to ask you, Philip," said the doctor, leaning over the crumpled little

form, "and it will be a bitter ride, but the boy must be taken to the hospital as soon as possible—it's the one chance for his life. And you'll have to drive—that liveryman brought a bottle; he's in no condition to guide a team down the mountain."

Afterward came the never-ending and freezing journey. Philip managed the horses from the rear seat of the sleigh.

When half-way down the mountain the boy gave a sharp cry of pain and complained of the cold. Only one blanket had been left in the sleigh, the others having been taken to the women at the wreck, and Philip took off his overcoat, wrapping that, too, around the boy.

The doctor had given Philip an opiate for the little railroad employe, and during the remainder of that terrible ride, the auditor's mind held only two things: that the horses must be urged to their uttermost, and that the boy must be kept out of pain.

When the sleigh pulled through the drifts into the covered portico of the hospital the white light of morning made the electric bulbs over the door, in Philip's eyes, strangely red; like blood he thought vaguely and wondered why they danced and swung back and forth.

He had the dim knowledge that he was carried under those fiery globes and that someone said, and the voice seemed far away, "He didn't think of himself; he's in evening clothes, and wrapped his overcoat around the boy."

Afterward came the racking pain in his arms and legs, as if every molecule of flesh were on fire. Where he lay he did not know, but the grim thought gripped his mind that he suffered in hell.

Always it seemed to him he must perform two tasks. The first was easy, it was nothing—again and again he groped for an eluding cylinder of dynamite; again and again he pressed his knee on the spark of its fuse.

But the second task was an infinity of failure. Always before him a steep icy slope rose above, glittering with crystal and swept by stinging blasts. There he must climb, for at the top stood a girl.

Sometimes her face was chubby round, and her voice as she called to him tripped on the consonants in the sweet dear old

way, and sometimes the face became less round and older; but always so beautiful that it was hard to understand how angels in heaven could rival her.

And those clear eyes looked down; sometimes with encouragement; but generally with such reproach that Philip knew he wept bitterly. And ever in the air, from an unknown voice, came the words, "The slopes of Parnassus are slippery and steep; are slippery and very steep."

With infinite bitter toil he would drag himself up toward the compelling eyes, always to slip backward into the flames of his hell; never to gain but inches toward his beckoning goal. Day and night meant nothing; they were but groups of hours of changing torments, how many he did not know and did not care. Oh! if he could only climb that steep and gain his heaven!

At last, and suddenly, the ringing in his ears ceased; the endless cylinders of dynamite disappeared; the ice-spangled slope passed into an easy level, and he presently came out in some strange way into a kind of quiet peace.

A long time he gazed at his bed and noted with curious eyes how pleasantly white the coverlid was, and how the light cheerfully danced at the foot on the brass rails.

He turned his head. What? No, that could not be! Of course, in a moment the torturing slope would be there again. He shifted his head toward the wall.

"Dear Philip, you know me?"

Know her! Even in the miserable weakness that covered his body and mind, a dulling blanket, he knew her. The question made him smile. But was it her

voice? Wasn't it the shadowy girl at the top of the slope?

Somebody bent over him; he knew that voice, too. "Temperature improving every hour. If this keeps up, young man, you won't need your nurse much longer. I must leave you now and visit your newsboy—he, too, is coming along fine."

He heard the door open and shut. His nurse! Had she been his nurse? He would turn his head and see.

Brooke's eyes looked into his. After all, he thought, it was the most natural thing in the world. She had a heart of gold; she had been sorry for him. But—he would lose her. Never. He would let that fearful slope come back; he would descend again into that fiery furnace of pain.

Her hand lay before him on the coverlid and he kissed it again and again.

"Dearest Brooke, you must not, you must not go away!"

"Dear old Philip," and the eyes came close to his, his mind slipping back to the doctor's office and the snuggerty place; "Philip, we thought you would die and uncle gave your message. And dear, he didn't know—men are so stupid—and you didn't know either. And you don't need a university; you graduated long ago from one whose standard is so high there are few graduates in all the world. Don't we all know about your sister? Haven't the railroad men kept this room sweet with flowers because of that awful wreck and all sorts of things! Hasn't old Mr. Richardson, the Greek tutor, actually wept over you? Ah! dear old Phillie, don't you understand?"

Philip understood—all heaven had opened its gates.



CONSOLATION

By CHARLES WINSLOW HALL

LOVE is not dead. Life hath not passed away.
Beauty still lives, and Joy hath only fled
From cares and ills that all of mortal clay
Must bear, strong-hearted, till with bowed-down head
And weeping eyes, we call the loved one "dead."

Dreary our waking thoughts, our broken dreams,
Our round of daily cares and lonely nights;
The fond, sad memories of a thousand scenes
Of thoughtful tenderness and love's delights,
The priceless joys of those whom love unites.

But blessed still are those whose love and truth
Grow with the swift flight of the hastening years;
Keeping alive the pure, white flame which youth
Kindles when Hymen's altar first he nears;
Yea, happy still, though Death his hand uprears.

And saith, the Father of All Love is fain
To take unto himself this loving heart
Which wealth and pride and pleasure have in vain
Tempted as she with Love hath walked apart;
Such noble souls are of His realm the heart;

'Tis but a little while she goes before
Into that kingdom of immortal love,
To beckon ever to its deathless shore
Her darlings, who may never wholly rove
Beyond the sweet spell of her priceless love.

L'Envoi

Life everlasting; love undying; bliss
Pervading heaven's supernal afterglow
Spring from the pangs of parting; the last kiss;
The heart-break, as from us our loved ones go,
And Love's blush-roses whiten into snow.

Leadership in the Resurrected South



FARRAR NEWBERRY, A. M.



OF that period of development which the country as a whole entered upon almost immediately following the "imminent deadly breach," all writers are cognizant. Since the Civil War the North has changed but little. Quickly forgetting a struggle which was of no great, vital significance, that section of the country proceeded along its way of industrial and commercial growth. While the shattered fortunes of the rich plantationists of the South were being collected by new hands, the North, rich in materials, in whose ears rumbled no echoes of deafening, gigantic machinery, went on its way rejoicing. There was no deadly rift in its civilization; no track of devastation through the country; no great, destructive marks, the process of obliteration of which would consume decades. Hence its development, its new period of expansion and of growth, was simply a matter of continuation.

In the South this process has been of necessity comparatively slow. I am to present briefly some phases of that development and to characterize the new leadership of men and things that has come upon the stage in the South's gradual upbuilding. I shall state as clearly as I am able the innate force, the interior progressive motives, the dominant element that is moving the South upward.

With such men as General Lee to lend the power of their few remaining years of activity after the close of the fight to the encouragement of the downcast

people into peaceful pursuits—men who even in that time of strained relations and rabid passions and bitter hate became the fearless advocates of the new South of forgotten animosity and buried prejudice, the South of determination and of hope—with men of such a type the people gathered inspiration to return to their homes and work, and adjust themselves as best they could to the new conditions arisen with the new age.

But the Southern people, as a people, have been slow to free themselves from the shackles which bound them to certain established ideas of their own former greatness and the glory of their "good old days." And it is seriously questionable whether among the masses of the South today the tendency to claim everything of importance taking place from or in the section as distinctly Southern, first of all, and then as the glory of the whole people, is completely lost. The Southern historic attitude of defiance toward the North was the consequence of circumstances, and was natural. And such a spirit of veneration for the past remains today, such a "worship of ancestors" as shows that the spirit of impartiality has developed slowly. Now Southern leadership does not disparage a proper veneration for the past, nor should the North. As for the old arguments for states' rights under the Constitution and for the justification of secession, they are seldom revived by serious discussion among the real thinking people of the section, except for historical discussion and analysis in the schools. There

never was an issue more dead than this, and the South recognizes it. All thinkers know that the only solution of the difficulty was in the "armed tribunal," and none gives thought to making the appeal again. So that whatever still remains, or most of it, of the "old inheritances,"

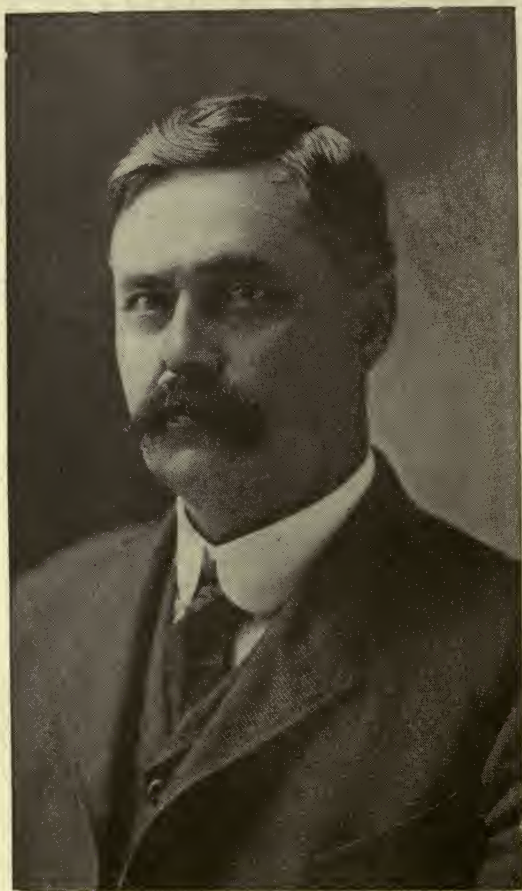
Thomas Dixon, Jr., type, which represents the spirit of rabid and caustic reaction. It rather calls attention to the intense wrong of this. It no more sanctions the "Clansman" than it does such works as C. L. C. Minor's "Real Lincoln," the task of which is the portrayal, with comments, of the evil editorials of Northern inimical newspapers against the great leader. It looks with kindred disgust upon the efforts to renew the heat of passion against the negro—usually to be seen in lynchings and other mob activities—and the bitter denunciation of the Sohtu by such men as Senator Heyburn and the objection to placing Lee's statue in the Hall of Fame.

Likewise, the thinking people of the section scorn the occasional suggestion of some blatant fire-eater that the Ku Klux Klan be reorganized for the further protection of the Southern white woman. While they believe that the motives of the organizers of this Klan were perhaps high, and the results in most cases satisfactory, they know that its re-inception would mean the sanctioning of mob law, which they are so intent upon prohibiting.

Fact is, the South is becoming so engrossed in its progress along all lines that it really hasn't time to take much thought of the same things which half a century ago were the absorbing themes of all discussion. "Forgetting those things," then, are words applicable to the new era of expansive growth.

What, now, is this growth? What the spirit of [the new civilization]? What its dominant note? Who its leaders?

Its development has been agricultural, political, industrial and educational. At the opening of the war the vast estates were all owned by wealthy slave-holders. These men were the recognized leaders of the section. Notwithstanding the existence of a representative system of democratic government in the South at the time, these were really the men in power here. The post-bellum and post-reconstruction marks the development of the



HON. NAPOLEON BONAPARTE BROWARD
One of the new leaders in the South

I think we may say is but the transformed, dormant influence which is seeking inevitably for the development of the Southern people, and limits but little, if at all, their breadth and clearness of vision and their realization of themselves as but a part of the great national life.

The true leadership in the resurrected South of today, great as the misconception is in some parts of the North, is in no way characterized by men of the

under man, the small farmer, the "poor white," if you please. The old estates were split to pieces; the great class of poor, non-slave-holding whites entered into open competition with the freed negro, and, greatly aided by the natural vast superiority of the Anglo-Saxon over the African, soon began to go upward in the scale. Today the term "poor white" is a misnomer. There are poor white farmers in the South today, of course, and many of them; but that vast underclass has developed into the very backbone of the resurrected South's modern democracy. The "submerged tenth"—really vastly more than one tenth—has been elevated into a position of power.

The scientific, progressive white farmer of the South, who takes a pride in his success at the county and state fairs, in the healthy rivalry of neighbors and fellow-citizens, and in the election of the most capable of the men of his class to the local offices, is a type of the Southern leader of today. From a hut of previous poverty and squalor he has moved into spacious and sanitary farmhouses. His farm lands, during the last decade even, have increased 51.6 per cent in value, and his twelve leading crops 92.4 per cent.

The dominant spirit of the agricultural South is now hailing the immigrant—of the right sort. The leadership has taken the stand in this matter that it is better to have the blood pure and the civilization uncorrupted than to have the full coffer and bursting garner. But they are, nevertheless, sensible that the thirty-five million people of the South—of which number about eight-ninths are in the rural districts, are not enough to cultivate the land with sufficient intensity. There are only about three hundred and three thousand foreign-born people in the section. But the leadership is bidding for them, and the future South will have them, all too many, perhaps. Foreign colonies,

like those of the Germans in Texas, the Italian communities in the lower parts of the Mississippi Valley, and plantations like "Sunny Side," in southeast Arkansas, are not only proving industrially profitable to the South, but the men are making



EDWARD WISNER

A prominent adopted son of the resurrected South

good citizens besides. There are only about half a million Northerners in the South, and these have gone for the most part to the cities, where they assume the roles of capitalists, bosses, or teachers. It is only in the last decade that Northerners have begun, on any considerable scale, to develop the agricultural advantages here.

The "eight-ninths" spoken of above are not altogether led by the representatives of their own class. Far from it. It is from the cities of the South, and especially the capitals of the States, that rule in politics and industry is to be found. They are the center of the legal and political and labor-and-capital fights. In some of them powerful and corrupt political machines have been built up, but public opinion is crystallizing in telling opposition to these. Witness the recent Sena-



HON. JAMES K. VARDAMAN

United States Senator from Mississippi, a new type of Southern politician

torial fight in Mississippi. Whatever may be said in criticism of Mr. Vardaman, the significant fact remains that he has appealed against the machine, the bribery, the fraud, formerly so powerful in his commonwealth, directly to the people. While Mr. Vardaman should not necessarily be taken as a type of the leadership of the South, yet his method of appealing directly to the people of his state over the heads of the bribe-ridden bosses may be accepted as a striking indication of political regeneration.

The leadership, too, comprises the modern "captain of industry" of the South. This captain has, of course, no time to think of old traditions, no time to dwell

on prejudice. He is the type that is purely business. He is the son or grandson of an ex-Confederate soldier. As a boy he heard from the fireside of his paternal home tales of how his father slew the Yankees. But he has no time for these things now, or, if he ever does think of them, they do not amount to controlling and predominant life-impulses. In his sphere he is a Southern leader of the new type.

Along with the manufacturer may be classed the progressive corporate attorney of the modern South, the big insurance man, the hustling promoter, the big banker, the upper engineer, and the builder of civic leagues, charity organizations and philanthropic institutions.

Just here let me say that there is very little class or social distinction in the South—perhaps less than in the North. In saying this, of course, the negro is not to be considered, and must not be. In the Southern city, to be sure, the wealth line does, in a way, bar the poorer classes, just as it does in the North; no more. But, generally speaking, there is no social difference between the family whose income is a thousand dollars a year and the one whose income is from fifteen to fifty thousand.

The pulpit, the bar and the press are exerting a powerful stimulus to the development of this new leadership of the uplifted South. To be sure, some of our cross-roads editors are of the blatant, flaming, dangerous sort, either because—rarely—they happen to be ex-Confederate soldiers, or, as is more commonly true, they are of the sort which naturally likes to start a commotion about anything, and they give vent on all occasions to their natural propensity to shake the "red rag" of exaggerated tradition. But, on the whole, the press of the South is conservative. So is the pulpit. The average Southern preacher never appropriates his pulpit to the use of proclaiming the glories of the Old South in a way that would indicate an effort to revive old hatred or even animosity. And the bar of the South is, perhaps, even less inclined to do so.

But by far the most significant sign of the veritable resurrection in this south

country may be seen in the recent agitation for better educational facilities. Submerged in the dense thralldom of ignorance that followed in the wake of the war, the South was slower in getting a new start in this than perhaps any other line of development. The new educational system was to be necessarily radically different from that prevailing in the ante-bellum period. The rich youth of that time were trained largely in the individual homes and the universities of Europe. The common people of the South had to do the best they could; and this was exceedingly little. There were no great universities, except some old institutions of the William and Mary type—good, to be sure, but few in number and with meager equipment. The system of public education was wretchedly poor. Today there is a high school in every considerable town—in some of the commonwealths fostered by state aid—an admirable system of public schools, agricultural high schools, training schools owned and taught on the individual plan, but usually thorough and progressive, denominational small colleges and the state universities.

Yet the South is behind other sections, and knows it. Vast strides are to be made. It is mainly through the education of the masses that Southern leadership expects to see the future real development of both country and men, and the right solution of all the problems—governmental, industrial, commercial—that about us throng.

The body of teachers in the South are, perhaps, freest of all from the old narrownesses, and it is to this class most of all, I think, that we are to look for the “saving grace” which will complete the transformation of the masses whom they are training in their youth, from bitterness to breadth, from inability to impartiality, from prejudice to progress. A spirit of appreciation of and a desire to participate in the general uplift of the country along all lines is being taught in the Southern schools. With a few more compulsory education laws and more state aid to education, we may hope for still greater strides, in the next quarter century, in the section’s movement progressward.

These are some of the phases of the extraordinarily rapidly upbuilding South of today, a partial characterization of its leadership, and the internal being of its dominant note. This leadership has many difficulties of its own, without the carping criticism of mistaken opinion. It has some problems which it can best solve alone. It asks that the North deal with it in frankness, sincerity and patience, in the far-away discussions of these problems, and importunately asks for more of the enkindling spirit of Yankee ingenuity; more capital from Northern coffers with which to till the fields, drain the swamp lands, dig the mines and develop the God-given resources of every kind; less criticism, and more of the intimate, friend-making contact, that the people, learning thus to “know each other better,” may come to “love each other more.”

POPPIES

DROWSING in the silent shadows
Of the blue hill’s misty haze,
Crimson poppies flame and quiver
Through the long still dreamy days.

From the petals, softly drifted
By the drowsy wind’s caress,
Comes a languorous fragrance, soothing
Unto sweet forgetfulness.

—*Jessie Davies Wilddy.*

The Napoleon of Methodism

by James A. Metcalf



THE advancing age of some of the loved men of Methodism, noted with concern by those in attendance upon the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church at Minneapolis, gives some anxiety to the hope that this gathering of 1912 will not be followed by any such world-saddening event as that which succeeded the General Conference of 1884

in the death of Bishop Matthew Simpson, a striking figure in that long succession of men who have left an indelible individual impress upon the life of the church and upon the secular affairs of the times during which they lived.

Bishop Simpson was unquestionably a great Methodist, but he was far more than that. He was an American citizen and patriot almost without peer, especially among men of ecclesiastical pursuits, during a period of years fraught with most important developments in national life.

At the outset the writer desires to make grateful acknowledgment to Dr. William Valentine Kelley, editor of the *Methodist Review* of New York, for much of the statistical matter herewith given, and for a graphic delineation of the subject of this sketch made vivid by the reminiscences of long and intimate friendship with Bishop Simpson. Dr. Kelley devoted himself a couple of years ago to the effort to have this monumental figure in Methodism accorded a place in the Hall of Fame of New York University. The move then made failed of success, not because of any

lack of appreciation of the greatness of Bishop Simpson nor through doubt of his right to receive this distinction of temporal immortality, but simply because those immediately interested in the recognition of other great personages of American history gave a preponderance of expression in favor of other notables at that time. Dr. Kelley still expects to see his desire realized, because he rightly counts Bishop Simpson not only one of the greatest preachers of all history, but also one of the most noted Americans of any day and age.

It was a pathetic and impressive scene which brought to a close the Methodist General Conference of 1884. Bishop Simpson arose from a sick bed to attend this gathering at Philadelphia because it was so near his home. But he felt, as did his friends, that this was to be his last experience of the comforting communion and loved associations of his church. Those then present vividly recall the tense, eager interest that prevailed when Bishop Simpson addressed the conference at its close. And was it merely a coincidence that another great man of the church was simultaneously, though less consciously, giving his farewell to the rank and file of the "church militant"? Following Bishop Simpson's address, prayer was offered by Bishop Isaac W. Wiley, who also passed away the following November on his mission field at Foochow, China.

More sincere or general mourning has rarely attended the passing of any man than that which filled the hearts of men and women within and without the Methodist Episcopal denomination when



THE LATE BISHOP MATTHEW SIMPSON
THE NAPOLEON OF METHODISM

Bishop Simpson's eyes closed on earthly scenes June 18, 1884. At the largely-attended funeral service in Philadelphia Bishop Randolph S. Foster delivered the principal address. At the conclusion of the service Bishop Foster was heard to say to his colleague, Bishop Edward G. Andrews: "There never has been a bishop of any church who wielded so great an influence on national affairs as Bishop Simpson has exerted, nor do I believe there ever will be another who will exert so great an influence on the nation as he."

Perhaps no more expressive epitome of Bishop Simpson's career could be spoken or written than this. Endowed with all the essential qualities of greatness of mind and heart, he was naturally one who would achieve distinction in any line of work at any period of time. But he reached the very climax of his career when the nation was in the throes of the Civil War. Thousands were thrilled and aroused to patriotic fervor by listening to the great lecture which Bishop Simpson delivered in various cities of the country during those trying times. And no man can tell the full measure of American indebtedness to him for the creation and maintenance of the spirit of embattled courage which made possible the preservation of the Union.

* * *

Bishop Simpson was the close personal friend and adviser of President Abraham Lincoln. And often when worried and harassed almost beyond endurance; when daily made the patient object of unjust criticism by those who hampered his every move by obstructive tactics; fearing often lest the fair face of friendship might mask the designs of a traitor, Lincoln turned to Bishop Simpson for advice and counsel, and for the information as to exact conditions which came easily to the latter in the discharge of his duties as a general superintendent of the Methodist church. Lincoln felt he could absolutely trust Bishop Simpson because the latter's observations were never colored by the prejudices of a politician, and because he had no personal ends to serve. The Methodist bishop was therefore called frequently to the White House. It was not strange that Bishop Simpson was

finally called upon to deliver the funeral oration over the body of the martyred president at Springfield, Illinois.

Matthew Simpson was born at Cadiz, Ohio, in 1811, and was therefore seventy-three years old at the time of his death. He came of Methodist stock, with Irish ancestry on one side that proved the effect of heredity by the vein of wholesome humor that lightened all his life with a sunshine of optimism and frequently drove the clouds of doubt and dismay from the hearts and faces of those about him. Like Bishop Wiley, the subject of this sketch studied medicine. But this profession did not fill his life or satisfy his heart. He felt called to the ministry and began preaching in Ohio. Eventually he was called to the presidency of Indiana Asbury University (now DePauw University) and after a successful administration of the affairs of that institution for seven or eight years was elected to the bishopric at the General Conference in Boston, in 1852.

Bishop Simpson's amazing eloquence was of the quality that ranked him with Henry Ward Beecher among the greatest of American preachers. He was selected by the faculty of Yale University to deliver the "Lyman Beecher Lectures on Preaching," one of the time-honored foundations of that great school.

The stories that come to us of the effect of some of Bishop Simpson's sermons and addresses are almost unequalled. To those who came to hear him for the first time there usually came a succession of surprises. Somewhat stooped in stature, with a voice of rather delicate fibre—sympathetic but not sonorous—the initiation of one of his addresses was usually disappointing to a stranger. But this feeling was soon forgotten. A thrill soon came into his voice, his magnificent imagination transcended the bounds of materialism to pierce the reaches of infinity, and he easily carried his hearers from one climax of eloquence to another. He realized to the fullest extent in his own heart and in his work of the sixties the full power of that insuperable combination of patriotism and religion.

This was perhaps best illustrated in a sermon which he delivered at a Methodist

Conference in the early part of the Civil War, when the audience rose to its feet as one man and went quite wild with the religious emotion and patriotic fervor he had aroused.

But perhaps one of Bishop Simpson's most notable accomplishments on the public platform was in England at the time of Garfield's death. A meeting was called in Exeter Hall, and Bishop Simpson was one of the speakers. It is related that he fairly held his audience in the hollow of his hand, and until this day Englishmen refer to this address as the greatest speech ever delivered in England by an American. Speaking of the close bonds of sympathy that had been growing between England and America, and of the mother country's expressions of sympathy over the martyrdom of Lincoln and the assassination of Garfield, he led up to a peroration in which he paid glowing tribute to England's ruler and ended with an ejaculation of "God save the queen!" which brought the entire audience to its

feet and filled the hall with a shouting that continued for several minutes.

In 1864 the New York East Conference of the church met in Hartford with Bishop Simpson presiding. On Sunday morning a large company of students of Wesleyan University went to Hartford to hear him preach. One of that company recalls having heard a business man who had come from a distance to hear the bishop say, as he left the Allyn house to go to the church: "I am going to hear the Napoleon of Methodism preach."

Bishop Simpson may well be called, by the force of several analogies, "the Napoleon of Methodism." He was a great general and an inspiring leader; he made notable conquests in the Kingdom of Righteousness. But his conquests were accompanied by no self-assertive egotism, and he ruled by the power of love in the hearts of the sons and daughters of Methodism, where his memory is lovingly cherished today "even unto the third and fourth generation."

SPRING IN ACADIE

WHEN the sun grows warm and the breeze is bland
 Over in the Acadian land,
 The dreams of my youth come back to me—
 The dreams of my youth in Acadie.
 Then my thought is one with the swelling pride
 Of Minas, dressed like a laughing bride,
 And doth with the creeping Mayflower run
 Where the green furze bourgeons on Blomidon.

I see in the peep of the early morn
 The hillside cottage where I was born;
 My sisters again are young and fair,
 And I am gay with my brothers there;
 My father and mother upon me smile,
 And I am glad for a little while.

Then Fancy and Song are on the wing
 On the old worn path to the mossy spring;
 Then Memory swings on a golden bar,
 And Joy mounts up like a dancing star;
 The soul grows glad and the blood runs free,
 When the Spring comes back to Acadie.

—*Pastor Felix.*

Wild Coreopsis

By Floy Schoonmaker Armstrong

JUST a handful of wild coreopsis
That grew by a dusty highway,
Only this—but its presence has brightened
And sweetened the long summer day.

Would you know where to find the quaint beauties?
Or when? They are fairest at morn;
And you'll find them down close by the roadside,
Or fringing the great fields of corn.

As you single them out from the grasses,
And note their rich color and grace
You may wonder—as I used to wonder—
Why fill they so lowly a place.

O quaintest and fairest of blossoms,
Their tiny life's secret I've guessed;
They were placed at our feet by our Father
And their Maker, our Father, knows best.

He has chosen strange ways to remind us
Earthly joys and a heavenly crown
Will be sweeter by far to the brave hearts
Who will not only look up, but stoop down.

Just a handful of wild coreopsis
That grew by a dusty highway,
Only this—but life's lessons seem plainer,
And—Heaven seems nearer today.

On the Chau-tau-king Circuit



By
H. C. GAUSS

AMONG other evidences of summer in Washington are the inquiries made by one Congressman of another whether the latter is going "Chau-tau-king" the coming summer. Announcements are made from time to time of the engagement of some figure of national prominence for a series of appearances before Chautauqua audiences, but the "Chautauquation" has grown to be a great institution without attracting more than incidental attention and comment in the public prints. The home study courses and the idea of summer encampments for educational purposes, which originated on the banks of beautiful Lake Chautauqua in New York State, have been the basis of enterprises more or less educational in character which dot the West with centers of what is known in Chautauquan language as "uplift." The extent to which the Chautauqua has grown is indicated by the fact that a recent decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission dealt with what are known as Chautau-

qua outfits, which consist of a large tent with a portable platform and seats, and other accessories which have come to be well-known parts of a definite entity. The Interstate Commerce Commission has recognized this entity by establishing a special rate for its railroad transportation.

It would appear that there are two kinds of Chautauquas, the stationary variety and the circuit Chautauqua. It is, of course, to the latter that the decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission is an especial benefit.

The local Chautauqua is frequently originated by the agent of one of the several bureaus established for the purpose of booking Chautauqua attractions. The agent arrives on the ground early in the spring and interests a sufficient number of the local capitalists to secure a guaranty fund; coaches the local committee selected by the guarantors in the methods of arousing enthusiasm which have been crystallized by his bureau, and provides for the services of an enthusiastic person, male or female, who is a peculiar product of the Chautauqua busi-



TWO OF AMERICA'S MOST NOTED CHAUTAUQUANS—HON. WM. J. BRYAN AND HON. CHAMP CLARK

ness and is known as a "platform manager." Then having booked an appropriate number of his bureau's attractions, the agent departs for another field, leaving the local

The works are run strictly on high pressure with the motto, "Something doing every minute." The "man with a great message" is much featured, but it is noted in the



THE GENTLER SEX IS WELL REPRESENTED IN CHAUTAUQUA GATHERINGS

committee to work out its own salvation.

The local Chautauqua is understood to be a potent influence in bringing people from the surrounding country into town, thus stimulating trade, and it may or may not be associated with a summer camp at some well-known or newly developed pleasure resort. The Chautauqua has in many places driven out the street fairs and other purely commercial enterprises with a rapid fire appeal of bargains at the stores, entertainments of popular nature and culture not requiring excessive study. Chautauqua has a language all its own, including such phrases as "the thought of the speaker," "uplift," "a wing of the world's forward movement," and makes a strong point on spelling through "thru" and throughout "thruout."

a high voltage of strenuousity.

All of the manifestations of the Chautauqua are given out of doors to a somewhat restless audience, divided in its

reports that the handbell ringers and "curfew shall not ring tonight" artists are not without their reward in the plaudits of the assembled multitudes. Chautauquation also has its literature which vies in stridency with the publications relating to moving pictures. In the media of the movement, "Chautauquamen"—apparently an improved variety of the *genus homo*—are urged to



AN OVERFLOW AT A STIRRING CHAUTAUQUA MEETING

allegiance between culture and refreshment. The front seats of the auditorium being shunned by the majority, the little ones assemble there and perform in the manner peculiar to their kind. It is the duty of the platform manager to secure

and maintain a reasonable amount of order so that any of the local committee who may happen to leave the box office and enter the auditorium may know by evidence of his ears as well as by the evidence of his eyes that the high-priced attraction is actually performing. The platform manager is required to secure this degree of order by firm gentleness and the use of the expression "if you please."

A gentleman who assaulted the Chautauqua circuit with the purpose of uplift with a message offers a further suggestion as to what a platform manager should do. Quoting from his own experience he intimates that the following interlude between the prelude of the entertainment, consisting of several numbers by a ladies' orchestra, and his own urgent effort, was not exactly calculated to inspire the delivery of the great message. The platform manager said:

"After ——'s little entertainment tonight, there will be a great moving picture show and an intermission will be afforded of ten minutes for the audience to replenish itself with popcorn, peanuts or any other refreshment desired."

The national figures who go about to "uplift" the Chautauqua receive the chief mention in account of Chautauqua enterprises, but there is a host of other entertainers little celebrated, but hard-worked and hard-travelled. They experience all the hardships of the lyceum entertainer except the experience of severe cold weather. Thus in the instructions to Chautauqua attractions it is recommended that they have in their minds alternative routes of travel so that they may be brought within driving distance of the location of their engagement if the trains fails. One gentleman, attempting to make his date, missed his train and came on a special which collided with a log train, but was hurried through to give his address in bandages and sticking plaster. If, under such circumstances, the audience is pleased, the local committee writes to the bureau that

the attraction "rung the bell." If the attraction does not please, the comment may be, as in one case, that the lecturer "had an uninteresting subject and an exaggerated ego."

It would appear that there is a thrifty desire on the part of gentlemen in politics not only to receive the fee paid for a lecture, which in the case of an attraction of the first class is not excessive at two hundred dollars, but to make a little incidental hay as well. This tendency has come to be the subject of some criticism by local committees who are also beginning to express doubts whether the high-priced political gentlemen are a success from the



A CHAUTAUQUA AUDIENCE

financial point of view. Opinion is frequently expressed that there are too many men at two hundred and fifty and two hundred dollars who are not as good as the sixty-five and seventy-five dollar men, and one committeeman puts it: "Too many assemblies admit to their platforms the spellbinder and windjammer who has no message."

Sometimes the reports from the local committeemen exhibit abjectiveness which would fill the peacock in "Chantecler" with hopeless envy. This, for a run up and down the scale, with a final rise to the superlative, the subject in each case being, of course, a different attraction: "——was great; ——was superb; ——was marvelous; ——was excellent; ——was very good; ——was perfect."

With all the humorous combination of

circumstances which must result from an attempt to add sufficient entertainment to an educational enterprise to make it financially possible, there is a real feeling for progress. With the superlatives of the anxious financial backers of these gatherings there is a growing expression of the great body of the people of a desire for knowledge and improvement, especially for young men and women. Nothing is so noticeable and at the same time so encouraging as the often repeated statement that too much commercialism will ruin the attractiveness of these gatherings,

and that the standard must be kept up or the Chautauqua will be short-lived. Besides the meteoric great man who appears for a day and the more or less meritorious "entertainers," who secure the plaudits of the local committeemen, there are many earnest, thoughtful men and women doing a good work among the agricultural population of the great West by bringing to contracted lives and habits of thought, new views, new avenues of mental recreation and especially new ideas of better and cleaner and ultimately more enjoyable living.

IDOLS

By CARY F. JACOB

IN sooth, we fashion every day
 Our little gods of common clay,
 Our little gods of greed and lust,
 And store them in some niche away,
 And kneel before them in the dust,
 Our little gods in whom we trust.

But, when in quiet hours apart
 The evening light steals o'er our heart,
 Our little gods on whom we call,
 Our cherished idols of the mart,
 Down from their niche within the wall,
 Like shards in fragments round us fall.

Yet, ere the miracle of light
 Its roses casts at fleeing night,
 Our hands their labors have begun
 To set each broken piece aright,
 And build them over every one
 For worship at the rise of sun.

The Danger of Patent Medicines

By Harry Everett Barnard

Food and Drug Commissioner of the State of Indiana



NE of the vivid memories of my childhood is that of an armor-clad knight mounted on a wonderful horse decked with silver harness and stabbing viciously and

effectively at a squirming nest of horrid serpents into which he had ridden. The troubles of Sir Knight were very real to me then as I gazed up at him on the grocery wall, and as I grew older and learned how the snakes were but the diseases to which all flesh is heir and the knight the heaven-sent agent to banish them forever, my faith in the pills and green bottles in the closet behind him and his prancing steed became as fixed as in the omnipotence of parents and the damnation of the wicked. I remember how, when consumption was rapidly carrying a neighbor's daughter to the churchyard and the fact of approaching death became impressed on my wondering

mind; I made bold to ask the despairing father, "Mr. Leach, have you given Martha Strong's Sarsaparilla? I am sure it will cure her." And when he said, "Yes, my boy, she has taken eight bottles of it and it hasn't done her one bit of good," my

grief at the failure of the infallible Sarsaparilla to cure my playmate was even greater than that induced by her illness.

I have learned since then that

not all the wonderful stories told by family almanacs and advertisements on grocery walls are true, and my faith in the draughts from big bottles and in polished pink and blue pills is greatly diminished. But if I have lost confidence, others have not, for last summer, after long years of absence, I returned to that same grocery and found the same knight charging on the same fiery steed through the same mass of forked-tongued serpents. And



in the case against the wall were the boxes of pink pills and store of green bottles.

We talk much of the advance of medicine and the modern science that finds in disease simply disturbed cell function and the toxins left by the invasion of hostile bacteria. But back in that little country town no doctor calls save in the extremities of birth and death, and the patent medicine is still the defense of health and the eradicator of disease.

And the same condition may be found in every village, at every crossroads, I am almost justified in saying, in every home. To the great mass of humanity medicine is a sort of Black Art, a wizardry which cures and kills by reason of phenomena not understood and only controllable by those of special gift. Possibly this idea has been fostered by the necessities which lead the physician to go about his work without taking the patient into his confidence, but more probably it is a mental relic of early medicine which held disease to be the possession of the body by devils who could only be driven out by magic and incantations. We hang no more witches and hold ourselves above beliefs in the unseen, but when disease comes, we turn to medicines with a sublime faith intermingled with supreme ignorance. The better trained in schools and the world go to their doctor for their cures, but a very large, and I fear but slowly diminishing number, still turn to the fakir on the curbstone and his dollar-a-bottle decoction of nameless herbs, or to the touted cures advertised in the newspaper and cheap magazines, sold by seductive agents or handed over the counter by the druggist.

Indeed, the surprising fact is that, in spite of the recent spread of information about right living, the more general knowledge of the principles which govern health, the origin of disease and the futility of home treatment by much advertised cure-alls—the business of the patent and proprietary medicine manufacturer is greater than ever before—the amount of capital engaged is larger, the number of employees is greater, and logically the number of deluded victims must be greater.

E. Dana Durand, director of the Bureau

of the Census, has recently issued a preliminary statement giving general statistics of the patent medicine industry for the years 1904 and 1909. This includes a period of two years prior to the passage of the Food and Drug Law, also one of three years during which the business was operated under the regulations imposed by it. During the five years there was an increase of thirty-one per cent in the number of establishments engaged in the manufacture of bitters, tonics, patent medicines and pills, salves, tooth pastes and powders, hair tonics and dyes and other preparations of the drug store. The capital invested increased thirty-two per cent, amounting to \$100,000,000 in 1909; the value of the product increased twenty-one per cent, totalling to \$142,000,000 in 1909. The salaries and wages paid increased fifty per cent during the five years period. The average number of wage-earners increased twelve per cent, and the number of salaried officials and clerks seventy per cent. These figures, startling in their magnitude, do not indicate diminution of the patent medicine output.

The passage of the Food and Drug Law did not loosen the patent medicine grip on the large class of the constitutionally unwell. It did compel changes in formulas, in some cases the elimination of vicious habit-forming drugs, and in every case the declaration of opiates and alcohol. It did make a surprising change in labels. Many a "sure cure for consumption, stomach and kidney diseases" changed in a night to a "remedy for" such conditions. Many a highly alcoholized sarsaparilla, much sought for and extensively used for its stimulating qualities, immediately lost its vital properties and to those who had learned to love it, as shelf upon shelf of empty bottles in the closet once testified, became weak and ineffective.

Some of the most successful though most worthless frauds were drummed out of existence. The dilute sulphurous acid concoctions costing less than a cent a bottle and selling for a dollar, the cheap whiskey mixtures, the dangerous cancer cures, disappeared. But in their stead there came and flourishes a host of no less worthless and deceitful pills and powders, oils, tablets, syrups, high-priced, crudely

compounded, skillfully advertised agents for the banishment of disease. Every newspaper carries subtle and ingenious suggestions in form so closely modeled after real news that the reader on the trail of a thrill or in the search for real information finally brings up on an interview with Dr. Curem, a "famed physician," who says, "Thousands fruitlessly pursue pleasure, because their recuperative powers and endurance are not in the same condition as youth. There comes a time in life when help is required if one would enjoy life keenly and feel rich, red blood surging through his being and radiating his power through the flash and fire in his eye, the smile of confidence and strength in his face, and vigor and vitality in his manly walk and carriage," all of which can easily be secured by going to any well-stocked pharmacy and purchasing a few ounces of standard tinctures to take home and mix with sugar syrup and one ounce of Compound Essence of Buncomb, an apparently honest drug, but which in fact is the preparation manufactured by the "famed physician" and for which the purchaser pays at least ten times its actual value. Or there is forced on our notice the wonderful story of a leader of society who, filled with despair at her rapidly increasing weight, finally sought for and found a magical product of the "hoo hoo" tree that in three weeks melted her too solid flesh away and left her once more modeled on the lines of a girlish Venus.

The striking application of these new ideas in advertising have been marvelously successful in finding a dollar market for a ten-cent product.

It is fortunate indeed that about ninety per cent of those really seriously ill recover without any medical attention. It is this fact that brings the startling crop of testimonials to miraculous cures and "snatched from the grave" stories. Those who recover are not injured by their doses of cure-alls except in respect to their pocket-books, but the great danger is done the ten per cent who, while really in need of expert medical attention, do not seek it until trifling ailments have progressed to serious conditions. It is not the danger

of forming drug or liquor habits unawares that makes the widespread and ever-growing sale of patent medicines a real menace—it is the false sense of safety and confidence given the user of these unknown drugs which ultimately leads him into permanently impaired health.

A few years ago Dr. ———, who had built up a wonderful business with his nerve tonic, looked around for an opening where he might acquire real fame. He finally decided that if he could capture a seat in Congress he would find there satisfactory setting for his talents. So he went out for the nomination and for months the profits of Nervum returned to circulation through channels loaded with course dinners and bathed in many colored liquors. At one of these dinners which seemed to be even more promising of success to his aspirations than those preceding it, one of his ardent supporters, more frank than wise, inquired, "Doctor, tell us honestly, did Nervum ever do anyone any real good?" The genial doctor, made more genial by his satisfaction at the progress of his campaign, ponderously rose from his seat and imperiously pointing with his fat forefinger to the array of diamonds which adorned his shirtfront, loudly whispered, "You see what it has done for me."

Just so long as the shrewd and crafty manipulator of human gullibility turns dimes and dollars into diamonds for patent medicine manufacturers, the business will flourish and increase in magnitude. It will not be possible to check its growth until laws are enacted which not only prohibit misstatements and false claims for virtues on the label, but the advertisement of medicines or remedies intended for the alleviation or cure of disease which are not honestly compounded after formulas of known merit. Fear and pain make sane people abandon ordinary caution and sound judgment, and flee in vain hope to every preparation which promises them relief. Any diminution in the sale of patent medicines which cater to this mingled fear and hope must come as a result of a greater knowledge on the part of the people of the origin of disease and manner by which drugs and medicines operate to cure it.

THE LOVE THAT LIVED

by

Fannie C. Griffing

AS wonderful and romantic as was the life-story of both Napoleon and Josephine, the love which existed between them was as wonderful in its way, one of the great loves of man and woman which have been immortalized in song and story. The one real and lasting love of each life, despite all the vicissitudes of time and change, it endured until the end, the last thought and the last word that trembled upon each dying lip being of the other. Napoleon and Josephine! What visions of beauty, romance, grandeur and pathos the names invoke!

More like a fairy tale than reality was the destiny which awaited these two children of fortune, who, all unknown to each other, lived their lives and grew to youth on island homes, far distant.

Sorrow and misfortune, joy and happiness had come to each ere they met and loved, as Fate had decreed. His first glance at the lovely face of the graceful Creole told him that here, at last, was his soul-mate, the "one woman" destined, through all the ages, to be his wife. Not for an instant did he doubt his convictions or that he would eventually possess her.

She had given the first timid love of a young girl's virgin heart to a husband far too young and spoiled by the world to retain or appreciate what he finally lost by cruelty and neglect.

She now feared and distrusted men, and her heart did not respond at once to her ardent suitor. But no indifference, no coldness, could discourage him! As later he gained great victories in battle, so, by bold assault and determined persistence, did he gain the citadel and take possession of the young widow's heart.

"Do I love him? I hardly know!" she wrote to an intimate friend, after informing her of the engagement. "This strange, this wonderful man, has such determination, such persistence, that one is carried away, as it were, and conquered by his will!"

It was not until long after her second marriage that Josephine began to understand and fully appreciate the unusual character and many-sided nature of the man she had married.

Misfortune and poverty had soured his nature and rasped his sensitive soul in early life, rendering him apparently cold and harsh, but in the sunshine of Josephine's presence, and the happiness of love, all that was best in him blossomed and bore fruit that won her deepest love and respect. His chivalrous devotion and worshipping admiration of herself, his great kindness and generosity, and, above all, the tender care and apparent love for her fatherless children, all combined to win the affection of a heart naturally loving and a nature warmly responsive and grateful.

The letters given to the world after her mother's death, by Hortense Beauharnaise, letters written by Napoleon directly after his marriage and later, are the outpourings of the most passionate devotion, showing that she was constantly and wholly in his thoughts. In fact, he complained bitterly that she does not consider his anxiety and desire to hear from her, that she does not write often enough! The first months of their marriage they met but seldom, Napoleon being absent on his famous Italian campaign, but that all his thoughts and desires were with her, his letters at that time give ample proof.

And as the contrast between this man and the father of her children impressed itself more upon the young mother's heart, dearer did he become. Each learned to understand and appreciate what was best in the other, and instead of waning, their mutual love and esteem increased and strengthened with each passing year.

Universally as he has been condemned for the divorcement of Josephine, the sacrifice was as great and painful on Napoleon's part as it was for her. For years he rejected the advice and urgings of the leading statesmen of France, as well as his own family, refusing to entertain the thought of separation from the wife of his youth.

Only when all plans to secure an heir for the now colossal empire had failed did his overmastering ambition, the desire to found a permanent dynasty, and by marrying into one of the royal families, secure both an ally and an heir, cause him to make the mistake of his life. . . . Josephine fully understood and acknowledged the justice and necessity of the sacrifice required, had the consolation of knowing that her husband understood and appreciated her willingness to suffer in order to increase his glory and happiness. The generosity and delicate consideration of his subsequent treatment of her was ample proof that she still retained her place in his heart and is unsurpassed in either public or private history.

And in all the empire no heart truly rejoiced more over the birth of the little "king of Rome" than did that of the gentle, loving and unselfish woman whose sacrifice of her own heart caused him to live!

* * *

When Josephine, widow of Alexander Beauharnaise, yielded to an impulse of maternal love and decided to personally express her gratitude and thanks to the young French general, Bonaparte, for his kindness in restoring to her son the sword of his murdered father, she little dreamed that by that action she would change the current of her life and make the first step toward a throne! What seeming trifles often change and color the currents of destiny!

Had Josephine repressed instead of yielded to the natural impulse of a mother's

heart, how different might have been her life history! She may not have met Napoleon! The name of the young general who had just been made commander-in-chief of the French army had been on every tongue since the terrible "13 Vendémiaire," in which he distinguished himself, and the young widow naturally desired to behold and meet the rising hero, whose star had just begun to sparkle on the public horizon.

Eugene's enthusiastic admiration and praise of the man who had befriended him added to her natural curiosity and strengthened her desire to gratify it. Her woman's instinct led her to array herself in her most becoming attire, rather than any coquettish impulse. Her days of poverty and stress were now over, the Directors having at last restored to her the estate of her husband, which had been confiscated by the Republic. This was due to the untiring efforts of an early and devoted friend, Therese Fontenay, now the wife of Tallien, one of the five Directors.

Charmingly dressed and in her own carriage, the lovely young widow drove to the General's headquarters—and to her fate! Placed in a military school for boys at the age of ten, and entering upon the life of a soldier at sixteen, Napoleon had, up to this time, seen little of women of any class. When Josephine, anxious to express a mother's grateful thanks, appeared at his headquarters, he beheld for the first time a *grande dame*, a woman whose graceful dignity, exquisite manners and aristocratic bearing proclaimed her at once a Court lady of the old regime—the days of poor Marie Antoinette. And the beautiful blue eyes of the young viscountess widened when, instead of the bronzed and bearded warrior she expected to meet, she was confronted by a slender, saw-toothed youth, with sharpened features, long, lank, dark hair, and delicate white hands! But his eyes were brilliant and piercing, his voice melodious and commanding, and Josephine soon felt their power. When she rose to depart, he accompanied her to her carriage, saying, as he closed the door: "I shall call upon you tomorrow, viscountess!" instead of "May I call?"

"What an extraordinary man!" was her amused comment, and he was destined



to amaze her still more! The next afternoon he appeared in the salon of her pretty little home in the Rue Chauteraine and remained until all other guests had departed. Then, standing before her in his characteristic attitude, with folded arms, he offered her, without preamble, his heart and hand!

Utterly astonished, almost frightened, Josephine took refuge in railery. "Ah, General," she exclaimed, "you are surely joking! Marriage as I have found it is no subject for jest!"

Drawing himself more erect, he fixed upon her the piercing glance of those wonderful eyes and replied:

"Madame, I *never* jest. May I hope to possess your hand?"

Anxious to escape, Josephine rose, saying, laughingly, "Yes, for the moment, General! You may lead me to my carriage, it has been awaiting me some time." But all her evasions were useless; he became her shadow, would take no denial of his suit, and, in spite of herself, flattered her by his untiring devotion. By sheer persistence he finally gained the consent to consider his suit. Her heart was as yet untouched, her children filled her life, and she had no desire to remarry.

Besides, she was now wealthy, while Napoleon was still poor in worldly goods. Although advantageous in every way for their brother, the entire Bonaparte family bitterly opposed the match, and from purely selfish motives as well. She hesitated long, tortured by indecision, ere she finally surrendered, literally conquered by Napoleon's indomitable will and persistence. Pauline, the second sister of Napoleon, was especially bitter in her resentment toward the woman who had won the heart of her favorite brother.

Beautiful, frivolous Pauline was as vain and selfish of heart and spiteful in mind as she was lovely in form and feature. The spoiled beauty and petted darling of her brothers could brook no rival. She could not forgive the woman who had not only robbed her of her favorite brother, but who rivalled her in beauty and excelled her in mind. Not all the many acts of kindness she afterwards received from Josephine changed her jealous dislike one iota.

Not even when, as the wife of a prince, and sister of a mighty Emperor, poets wrote and sang of her:

"Let her name be queen of beauty,
For her wondrous loveliness!"

The five Directors then governing the Republic viewed the increasing fame and power of the brilliant young General with jealous alarm and uneasiness. His prestige was increased by his marriage with the beautiful and wealthy young widow.

Under the pretense of greater honors, but in reality to rid Paris of his dangerous presence, he was given command of the army in Italy a few days after his marriage. Barras in particular secretly hoped he would never return, having an instinctive dread of the future achievements of the popular hero.

His brilliant triumphs and the honors and homage paid him in Italy filled the five men with alarm and misgiving, although they pretended to rejoice greatly. Barras, anxious to learn something to the hero's discredit, secretly dispatched his private secretary, Charles Botot, to Montebello, with orders to spy upon the young conqueror's every word and action, and to discover, if possible, some act of treachery toward France. It was when she joined her husband in Italy that Josephine began to realize what it meant to be the wife of a conqueror, and to be honored and feted by an entire nation for his sake.

He had gained both laurels and wealth, and was now dictating terms of peace to a conquered foe, and her heart overflowed with love and pride. When Botot, a handsome young fellow, arrived at Montebello, with a woman's unerring intuition Josephine at once guessed his errand and determined to win his confidence and friendship if possible. Under the spell of her charming personality, Botot was as wax in her hands, and had soon confided to her the secret of his mission and the real attitude of the Directors toward her husband. He in fact consented to act the part of a double spy, both for herself and Barras!

Josephine was thus able to warn and guard Napoleon, and keep him informed of secret plans and plots of the Directors in Paris. With her usual kindliness Josephine had offered no objection when

Napoleon proposed that his mother and two younger sisters should share the pleasures of the miniature court they were now holding at Montebello, although she knew it would greatly lessen her own happiness. Regarding Pauline as a mere child, she had no comprehension of the extent to which the girl's spiteful and jealous nature would lead her. She kept Napoleon constantly irritated, even enraged at times, and sneered at and insulted her sister-in-law on every possible occasion.

She it was who called her brother's attention to what she chose to consider a secret intimacy between Josephine and the handsome young secretary—resenting his lack of attention to herself. Josephine, when informed of the young lady's accusation, merely smiled, saying: "One cannot work without tools, *mon ami!* Botot is the tool I use to learn the secrets of the Directory, that *you* may be on your guard when we return to Paris!"

"Yes, yes, I know," he shrugged. "But be careful, *mon ami!* Don't give any cause for gossip. Botot hangs round you too much!"

Her smiling eyes met his tenderly. "Well, as you say, my love, but 'Caesar's wife is above suspicion,' or *should be!*"

The honors and attentions lavished upon Napoleon after their return to France filled Josephine's heart with joy and pride. Conqueror of all, he was conquered only by her. A period of quiet happiness now ensued for the man who had been homeless from childhood. He had gained both wealth and fame in Italy, and the modest little home in the Rue Chauteraine was remodelled into a handsome hotel and the street rechristened *de la Victoire*.

As the adored husband and beloved father in a happy home circle, Napoleon was for a time content, but his restless spirit and boundless ambition ever led him onward. The Directors, more than ever uneasy and alarmed at his ever-growing power and popularity, eagerly seized upon his expressed desire to seek fresh laurels in Egypt, to rid Paris of his disquieting presence.

He was appointed commander-in-chief of the expedition, and Josephine learned the news with a scream of dismay. What

a rival she had found in her husband's insatiable ambition, what an obstacle to her happiness.

"It is a plot," she exclaimed passionately, "a plot to destroy you, my husband, by sending you into danger, among enemies!"

"Josephine," he answered sadly, "my worst enemies are here in Paris, and I am fully aware of their designs. Their plans, however, agree with my desires, and I shall go, in order to win greater honors and fame."

Finding it was impossible to change his decision, Josephine, rather than endure the long, perhaps eternal separation, resolved to accompany him.

But this Napoleon would not permit for many reasons, and finally compromised by promising to dispatch a vessel to convey her to Egypt in three months' time.

"I wish you to watch and keep me informed of all political affairs, Josephine," were among his parting words. "I shall return when least expected, and in meantime do you keep watch on the Directors and let nothing escape you." Josephine promised, little dreaming what that promise was to cost her, and that eighteen instead of three months were to pass ere she saw her idolized husband again!

With tears and misgivings she bade him farewell, full of sorrow at the abrupt ending of her happy home life, and anxiously counting the days that must pass ere she could join her husband in the land of the Pharaohs.

Two months later, while at a health resort, Josephine was painfully injured by the falling of a balcony, and confined to her bed for weeks. While thus rendered helpless, the ship which was to carry her to her husband, sailed for Egypt. The accident, however, seemed providential, as the vessel was afterward captured by the English.

Like all Creoles, Josephine was superstitious, and alarmed by her narrow escape, she now shrank from crossing the ocean. When Nelson soon rendered the journey impossible, she cheerfully abandoned the project and occupied herself in improving and beautifying her newly

purchased estate, "Malmaison." Napoleon had always desired a country residence, and she wished to surprise and please him on his return.

About her and her lovely young daughter were gathered many congenial friends, and the salon in Paris and the Chateau Malmaison were the scenes of much innocent social gaiety.

Mindful of Napoleon's injunctions, Josephine renewed her friendship with the young secretary of Barras, Charles Botot, and learned much from him concerning the affairs of the Directory. After the news of the battle of Acre, Barras circulated a report of Napoleon's death, so much did he desire it. The assurances of young Botot, however, saved Josephine much mental anguish and torturing suspense, and she could not but welcome him in her salon. In the absence of both Napoleon and Eugene, Josephine and her daughter gladly accepted the young secretary's escort and protection to the opera, theater and social functions which they attended. Josephine also in her visits to the offices of the Directors, to obtain news of her husband, often requested Botot to accompany her, unconscious of the fact that the members of the Bonaparte family viewed her every action with disapproving eyes.

Pauline, it will be remembered, had voiced the belief of an intimacy existing between her sister-in-law and Botot while at Montebello, in Italy.

Events now seemed to justify her suspicions, and to prove their truth, Josephine had, unfortunately for her, entirely forgotten the whole episode. Those who should have protected and warned her, in the absence of husband and son, were among the first to misinterpret her actions and calumniate her. Exaggerated reports of her conduct began to be whispered about, and finally even reached the ear of Napoleon, in far-away Egypt. Bourrienne, then Napoleon's secretary, from his intimate knowledge of Josephine, utterly disbelieved, and took every precaution that the rumor should not reach his master's ears.

But Junot, being of very humble birth, was devoid of the delicacy of feeling and chivalrous sentiment which prompted

Bourrienne to remain silent and spare Napoleon useless suffering.

Devotedly attached to his chief, he did not stop to consider, but, rushing into his presence, repeated the whole story in the baldest manner. "Madame had many admirers, but Charles Botot was the one most favored. She was said to correspond with him regularly. Malmaison and the Paris home were the scenes of constant social gaiety, proving that Madame was making the most of her freedom." Napoleon was stunned; his anger and anguish were terrible. . . .

"I feared he would lose his reason," writes Bourrienne. "I reproached Junot for his unpardonable indiscretion, feeling sure that malice and slander had invented and exaggerated facts, and that it was folly to believe such calumnies of one who had ever impressed me as the most perfect of women."

The mischief was done, however, and Napoleon raged like a caged lion in his wounded pride and sense of helplessness. The thought that Josephine, the woman he loved and trusted above all others, should render his name and himself a subject for gossip and ridicule on the streets of Paris was unendurable. Even if innocent, by her indiscretion she had placed a weapon in the hands of his enemies, with which to smite him! Never could he forgive her!

For ten long months the army was without news of any kind from France, and it was through papers sent him by an English admiral that Napoleon learned of the blunders of the Directory and the loss to France of all that he had gained in Italy. The news threw him into a frenzy of anger and excitement, causing him to decide upon an instant and secret return to France.

His longing to see Josephine hastened his decision, for by now his anger had cooled, and he was willing to believe she had been slandered.

During the long, perilous voyage his thoughts turned to her constantly, and he had decided to believe what she might have to explain and perhaps forgive her! But for his impatience to reach Paris, causing him to change his intended route, he and Josephine would have met, all would

have been explained, and much suffering spared them both.

Although she had been assured of Napoleon's death, and had endured the most torturing suspense, Josephine had never lost hope or the belief that her Achilles would in time return.

While dining at the house of one of the Directors one day, a courier arrived with the news that Napoleon had returned, landing at the little seaport town of Frejus, and would proceed to Paris by way of Lyons. Josephine uttered a shriek of joy, and rising from the table, quickly returned home. Arrived there, she felt that it would be impossible to await Napoleon's arrival, so impatient was she to see him, and decided to meet him on the Lyons road. In an hour she was on her way, accompanied only by her coachman and maid. Laughing and weeping by turns, she could scarce believe in the reality of her happiness.

After a long and fatiguing journey, she arrived at Lyons without meeting her husband, and was informed that he had departed by another route and was now probably entering Paris! Filled with disappointment and chagrin, as well as foreboding, she began the weary return journey, without pausing to rest. When Napoleon reached Paris and found Josephine absent, he was bitterly disappointed, although informed that she had gone to meet him. Two of his brothers, expecting his arrival, were at the house to greet him, adding to the unfortunate *contretemps*. Instead of nobly defending their absent sister-in-law, or remaining silent to spare their brother's feelings, they cruelly repeated and confirmed all the scandalous reports concerning her and Charles Botot.

Napoleon listened in gloomy, ominous silence, asking no questions, but that rage was again consuming him they well knew.

At last he was alone and the hour late, but sleep was impossible. Like a caged lion he paced the floor, his brain a seething caldron of outraged love, jealous anger and resentment. He had longed inexpressibly for the meeting with Josephine, had intended to forgive and listen to her explanations, and now his brothers had

again filled his heart with doubt and jealous rage!

Truly hath Shakespeare said:

"To be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness on the brain!"

Midnight had passed when the sound of wheels in the courtyard below announced the return of Josephine from her fruitless journey. Eugene, anxious to greet and embrace his adored mother, rushed down stairs. Napoleon instinctively followed, but checked himself and remained at the head of the stairway. Presently the voice of Josephine, "the golden voice that won all hearts," echoed through the silent house as she greeted her son with a cry of joy. Napoleon stood motionless, his heart torn by conflicting emotions, as, tenderly assisted by Eugene, Josephine ascended the stairs.

Her weary face grew radiant at the sight of her husband's figure, and for an instant his heart leaped to meet her. Then the recollection of the vile slanders repeated by his brothers fanned into flame the anger smouldering in his breast, and his features stiffened into a mask of cold displeasure, as his flashing eyes met those of his wife.

In tones never forgotten by Eugene, he exclaimed harshly, "Madame, it is my desire that you retire at once to Malmaison!" and retreating to his apartment, shut himself therein.

The cruel words, so unexpected, pierced Josephine's loving heart; she reeled and would have fallen senseless but for her son's sustaining arms. The cry of anguish which escaped her lips reached Napoleon's ears, and love and pride struggled for mastery in his tortured heart. How pale and weary had that lovely, gentle face appeared to his brief glance! And this was their longed-for meeting, after eighteen months of separation! So had Fate cheated them! An hour, perhaps, of profound silence and then his attention was again arrested by the sound of wheels and voices and footsteps in the hall below.

Drawn, in spite of himself, to the landing above the stairway, he beheld, to his amazement, Eugene and his mother in the act of leaving the house! His heart smote him, remembering his harsh words,

and, impulsively leaning over the balustrade, he called softly to Eugene.

Reluctantly the youth paused and slowly ascended the stairs, with downcast eyes. "What does this mean, Eugene? Where are you going at this hour?" demanded Napoleon sharply.

"My mother wishes to obey your commands at once, sire," coldly returned Eugene. "I shall accompany her to Malmaison."

"What, at this hour!" exclaimed Napoleon. "It is not to be thought of! Your mother is already greatly fatigued, and the journey will be too much for her. Remain until morning. Tell her that I desire—I insist upon it."

Eugene bowed in silence; he could not trust himself to speak for a moment. Finally he murmured chokingly, "Your wishes are commands, sire," and returned to his grief-stricken mother below. Worn out with grief and fatigue, Josephine gladly accepted the respite, and in the morning was unable to lift her head from her pillow.

For three long, dreary days husband and wife remained alone in their separate apartments, one fearing to make an advance, the other still proudly resentful, and battling with his tortured heart.

Eugene, his loyal young heart rent with contending emotions, wandered like an uneasy ghost about the silent house. Ignorant of the cause of the rupture, he was too young and inexperienced to attempt the role of mediator.

Napoleon suffered all the anguish of tortured love, but his powerful mind that was to decide the destinies of Europe could not long remain the dupe of malice and slander. Anger cooled, jealousy was shamed by the light of reason, and instinctively he guessed the truth.

His family, ignorant of Josephine's use of Botot as a spy, had used her friendship with him as a pretext to excite his anger against her in hopes of a separation. Even if she *were* guilty, what would life be without her—his good genius! How barren, how empty his own had been of happiness and comfort ere she entered it. No, against all the world, all appearances, he would trust and believe only in her, his much-loved Josephine! The

declining sun was gilding the towers of Notre Dame on the evening of the third miserable day when Napoleon softly opened the door of Josephine's apartment and stepped therein. She sat before her toilet table, having made a half-hearted attempt to arrange the disordered tresses of her beautiful hair, which hung about her shoulders like a gilded veil. The brush had fallen from her hand and she sat lost in a painful reverie. Napoleon stood, silent and motionless, for some seconds, and then said softly:

"Josephinè!"

With a start she threw back the blinding tresses, lifted her swollen eyes to her husband's face and rose quickly. Their eyes met, he extended his arms, and in an instant she was clasped to his breast, sobbing convulsively. With loving words and tender caresses he soothed and comforted her, until her agitation subsided.

Seating himself, he drew her upon his knee, and a long conversation ensued, during which much was explained, and Napoleon was convinced that his faith in her had not been misplaced. Malice and slander had exaggerated and distorted actions and words easily explained by her absorbing anxiety and long suspense regarding her husband.

"I was forgetful of all but your interests, *mon ami*," Josephine ended, "and my one desire was to learn news of you, and to obey your request that I learn the secrets of the Directors, and their real sentiments toward you. That you could doubt me for an instant, I cannot easily forgive!"

"The wisest lose their wits under the influence of love and jealousy," Napoleon responded diplomatically.

"Prepare now, sir, to most humbly beg your insulted wife's pardon for your doubts of her," and smiling radiantly, Josephine rose and took a letter from her writing desk and passed it to him. "Read and be convinced, most jealous of husbands," she commanded.

Recognizing the handwriting of Botot, his brow darkened and with compressed lips he proceeded to read a declaration of love and proposal of marriage from Charles Botot for the hand of—Hortense!

"As he cannot have the mother, he consoles himself with the daughter," he jested, striving to hide his deep emotion as he drew the mother to his heart.

"Will she accept him? Has she given him an answer?" he asked after a pause.

"No, Hortense does not love him," Josephine answered softly. "Like her mother, she wishes to only marry where she loves. . . . She aided me in every way to gain the friendship of Botot and the foolish fellow has fallen in love with her.

"By the way," she continued, "Barras has evidently suspected the duplicity of

Botot, for I learn that he has dismissed him from his post of secretary."

* * *

The period following Napoleon's return from Egypt and after he became First Consul were among the happiest of Josephine's checkered life. With restored love and confidence, the reconciled pair were as newly married lovers.

But for the insatiable, consuming ambition which mastered Napoleon, a peaceful and happy old age with Josephine at his side might have been his, instead of the cataclysm of ruin which finally ended his wonderful career.

FRIENDSHIP

By FREDERICK MOXON

HAVE you a friend, one true, strong friend, whose heart beats ever warm;
 Whose hand on yours holds fast its grip, however fierce life's storm;
 Whose smile makes sunshine brighter seem, whose laugh disperses care;
 Whose cheery confidence assures a refuge from despair?

Have you a friend,—one old, tried friend, whom time the more endears
 To memory's inward vision, with the passing of the years?
 Whose kindness is as constant as the light of God's own day;
 Whose thoughts are with you though himself is half a world away?

If such a friend you have in truth, then are you rich indeed,
 Although of things men count as wealth you seem in sorest need;
 And richer still, in treasure that increases to life's end,
 If you unto some brother man can prove that perfect friend.

International Congress of Business Men

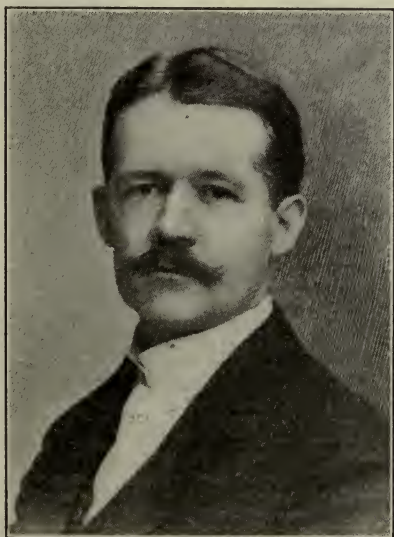
By Robert J. Bottomly

Executive Secretary, International Congress of Chambers of Commerce

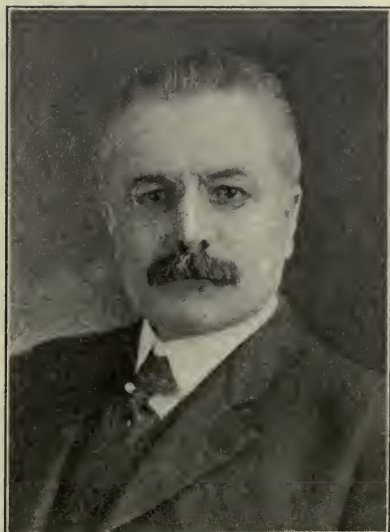
THE Fifth International Congress of Chambers of Commerce is coming to Boston from September 24-28, 1912. This is the first time that this great gathering of the commercial organizations of the world has ever met upon this side of the Atlantic. The tremendous interest which it is exciting throughout America shows that it is proving the occasion of arousing American business men to the need of putting their commercial organizations in closer touch with each other, with their Government and with the commercial organizations of the world. The business organizations of the United States have in the past few years failed to keep step with the commercial organizations of other countries, especially Germany and England, in insisting upon the close co-operation of their Government in the enterprises which they have undertaken. The developments in connection with the preparations for the coming Congress clearly reveal that they are arousing themselves to need of constructive action.

Perhaps the best evidence of the tre-

mendous American interest is shown by the personnel of the American Honorary Committee under whose auspices the Fifth Congress is to be held. The American Honorary Committee has as its president Hon. William H. Taft, President of the United States; as its vice-presidents Hon. Philander C. Knox, Secretary of State, Hon. Charles Nagel, secretary of Commerce and Labor, Hon. S. M. Cullom, chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations and Hon. William Sulzer, chairman of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs. Its membership includes the most notable assemblage of the real leaders of the United States which has ever been gathered on one committee. In its number are found the diplomatic representatives in the United States of the leading commercial nations of the world, the governors of practically all the important states which go to make up the Union, the presidents of the leading commercial organizations in practically every considerable city of America, together with some sixty or seventy of the greatest



GEORGE W. PERKINS

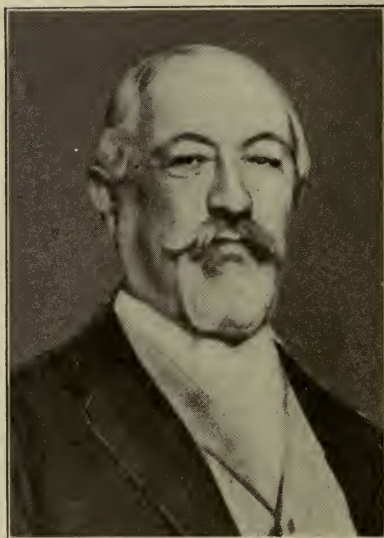


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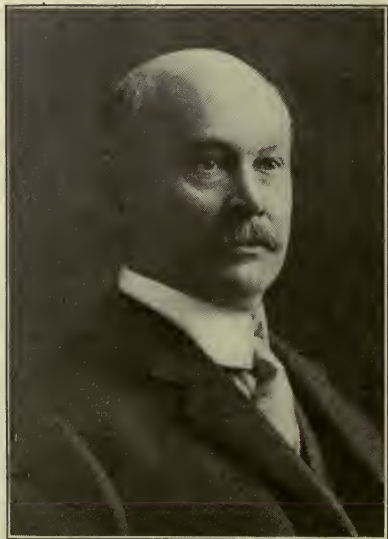
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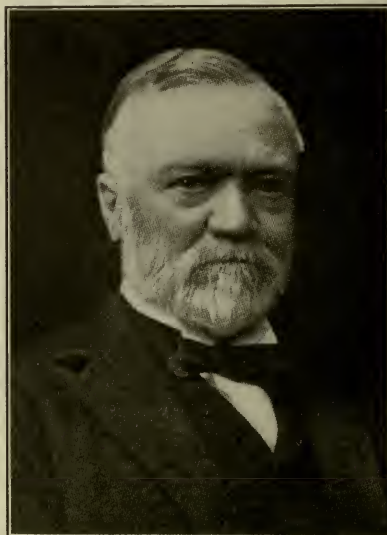
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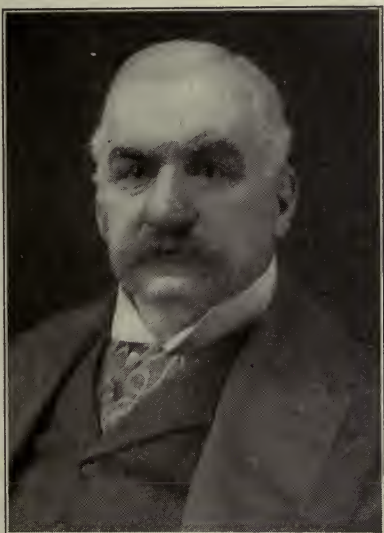
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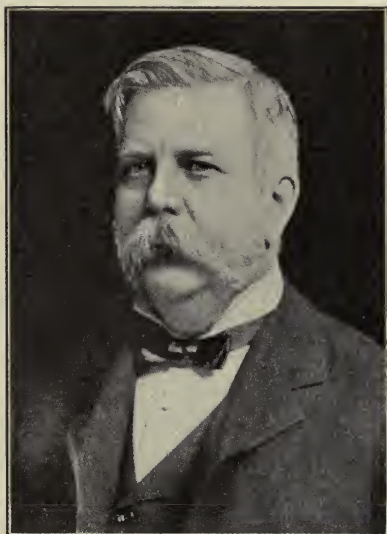
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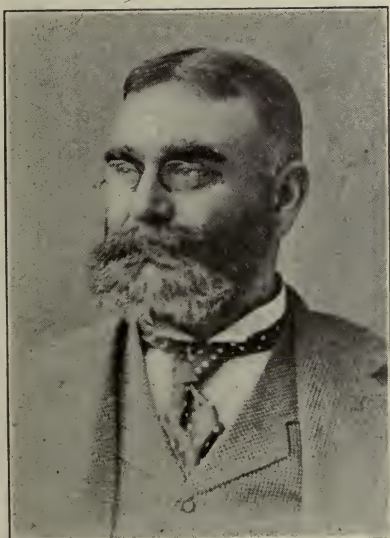
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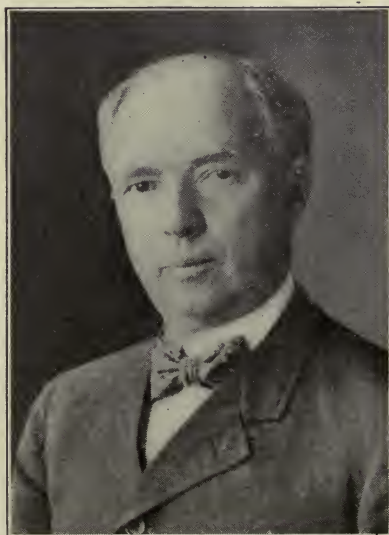
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GEORGE WESTINGHOUSE
Photograph by Patton, Pittsburg



JAMES McCREA



JOHN D. ARCHBOLD



business men whom America has produced.

This American recognition of the value of this great international commercial gathering shows that the business men of our country have not failed to appreciate the notable place which the International Congress of Chambers of Commerce has attained in the business life of Europe.

The First Congress was held at Liege, Belgium, in 1905. This meeting resulted in the appointment of a Permanent Committee, and the decision to hold these congresses every two years. The Second Congress was held at Milan, Italy, in 1906; the Third at Prague, Austria, in 1908; and the Fourth at London, England, in 1910.

The First Congress enjoyed the patronage of the Belgian Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs and Minister of Industry and Labor. The Second Congress was held under the patronage of His Majesty, the King of Italy, while the honorary presidents were the Italian Ministers of Foreign Affairs and of Industry and Commerce. The Third Congress was opened in person by its honorary president, His Imperial Highness, the Archduke Charles Francis Joseph. The Fourth Congress in London was opened by the Right Honorable Sydney Buxton, M. P., the President of the Board of Trade, and has as an honorary vice-president the British Prime Minister, Right Honorable H. H. Asquith, K. C. M. P. Associated with the Congress were the English governmental and commercial leaders.

The Congress has given consideration to a large variety of problems affecting international commercial relations. The subjects before the Congress are discussed at regular sessions and voted upon. If the action taken by the Congress is favorable, it then becomes the duty of the Permanent Committee to take steps to make the decision effective. This is done either by interesting some government to call a diplomatic conference of nations or by entering into negotiations directly with the different governments. The method is illustrated by the recent success which the Permanent Committee has attained in so interesting four governments: Holland, on Uniformity of Legislation on Bills of Exchange; Belgium, on Uniform-

ity in Customs Statistics; Switzerland, on a Fixed International Calendar and a Permanent Day for Easter; and Italy, on the Organization and Institution of a Program for an International Maritime Union.

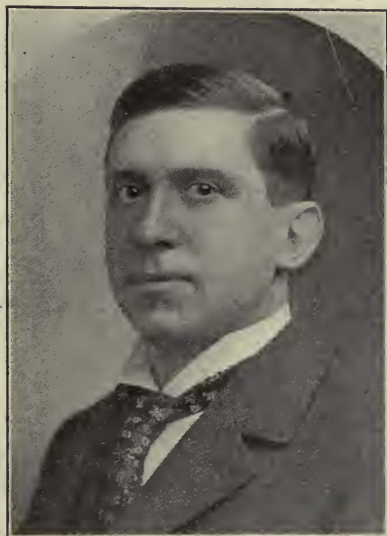
The headquarters of the Permanent Committee are at present at 140 Rue Royale, Brussels, Belgium. Louis Canon-Legrand is the president of the Permanent Committee, Edward A. Filene of Boston is the vice-president and Emile Jottrand is Secretary-General.

The Boston Chamber of Commerce paved the way for the plans, which now give promise of resulting so successfully, by organizing last summer a tour by a party of some one hundred American business men through the principal cities of Europe, extending a formal invitation to the commercial organizations to send representatives to the Fifth Congress. During the past winter some nine different committees to have charge of the very many different phases of the work were organized. The work to date has been permeated with the constructive enthusiasm of Mr. George S. Smith, who, upon retiring from the presidency of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, took up the work as chairman of the American Executive Committee. Mr. Smith has personally visited the leading commercial organizations in the principal cities of America and made sure of their hearty co-operation. Behind the scenes, the keen judgment and indefatigable industry of Mr. James A. McKibben, the secretary of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, has been pushing the plans on to a successful completion.

At the conclusion of the official sessions in Boston, the delegates from abroad will travel over the United States in special compartment trains for the purpose of inspecting the principal commercial and industrial enterprises of this country. The bringing of this Congress to America is not only going to produce very tangible results in the extension of the foreign trade of our business men, but is going to produce tremendous results in the remarkable impetus which it is giving and will give to the spirit of "get together" among the commercial organizations of the United States, and of every civilized nation.

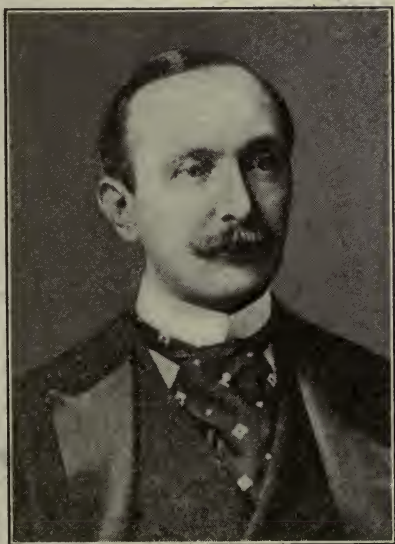


JAMES A. McKIBBEN

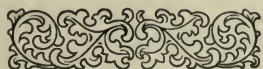


CHARLES M. SCHWAB

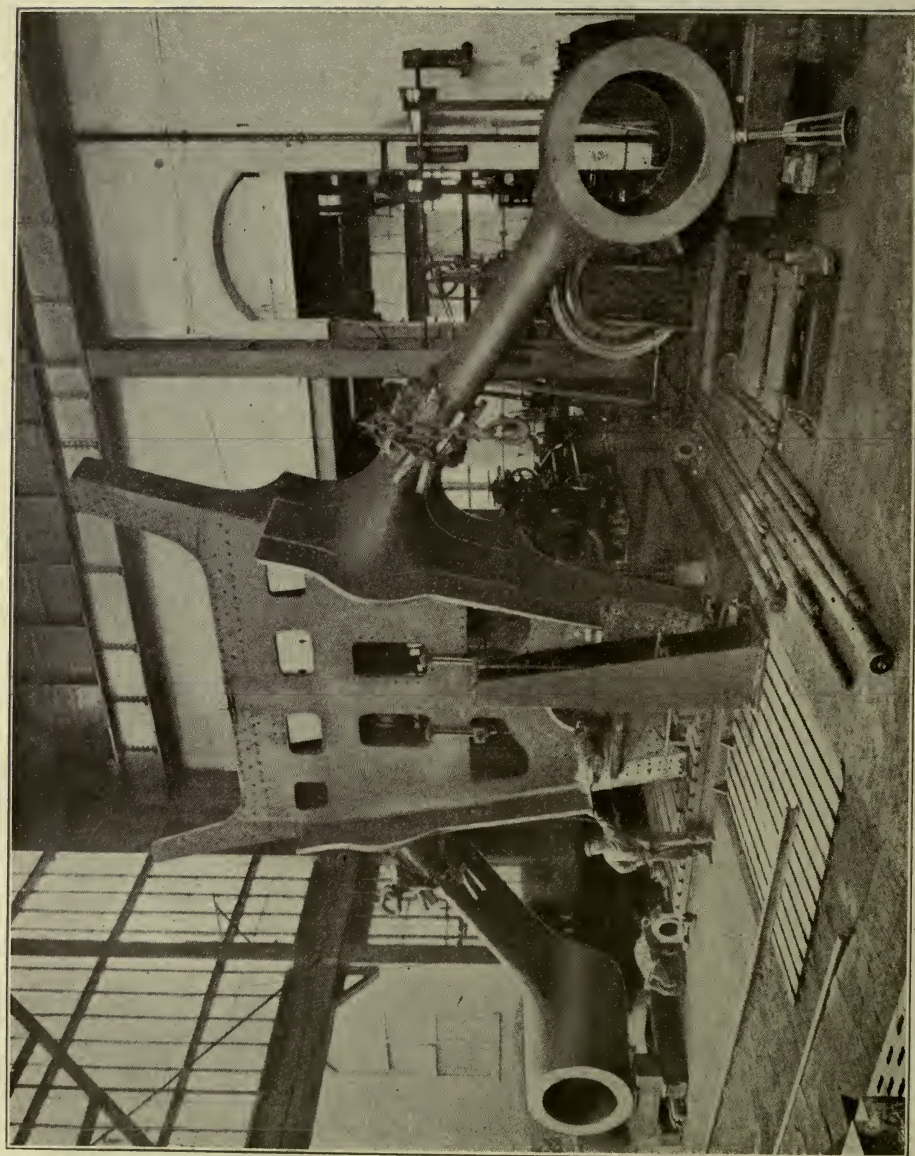
Photograph by Patton, Pittsburg



AUGUST BELMONT

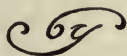


GEORGE S. SMITH



THE GREAT AFTER SHAFT OF THE LOST TITANIC

The TITANIC



ARTHUR N. McGRAY

TITANIC — death — destruction — distress—Ocean's supremest catastrophe—doom of man's greatest creation—satisfied maw of the ice-fields—annihilation—unthinkably titanic.

For a full week afterward the giant respirations of the Atlantic ceased—lulled to a trembling, quivering expanse—nursing in grievous contemplation the terrific havoc it had borne.

The whole world reeled from the Titan shock, and all its civilization paused to catch a hopeful word from the scene of wicked tragedy.

Not one among the thousands of adventurous men whose path in life has led them to executive position on the bridge of ocean greyhounds but has felt, aye, known, that in its turn the day *must* come that for its toll would claim a hundred score of human souls and such a wealth of treasure-trove as Croesus never dreamed this world and all its peoples could produce. That dreaded day has come at last—and now is gone—and down the rugged tumult of its wake a hundred thousand mourning people turn their tear-dimmed eyes—and twice a hundred million more are searching all its eddying tides to find a satisfactory "Why?"—for "in the night of death hope sees a star, and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing."

When the last echo of this unparalleled ocean horror has died out of the everyday atmosphere, and the great public are again immersed in its own particular problems, men of the sea will every day be sailing over that invisible cemetery, and each will pause to do reverence to the

gallant sunken dead. He will realize, as few others ever can, that all the incidents of courage and bravery and self-sacrifice which have been told are only mere items as compared with the unwritten history of the splendid heroism that reigned throughout those hours of darkness, exposure and of death. To him, in its strongest, fullest sense, is borne home the reenactment of this fearful story. It is for him to square his shoulders for the weight of a kindred disaster, knowing full well that any moment may bring him face to face with a titanic-like demand. Moreover, to him it now is that the great public will turn for a safer transatlantic conduct, and this is the vital point.

Over twenty years ago, with the advent of our first "twenty-knotters," many of the then commanders advised their respective managements, in terms of emphasis, that the ocean track previously adopted lay too far north for either comfort or safety, that it was infested with floes and bergs at certain seasons, under a pall of fog whenever the warm southerly winds blew in from over the Gulf Stream, and clouded with snow, sleet, mist or rain when northeasterly, easterly or southeasterly winds should prevail. The various managements gave attention, organized a conference, debated for several years, and *finally* agreed upon a route so far south that floes and bergs must succumb before they could possibly reach so low a latitude and through a practically fogless zone.

Thereby absolute safety was insured, excepting when nearing the coast, at either

side of the Atlantic, where at certain seasons foggy weather might be expected. But this represented only a small fraction of the sailing distance, and speeds could then be lowered without materially reducing the total "scheduled time"—for it is no secret that the express steamers in the transatlantic service are operated to a fixed schedule—no allowance being made for loss of time by reason of ice-fields or for "safe navigation" purposes.

The new route was about one hundred and fifty nautical miles longer than the old one; it demanded about eight hours more steaming, considerable extra coal, and perhaps two or three extra meals for a thousand passengers. Rates over this longer route remained the same as over the dangerous, shorter one. Competition asserted itself—"ocean races" were a frequent theme of the newspapers. In clear water and under sunny skies the struggle for "the record" was often battled for—side by side—for days by the "ocean flyers" of that time; excitement ran high and delighted passengers thronged the rival decks.

Gradually, however, a change was wrought. One after another the high-speed ships again slashed hour after hour from the "best record," though not over the new route. One by one the companies "countenanced" a gradual return to the shorter one. There was no less fog, no less ice, further north, than there had been before. How, then, had the dangers lessened? They existed then, and the world mourns today because it knows they *still exist*. If proof were wanting that all the important passenger lines have always recognized these great dangers and were well aware of the absolute remedy, note how quickly each has spread broadcast the word that its ships had been immediately ordered to follow a far more southern route.

To see that this new route is *far enough* to the south—that it is made permanent and that all the great passenger carriers be obliged to follow it, under exacting penalties—will require firm and careful attention at the hands of a highly qualified and authoritative commission. To such a board, international in character, composed of past-commanders of express

ocean steamships, the routing of such vessels may safely be entrusted. Among them there would be no appreciable difference of opinion. All these have run the gauntlet of fog and ice, have escaped appalling disaster by a hair's breadth times without number, and *know the facts*.

A titanic voice has spoken, and it has said that government of ocean routes is absolutely necessary, and that its seat should be in the hands of men who recognize and appreciate the perils of navigation. It is incredible that it should have cost the almost immediate demolition of this grandest and most expensive of all marine creations, and over a thousand human lives, to bring this traffic to the regulation point of sanity.

Among laymen there is genuine surprise that on a clear night—dark though it was—a great ship could plow into the heart of an iceberg before discovering its presence. To the nautical mind it is entirely plausible.

At about twenty-two knots of speed, the Titanic was covering nearly a statute mile and one third every three minutes and it takes *time* for a ship nine hundred feet in length and drawing nearly forty feet of water to "swing" on its course line. It takes *time* to *stop* fifty thousand tons of dead weight when moving at that rate of speed.

In daytime, even, unless the sun is shining brightly against its sides, a berg is not the glaring sheetlike thing that many seem to think it is. On a cloudy day they show distinctly gray and dark, while on a moonless, cloudy night they only, at the best, will show as blackness, more pronounced, against that other blackened screen where murky cloud and murky waters meet.

The newest, whitest, snowiest sails that ever drove a racing yacht to victory show as black as blackest night against a somber midnight sky. In other words, they are invisible a short way off, as was the berg whose jagged and submerged extensions tore the very bowels from this virgin Titan.

Understanding is sometimes helped by figures. Steaming at about twenty-two knots, the Titanic was covering a distance

equal to its 900 feet length every 24 1-4 seconds. On such a night as the best sources of information seem to indicate that it was—and this terrible happening surely substantiates the evidence—a berg showing only fifty to seventy feet above water would not be visible until a half mile or less away. In one minute and twenty-one seconds, the Titanic had leaped that distance. And yet there are any number of intelligent laymen who have criticized Chief Officer Murdock in not stopping that flying giantess—turning her half around in her tracks, and accomplishing a hundred impossibilities in the few seconds that remained after the tense period necessarily occupied in determining on which side of it his ship might pass in safety, if at all. But there was no time for protective action, and the very sighting of such a berg, so nearly dead ahead, under the existing conditions spelled “unavoidable doom.”

In illustration of the deceptive appearance of bergs, at nighttime, I recall being a passenger on the old Hibernian of the Allan Line when, within two miles of the harbor entrance of St. John's, Newfoundland, on a beautiful May evening, when the decks were crowded with passengers, the ship suddenly lurched and reeled to starboard under the impact of “shouldering” against a perpendicular-sided berg about forty feet in height. This the officers had mistaken for snow upon the near-to hillsides, while experienced seamen back in the “waist” of the ship remarked that there was an unusual quantity of “exhaust steam” from the forward winches, which were naturally being made ready for baggage and cargo handling. Some of the davits were bent inboard and some of the life-boats badly buckled in their “chocks.” Considerable quantities of broken-off ice fell upon the deck, and much apprehension was felt for the safety of the ship until it reached the dock an hour or so later. But the Hibernian was going “dead slow,” or her engines were stopped altogether at the time, awaiting a pilot. The same collision, under full-speed conditions, would have sent her to the bottom almost instantly. It is the contrasting of such experiences with the conditions that beset the Titanic

that enables the seafarer to readily reach a satisfactory “Why?”

When, as an officer on the American liner St. Louis, some years ago, nearing the ice-belt, east bound, with a dense, low-lying fog and the full rising moon struggling to push its way through the mist, the engines running full speed and the engine room telegraph set at “stand-by,” suddenly the fog lifted. Dead ahead, two miles away, fair down the glare of the moonbeam, towered a giant berg. About three hundred feet in height, it presented a broadside to our pathway nearly two miles in length. “Hard a port” came the order—low and tense—from the lips of the veteran commander. The ship swung clear, passengers lined the port hand rails and exclaimed at the magnificence of the moonlit spectacle. Five minutes more of fog and their cries would have carried a vastly different meaning.

At another time and on another ship, west bound, in broad, clear daylight, with half a gale blowing and a heavy sea running, ice was sighted ahead. Apparently the field held two, fifty feet high, bergs, each a half mile long, and laying about four miles apart. Between them was a clear lane of water. To the north of one berg and to the south of the other, heavy floes extended to the limit of observation. Mid-lane was decided upon as the safest and speediest way through, giving each berg a berth of two miles about. Dead before the gale we flew toward the “gap.” Suddenly right before us a huge sea combed and broke, sending its foam and spray mast-head high. “Hard a lee” rang the order, fore and aft. The ship swung head to the wind and “reached” away from the submerged ice-bar which connected the two bergs. Without this warning breaker, in the nick of time, the ship would have been kindling wood in less time than the story could be told. But, with each recurring season the frozen north will continue the despatch of its iceclad ambassadors, between which there will be false channels, and round about them perils indescribable.

Bergs and ice-floes are in a class all their own. The continuous danger of collision with other ships in this fog-infested region has prematurely turned white the hair of

many a hardy navigator, and few there are but can recall a dozen score of times when, every nerve tensed to the breaking point, and every hard-drawn breath seemed tearing soul and body wide apart, they've waited for the "lazy" swing of hurrying ships that barely let them pass—sparing from doom the hundreds sleeping down below.

West bound, and driving down the "furious fifties" through a pall of fog one night, I stood with each hand on the engine telegraph, ready to execute the orders of our alert commander. "Ice on the port bow, sir," roared the crow's-nest lookout. At that very instant we all discovered a kind of gleamy lightness against the blackness of the fog screen.

"Hard a port. Stop the starboard engine, sir," immediately came the firm and deep-toned order.

"Steamer close aboard on the port bow, sir," came the cry from the crow's-nest.

But we upon the bridge had already discovered that what we saw was not the reflection of our lights against a berg, but the blaze of illumination from the great saloons of an ocean liner.

Before the ship could respond to the action of its helm, before the engineers could effect the order of the telegraph, the situation had been grasped, and "Steady the wheel. Full speed the starboard engine. Quartermasters to stations. Burn company's night signal, sir!" came the order, firm and deep-toned as before.

A hurried run to stations, the piercing scream of a fog-siren, the deep, responsive roar of own, a passing sheet of brilliant incandescence, the blaze of the costons, the lurid flare of the rockets, and both ships had shot again into the awful blackness.

Two minutes only had passed from the first reporting to the final disappearance of the lights, but in that time we had met, passed within a hundred feet off, signalled, and received an answer from the *Etruria*.

As our commander resumed his chosen place near the center of the bridge, he turned to me and hoarsely whispered two short words, "Cunard luck." And that was all. His story of "what might have been" began and ended there.

But the Fates decreed no second chance for the great Titanic. She was given but one opportunity and she failed to "swing clear." Her owners were not given even the doubtful satisfaction of a fog-screen in excuse, and in a marked degree future routings must be governed by this fact.

Those of the voyagers who are alive today are mostly indebted to the exceptionally powerful radio-telegraphic equipment of the ship and to the heroic fidelity of its operators. Through this disaster, too, the time has been hastened when, on all the larger ships, at least, a thoroughly experienced wireless operator shall always be on duty.

So far there has been no satisfactory explanation as to why this great ship had only fifty per cent of its designed lifeboat equipment on board. As a matter of fact, no satisfactory explanation ever can be made, while the prestige of the British Board of Trade has suffered a merited debasement from which recovery will prove a very long road. They grossly violated the trust which the public had reposed in them, and they should be held culpable. Whether they, as a Board, cannot be held responsible as agents of the British government, in suits to recover damages, is an interesting question which will likely have to be answered. That the life-saving equipment of the Titanic was gauged by rules that are twenty years old, rules that have stood still in the face of a great and steady increase in the size of ships, is one of the worst examples of neglect that the shipping world ever had forced upon it.

There is no doubt that a great many lives were lost that would have been saved but for the mistaken impression that somehow has gained quite general credence, that the modern ocean liner is practically unsinkable. There is now no need to utter words in contradiction. There will be no unsinkable ships until a very wide departure has been taken from present modes of construction. There are, however, many practicable changes and additions which could be made that would count for much in this direction. For instance, with the three or four lower decks made watertight, each fitted with water-tight longitudinal bulkheads, and each hold sepa-

rated from the other by water-tight hatches, and we have added vastly to the hours that even a fated ship would remain afloat. All the modern passenger ships would readily lend themselves to the installation of this added safeguard, and the cost would be far from prohibitive.

Invaluable knowledge on this point would have been contributed by the engineering department of the Titanic had any of them been saved. The true story of what really happened to the hull of that magnificent giantess will always remain a sealed book. The only men who knew the details are gone. They were the brave men who worked with might and main to close water-tight doors that had been buckled and twisted by the fearful impact and that wouldn't close. They were the heroes who braced themselves at "collision stations" and drove the mighty pumping equipment against the overwhelming odds of seething rivers that swept in a maddened rush through the jagged rents of the torn-away plating.

It is readily conceivable that Mr. Andrews, the representative of the builders, and the chief engineer of the Titanic were consulting, devising greater emergency means, and directing still greater effort at the machinery when the great ship made its final plunge. That they were even then computing the unharmed air spaces in the ship and plotting their buoyancy against the intruding weight to those sections they knew to be perforated, is also quite probable. Possibly they had already reached a conclusion as to where and when the settling point would be reached, after which the vessel, water-logged and helpless though she might be rendered, would remain afloat for days to come.

Far down in the uttermost depths of the ship they probably had no warning that the awful end was so swiftly approaching. All of them went down at the post of duty—self-sacrificing to the last—true heroes, every man of them, sublimely, pathetically so.

That so many lives were saved through the mediumship of only sixteen lifeboats speaks volumes in behalf of the superior training, the excellent discipline, and the splendid good judgment of those officers

who directed their lowering, loading, and sending away. Every boat of the sixteen has been accounted for and each saved lives to the average of its working capacity.

Fortunate it was for the survivors that there was little wind at the time and that the sea was smooth. At this season such is seldom the case in that region. Brisk winds to moderate gales are the ruling weather conditions in that locality during the month of April. Had the usual choppy or rough sea prevailed at the time, there is every probability that some of the boats would have filled alongside, that others would have swamped from overloading, and that the total number of the saved would not have exceeded three or four hundred souls.

When all the favoring conditions have been duly weighed and analyzed at the hands of experienced seamen, there is swiftly borne to his mind another, and still unpainted picture, of this matchless ocean horror.

He knows that the rowers in the lifeboats pulled frantically to get far beyond the possible reach of suction, when the leviathan should throw its final death-groan. Gradually it is forced upon him that hundreds of the stronger men, at least, girded about with life-belts, must have taken refuge upon the larger ice-pans after the great ship went down. From this new vantage ground he sees these strong and gallant heroes start again the work of rescue—snatching from the icy waters their weaker fellow-men. How many thus were filled anew with hope no tongue will ever tell.

Time and again the ice-field has played its part in rescue, as well as in destruction, and we all know that men have lived for days upon a drifting floe till succor came.

Ask of the sturdy fishermen of Gloucester how many hours they've known of men to cling to dories, overturned, upon a wintry sea, until the driving snow should clear, that brought relief. They'll tell you, to a man, that it is inconceivable that every one of all the hardy hundreds that were left behind upon that fated ship should absolutely perish in the few short hours that passed between the final plunge and the arrival of the rescue ship.

No man who is familiar with the sea

imagines for a moment that, after the Titanic sank and left a thousand struggling victims in a water all bestrewn with bergs and floes and all the endless quantity of floating things that a great sunken ship at once gives up, not a single one availed himself of any of these means of preservation.

And there are well-experienced men who dare to say that all the fearful cries and moans which floated down the wind and drove a terror to the hearts of those within the distant lifeboats were not the dying cries that people have been made to believe they were; but that, instead, they mostly were recalling shouts, begging the hurrying lifeboats to remain close by, so that when day should break and the Carpathia come upon the scene that those who needed rescue most should have it *first*. But not a single word of this was understood, and onward pressed the boats to meet the "mercy-ship," and so, when they had met, the story went that all the rest had perished, and after steaming back and forth around the limits where the

boats were found, and finding not the slightest evidence additional that there had been a monster tragedy enacted there, headed for port with those survivors she had found.

Unfeelingly cruel as the statement may seem, there is no shadow of a doubt that the Carpathia never visited the actual scene of the catastrophe at all. That through misinformation, or lack of information, or some other equally inexplicable cause, she was never within several miles of where the Titanic went down. That she turned her prow westward, shutting out the last gleam of hope from hundreds of watching eyes, there is absolutely no question.

The veriest novice, with a spark of reason, knew full well that somewhere, within a radius of miles that could be written with *one figure*, there were hundreds of human bodies, *floating*, at all events. Until these floating bodies had been found the search had not begun.

Titanic loss, pitiful, titanic blunder.

WHO SEEKS THE TRUTH SEEKS HEAVEN

E. B. LaCOUNT

A CONSCIOUS goodness, if indulged, decays,
 And virtue self-emblazoned may be sin.
 No soul is great that yields to fear or praise;
 No soul is weak that strives some goal to win.

It is not life to live for self alone—
 Joy we desire, for others we should seek.
 The used or given is all the wealth we own;
 Eternal riches are the words we speak.

In deed, not in event, true motive lies—
 'Tis more than victory that we have fought.
 That virtue is a vice that can despise;
 That honor a dishonor which is bought.

An act, if for reward, wins faded wreaths;
 Greatest is he who answers duty's call.
 What heart denies, no tongue unperjured breathes;
 Who seeks the truth seeks heaven—wins heaven's call.

KIDNAPPED

by
Jessie Davies Willdy

NO ONE noticed when she crept through the back fence, where a panel was missing; no one gave much attention to her in any way, so that she easily made her long-premeditated escape.

The fence, old and ugly, enclosed entirely the dreary House and all its out-buildings; the south corner, where the panel was missing, extended down a dip of a hill, and she might have been seen, easily, by some of Them at the main building, and it gave her a thrill, both delightful and uneasy, to think that she was unobserved and almost free!

The outside at last! Here it was extending in all directions, the real sunlit, glad outside, after years and years of waiting, and no one in sight to demand her return to the grim old House on the hill.

Growing along the outside of the ugly high gray fence, were wide meadows of wildflowers bowing their sweet blossoms toward the odd Little Old Lady, who nodded at them in return, courtseying as well as her bent old back would permit. "I just knew you'd all be here," she smiled at them happily, "you've been waiting for me a long while, dearies, haven't you?"

"And here's pussly, sure as ever, growing a-plenty," she exclaimed, delightedly; was it only yesterday or long years ago that she had gathered just such luxurious "pussly" for her white pet of a porker? Gathered it one day out by the stable just after a rain, she remembered, and the thick, juicy leaves were clogged with shiny bits of sand.

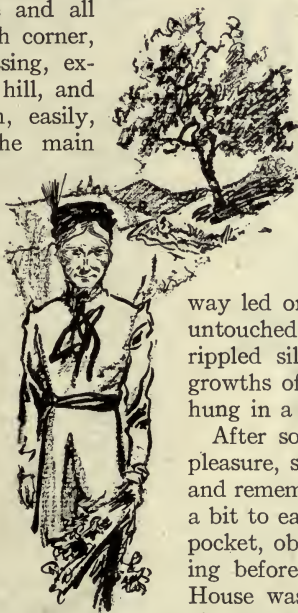
And how that pig did love it! That was when she was a young, young wisp of a bride and the cunning little porker had been a practical present from Uncle Thomas, and how David had laughed at her solicitude for her pet.

Wandering on a little farther she found "butter an' eggs" blooming just as it did in the long ago in the early springtime, shaking their queer little yellow and white blossoms over the meadows. Slowly and gleefully the Little Old Lady walked on, happily renewing acquaintance with flowers and weeds and trees, growing in a riot of woodland color; the way led on into a thickly wooded bit of untouched forest where a tiny clear stream rippled silently along, between luxurious growths of willows and bushes, and vines hung in a tangle of gracefulness above.

After so much unusual excitement and pleasure, she soon became tired and faint and remembered with delight that she had a bit to eat stowed away in her capacious pocket, obtained surreptitiously the evening before, when the scant meal at the House was in progress; a hollow by an old stump, filled half full of soft, dead leaves, gave her a luxurious seat where she rested while she ate her lunch.

She always wore a faded, patched old sunbonnet at the House; now she removed it and flung it as far as she could, chuckling when a venturesome robin near her flew away rapidly into the woods, "I do declare to goodness, if the robins ain't just as tame as they used to be when they built in the old elm by the kitchen door," she muttered reminiscently.

She was occupied a long, long time eating her bit of bread, listening to the soft, cool ripple of the little stream at her feet, watching the birds flitting about her; butterflies, delicate and beautiful,



And I'll be eighty-two tomorrow"

sipped sweetness from the flowers near her, and the low drowsy hum of bees soothed her wonderfully.

The soft winds stirred the long grasses by the edge of the water, and broad-leaved water plants growing in the stream attracted her. "Land o' livin', if that ain't the very stuff little Joey used to love to play boats with, and how he did love to paddle around in the water, barefooted, and sail his boats." The memory of that time, long gone by, when Joey, her son, sailed his water plant ships, did not sadden



"Lost, ain't you?" he asked gently

her; instead, it was pleasant to remember the sunburned, fair-haired little boy that once was hers.

Purple violets starred the grassy hills and hollows of her forest retreat, and grass—real, live, thick, sweet grass—softened the sound of her slow footsteps as she pursued her way.

"I've always, always wanted to run away way off somewhere, and never had a chance till now, and I'll be eighty-two tomorrow," she breathed contentedly.

She listened often and anxiously for some of Them to come after her and take her away from her woodland wilderness of contentment, but the hours slipped by and no one came; no sound broke the stillness, save once, when a quiet, mild-eyed cow pushed her way through a clump of pale, yellow-green willows near her and drank from the cool little brook.

"Land! if that don't remind me of milk-in' time at home," she mused, "and nobody could milk a cow any quicker than I could, David always said," and her memory trailed back across the years to a white, old-fashioned barn, a clean barnyard and the milk cows coming home through the meadows at evening.

She could hear in fancy the clear tinkle of Star's bell, and smell the white cow's sweet, grassy breath, as she came slowly through the bars and up to the watering trough under the elm at milking time.

"Joey would 'a' loved to come out this way and p'tend we was lost," she dreamed; "he always wanted to go away off in lonesome places like this, where they wasn't any folks; Joey and me was just alike always."

An old wagon road wound enticingly between the trees, down the hill and across the stream; hanging in tangles of beauty wild grapevines clung to the trees and bushes, heavy with their sweet fragrance of blossoming.

The Little Old Lady sniffed the air eagerly. "Oh, ganny, I ain't smelled them blooms since Joey and me gathered 'em the year we sold the place, and we went over into the woods by the back pasture huntin' em.

"Joey liked 'em as well as I did, and he was a grown man then," she sighed wistfully, then smiled while she gathered a few pale green sweet sprays of the blossoms.

Having so many delightful experiences and exciting escapades had tired her more than she realized, yet she determined to follow the old wood road as far as she was able, in quest of other sights and sounds that whispered of the long ago.

"And to think that I've waited near forever, almost, to run away and seek my fortune, and now I'm doin' it, and nobody at the House nor anywhere knows where I am, and I'm sure to find my fortune soon."

Her steps were much slower by this time than when she had first gained the glad sweet outside, and she stopped often to rest. She had no idea in the world where she was bound for; she only wanted to run away, somewhere, anywhere, and be lost from Them at the House, and never

have to return; her bright old eyes twinkled when she believed she had accomplished her one great desire; "no livin' person but Joey could ever understand"—and Joey had been lost to her full forty years or more.

A wagon, moving slowly along the old road on the hill above her, startled her; a wagon, drawn by two good strong horses, a gray and a black; it had a high canvas cover and a stove-pipe protruded angularly upward from the back; narrow steps led from the bed to the ground; it looked to be a complete little house on wheels.

A rough-bearded man, no longer young, roughly clothed, sat on the driver's seat guiding the horses; he possessed the contented, restful look of one who loves the solitude of quiet places.

The Little Old Lady was frightened at first. "Of course they've sent him to fetch me back," was her first thought. "Well, I'll not budge from here," and she would not look at the man when he drew up beside her. "By ganny! what's this?" he questioned aloud, looking down at her from his high seat, at the frail little wisp of a figure on the log. "Lost, ain't you?" he asked gently.

She turned her wrinkled, cheery old face up to him, unafraid after hearing his gentle voice, "I guess I be," she chuckled, "and that's what I've always been wantin' to do."

"Tired, ain't you?" he further asked. "What say to me givin' you a lift home?"

Her answer rather startled him. "Can't go *home*, for there ain't any, but I'll ride with you for a spell if you don't mind."

He assisted her up to the seat beside him, adjusting his coat comfortably at her back to ease the jolting of the wagon.

Her arms and apron were filled with wilted wildflowers that she had been gathering all day. "I just can't throw you away, dearies," she whispered, and clung to the withered bits of fragrance with pathetic delight.

The man laughed approvingly as he drove on. "You love the posies, don't you, Little Old Lady? I like 'em, too; always have, ever since I was a little fellow. Mother and me always raised posies at home."

She smiled understandingly; so had she

and Joey loved and tended their flowers in the happy long ago.

"Well, now, this is nice," she said gratefully, for she was very, very tired. She looked down upon the broad backs of the horses below her and was glad that this big, kind-looking man had found her. This was really much nicer than being a runaway in the woods.

"Which way shall I take you?" he asked anxiously.

"Where be *you* goin', home?"

"Well, no, Little Old Lady, not home,



Far into the sunset glow—together

for you see this wagon is *my* home, and I'm tired 'of people. I'm going straight west till I strike a place that's lonesome enough to suit me where there's nobody, and nothing but woods and birds and rocks and silence; that's what I want, and I'll keep on going till I get there, then I'll unhitch and stay till I'm tired of it."

"Well, if that ain't for all the world just like my son used to be," she told him proudly, "always wanting to get away off by himself somewhere; I guess mebbby that's the reason he run away when he was young, and I ain't never heard a word of him since," she quavered.

The man glanced sharply at her and thought deeply; *his* mother must be just about as old as the Little Old Lady sitting beside him; and he, too, had run away from her and his home when he was young.

They drove on under the bending trees, noting the sweet songs of the many birds, the clouds of butterflies hovering close to the sweetest blossoms, and the different sorts of wildflowers scattered through the woodland ways. She talked of many things; confided to him her reason for running away and her desire to go on and on, anywhere, so that she might never have to return to the gray, ugly old House and all that it meant to her.

The bits that he gathered from her story made him rage inwardly and determine that, for his own old mother's sake, Little Old Lady should never go back to the place she so evidently dreaded, if he could possibly help it.

When they emerged from the woods the sun hung low above the purpling hills, and wisps of crimson clouds sailed in a sea of sunset gold; he stopped to let the horses drink from the stream.

"Must I get down now and go back," she asked wistfully, "and let you go on to find the land where the woods and birds and mountains is waitin' for you?"

His eyes dimmed and he answered hoarsely, "No, Little Old Lady, you are going to stay right here with me, and we'll go on and find the woods and flowers and

birds together. When I was a wee bit of a chap," he explained, "my dear little mother and me used to play a game in which I always kidnapped her and carried her away to the woods; I'm playin' the same game now, and I've kidnapped you, fair and square, and we'll find the place we like, somewhere out there," waving his hand toward the sunset skies.

"Kidnappin'!" she paled and trembled, "just like me and dear little Joey used to play over in the north woods."

They looked long at each other wonderingly, the big, strong, weather-beaten man and the frail, world-worn little old woman; then a great understanding dawned upon them both, with the slanting sunlight falling over them, and the soft winds of evening time whispering above them.

"Joey," called gladly the Little Old Lady, extending her arms toward him and letting her precious withered blossoms fall unheeded at her feet.

"Yes, mother," answered her son, the little Joey of long ago, protectingly folding her in his arms.

Then they drove, silently and joyously, down the hill gleaming with evening lights, and far into the golden sunset glow of the west, together.

YOUR CHANCE

By GILLETTE M. KIRKE

FULL well they wrought, those hardy pioneers,
 Who crept through forests, crossed wide rivers, 'scaped
 A thousand perils from the wilderness,
 A thousand from their treacherous savage foes,
 To build within the trackless wilds their homes,
 And rear their temples, laying broad and deep
 The strong foundations of our Commonwealth.
 Full well they wrought! Oh, men of later years,
 See to it that ye raise a structure fair,
 Flawless without, within; for all good use
 Fitting and fitted, for their fame and yours,
 Upon the broad foundations that they laid,
 Nor shame their faithfulness by careless work.

The IMAGE and LIKENESS by Lambert Fahy

THE fog lay heavy over Puget Sound, bewildering alike ocean liner and ferryboat, tug and fishing smack as they sought anchorage or swung into the channel headed for other ports. Upon the stillness of the night there broke the sounds and noises of many sawmills, mingled in uproar with the shrieks of whistles and the churning of propellers as orders were given and obeyed. And all the clangor, the tumult, was welded into one vast roar of industry that shook the waterfront and radiated even back to the hills of the city. And there, though hushed to a murmur, it gave evidence that elsewhere men were toiling and struggling through the long hours of the night.

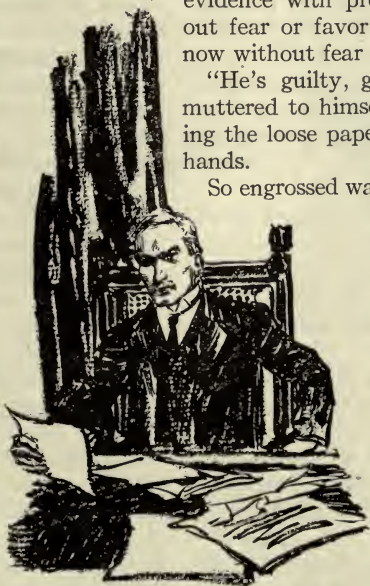
The Governor of the State sat alone in his study in the executive mansion. He could hear the hum and murmur of the waterfront, now loud, now soft, but always it could be heard, and to him the symphony was more delightful than any he had ever heard, for it made him remember that even though he rested, his people were astir and the great industries, lumber and shipping, the life blood of the State, were not being neglected. And it made him proud to be Governor of this great, new State, there on the edge of the Pacific.

Before him were spread many typewritten sheets of paper, and always his eyes rested upon them, for they were the

matter in hand and he must deal with them. The life of a man depended upon them and the way he, the Governor, dealt with them.

He was not an old man. There was still a touch of youth about him, though his hair was gray and he no longer moved with the easy confidence of youth. Such problems as this had made the dark hair turn to silver and had furrowed the broad forehead as time had furrowed others. Even at a glance it could be seen that he was good and just; that he could weigh evidence with precision and decide without fear or favor. And he was deciding now without fear or favor.

"He's guilty, guilty as the devil," he muttered to himself, shuffling and adjusting the loose papers before him with both hands.



"He's guilty, guilty as the devil"

So engrossed was he that he did not hear the door open. The woman who entered was elderly, and she wore a white apron and cap. She did not speak until she had reached the Governor.

"Elsie insists that she will not go to bed," said the woman in a low musical voice. "I can't do a thing with her. And only today Sister Josephine sent me a note saying that she hasn't known her catechism lesson for the past

week. She's getting very stubborn."

The governor looked up from his work with a smile. He was amused.

"Getting stubborn, eh?" he questioned.

"Yes, very much so," continued the

housekeeper. "I think perhaps you had better speak to her. It's almost ten o'clock now and long past her bedtime."

The Governor glanced at the pile of papers. "Very well. Ask her to come here," said he, and turning the woman left the room.

The Governor leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes. He laughed. So Elsie was becoming stubborn, he thought. Well, her father had been a pretty stubborn man when he lived. Perhaps she inherited stubbornness from him. How short the five years seemed now since both parents of the little girl had died and left her in his keeping. She was ten years old now. Gad, the years had been as minutes. Or had they passed with such rapidity because his own life had been very lonesome before she had come into his household where there were neither women or children of his own kin.

He looked up startled when the woman again entered the study.

"She says she won't come down to see you," the woman explained as she nervously twitched her fingers. "I don't know what to do."

The Governor arose. There was a smile on his face as when the woman had first entered and taken his mind from the problem before him.

"I'll go to her then," said he.

He climbed the flight of stairs slowly and entered Elsie's room. She was sitting on her bed, crying.

"I won't study my catechism, and I won't go to bed if I don't want to," she cried between sobs.

The Governor put his arms about the little girl and kissed her tenderly.

"Now, now, Elsie," he said softly. "It's long past ten o'clock, and the sandman has been looking for you a long time. Put your feeties in, and I'll tuck the coverings about you."

"But I've got to study my catechism so's I'll know it tomorrow," sobbed Elsie.

"But, my dear," explained the Governor with great dignity, "you can study in the morning before you go to school."

For a moment Elsie was silent. She sniffed as she wiped the tears from her eyes with the end of her night gown.

"I can't study in the morning, Uncle,"

she argued. "I'm always so sleepy when I wake up."

The Governor thought a moment, the woman who acted as housekeeper and nurse to the little girl looking on anxiously. Finally he relented.

"All right, my dear," said he. "I'll let you study your catechism now and if you come down to me in half an hour, and know your lesson, then I'll give you a quarter. How's that?"

"Fine!" exclaimed Elsie, delighted. And she picked up her book from the floor. "I'll be down to see you in half an hour, Uncle dear. In half an hour. Don't forget."

"I'll be waiting for you then," said the Governor. And he turned and left her, going down to his study and the matter of a man's life. This time he did not touch the papers on the desk. Instead he leaned back in his chair and with eyes turned toward the ceiling, thought.

The tragedy was still a vivid series of pictures in his mind and he remembered these pictures well, for this murder case had been the most sensational that the youthful state had ever known. Even the newspapers had not tired of the story but had kept it before the eyes of the public and in this wise stimulated interest.

How well the Governor himself remembered the story. There was Shorty Allan in need of money with which to marry. And then there was the vegetable peddler, Isicoff, reputed to be rich and said to carry huge sums of money about his person. This man had Allan lured to the woods to rob, and, disappointed at finding but a few dollars in his pockets, had emptied the contents of his revolver into the body of the unarmed and helpless man as he lay on the ground begging for mercy. He remembered the finding of the body; the clues of the police and the stereotyped stories of the newspapers, and, finally, the arrest of Allan. All this the Governor had remembered, for he had followed the case, step by step, the defense and prosecution as only a lawyer can.

And then the Governor pictured Allan. He was a big, hulking figure without intelligence or manhood; a man who had always shunned work and relied upon his aged mother for support. The peddler

had been a better man, thought the Governor. He had been married, with many children, and these he had left behind to face the world alone when Allan had killed him for money he did not possess. "Was Allan insane when he killed this man?" the Governor asked himself. "No. No. No," he thought. "He had not been insane for had he not executed all details of his crime with a cunning which had defied the police of the state for many weeks? And if it had not been for the tongue of one of his shoes he had ripped out immediately after the murder, would he not still be at liberty?"

And then, suddenly, without warning, the Governor saw another picture in his memory. It was that of a woman, old and bent and haggard. She was Allan's mother. She had worn an old and tattered shawl about her head when she visited him and with pleadings that came from her heart, asked that he commute the death penalty to life imprisonment. Still he could hear her pleadings: "Don't let him die. He's all I've got in the world. Let him live, even though the remaining years of his life be spent behind prison bars. Give him a chance to make his peace with God. Give him a chance to put his house in order."

And the cries and the pleas of her had sunk deep into his soul. His pen moved close to the paper before him. Should he sign it and let Shorty Allan live? Should he commute the death penalty to life imprisonment, for the mother's sake?

Again he reviewed the case. If he let Shorty Allan live instead of dying, would the law be making an example of the convicted man? Would men have less regard for the law when murder was in their hearts, if they knew they did not face death as a penalty?

The Governor went to the window and threw it open. He heard the murmur of life from the waterfront in greater volume and even through the thickness of the fog he could see distant lights flashing across the stretches of water far below. He noted that the fog rolled into his study thick, like smoke, and he hastily closed the window, taking his seat again before his desk. And the beat, the throb of life from the harbor he heard no more.

The patter of tiny feet caused him to look up and he saw Elsie before him, her eyes flashing like huge jewels in the half-darkened room.

"I know it. I know it now," she cried to him, waving her catechism. "Just wait and see if I don't." She handed the book to the Governor and climbed upon his knees.



She was sitting on her bed crying

"Now ask me the question and see if I don't know it," she commanded.

The Governor eyed the book. "But there's lots of questions here," he protested. "Which one did you have for your lesson?"

The girl traced a pudgy finger up and down the page. "That's the one. The third from the top. Now ask me it."

The Governor drew himself toward the drop-light and moved the book toward and from him until it was in focus. He noted with alarm that his eyes were weakening.

"Hurry up, Uncle," broke in Elsie, "or I'll forget." The Governor read the question and answer through before beginning.

"What is man?" he asked finally.

Elsie lifted her head proudly and began.

"Man is a creature composed of body and soul, and—and—oh, let me see! Man is a creature composed of body and soul—" The Governor laughed merrily. "I guess you have forgotten it, girlie," he said while his eyes twinkled. "Better begin again."

Again Elsie began and again she tripped and faltered as before. Try as she might she could not pass the word "and." She was much disappointed. The tears swelled in her eyes and she wiped them away with a sob. She did not dare look at the smiling face of her uncle.

"Never mind," laughed the Governor. And he took a quarter from his pocket. "Here's your money. I'll pay you now if you go to bed. Keep saying the answer over until you fall asleep and probably you'll know it when morning comes." He kissed her.

"Good-night, now. Run along to bed," he said seriously.

"Good-night, Uncle," cried Elsie from the doorway as she threw a kiss at him.

The Governor's smile changed rapidly to a frown when he again glanced at the pile of papers and he arose from his chair and opened a door that led to a veranda. The fog had lifted. He could see distinctly now the lights moving about the harbor and could hear the song of industry with redoubled force.

He was struck suddenly by the quietness of his study in comparison with the roar and bustle of the waterfront. Was it possible that his own life and the life of Shorty Allan were as vastly different, and that by reason of this he had been biased in judging him? Did he really understand Allan and his sphere?

Perhaps not, he thought, and seated himself on the veranda steps. Long he thought, but again came his conclusion: "He's guilty, guilty as the devil."

Instantly he made up his mind that he would not interfere with the workings of justice. Shorty Allan must hang, he would not interfere. He arose wearily from the steps and walked slowly into his study. The papers on his desk he cast into the waste-basket and resolved to bother no more with them. He was no longer interested in the evidence of the case nor in the petition to commute the man's sentence.

And as he laid himself in his bed he knew that before he arose the next morning Shorty Allan would have paid the penalty the law demanded of him for his crime. He, the Governor of the State, had the man's life in the hollow of his hand to do with it what he wished. And he had willed that the man die, and he knew that he would die.

But as he rolled and tossed, sleep refused to come to him. The matter still was preying on his mind and he suddenly found that he himself was awaiting the hour—the hour Allan was to hang. The newspapers had said that he would die at ten minutes to four in the morning, in the court yard of the State Prison at Walla Walla. In his mind he could see the scaffold and could see the sheriffs leading the doomed man up the steps. He pictured them fastening the black mask about Allan's face. And then the pulling of the lever—and it would be over. The clock in the hall struck one. That was the last he remembered, that it was one o'clock, and then he fell asleep.

He knew not how long he had slept, for he awoke suddenly to hear a voice, soft and low, as from a distance. And the voice was saying: "Man is a creature composed of body and soul and made to the image and likeness of God." And again it said: "Man is a creature composed of body and soul and made to the image and likeness of God."

He wondered if he were dreaming and sat upright in his bed, striving through half-closed eyes to pierce the darkness. Whence came the voice? Was it Allan making his peace with his God? Putting his house in order? And then his eyes opened wide as a tiny hand clutched his knee and he heard the voice again:

"Uncle! Uncle!" He knew now that the voice was Elsie's. "I know it now. I know it now," she cried in glee.

The Governor stared at her. "Well, well, well," was all he could say.

"Now see if I make a mistake, Uncle," commanded the little girl. "I can say it now without stopping. Listen. Man is a creature composed of body and soul and made to the image and likeness of God."

"Isn't that right?" she finally demanded.

"It certainly is," commented the Gov-

ernor. And then he thought he would be stern with her. "Run along to bed now, Elsie. And never get up again at this time of the night. Why, it must be two o'clock."

"But, Uncle," protested the little girl, "is man like God?"

The question stunned the Governor, for he had not yet collected all his senses since his sudden awakening. He thought for a moment.

"Yes, my dear," he said, taking her in his arms. "We are all like God, just as your catechism tells us. We are all the image and likeness of him who walked the earth long, long ago."

The girl's face sobered and her eyes opened wide with wonder.

"And do you and grandpap and pap all look like God?"

"Yes," replied the Governor. "We are all like him so far as outward appearances go. But come now! Give me a kiss and run to bed."

And even after Elsie had slipped from the room, the Governor sat upright in his bed, nor did he think to slip under the covers. He was thinking, thinking hard. Elsie had said that man was the image and likeness of God. He himself was the image and likeness of God. Then, was not Shorty Allan created to the image and likeness of God? And should the work of the Master be destroyed by a hand other than the hand of the Master?

Had it been day the Governor might have passed unthinkingly Elsie's question in catechism. But it was night now, and he was far from the reach of impulses and forces save those that arose within himself. And so he answered the question that had risen in his mind. "No! No hand but the hand of God should destroy the work of his God."

And as the answer, his answer to his own question, pulsed through his brain, he struggled from the bed. Through the darkness he felt his way and reached his desk in the study. And as he seated himself the clock in the hallway struck. He counted the two strokes with a great sigh of relief. He could yet save the life of Shorty Allan. He had nearly two hours in which to do it. He felt for the telephone.

"Give me toll line," he asked Central.

"Hello. This is the Governor speaking. I want Walla Walla—the office of the warden of the penitentiary. I want it as quick as possible. It is most important." He hung up the receiver awaiting the call. It seemed an hour before the bell rang. Central was speaking.

"I can't get Walla Walla," said she. "There's a storm in the mountains, and the wires are down."

He hung the receiver with a bang and



"Read it!" cried the Governor

lighted the huge chandelier which hung from the center of the room. Again he took down the receiver.

"Give me Red 21," he shouted through the transmitter. "Hello, Western Union? This is the Governor speaking. I have a most important message for Walla Walla."

He felt his heart stop beating as he heard the man at the other end of the wire answer, "I'm sorry, Governor, but the wires are down and I can't get Walla Walla right this minute. I'll take your message, but it'll have to wait."

The receiver dropped from the Governor's hand and he sank back into his chair. Still there might be a chance. He picked up the receiver.

"Hello. Couldn't you get Walla Walla some way or other for me before three-fifty. A man's life depends upon it!"

"I might send it by way of Portland," replied the operator after a pause. Better

give me your message and I'll do everything possible to get it there. And I'll call you on the 'phone the minute we do reach him."

"Then here's the message," shouted the Governor. "It is addressed to the warden of the state penitentiary at Walla Walla, and it reads, 'I have commuted the sentence of Shorty Allan from the death penalty to life imprisonment, so there will be no need of making further preparations for his hanging.' Now notify me the second you get in touch with the warden."

The Governor hung up the receiver and settled back in his chair. By the small clock on his desk he saw that it was already half-past two. He knew that the operator had but eighty minutes, or less, in which to reach the state penitentiary and save the life of Allan. He shivered as he thought of the narrow escape the man had had from death, and half aloud he said, "No more men will hang in this State while I am Governor."

He watched the minute hand of the clock as it ticked off the time. It was two-forty now. He looked again. Two fifty-five. Came three o'clock. What was the matter? At ten minutes past three he called the telegraph office.

"Haven't got him yet," the night operator told him. "We're doing our level best. I guess we will be able to do it."

Came three-thirty—three-forty. In ten minutes Allan would hang if they did not get the telegram to Walla Walla. And he, the Governor, would be destroying the work of the Master. Now he was unable to bear the suspense and he again reached

for the telephone. But though he raised and lowered the receiver in an attempt to attract the attention of Central, he could not. Frantically he tried, again and again. And as he turned away from the telephone in despair he looked at the clock. It was four o'clock.

"Too late! Too late!" he cried aloud, and with a sob he fell on the desk before him. And within him there was a voice that sang in words that bit his very soul, "The work of the Master—the work of the Master."

Long he slept there. He awoke to find the sun streaming in upon him. With a cry he staggered to his feet and stretched his arms high over his head. The telephone bell rang, and he answered it. It was a man at the Western Union.

"I've got a message here for the Governor that's marked rush," said he. "Shall I read it?"

"Read it," cried the Governor.

"Here it is," said the man. "It says, 'You must be mixed up, Governor. Allan was not to hang until tomorrow morning. Have arranged to follow out your order commuting his sentence to life imprisonment.'"

Slowly the Governor climbed the stairs. He turned in the door leading to Elsie's room and found her asleep, her golden hair like a band of gold about her head. He kissed her, "God's own image and God's own likeness," he said softly.

And she, awakening, smiled into his face. "I earned my quarter, didn't I, Uncle?" And the Governor kissed her again and smiled.

BECAUSE OF SOME GOOD ACT

LET me today do something that shall take
A little sadness from the world's vast store,
And may I be so favored as to make
Of joy's too scanty sum a little more.

Let me tonight look back across the span
'Twixt dawn and dark, and to my conscience say
Because of some good act to beast or man—
The world is better that I lived today.

—"Heart Throbs," II.

The Five Best Things IN THE WORLD *by* Rutledge Bermingham

S AID he, kicking his heels against the porch rail on which he was sitting, and turning his head to look out across the blue sound to Hempstead, green in the distance, with here and there the white dot of a house, "What I like most in this world are freight trains, cows in pastures, hay-ricks and crows.

"The freight trains," he again faced her as she slowly swung in the red-seated Gloucester hammock, "are great. Every time I see a string of them lying at a siding or chugging slowly along, they bring all sorts of imaginings to my mind. In fancy I travel with them to all the outlandish places they have been, see all the things they have seen, and hear all the things they have heard. Yes, they are certainly great, I always kind of thrill when I look at them.

"As for the 'cows in pastures,' what could possibly be more restful to one, what could be more beautiful? To see their brown sides flecked and spotted with white patches, against the green of the fields, is surely delightful. And the smell of them, can you name any perfume that is better? To prove that I am not the only one who thinks this way, look at the number of paintings of them. Just you go to any art exhibit and look.

"Hay-ricks. Can't you see them standing in the farmyard, just outside of the open barn door, chickens scratching beneath them, pigs grunting about their wheels, wisps of hay and corn stalks in them? Can't you see them, and can't you bring to mind all the good times we have had in them when we were kids, with nothing to think about but fun? You do remember those hay-ricks, don't you? That's right, I knew you did.

"Have you ever heard the 'Caw-w-w—

Caw-w-w' of the crows come floating over the tops of the trees? Aren't they the finishing touch to the cornfields, woods and running brooks? They are, there is no doubt about it. I—"

"Jasper Collins, what in the world are you talking about? That is all nonsense, absolute drivel. Do you know, I think that you are a dreamer, and dreamers, Jasper, are no good, no earthly good. Wouldn't you be splendid in case of emergency, wouldn't you though? When you had waked up from your old freight train, and hay, and smelly-cows-in-pastures we would all be dead. You're a disappointment, Jasper, a terrible disappointment." She leaned her little brown face, tanned from constant exposure to the sun, in the flats of her hands and looked at him reproachfully.

He watched her as she swung slowly in the flat red hammock, he regarded her with half-shut eyes. He had not been listening to what she had been saying, had not even caught two words of what she had said. The artist in him had asserted itself, and he was thinking that the white suit, the brown little face, and the red background did not make a half bad picture.

No, he mused, not bad at all, and opening his eyes said,

"What?"

"What!" she repeated, puzzled. "What what?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing at all, I merely thought you spoke to me a while back."

"Jasper Col-1—well, did I ever!" Her eyes opened wide with amazement. "Do you mean to tell me, do you mean to— You are hopeless! I'm angry now, and because I am angry, I'm going to repeat, and I hope it hurts. What I said, Mr. Collins, when you were floating around

in the clouds above, amounted to this: If you should ever, ever, see little me, or any of 'Little Me's' family, in what you might call danger, get out of the way. Do you understand, get out of the way! If you can't do that, stand still, and don't get in the way. Let someone who is capable do what there is to be done."

"That's a good idea, that is, I'll remember that." He wrinkled his brows thoughtfully. "Never did like danger anyhow, hate it in fact. I'd run a mile to—say, see the storm coming."

The girl stood up and looked east with him across the sound to Oyster Bay. For the first time she noticed that the sun was gone.

"Jasper, you don't think it's going to be bad, do you? Dad and one of the twins crossed over to the bay this morning, and you know, Jasper, that launch is terrible. The engine never runs, and she is miles too close to the water to be safe—and neither one of them can swim. They think they can, but they only learned this year, and you know what that means. I'm worried."

Because the lowering mass from the east did look bad he spoke jauntily: "Why, no, nothing serious, just a nice little blow, something to take the dory home in good style." He waved his hand toward the upper part of his dory's sail which could be seen over the tops of the rocks a hundred yards away.

"Come on," he concluded, "let's sit down, nothing like making ourselves comfortable." They sat together in the red swing and watched the storm come rolling in, gray and ominous looking.

With the first heavy gust of wind he rose.

"Well, Miss, I'll be going now. Frank's probably all out of humor, I've been up here over an hour."

"Who's Frank?" she asked absently without taking her eyes from the wind-swept sound. From shore to shore the water now swept white and slate gray, and each moment saw the white become

a little more prominent. The force of the wind could be gaged by the banging house shutters and the light trees bent double.

"Frank, oh, he's the boatman, good fellow, good sailor, he—see, he's taking down the sail, wind's too strong even in the cove." The bit of sail that had been above the rocks disappeared. "Glad I brought him along, I'll need him on the way back. Yep, it's windy out there, very windy. See how the seas smash over Scotch caps, I'll have to borrow a pail from you for an extra bailer—Look! The Bess—there—to the left of that steeple on the Long Island shore, can you see it?—

Wait till she comes up on a wave—Now! You can't? Well, run and get the glasses."

When she handed them to him to adjust she said something, but it was lost in the rising wind, the moan of trees, and the pounding of waves on the unseen shore below.

After she had found the bobbing, speck, they took turns watching it, handing the glasses back and forth without a word. Even he had grown a bit worried, for although he knew that a sailboat, reefed and well

handled, would experience no difficulty, he was dubious about a launch. One or two stories of motor boats came to his mind, stories of where the engine had stopped and the boat, filling, had gone to the bottom. It made him uneasy.

As he again put the glasses to his eyes he found the launch quite near and riding the waves well. But as each succeeding squall tore across the white-crested waves and passed, he saw the two figures in the boat frantically bail. Then it happened, what he had dreaded—the side of the launch was facing him instead of the prow. The engine was stopped, and she was in the trough of the sea, broadside to the coming waves. Yes, there were the oars. That settled it. He could see them trying to get her nose into the wind. Why didn't they anchor, that would ride them through! Did they have no anchor?



"Jasper, you don't think it is going to be bad, do you?"

He stole a side glance at the girl. She knew nothing about boats whatsoever, which was good, she would not be able to realize the danger. He endeavored to keep his voice natural when he leaned close to her ear and spoke.

"Your father has an anchor, hasn't he?"

"Yes—no! It's in the barn."

"Do you know what I'm going to do?" he shouted abruptly. "I'm going out to meet your father. That rough water is too good to miss. Good-bye."

He raced away over the lawn, and as he passed a shrub dropped the glasses behind. It was lucky she had not asked for them, it would not be exactly a nice thing to plainly see father, brother, and boat sink beneath that white and slate gray sound, not a nice thing at all. He swerved down the path that led from the bluff to the shore. A ruddy-faced Swede stepped from behind a projecting rock.

"She's rough, sir, ver rough. Best to reef."

"Can't do it, Frank," he gasped, "haven't time. Cheap launch out there, around the point, engine busted, trough of sea, men can't swim."

"Vell, it's bad combination, maybe they drowns."

But Collins did not hear him, for he was in the dory, hauling on the jib-halyard. The piece of canvas flew up, bellied out, and cracked in the wind. Two seconds later the mainsail, too, was up, and then, with the Swede tending jib and Collins himself on the mainsheet, they were off, frothing out of the cove like a scared gull.

As they left the inlet behind they felt the full force of the wind. The boat keeled over and over, over until the water came swirling in across the lee rail. With Collins' warning cry the Swede let fly his jib and the boat righted. Then the jib again filled and they were off once more, the water curling in over the bow, waves smashing their backs as they leaned to windward, and water slipping in over the leeward rail. Off to starboard, over their shoulders, they could glimpse the helpless launch, rolling loggily and smothered in flying spray.

"Squall!" yelled the Swede.

It struck, they leaned back, further back, the water poured in, the jib emptied and cracked, and then when the danger of capsizing was great, Collins let the mainsheet run.

"Bail, bail, Frank! I'll hold her luffed."

The Swede bent down and sent stream after stream of water over the under side. A full minute he worked, then jumped to the rail again, trimmed his sheet flat and lay back on it.

Another hundred yards and the sailor leaned close:

"Jasper, boy," he shouted. "Put her



"Squall!" yelled the Swede

about, we kin make it now. Quick! The launch, she begins to settle."

Collins looked over his shoulder. It was true. The Bess, seen distinctly over the hills of foam-capped water, was slowly sinking. He could see the girl's father and brother throwing out thin streams of water, streams that were lashed and turned into spray as quick as they left the bailers. Ten minutes more and it would be too late.

"About, Frank!"

The sailor jumped, the dory pivoted, snapped and banged her sails, and then filled and bore off on the starboard tack with the launch lying dead ahead, lying like a log, fairly hidden by spray. On plunged the dory, sending up clouds of water that drenched both sails and men. Down they ran with an eased sheet,

foaming along with good speed, dipping into hollow and mounting crest. Squall after squall struck and passed, and they never luffed, even when the water came in and still came in. They might founder themselves before they reached her, but it was better to take the water and risk that, than luff and lose time. That would be disastrous.

Right down on top of the launch, now level with the water edge, they boomed and swung into the wind. But a bigger sea than usual came and sank the launch beside them.

Before the head of the older man had even gone beneath, the hairy arm of the Swede shot out and grasped him, pulling him into the boat. Collins went over the side for the boy, and it was small work for the Swede to draw them in also. When they were both in, the boat was bailed, and free wind they flew for the cliffs, both the Swede and Collins trying their best to not hear the words of thanks and praise.

Into the cove they took the dory and beached her at the feet of the girl in white, and while she hugged and re-hugged father and brother, the crew of the dory pulled down their sails. As the last halcyard was tidied Collins heard the father of the girl say:

"No, not a thing until I am dry. After that ask all the questions you want to, but you won't want to, you will be too busy praising the hero."

After that, father and brother ran on ahead, leaving Collins and the girl in white

to climb the path that led to the lawn. When they were again on top, she looked him in the face.

"Just think, Jasper, if you had not gone out there dad might have had to drift around for hours. It was awfully good of you. And I was worried, Jasper, though I suppose it was foolish, it is such a big boat. What will happen to it now—just drift up on shore?"

He looked at her and then out to the rolling, seething sound. Was it possible that she was joking him?

"Lunkhead, lunkhead," he murmured, "how could you expect her to see things from this distance?" Then he said to her:

"The boat—oh, yes, why, drift ashore, of course, er—er—I'll—" He did not go any further, because he was looking at her. And because she looked decidedly fresh and agreeable, he smiled.

"What are you smiling at?" she asked frowning.

"Nothing, nothing at all," he murmured. "And, oh," he added, as if by inspiration, "I'm glad your folks didn't need any help, because I might have had my mind on those cows and crows and freight tr—"

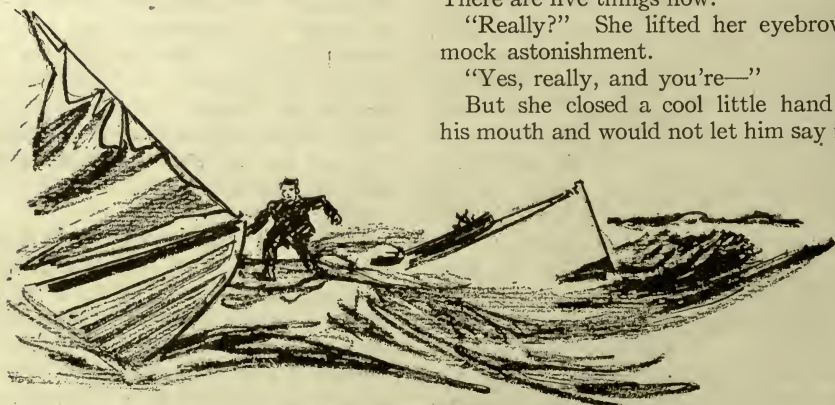
"Do you know," she cut in seriously. "Looking you over as you stand now, all dripping wet and—and nice, you might be able to do something. And really I don't mind your dreaming."

"Well, I'm glad you don't, because, you see, I did some more dreaming out there on the sound. I added something else to the four things I like best in the world. There are five things now."

"Really?" She lifted her eyebrows in mock astonishment.

"Yes, really, and you're—"

But she closed a cool little hand over his mouth and would not let him say it.



A bigger sea than usual came and sank the launch beside them

The Sand Painter

By WILL GAGE CAREY

THE sheriff urged his fast-tiring bronco down the slope from the ridge, then slowed up cautiously as he mounted the crest of the hill just ahead. He was out to "get his man"—Injun Pete—whom he expected each moment to overtake somewhere along the trail leading to Shiprock; but he knew from bitter experience with this particular Navajo that Injun Pete was both wary and elusive.

A solitary figure leaning against a boulder at the side of the trail caught the sheriff's eye as he gained the crest of the incline. He drew rein quickly. As he gazed searchingly at the motionless figure,

he drew his gun partly from the holster, then snapped it back in place with an impatient shove.

"'Tain't nobody but ol' man Dawson!" he said, making his way slowly forward, "an' he ain't heard me comin'."

He rode up to within a few feet of the old man and stopped.

"Mornin', Dawson," he shouted cheerily, "how's things?"

The other turned with a start, then recognizing the rider, he exclaimed: "Sheriff, I didn't hear ye, nor that hay-bird yer ridin'; who be ye after this time, sheriff?"

"There was a little mix-up an' shootin' soiree in the White Elephant last Saturday



A solitary figure leaning against a boulder at the side of the trail caught the sheriff's eye

night," began the sheriff, leaning down toward Dawson's upturned ear. "There was a greaser mussed up consider'ble an' though I think the Mex brought it all on hisself, I'm ridin' out to get that Navajo skunk—Injun Pete—an' bring him in; seen him lately?"

The old man blinked wisely at this in-

formation, though the substance of the sheriff's remarks were clearly lost to him.

"You don't tell me," he said, shaking his head ponderingly, "you don't tell me!"

The sheriff grinned, and gathered up the reins, but the old man detained him.

"I'm getting along purty nicely, too, sheriff. I've jes' been out there watchin' my two dogs at work down through that coulee; ever seen 'em?"

The sheriff grunted disdainfully, then turned again toward the upturned ear.

"What I want to know is this: Have you seen *Injun Pete*?"

"Fine an' neat? You bet yer life, sheriff; 'fine an' neat' is right, for them dogs!"

"I don't care a continental damn about those flea-bitten ki-oodles of yours, Dawson; what I want to know is—"

"Right again, sheriff; *you* know a dog when you sees him! An' that gray hound, too, sheriff; she's fifteen inches high—an' there ain't no rabbit that's got ears can run over *her*! Sheriff, I want you to know she is a moving dog. *Run!* She's a runnin' fool!"

The sheriff seemed undecided whether to go on at once, or to make another attempt at making the old man hear; finally he leaned down low by the bronco's neck, and shouted:

"Dawson, those dogs of yours are all right, far as I know; I'd like to spend the rest of the day here talking to you concernin' them dogs; but unfortunately, I've got somethin' else to do. Now, let's get together—"

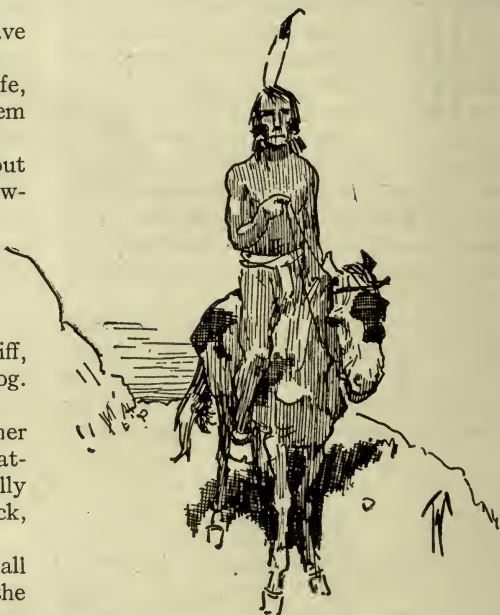
"Work together? Sheriff, them dogs work together the finest kind! The big dog works jes' like a good cuttin'-out pony; uses his head; jes' plays aroun' the quarry like a good cow-horse; but the little one is quick as a deer, an' jumps in jes' the right moment—"

A dark slim form astride a wall-eyed calico pony came suddenly around a bend in the trail just ahead, and came to a quick stop. A second only he gazed at those in front, then wheeled like a flash and started back upon the winding, rock-bound course. There was a sound of clattering hoofs, now, around the bend: not of one horse, but of two; for the dark slim rider, leaning low over the

neck of the foremost horse, and beating it mercilessly with a leather thong, was Injun Pete—and the sheriff was in hot pursuit.

* * * * *

Over at Shiprock, the Navajos had been gathering for weeks, in eager anticipation for the great ceremonial dance—the Ya-be-chi: the full significance of which cannot be realized except by those knowing what this weird tribal event has



A dark, slim form astride a wall-eyed calico pony suddenly came around a bend in the trail

meant for generations to these children of the desert. But there was sorrowing amidst the rejoicing, for now the edict had come from the Indian agent that once more the Ya-be-chi dance would be permitted—then, no more.

Not that there was anything actually harmful about the Ya-be-chi: except that for the nine days during which the dance is in progress no Navajo will till the soil, work the roads or do any manner of manual labor.

And now, in the big medicine hogan, the Shamans were planning the great sand pictures which constitute an important feature of the long ceremonial. Little is known, even among ethnologists, concern-

ing these pictures, because of the jealous care with which they have been ever shielded from the gaze of the white man. As each picture is made, amid appropriate ceremonies, it is gazed upon for hours by the fervid and awe-stricken Navajos; then it is destroyed to make place for the next picture. This is done until six of the sand pictures have been completed, each depicting some portion of the wanderings of the sacred Ya, or god, whose adventures form the basis of the Ya-be-chi ceremony. The sand painters are young men, who have been carefully schooled and drilled in the art by the Shamans.



The sheriff rose in the stirrups

Of the three young men who had been trained by the medicine men to make the pictures, two had but recently been swept away in a great flood along the San Juan; the one remaining was Whirling Horse, known to the whites living close to the reservation as "Injun Pete." And now a new source of worry and consternation came to the assembled Navajos, awaiting impatiently the beginning of the Ya-be-chi; for while Whirling Horse—the sand painter—was with them during the morning hours, now, when he was the most needed member of the tribe, he was not to be found.

The Shamans began passing through the throng muttering hoarse complaints and prophecies.

"Whirling Horse—the sand painter—is gone," they said, "and it is the Great Spirit who has taken him, as he did the

other two; the Great Spirit is showing his children his displeasure, because the white man has forbidden the Ya-be-chi; sorrow is ours—and Whirling Horse will never return to us!"

But high on the ledge above, Whirling Horse—commonly known as "Injun Pete"—was making his way hurriedly through the gathering shades of night, heading straight for the great medicine hogan of the Shamans; and upon his back he carried a burden: a form which swung limply to and fro with the Indian's quick stride; a form from which dripped blood at infrequent intervals, splattering upon the rocky bed of the narrow, winding trail.

* * * * *

Though the sheriff's mount at the start of the chase was the fresher, the pony ridden by the Indian set a pace hard to keep up by the more weighty pursuer. For a time they ran thus at break-neck speed, the distance between them neither lessening nor increasing; then the sheriff felt the straining steed beneath him stagger slightly and swerve, plainly in distress such as portended a speedy ending to the chase.

The sheriff drew his gun, then called hoarsely: "Injun Pete—I come to get you, an' I'm goin' to get you; stop, or I'll shoot!"

The Indian looked back, uttered a mocking laugh of derision, then renewed his efforts with the rawhide upon the dripping flanks of his panting pony.

The sheriff arose in his stirrups, steadied himself as best he could, raised the gun to a level with his eyes, and fired.

A sudden, sharp cry of pain answered the shot. The Navajo swayed unsteadily, almost slipping from the back of the calico pony. In another moment he had recovered himself somewhat; but the rawhide thong had fallen from his fingers, and his right arm hung limp and helpless.

Again the sheriff shouted to Injun Pete to stop.

This time the Indian made no response; he showed in no way that he heard the sheriff's voice, except that he bent still lower over the neck of his straining pony, to be as little exposed as possible to the shower of bullets he fully expected his pursuer to pour in upon him.

Fortune, however, so far on the side of the sheriff, suddenly shifted to the one pursued; for in rounding an abrupt ledge of shelving boulders the former's mount suddenly stumbled, went to its knees—then horse and rider went tumbling together on over the narrow, precipitous trail, plunging, crashing down to the shadowy depths of the chasm below; seeing which, Injun Pete pulled his pony to a stop; then assuming an easy position with both legs resting against the same side of the dripping beast, he calmly rolled and lighted a cigarette with his left hand, and blew forth the smoke in dreamy reflection of life and its vagueness and vicissitudes.

The sheriff was badly hurt.

His fall from the ledge above had been broken to some extent by the growth of scrub pine through which he had crashed, but when he attempted to get to his feet, after the first shock of striking the bottom of the gorge, he sank back again with a



The sheriff was badly hurt

groan of agony. He knew then that his hip was injured—perhaps dislocated—and he was torn and bleeding from head to feet.

From where he lay he could see his horse moving slowly here and there, unconcernedly cropping the short grass of the ravine, and wholly uninjured by the fall from above. He strove violently to get

to his feet again, realizing the hopelessness of his position should the bronco wander away too far. The effort was worse than useless, for it brought forth such a paroxysm of pain that he sank back weak and fainting, with his head swimming



He could see him picking up the colored sands

giddily. When next he opened his eyes to a realization of his surroundings, a blurred form was bending over him, bathing his face with water, carried in a sombrero from a nearby spring. Presently his vision cleared. He gazed up searchingly at the one administering to his needs and distress; it was Injun Pete.

Finally the Navajo stooped over, and picking up, with one arm, the limp form of the sheriff, placed him over his shoulder and started up the shadowy, broken path leading out from the ravine. The sheriff groaned feebly in his agony; then as the cool air from the end of the coulee fanned his face refreshingly, he spoke to his captor: "Is it you, Injun Pete? Where are you taking me?"

The Navajo grinned.

"Where? To Shiprock!" answered Injun Pete.

* * * * *

They reached at length the crest above, then went slowly along the trail, skirting the mountain slopes. In an hour more. Injun Pete was beginning with his burden the descent of the incline; down, down he went, silent and staggering under the weight of his load; down to the white sinks below; to the low rises in the desert

basin where the white gleaming sand eddied about the half-submerged rocks, and the sage-brush clung by brown, wing-tugged stocks to the scant soil.

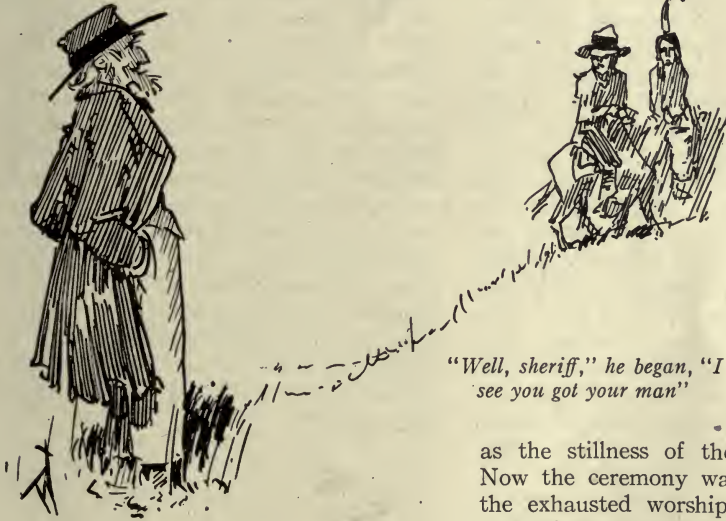
To Injun Pete—with two strong arms—the journey over the waste of sands ahead would have been easy enough, even with the heavy form of the sheriff across his shoulder; but now, with his right arm helpless and bleeding, each stride forward brought its torture. Still he kept doggedly to his course, pausing only now and then to shift his burden, not for his own convenience, but to ease and rest his helpless

have submitted to capture. It was the sacred call of the Shamans; it was the spirits of his dead ancestors bidding him be there at the Ya-be-chi, at whatever the cost. And the sand painter was at his post of duty; though he was worn and weary, and one hand hung helpless at his side.

Even now the sheriff could look out and see him there at his work, sustained only by his dauntless will and fervid, fanatical zeal. He could see him picking up the colored sands, and placing them

upon the intricate designs before him upon the ground, while a crowd of his silent, awe-stricken fellow-worshippers watched his every movement. Occasionally the silence would be broken by a sudden chanting; then again a stillness would fall upon the assembled throng such

as the stillness of the primeval desert. Now the ceremony was nearing an end; the exhausted worshippers were already staggering under the strain of the nine days' constant vigil, chant and dancing. It was drawing to a close. The chief shaman, or *quacali*, arose to lead the last chant. The sheriff listened to the mythical tale of the sacred Ya, for knowing the Navajo tongue, he could follow the long, weird chanting recital of the *quacali*. "Hear, my brothers—hear, my brothers—of the great god Ya—what he has done for the children he loves—the Navajos. In the Carrizo mountains lived a family of six, a father, mother, two sons, two daughters. The famine comes—they suffer—the sons go forth to slay deer. One is captured by the Utes; he is saved by the great Ya; he changes him into the form of animals—he helps him to escape from the enemies of the Navajos, the Utes." Thus went on the chanter, telling of the adventures of the captured Navajo, and



captive. And thus they passed on slowly, in silent pain and weariness, to Shiprock.

* * * * *

From the flapping front of his tepee, the sheriff gazed out upon the ceremonies of the sacred Navajo dance—the Ya-be-chi. For eight days he had looked out upon the scene, wondering at the faith and zeal of these simple children of the desert. Now he knew why Injun Pete had sought so strenuously to avoid capture; he was needed at the sacred hogan; he *must* be there, as commanded by the Shamans; for was he not the only one left who could paint the awesome pictures with the colored sands? That is why he tried to escape the sheriff, knowing as he did that he would be wanted back in town because of the fracas in the White Elephant; that is why he would have died rather than to

how the god Ya always comes to rescue him.

Suddenly the entire throng joined in the chanting, and in wild abandon began the dance which terminates the ceremony, but which is kept up until the first faint flush of dawn. The sheriff, now almost healed of his wounds, dropped some wood upon the fire before his tepee, and sat down to watch the weird scene in the square in front.

Half-naked savages, dressed in hideous masks—the presentments of the chief gods of the Navajo race—swayed in rhythmic precision to the dull beating of the tom-toms, in the flickering light cast by a dozen great fires of driftwood. Faster and faster the tom-toms throbbed; faster, faster the moccasined feet of the Indian dancers thudded against the hard earth in the dancing compound. One relay of dancers and singers followed another into the blazing firelight, and so it kept on and on. At last, however, when the first tinge of dawn appeared, and in the white light to follow there loomed up the ghostly form of the great ship rock, a dozen miles away across the plain—a monster sandstone erosion, twelve hundred feet high, in the form of a ship with all sails set—the singing and dancing ceased; the last

of the Ya-be-chi ceremonials was over, and forever.

The sheriff watched the weary dancers and singers stagger away to rest. He looked at the spot where he had last seen Injun Pete sitting, intent upon his work. The sand painter had vanished.

"The varmint's vamoosed," muttered the sheriff, "somehow—somehow I expected somethin' better from him than that—after what I've seen."

A low sound behind him caused him to turn quickly; Injun Pete was standing there, holding two ponies.

"Come, sheriff," he said indifferently, "we go back to town now."

* * * * *

Half way back to their destination, they came across old man Dawson again, leaning against the selfsame boulder, and gazing off into the coulee. This time he saw them coming, and greeted the sheriff.

"Well, sheriff," he began, "I see ye got yer man—but ye both looked considerable frazzled up!" Then turning his gaze again in the direction of the coulee he added: "I jes' come down to see them dogs of mine work a bit, sheriff; there's the greyhound now—see her! *see her!* Ain't she jes' kickin' the miles out from under her, sheriff?"

THE FUTURE

TIS well that the future is hid from our sight,
That we walk in the sunshine, nor dream of the cloud,
We cherish a flower, think not of the blight,
And dream of the loom that may weave us a shroud.

It was good, it was kind in the Wise One above
To fling Destiny's veil o'er the face of our years,
So we see not the blow that shall strike at our love,
And expect not the beam that shall dry up our tears.

Though the cloud may be dark, there is sunshine beyond it,
Though the night may be long, yet the morning is near;
Though the vale may be deep, there is music around it,
And hope 'mid our sorrow, bright hope is still near.

—*Heart Throbs*, II.

Beauties of the Noctes Ambrosianae *By Horace Hazzard*



PROFESSOR JOHN WILSON of Edinburgh, the leading spirit of *Blackwood's Magazine* between 1825–1835, published therein his "Noctes Ambrosianae, in which Christopher

North and Timothy Tickler, with James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, author of "Kilmeny" and other beautiful poems, were supposed to meet at Ambrose's Hotel, and amid Homeric eating and drinking, discuss men and events until well into "the wee sma' hours." Wilson was the literary giant of his times and country, and Hogg, a man of undoubted genius; and although how much of what is ascribed to him was really his own can never be settled, he undoubtedly was a genius, and filled with the poetry that has always underlain the more sordid traits of the Highland peasantry. The following description of a great musical festival has no equal in any language:

"The Shepherd sings 'The brackens wi' me.'"

TICKLER (passing his hand across his eyes). "I'm never merry when I hear sweet music."

NORTH. Your voice, James, absolutely gets mellower through years. Next York Festival you must sing a solo, "Angels ever bright and fair," or "Farewell, ye limpid streams and flocks."

SHEPHERD. I was at the last York Festival, and one day I was in the chorus, next to Grundy of Kirk-by-Lonsdale. I kent my mouth was wide open, but I never heard my ain voice in the magnificent roar.

NORTH. Describe—James—describe.

SHEPHERD. As weel describe a glorious dream of the seventh heaven. Thousands upon thousands of voices—thousands o' the most beautiful angels sat mute and

still in the Cathedral. Weel may I call them angels, although a' the time I knew them to be frail evanescent creatures o' this ever-changing earth. A sort o' paleness was on their faces, aye, even on the faces where the blush-roses o' innocence were blooming like the flowers o' Paradise—for a shadow came ower them frae the awe o' their religious hearts that beat not, but were chained as in the presence of their Great Maker. All eyes were fixed in a solemn-raised gaze, something mournful-like I thocht, but it was only in a happiness great and deep as the calm sea. I saw—I did not see the old massy pillars—now I seemed to behold the roof o' the Cathedral, and now the sky o' heaven, and a licht—I had maist said a murmuring licht, for there surely was a faint spirit-like soun' in the streams o' splendor that came through the high Gothic window, and left shadows here and there throughout the temple, till a' at ance the organ sounded, and I could have fallen down on my knees.

* * *

The mention of the "Mid-day hour," evokes this dainty bit of exquisite description:

NORTH. The mid-day hour is always to my imagination the most delightful hour of the whole Alphabet.

SHEPHERD. I understaun. During that hour—and there is nae occasion to allow difference for clocks, for in nature, every object is a dial—how many thousand groups are collected a' ower Scotland, and a' ower the face o' the earth—for in every clime, wondrously the same are the great leading laws o' man's necessities—under bits o' bonny buiddin' or leaffu' hedge-rows, some bit of fragrant and fluttering birk-tree, aneath some owerhanging rock

in the desert, or by some diamond well in its mossy cave—breakin' their bread wi' thanksgiving, and eatin' with the clear blood o' health meanderin' in the heaven-blue veins o' the sweet lassies, while the cool airs are playing among their haffins-covered bosoms, wi' many a jest and sang atween, and aiblins kisses too, at ance dew and sunshine to the peasant's or shepherd's soul—then up again wi' lauchter to their work among the tedded grass, or in the corn rigs sae bonny; scenes that Robbie Burns lo'ed sae weel and sang sae gloriously—and the whilk, need I fear to say't, your ain Ettrick Shepherd, my dear fellows, had sung on his auld border harp a sang or twa that may be remembered when the bard that wauk'd them is i' the mools, and "at his feet the green-grass turf and at his head, a stane."

TICKLER. Come, come, James, none of your pathos—none of your pathos, my dear James. (Looking red about the eyes.)

* * *

NORTH. We were talking of codlins.

SHEPARD. True, Mr. North, but folks canna be aye talkin' o' codlins, ony mair than aye eatin' them; and the great charm o' conversation is bein' aff on ony wind that blows. Pleasant conversation between friends is jist like walking through a mountainous kintra—at every glen-mouth, the wun' blows frae a different airt—the bit bairnies come trippin' along in opposite directions—noo a harebell scents the air—noo sweet briar—noo heather bank—here is gruesome quagmire, there a plat o' sheep—nibbled grass, smooth as silk and green as emeralds—here a stony region of cinders and lava, there groves o' the lady fern embowerin' the sleepin' roe—here the hillside in its own various dyes resplendent as the rainbow, and there woods that the Druids would have worshipped—Hark! soundin' in the awfu' sweetness o' evenin' wi' the cushat's sang, and the deadened roar o' some great waterfa' far aff in the very centre o' the untrodden forest. A' the warks o' ootward natur are symbolical o' our ain immortal souls. Mr. Tickler, is't not just even sae?"

* * *

The following dialogue over conversation has few rivals in English literature:—

TICKLER. O, my dear James, conversation is at a very low ebb in this world.

SHEPARD. I've often thought and felt that, at parties where ane might hae expectit better things. First o' a' comes the weather—no a bad topic, but ane that town's folks kens naething about. Weather! My faith, had ye been but in Yarrow last Thursday!

TICKLER. What was the matter, James, the last Thursday in Yarrow?

SHEPARD. I'se tell you, and judge for yersel'. At four in the mornin' it was that hard frost that the dubs were bearin', and the midden was as hard as a rickle o' stanes. We couldna' plant the potawtoes. But the lift was clear. Between eight and nine, a snaw-storm came down frae the mountains about Loch Skene—noo a whirl, and noo a blash, till the groun' was whitey-blue, wi' a slippery sort o' sleet, and the Yarrow began to roar wi' the melted broo along its frost-boun' borders, and a'neath its banks, a' hangin' wi' icicles, nane o' them thinner than my twa arms. Weel, then, about eleven it began to rain, for the wind had shifted—and afore dinner-time, it was an even down-pour. It fell loun aboot six, and the air grew close and sultry to a degree that was fearsome. Wha wud hae expectit a thunderstorm on the eve o' sic a day? But the heavens, in the thundery airt, were like a dungeon—and I saw the lightning playin' like meteors athwart the blackness lang before ony growl was in the gloom. Then, a' at ance, like a wauken'd lion, the thunder rose up in his den, and shakin' his mane o' brindled clouds, broke out into sic' a roar, that the very sun shuddered in eclipse—and the grews and colliers that happened to be sittin' beside me on a bit knowe, gaed whinin' intae the house wi' their tails atween their legs, just venturin' a hafflin' glance to the howlin' heavens, noo a' in low, for the fire was strong and fierce in electrical matter, and at intervals the illuminated mountains seemed to vomit out conflagration like verra volcanoes. Afore sunset, heaven and earth, like lovers after a quarrel, lay embraced in each other's smile!

NORTH. Beautiful! beautiful! beautiful!

TICKLER. Oh, James! James! James!

SHEPHERD. The lambs began their races on the lea, and the thrush o' Eltrieve (there is but a single pair in the vale aboon the kirk) awoke his hymn in the hill-silence. It was mair like a mornin' than an evenin' twilight, and a' the day's hurly-burly had passed awa' into the uncertainty o' a last week's dream!

NORTH. Proof positive that, from the lips of a man of genius, even the weather—

SHEPARD. I could speak for hours, days, months and years about the weather wi'oot e'er becoming tiresome. Oh, man, a cawm!

NORTH. On shore, or at sea?

SHEPARD. Either. I'm wrapped up in my plaid, and lyin' a' my length on a bit green platform, fit for the fairies feet, wi' a craig hangin' ower me a thousand feet high, yet bright and balmy a' the way up wi' flowers and briars and broom and birks and mosses, maist beautifu' to behold, wi' half-shut ee, and through a'neath ane's arm, guardin' the face frae the cloudless sunshine.

NORTH. A rivulet leapin' from the rock—

SHEPARD. No, Mr. North, no loupin'; for it seems as if it were nature's ain Sabbath, and the verra waters were at rest. Look down upon the vale profound, and the stream is without motion. No doubt, if you were walking along the bank, it would be murmuring with your feet. But here—here up among the hills, we can imagine it asleep, even like the well within reach of my staff.

NORTH. Tickler, pray make less noise, if you can, in drinking, and also in putting down your tumbler. You break in upon the repose of James' picture.

SHEPARD. Perhaps a bit bonny butterfly is restin' wi' faulded wings on a gowan, no a yard frae your cheek; and noo, waukening out o' a summer dream, floats awa' in its wavering beauty, but, as if unwilling to leave its place of mid-day sleep, comin' back and back and roun' and roun', on this side and that side, and ettlin in its capricious happiness to fasten again on some brighter floweret, till the same breath o' weund that lifts up your hair sae refreshingly catches the airy voyager, and wafts her away into some other nook of her ephemeral paradise.

TICKLER. I did not know that butterflies inhabited the region of snow.

SHEPARD. Ay, and mony million moths; some o' as lovely green as of the leaf of the moss-rose, and ithers bright as the blush with which she salutes the dewy dawn; some yellow as the long steady streaks that lie below the sun at set, and ithers blue as the sky before his orb has westered. Spotted too, are all the glorious creature's wings—say, rather starred wi' constellations! Yet, O sirs, they are but creatures o' a day!

NORTH. Go on with the calm, James—the calm!

SHEPARD. Gin a pile o' grass straightens itself in silence, you hear it distinctly. I'm thinkin' that was the noise o' a beetle gaun to pay a visit to a freen on the ither side o' that mossy stane. The melting dew quakes! Aye, sing awa', my bonny bee, maist industrious o' God's creatures! Dear me, the heat is ower muckle for him, and he burrows himsel' in amang a tuft o' grass, like a beetle panting! and now invisible a' but the yellow doup o' him; I, too, feel drowsy and will go to sleep among the mountain solitude!

NORTH. Not with such a show of clouds—

SHEPHERD. No! not with such a show of clouds. A congregation of a million might worship in that Cathedral! What a dome! And ie not that flight of steps magnificent! My imagination sees a crowd of white-robed spirits ascending to the inner shrine of the temple. Hark! a bell tolls! Yonder it is, swinging to and fro, half-minute time, in its tower of clouds. The great air-organ begins to blow its pealing anthem—and the overcharged spirit, falling from its vision, sees nothing but the pageantry of earth's common vapors—that ere long will melt in showers, or be wafted away in darker masses over the distance of the sea. Of what better stuff, O Mr. North, are made all our waking dreams? Call not thy Shepherd's strain fantastic; but look abroad over the work-day world, and tell him where thou seest aught more steadfast or substantial than that coud-cathedral, with its flight of vapor steps and its mist towers and its air-organ, now

all gone forever, like the idle words that imaged the transitory and delusive glories.

* * *

The Ettrick Shepherd's tale of his first love, Mary Morrison, should never be forgotten:—

NORTH. Most of the good poets of my acquaintance have light-colored hair.

SHEPARD. Mine, in my youth, was o' a bricht yellow.

NORTH. And a fine animal you were, James, I am told, as you walked up the transe o' the kirk, wi' your mane flying ower your shoulders, confined within graceful liberty by a blue ribbon, the love-gift o' some bonny May, that wonned amang the braes, and had yielded you the parting kiss, just as the cottage clock told that now another week was past, and you heard the innocent creature's heart beating in the hush o' the Sabbath morn.

SHEPHERD. Whist! whist!

NORTH. But we have forgotten the tale of the haunted well.

SHEPHERD. It's nae tale—for there's naething that could be called an incident in a' that I could say about that well. Oh, sir!—she was only twa months mair than fifteen—and though she had haply reached her full stature and was somewhat taller than the maist o' our forest lassies, yet you saw at ance that she was still but a bairn. I was a hantle aulder than her—and as she had nae brither, I was a brither to her—neither had she a father or mother, and ance on a day when I said to her that she would find baith in me, wha' loved her for her goodness and her innocence, the puir britherless, sisterless, parentless orphan had her face a' in

a single instant as drenched in tears as a flower cast up on the sand at the turn o' a stream that has brought it down in a spate frae from the far off hills.

NORTH. Her soul, James, is now in heaven!

SHEPHERD. The simmer afore she died, she didna use to come o' her ain accord and, without being asked, in a'neath my plaid, when a skirring shower gaed by—I had to wise her in within its faulds—and her head had to be held down by an affectionate pressure, almost like a faint force, on my breast—and when I spak' to her, half in earnest, half in jest, o' love, she had nae heart to lauch—sae muckle as to greet!

NORTH. One so happy and so innocent might well shed tears.

SHEPHERD. There beside that wee, still, solitary well, have we sat for hours that were swift as minutes, and each o' them filled fu' o' happiness that wad noo be aneuch for years.

NORTH. For us, and men like us, James, there is on earth no such thing as happiness. Enough that we have known it.

SHEPHERD. I should fear noo to face sic happiness as used to be there, beside that well—sic happiness would noo turn my brain—but nae fear, nae fear o' its ever returnin', for that voice went waverin' awa' up to heaven from this mute earth, and on the nicht when it was heard not, and never more was to be heard, in the psalm, in my father's house, I knew that a great change had been wrought within me, and that this earth, this world, this life, was disenchanted forever, and the place that held her grave a Paradise no more.



A Romance in Reverie

By J. LEROY TOPE

Of Dinah May's recollections, while maid in the house next door, and
written for the sixtieth birthday anniversary of Mrs. Charles B. Burr

WELL, pohn mah wohrd,
Ai jes' done heahrd,
Dis berry day—naow what yoh done specks
Ai heahr?
Ai clar to goodness, ef hit ain't nigh fohty
yeah, r,
Seence dat done happen; an' Ai almos' plum
fohget.
Naow ain't dat queer? Ai specks Ai lose mah
senses yet.
Why Missus Wes'on, when Ai done heah
about dat li'l chile
Ai'd mos' fohgot, Ai jes' weh speechful foh
er whaile:—
An' den Ai membehs 'bout dat Romance Day,
An' Ai sez to mahsef, sez Ai, why Dinah May,
Pohn yoh ol' brack shinin' soul,
Yoh suah am gettin' pow'ful ol',
When yoh fohgets de greates' day
What eber happen 'o Dinah May.

Naow Ai done specks
What'll happen nex'
To dem two romanciferous li'l chillun,
Dat Ai'd still know 'mong sebenty millun
Peoples, all spruced up laik er weddin' coon,
Dey's gwine er celerate deh gol'en weddin'
soon.
Oh, dat weh a romance, shoh's yoh bohn, Ai
say,
An' yoh don' specks Ai'd fohget dat weddin'
day?
Scrumphus cashun? Well, Ai done guess hit
bin
'Bout de fines' eber Ai done fisticated in.
An' Ai don' min' tellin' haow
Dat pahson screetch dat weddin' vow,
An' settle dat *romance* day foh hehr,
When Ollie Ramsey 'came Missus Burr.

Why Wanda, chile,
Hit maik me smaile,
When Ai reck'members 'bout dem kids a-
co'tin yet.
Oh, yes, Ai seed dem all-taime, an' Ai don'
fohget
All 'baout de taimes dey used ter hab hidin'
roun'
A-hin' ouah grape-vine shadders. Once Ai
done foun'

Em settin' on ouah keetchin doah-steps, one
naight,
A-hol'en hainds, an' lookin' scairt. De moon-
laight
Done tole me who hit wehr, when Ai looks out
Mah window; an' Ai listen to what dey's
'bout,
Kaise Mars' Ramsey says tuh me,
"Dinah May, yoh jes' kin'er see
Dem kids bin kep' all taim eapaht,
'Fore Ollie lose hehr li'l baby heah't."

Yaas, suh, Misteh Jack;
Cou'se Ai tuhn mah back.
What fohr yoh s'pose Ai gwine 'o seem so's
Ai tell
Ol' Mars' Ramsey jes' to heahr heem raisin'
'm hell
Jes' foh nuthin'? Ai tuhns may back ebery
taime Ai cotch 'em;
Den pulls aout mah lookin' glass so's Ai c'd
watch 'em.
An' Ai done specks dey was de slobbernest
paihr
Dat eber wehr bohn. But anyhow Ai did'n
caih, r,
Fohr Ai was'n mah'ied, an' mah heaht seemed
to rise,
Cleah to heaben, when dat Burr, he look in
Ollie eyes,
An' say dat he love hehr, laik pone,
Or possum, in dat lovines' tone,
'Till mah heaht all swell up an jump,
An' choke up mah throat all in a lump.

An' den, Missus Dabis—
Oh, Lawdy—Lawd sabe us—
Dat Burr man get scairt, an' tuhn white laik
er sheet,
An' heem laigs get wobbly, laik as mebbly he
done eat
Some pokeberry poison, an' he shaik so he
don' heahr
What Ollie wehr sayin'. Yoh'll haf to 'scusin
dis teahr,
'Cause Ai 'members haow dat he done try hit
so often to say,
Dat by'n by he give up, an' put it off to
some odder day,

When he feel raight smaht betteh, 'n him
laigs'd be still;
An' he get some dat quinine fohr a-curin' him
bad chill.

An' Ai done get misgusted, an said
I'se gwine raight off tuh my baid—
'Caise dere weh no mohr 'citement to see,
An' Ai was 'bout as ne'ous as Ai c'd be.

What, Miss's Duhfee? Oh, my yes,
He get ober heem chill, Ai guess,
'Cause Ai see heem hin' ouah rosebush berry
nex' night

Tryin' 'o say hit ergin. An' pohn mah wo'd,
de sight

Ob dat poohr schoolboy a-chokin' an' shakin'
Jes' maik me feel laike gibbin' him a raikin';
'Kaise Ollie wehr cryin' to hehrsef kin'er low,
Foh feah she'd fohget hehrsef an' mebbly say
"NO,"

Ef eber he done get to de p'int an' 'really ast
hehr.

An' Ai done s'pose dat been a mos' pow'ful
misaster.

Den one day Ai heahr hehr sing an' sing,
An' Ai rush raight ober to see dat ring;
An' den Miss Ollie, she done tell,
Haow Misteh Cholly at las' get well.

Yaas, Docteh, Ai jes' gotten tell,
'Baout Ollie paw raisin' heem hell,
Den sobeh daown, laik he's tendin' dat he
really cai'ed;

Mah ol' Missus say she guess de ol' man wehr
bad scaired,

Wus'n Cholly, fear him bluffin' really would'n
taik.

An, 'tenny rate, yoh could'n' guess. Yaas, I
done baik

Dat weddin' caik. An' shuhr's yoh bohn dat
maik er fuss,

'Kaise dat Burr chap wehr a pow'ful 'ceity
little cuss,

An' ahl drest up smaht he act laik er highfer-
lutin' ol' gander,

An' smaile at me an' wink. An' dat jes' riz
up Ollie dander;

An' Ai mos' specks folks sayin' soon,
Dat Cholly Burr get smit on dis coon,
Ef dat weddin' day had'n come erlong,
An' chop off short dat ere pleasin' song.

An' sech a weddin'! Good Lawd sabe us.
Hit shuhr wehr scrumpshus, Misteh Dabis.

Yaas, dey wehr mah-ied at home, nexteh
ouah house yoh see,

An' de folks wehr drest up smaht, and deckle-
day's c'd be.

Ai sehved de dinneh, an o' cou'se Ai he'pin
Ollie dress,

An' kep deserbin' what wehr goin' on all
roun', Ai guess.

When pahson Newton tie dat Preserterian
weddin' knot,

Ai jes' done sling dat tuhkey on er mos'
a-pipin' hot!—

Frow on dat gravy, dish up de taters, stuffin',
an' peas,

An' pass 'em 'roun.—An' Lawdy, what yoh
naow speck I sees?

Dat mah'ieed couple not eatin'. Dey not been
able;

'Kaise Ai see down atween 'em undeht dat
er table,

Dey's holdin' hainds, jes' so lovin' sweet;
An' Ai don' specks dey caihed to eat.

Dat wehr Novembek siz, sebenty one—
Erzackly when dat er job wehr done;

Miss Ollie not twenty yeahs ol'—an' Ai
wehr only sebenteen.

An' she got fohr chilluns, free granchiles, an'
heahr I'se been,

Fohgettin' hehr nigh almos', 'til Ai done
heahr dis berry day,

De folks done gedder 'roun' an celerate in a
fren'ly kin' o' way,

De day when she wehr jes' a lentle tentle
pickaninny chile;

An' when Ai heahs 'bout hit, an' 'members, Ai
jes' gotten smaile.

An' ai kin'er wondehs ef dey 'members me,
an' dat ehr day—

Jes' kinder pleasin' laik, an' in a fren'ly sort
o' way?

Ai kind o guess dey does, foh dey
Allus haid de kaindliest sort o' way

Fohr makin' eberybody happy, brack ohr
whaite;

Ai's gwine 'o pray de Lawd to bress 'em bofe
tonaight.

Good Lawd, in heaben, stoopen' daown,
An' 'mong de peoples, jes' hunt 'roun',

Till yoh fin' mah frens, whehr any ob
'em be,

Den bress 'em an' proteck 'em, ef yoh caihs
for me.

Kaise mah fren's am all Ai's got on earth
wo'th whaile.

An' when Yoh see 'em, Lawd, tell em dat Ol'
Dinah smaile,

When she heahs dey's well an' strong, an' all
so happy yet.

Tell 'em Ai shuh 'members dem, an Ai's
gwine 'o not fohget,

Ebery fo'th ob Ma'ch what come 'roun',
knockin' at mah doohr;

Dat's de day we bes' remembekhs ob all dats
gone befohr;

Oh, dat's de day when all life's roses
bloom;

An' when Ai'm dead, Ai'll know dat same per-
fume,

A-blowin' 'cross mah nostrils, up in heaben,
den some day.

So don' fohget mah frien's, deah Lawd, ef
Yoh caihs foh *Dinah May*.

BOOKS *of the* MONTH



KEEN young men like Mr. Johnny Gamble are at a premium these days, and it is no wonder that a charming young lady like Miss Constance Joy offered to be Johnny's score-keeper, with his capacity for making a million dollars at the rate of "Five Thousand an Hour."*

Constance has been left a round million with the condition that she marry one Gresham, who is as indolent as the average conventional society youth, and malicious withal. With a capital of one hundred dollars, Johnny sets to work to collect a million in short order. A clever brain and some influential friends do their part, and Johnny makes his million and wins the girl. Johnny Gamble is an honorable young Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford, who will doubtless be more popular with young lady readers than Mr. Chester's

great "J. Rufus." That the book is by George Randolph Chester leaves little to be said of its style or down-to-the-minute atmosphere. It is, however, one of the most wholesome and vigorous of this popular writer's ingenious novels.

* "Five Thousand an Hour." By George Randolph Chester. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price, \$1.25 net.

LIVING in an entangled civilization, we have come to think things wrong which are not wrong at all. That a strained ethical code is essentially responsible for this condition is the contention of Mr. Chesterton in "Manalive."*

An odd individual, Innocent Smith, creates such a furore in a quiet boarding-house in the suburbs of London that his sanity is doubted. A self-appointed board of alienists conduct an inquiry only to find that Smith, after all, is even more sane than the board that examines him. He has freed himself from the accepted belief that the spirit of an act does not enter into the act itself, and that punishment, because it is the law, should be meted out without reference to the spirit prompting the act. The reasoning is both psychological and philosophical. Science, literature, art and religion each offer a field for

critical examination, in so far as the contentions of Mr. Chesterton hold good.

"Manalive" again shows Mr. Chesterton's versatility as a writer. The same vigorous reasoning that has delighted readers in the past will be found in "Manalive."

* "Manalive." By Gilbert K. Chesterton. New York: John Lane Company. Price, \$1.30 net.



GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER
The creator of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford"
and the author of "Five Thousand an Hour,"
a racy, down-to-the-minute New York novel

TO the increasing number of books which treat of Colonial days, Professor Carl Holliday has made in "The Wit and Humor of Colonial Days, 1607-1800" * an interesting addition.

Beginning with the quaint but somewhat repressed humor, traceable in the letters of John Pory of the Jamestown

settlement, Francis Higginson's "True Relation" and "New England Relation" (1629), in which the professor says that "the sturdy old New Englander came dangerously near joking," he claims that the first New England writer who, with malice aforethought, carried satire and

jest into the vortex of sectarian and political literature, was the Rev. Nathaniel Ward of Ipswich in his "Simple Cobbler of Agawam," 1641.

Almost three hundred pages of pleasant comment, merry quotation and painstaking research, with an excellent bibliography of the important and curious literature on this subject, gives the reader a most interesting book, and the student of American literature an indispensable addition to his library.

* * *

MANY readers have had the opportunity of seeing the dramatization of Louis N. Parker's "Pomander Walk" * while it has played in the different cities; both they and others who have not will enjoy the delightful story from which the play was taken.

Pomander Walk was a picturesque avenue or lane situated on the Thames outside of London. Six brick houses faced upon the Walk, and about the inhabitants therein Mr. Parker has woven his charming romance. The characters are as individual—or as typical, according to the point of view—as are any of Dickens'; and the love story of Jack and Marjolaine has the romance and the wholesomeness of the early nineteenth century.

* * *

SUCCESSING his "South Sea Tales" of last year, Jack London's last book, "The House of Pride," † is made up

of numerous stories which are both strong and original. Their only fault, if it be a fault, is the intense recognition of the fact that the Hawaiian people are a doomed race, many of them condemned to the living death of the leper's banishment.

* "Pomander Walk." By Louis N. Parker. New York: John Lane Company. Price, \$1.30.

† "The House of Pride." By Jack London. New York: The MacMillan Company. Price, \$1.20 net.



MARJOLAINE AND MADAME LACHESNAIS, TWO OF THE DELIGHTFUL CHARACTERS IN "POMANDER WALK"

settlement, Francis Higginson's "True Relation" and "New England Relation" (1629), in which the professor says that "the sturdy old New Englander came dangerously near joking," he claims that the first New England writer who, with malice aforethought, carried satire and

* "The Wit and Humor of Colonial Days, 1607-1800." By Carl Holliday. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, \$1.50.

The desperate outlaw, who slew scores to escape this exile; the beautiful prima donna who could not escape it, and her gay white lover, who was unmanned by the fear of a like fate; the rescue of a strong and determined man by his friends from Molokai, to live out his life in Asia; and the self-expatriation of a Chinese millionaire to escape the greed and exactions of his grown-up children and their husbands and wives, are, like the title story, all worthy of study as well as entertaining.

* * *

VENDETTAS, practically unknown to the Anglo-Saxon, are not uncommon among the Latin and Asiatic races. The spirits of unburied Orientals fretfully roam the earth until the one responsible for this condition is brought to an untimely end. "The Sable Lorcha"* deals with an Oriental vendetta of sixteen years' standing. All of the mysticism of the Orient is brought to bear in the story, and the so-called "Yellow Peril" stands out in bold relief against an Occidental background.

Mistaken for another who had perpetrated a crime against some Chinese coolies who were on their way to America, Robert Cameron, a wealthy New Yorker, is constantly harassed by bloodthirsty Chinese, even in the privacy of his own estate. Cameron is the recipient of numerous anonymous letters. These, combined with many unexplainable circumstances, he reveals to his friend Philip Clyde. Threats become so serious and persistent that Cameron is a nervous wreck. To take him away from his implacable enemies, his niece, Evelyn Grayson, and

Clyde decide upon an ocean trip for him. The happy party had almost lost sight of former misfortunes when a supposedly shipwrecked seaman is picked up off Cape Cod. His condition and appearance arouse suspicion, but even a watch is not sufficient to prevent the kidnapping of Cameron and the escape of the castaway. Miss Grayson and her lover, Clyde, run out clue after clue, and in vain interview the leaders of the tongs in New York. A double of the tortured man appears on the scene, and the excitement continues until the conclusion.

"The Sable Lorcha" is unquestionably one of the keenest novels of the year.

* * *



JACK LONDON

The popular writer of adventure tales. "The House of Pride" is his latest collection of vivid short stories

FINANCIAL reverses constitute the theme for "A Man and His Money."* The descent from a position in which every whim is gratified

to one of abject poverty is a condition that confronts Mr. Isham's hero. The problem is handled masterfully and confirms the opinion that a man with ambition can make good, although odds are against him.

So far down the social scale had Horatio Heatherbloom gone that he hired himself out to a wealthy spinster as a dog valet. Chance has it that his boyhood sweetheart, Betty Dalrymple, is a niece of his employer, and living with her aunt. Betty is annoyed with the ardent wooing of Prince Boris, a Russian nobleman, who is eager to make her a princess. His suit rejected, the Prince kidnaps the lovely Betty, and Heatherbloom follows. How he rescues his sweetheart, wins her love and makes a fortune is told by Mr. Isham in a most entertaining manner.

The story has strength



JIM SOY, THE HALF-BREED, DISAPPEARS INTO A NEAR-BY DOORWAY TO ESCAPE PHILIP CLYDE

*"The Sable Lorcha." By Horace Hazeltine. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price \$1.35.

*"A Man and His Money." By Frederick Isham. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price, \$1.25.

and interest; the plot is skillfully handled, and the author possesses a simple, flowing style.

* * *

CONTEMPORANEOUS with the political agitation of the past two years and with the call for a return to pure democracy, there have arisen numerous political novels of unusual merit. In "His Rise to Power"* the author has closely followed the trend of the times and has contributed to fiction a book in which pure democracy (in its generic sense) is the theme.

Actuated by purely altruistic motives and seeking a return to Jeffersonian democracy, John Dunmeade, a young attorney, is selected District Attorney, after a hard struggle against machine politics. On his induction into office he starts a political house-cleaning. No member of the machine upon whom there rests a suspicion of graft or malfeasance is exempt.

Although he is in love with the daughter of the leader of the old regime, yet Dunmeade does not hesitate to bring him to account. How Dunmeade becomes governor of his state, overthrows the state machine and wins the girl of his choice is the story.

With the present political turmoil "His Rise to Power" comes at an opportune moment. Vigorous, direct and convincing, Mr. Miller employs the style that so charmed the readers of his former effort, "The Man Higher Up."

* * *

ZEALOTS in ferreting out crime are by no means lacking in the newspaper world. In "The Trevor Case"†

* "His Rise to Power." By John Russell Miller. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price \$1.25.

† "The Trevor Case." By Natalie Sumner Lincoln. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$1.30 net.

young Dick Tillinghast, a Washington reporter, encounters a variety of adventures in his endeavor to run down the murderer of Attorney-General Trevor's wife, who is found dead in the family safe. Circumstantial evidence directs suspicion against Mrs. Trevor's step-daughter and her lover. Spurred on by love for a girl who ardently desires the solution of the enigma, Dick gets close on the trail of the murderer and in his quest interviews many high officials, from the President down, and then stumbles unexpectedly upon a Camorrist meeting, where he is saved from an ignominious death by the man who later confesses to the Trevor murder. Every chapter takes one deeper into the mystery, and the outcome is quite as unexpected as it is surprising. The story is intensely interesting and is well told.

* * *

GENIAL relationships between "Sally Salt"* and Anthony Streatham are broken up by the meddlesome intrigue of an avaricious neighbor, who hates Sally for her prosperity and sees in Sally's desire to shield her friend and guest from the law a chance to draw "hush money" from her. Anthony is a delightful character,

but Sally's apparent lack of trust piques him and he refuses to reveal to her the true state of affairs, although he is entirely blameless. He leaves her home, and misunderstandings continue until at last Sally relents and matters are straightened out. Anthony comes into his own and is accepted by Sally Salt as her future husband. Aside from the main plot there are minor love affairs among the gentlefolk and the domestics which are entertaining. The book is restful, and makes comfortable reading for the hot summer days.

* "Sally Salt." By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price, \$1.25 net.



IN THE FACE OF DEFEAT KATHERINE HAMPDEN PLEADS WITH JOHN DUNMEADE TO GIVE UP SOME OF HIS POLITICAL IDEALS AND BECOME MORE PRACTICAL



THE theatrical company had arrived, but the baggage car containing the scenery had been delayed. A large audience had gathered at the theater to witness "Sumurun," Reinhardt's famous play, imported direct from Berlin. There was a large and fashionable audience present to witness the new "wordless play," and they carefully read and re-read the notes of explanation on the program. The opening hour passed and many minutes elapsed, and still the curtain did not go up. Then down the aisle came Mr. A. Toxen Worm, and in his genial way he told the audience the whole truth. He hoped even more earnestly than they that the car would arrive presently. The ushers passed the candy and the gum, and the good-nature of an American audience was exemplified.

More minutes passed, and the baggage car continued missing. A second announcement by Toxen Worm grew even more eloquent. There were more chocolates and more gum—and the great auditorium rang with laughter and pleasant conversation while the people seemed to enjoy themselves as much as at a church social. The young man with half his week's salary invested in theater tickets moved a little closer to his companion, and "two heads were as one" poring over the mysteries of the program.

Then for the third time down the aisle came Toxen Worm, and with that benign smile, characteristic of President Taft, and with form and feature also strongly suggestive of the Chief Executive, he made the final announcement—the play would now begin. The actors

entered by an overhead lighted walk, gay with electric flowers, extending down the centre aisle to the stage. This was in itself a pleasing departure from the usual entrance at the wings. The play progressed and the audience applauded, charmed by the beauty of the pulsating pantomime. The first American performance of "Sumurun," however, would never be complete without a record and a reference to the dulcet tones and soothing speech of Manager Toxen Worm as he faced an audience which had waited nearly two hours for the rise of the curtain.

* * *

AFTER a busy day's work at the bank, I found him taking coffee and luncheon at half past three. He was not so busy but he had time for a little chat over the coffee-cup, and as we talked I realized what a panorama of events this man had witnessed in the upbuilding of the great city of Chicago. Born near the very spot where his great banking house today stands, Mr. A. J. Graham knows Chicago as do few other men. He started in business with his father, who had in his own youth been trained by his father, and today Andrew J. Graham has associated with him his own stalwart sons, who have been nurtured in the conservative, business-like banking methods that have in the past and will always be a success. The firm name of Graham and Sons has for several generations stood for much in the banking circles of the Middle West.

In the massive vaults wherein the people of the neighborhood place their se-

curities, at the tellers' windows, at the directors' table and throughout the whole building in West Madison Street, the undaunted spirit of Chicago as expressed in two words, "I will," pervades the executive and administrative power. Several times Mr. Graham has been prominently mentioned as a candidate for the mayor of Chicago. He has always had at heart the interest and welfare of his neighbors about him, whether in the early period of poverty and struggle or later prosperity.

Mr. Graham is a true type of banker



MR. FREDERICK J. V. SKIFF

An authority on international expositions. He will be Director-in-Chief of Foreign and Domestic Participation in the Panama-Pacific Exposition

whose broad sympathies take the interest of his customers closely to heart. A keen student of human nature, broad in his views of public affairs, with a life of incessant industry and devotion to his family and his business, he may well be gratified in the greetings of his friends and clients as they pass in and out day by day with a nod and a genial word of greeting for Andrew J. Graham.

* * *

HISTORY of International Expositions for the last quarter of a century would seem incomplete without the name of Frederick J. V. Skiff, the director of

the Field Museum of Natural History since its inception in 1894. While this institution has absorbed his national and honorary interest ever since the days of the World's Fair, in which he played an important part, the Panama-Pacific International Exposition has now been fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Skiff as Director-in-Chief of Foreign and Domestic Participation. Few men are considered greater exposition authorities in the world, and this work is a profession in itself. Mr. Skiff was National Commissioner of the World's Columbia Exposition in 1893, and later Chief of the Department of Mining and Metallurgy and Deputy Director-General of the Columbian Exposition in 1893. He organized the Award System of the Nashville Exposition in 1897; was Director-in-Chief of the United States Commission to the Paris Exposition in 1900; Commissioner Turin Exposition 1902; Director of Exhibits, Universal Exposition, St. Louis, 1904, First Vice-President, Superior Jury, St. Louis Exposition, 1904; Member of Board of Administration Universal Congress of Arts and Science, Universal Exposition, St. Louis, 1904; Commissioner-General of United States Government to the Japanese Exposition of 1917.

Many degrees and honors have been conferred upon Mr. Skiff, among them being Doctor of Laws of Washington University, St. Louis; Doctor of Laws of George Washington University, Washington, D. C., and Master of Arts of Colorado College.

Outside of America Mr. Skiff is a Commander of the Legion of Honor, France; Commander of the Order of Red Eagle, Germany; Grand Cross Order of the Sacred Treasure, Japan; Commander of the Order of Leopold I, Belgium; Commander of the Order of Francis Joseph, Austria; Commander of the Order of the Double Dragon, China; Grand Officer of St. James of the Kingdom of Portugal; Commander of the Order of the Crown of Italy, and has received other Orders and Decorations from Turkey, Siam, Bulgaria, and other countries.

Mr. Skiff received a Gold Medal of Honor from Germany in 1893, and a Bronze Medal of Merit from France, 1900.

He is also a member of the National Education Association; Member and ex-President of the American Association of Museums, and other educational and scientific bodies; and a Member of the Board of Governors of the American Athletic Union. He is a Member of the Chicago Club and the University Club of Chicago.

With a man of this distinction as Director-General of Exhibits, and familiar with all the details and all the side-lights of exposition-making, the new exposition starts out with every omen of phenomenal success under the auspicious direction of F. J. V. Skiff.

* * *

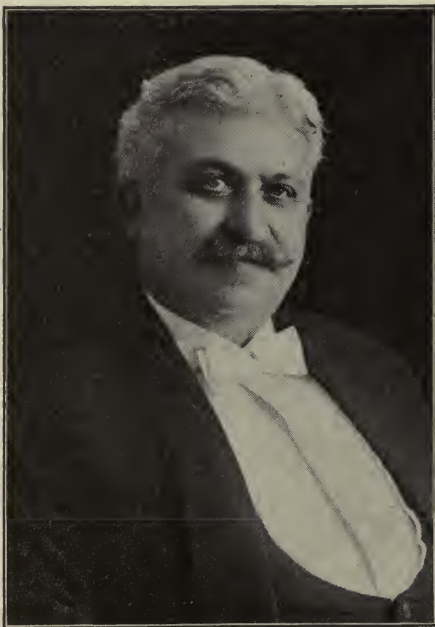
AN advance courier of the great Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco is the "International Fair Illustrated," under the directorship of Dawson Mayer. It has already stimulated a widespread interest in the exposition which will fittingly mark the new epoch associated with the opening of the Panama Canal.

Mr. Mayer has long been identified with San Francisco and will carry the same enterprise and energy characteristic of his own publications into the "International Fair Illustrated," making it a work of signal merit and attractiveness. It will record from time to time progress of the work on the exposition and the canal, and will doubtless be one of the most interesting panoramic features of the great Panama Exposition. After all, much of the real interest of expositions is embodied in the preparations, and already the "International Fair Illustrated" has presented alluring glimpses of the magnitude of the forthcoming exposition. Elaborately illustrated by photographs, printed on handsomely coated paper, the "International Fair Illustrated" is indeed an interesting and progressive feature of the great event of 1915, which has already cast a shadow before it as one of the coming events of most eventful years.

* * *

FOR the business man of today the treatise on "Science of Organization and Business Development," by Robert

J. Frank, is an indispensable textbook. In the preface to the third edition Mr. Frank expresses the purpose of the book. It is not philosophy, nor does it deal with subtle phraseology, but is a digest in plain English of the science of organization and business development of the times. It is so thoroughly timely that even the later decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States have not in any way disturbed the fundamental propositions outlined and so lucidly explained



MR. DAWSON MAYER

Publisher of the "International Fair Illustrated," an advance courier of the Panama-Pacific Exposition

in the two hundred and seventy pages of the book.

The first chapter opens with the subject of organization and tells in plain language just how to go about it. The subject of financing is treated in the following chapter and tells about stocks and bonds and how to transfer a business to a corporation and the manner of raising additional stock.

It is one of those books that can be read and re-read and referred to frequently. Moody's Magazine Book Department are the sales agents for this

book, and it seems as if no corporation should be without this volume, which could be used almost as a chart for those who may take up the duties and responsibilities of offices, or a dropping out of management, for the duties and liabilities of directors and officers are clearly defined. In a remarkable way the laws of the whole country are treated. A discussion of by-laws, examination of books and records, a chapter on stock jobbing, the promotion of new enterprises, and an illuminating discussion on the best way of promoting enterprises, convince the reader that no person owning stock or actively engaged in the work of a corporation, should be without the knowledge contained in this little book. The appendix is very extensive and gives a form of by-laws of stockholders' proxy, and a synopsis of corporation laws of certain states where incorporation laws are most favorable. The experience of careful and thorough legal investigation is given in this volume, and it also is a most interesting book to read in connection with the evolution in business methods to the present time.

One cannot read it without realizing how much of the blame of injustice and oppression ascribed to corporations is more or less a friction, and that the systems of the modern corporations are not only necessary to secure the investors, but crystallizes even altruistic co-operation into a practically everyday common-sense proposition.

* * *

AT the New Kimball Hotel at Springfield, Massachusetts, a notable banquet was given by the Advertising Club of that city. The business men gathered to hear the bubbling humor and pathetic stories of John Kendrick Bangs, and the practical philosophy of Don Sietz of the *New York World*. Early in the evening the guests arrived, full of enthusiasm, and under the stimulus of song and story they soon dispelled the traditional frigid temperature of New England gatherings.

From Toastmaster Anderson's opening timely words to his closing remarks, there was a zest among the banqueters

that would have graced an occasion of the stirring abolition days, when Samuel Bolles thundered forth in the *Republican* those vital editorials which have left their impress on history. In a spacious bag furnished by Mr. Harris, of the Third National Bank, was an array of souvenirs that would make even Santa Claus envious, but the gentlemen, regardless of reminders from the ladies at home, helped themselves and went forth armed as though from a shopping expedition.

The occasion furnished concrete evidence of the industrial thrift of the towns of the Connecticut Valley, and showed clearly that the literary atmosphere associated with Springfield is not altogether divested of consideration for the practical and enterprising industrial spirit of the times.

* * *

THE literary lights glowed effulgently on the night of the banquet observing the twelfth annual meeting of the National Booksellers' Association, and the audience comprised representative booksellers from all parts of the country—the men behind the books. Since the early colonial period the progress of American literature has been largely promoted by the proprietor and habitues of some famous bookstore, such as the old School Street book-store in Boston where Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier and Holmes used to browse and talk over the new books fresh from the press; the plain, roomy sales rooms and offices of the Harpers of fifty years ago, and even older and more humble print shops, such as those of General Knox, Henshman and Green in ante-Revolutionary Boston.

Many a community has much for which to thank the book-seller. Almost overwhelmed by an avalanche of cheap books and cheaper literature, the bookseller, the only militant figure on the firing line, has had to repel the assaults of the seller of printed works, which sometimes break all bonds.

Around fifty tables laden with the delicacies of the season, these men gathered in all good fellowship. The souvenir napkins contained the motto, "How to behave at a banquet." Dr. Wiley was

to have been present, but on that day a new sun (son) had risen on the domestic horizon, and a new Doctor Wiley kept his father at home. Conventionality was thrown aside. It was "Bob," "Pete," "Joe," and "Jack," and standing, all joined in drinking a toast to President Cathcart. Then tender tribute was paid to the absent and to those who had passed beyond.

Morgan Shuster's address vividly portrayed the strangling of Persian autonomy and independence. With his hands in his pockets, and with scarcely a gesture the former President Treasurer General of Persia told a simple story of the fateful year there in 1911. Dr. Edward Howard Griggs gave one of those Emersonian lectures defining progress. Mr. Samuel Nevin spoke for Owen Johnson, the author of "Stover at Yale," and Meredith Nicholson, the author of "A Hoosier Chronicle," made in an almost pianissimo voice one of the most clever little addresses I ever heard, although those on the outskirts insisted that it was a soliloquy and that he was talking to himself.

As the guest of Mr. Horace Jackson of Bridgeport, Connecticut, one of the best known booksellers of the country, I enjoyed the spice and repartee of trade talk that would warm the cockles of any author's heart, but how these men manage to maintain even a cursory knowledge of the steady stream of books flowing from the press every day of the year and reaching the high tide of holiday trade, is beyond comprehension. It was especially gratifying to find all the booksellers so thoroughly acquainted with "Heart Throbs." The universal verdict of American booksellers from the big firms of New York City to the dealers in suburban towns was that one of the best sellers, next to the Bible, is "the book the people built," so widely known the world over as "Heart Throbs."

Everyone carried home a big box of souvenirs. It looked like a lunch box, but it only contained information on W. Morgan Shuster's new book, a plaque framing one of C. Coles Phillips' drawings, "A Toast to Molly Carter," a little brochure entitled "Cheap Turkey," written

by Ward Macauley, and numerous other mementoes of the exhilarating occasion. This distribution of souvenirs recalled the time-worn text, "of the making of books there is no end," but of the selling the books—aye, there's the rub.

One cannot join in one of these meetings without realizing the difficulties and handicaps of the average bookseller, and if there is any class of men who deserve the everlasting gratitude of authors and publishers, it is the men who fill their shelves with costly literature in trying to meet the public taste and back their opinion with substantial orders.

* * *

HEREWITH are a few comments on "Heart Throbs," Volume Two, clipped at random from some of the leading newspapers of the country:

"The second volume of the 'Heart Throbs,' prose and verse, sent to Joe Mitchell Chapple's National Magazine by its readers is said to be of higher literary order than its predecessor, but the selections in the main bear the same stamp of warm humanity and true sentiment. The list of contents, naturally, is very varied, so many kinds and phases of taste being represented, but the general tone is refreshingly pure and high."—*The Record-Herald, Chicago.*

"A glance through the book will show many old-time favorites, and if one spends more than a glance or two, he is apt to spend the whole evening reading the book and recalling old times when he first became acquainted with the best writings of authors and poets."—*The Brooklyn Citizen, New York.*

"All that need be said of it is that it is a delight to ramble through it. It is like getting back to the old home place and finding there dear, familiar faces and voices."—*The Minneapolis Journal, Minneapolis.*

"'Heart Throbs' defines the contents exactly. The book is beautifully illustrated."—*The Bulletin, San Francisco.*

"This supplement to the original \$10,000 prize book of the same name, bids fair to rival its predecessor in popularity and in usefulness, as it does in merit."—*Rowena Hewitt Landon, in the Saturday Book Review.*

"The growth and tolerance of opinion, religious, racial and political, was never more fully emphasized than in this volume. All barriers are broken down in the sweet fellowship of the songs and sketches comprising the book."—*Press, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

"It will no doubt prove as astonishing as its predecessor."—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*



ANN RANDOLPH is at our women readers' service on any subject that may come within the offices of the NATIONAL'S Home Department. Replies to questions will be printed unless otherwise requested; particular inquiries will be personally answered.

NOW very much, after all, a little encouragement means to most of us. It inspires confidence, and, as Miss Christie MacDonald said to me the other night, "The feeling that people believe you can do your part gives much more confidence than merely to know your lines." She was referring, of course, to the stage, and in particular to her own part in the title role of the "Spring Maid," but she spoke a general truth. Then she went further and told me an interesting little story which she insisted, in her own naive, decisive way, was "just telepathy, and if it wasn't that, what was it?"

"In a recent first night production on Broadway," she said, "an old actor, seasoned by historic triumphs, whose mastery of his art is recognized by all, suddenly hesitated in his most dramatic scene, then stopped altogether. While the audience sat in amazement, the stage manager, beside himself with astonishment, whispered the forgotten lines and the veteran was able to continue.

"Later the old actor explained the reason of his apparent mental lapse. He had been all right, he said, until he un-

consciously looked at a certain man in the orchestra. Suddenly the thought possessed him that he could not get through his next speech. While he was striving to get the idea from his head, it began to take possession of his whole soul, and he did quite forget his lines.

"What he said is true," affirmed Miss MacDonald. "I know from personal experience." And she told me of the time when she was rehearsing for her role of Princess Bozena in "The Spring Maid." Some theatrical man who often attended rehearsals had a disastrous effect upon her memory. Whenever he was present she found herself stammering and stuttering and quite forgetting her lines.

"At my request," she said, "he did not attend the opening, and I got along without a single break." But alas, the annoying gentleman appeared at the Wednesday matinee, and caused Miss MacDonald no end of torture in the first act. At the intermission she resorted to her manager, and the disturbing presence left the house. Later, in the offices of her producing managers, Werba & Luescher, the same man told his side of the queer story. Never had he watched Miss Mac-

Soda crackers are more nutritive than any other flour food. Uneeda Biscuit are the perfect soda crackers. Therefore, Uneeda Biscuit.

Though the cost is but five cents, Uneeda Biscuit are too good, too nourishing, too crisp, to be bought merely as an economy.

Buy them because of their freshness—buy them because of their crispness—buy them because of their goodness—buy them because of their nourishment.

Always 5 cents. Always fresh and crisp.

**NATIONAL BISCUIT
COMPANY**

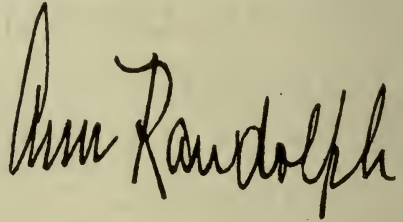
THE HOME

Donald perform, he declared, but he had an uncontrollable fear that she would forget her lines. "And now," finished Miss MacDonald, "if this isn't telepathic influence, I'd like to know just what it is?"

She is a very interesting little person, is Miss Christie MacDonald; very natural, very simple, very sweet. I saw her in her dressing-room, where "local color" is usually so strong as to reveal only the actress and not the woman. But Miss MacDonald is quite unaffected. She doesn't talk "shop" or connect herself with any particular cult or ism. She has worked hard, and continues to work hard, but her private life is very much that of the average athletic American girl. Miss MacDonald veritably lives out of doors—she golfs, rows, plays tennis, she walks—tramps might be the word. She has a kindly feeling towards the world, and she makes you feel that she is very much a part of it, and a dependent upon it, especially as audiences go. She admits that her "house" has much to do with the enthusiasm she is

able to put into her acting. Above all, Miss MacDonald shrinks from "an audience that is cold—the kind that sit back in their seats and dare the players to amuse them."

When she said "dare," she stamped her foot and there was a glitter in her clear blue-gray eye which convinced me that if she chose, this charming little lady could take up a dare in good earnest. But I doubt if it is often necessary. The average audience is quickly captivated by the winsome "Spring Maid," and many thousands of people in all parts of the country will await with interest her starring appearance in a new opera which she will decide upon during her well-earned vacation at the Thousand Islands.



LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR the Little Helps found suited for use in this department we award six months' subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, your subscription must be paid in full to date in order to take advantage of this offer. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your Little Help does not appear it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes unless for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose stamped addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.

TRANSPLANTING TOMATOES

By An Old Subscriber

Set the plants in the bottom of the jar or box and fill up to near the top. The roots will come out all along the stem, making much stronger plants to place in the ground.

Substitute for Mince Pies

Cut apples up without peeling, say four quarts, a piece of suet the size of your fist and put through the Enterprise meat chopper. Add a cup of boiled cider, a cup raisins, a cup of English currants, a cup of fruit juice, any kind left from canned sauce, all kinds of spices, salt and cook for an hour.

For Your Chicks

Fill a bucket with oats and wet and keep in a warm place until sprouts get an inch long. Feeding this will increase your egg returns.

ANOTHER DUSTLESS DUSTER

By Mrs. B. E. R.

Make a strong suds of any pure soap, to which add a few drops of turpentine. Let stand three hours, then wring out and dry.

To Fry Mush Brown

Add a half cup of flour to your cornmeal mush and it will fry brown.

TO KEEP RATS AND MICE AWAY

By O. L. D.

To keep rats and mice out of pantry or anywhere they trouble you just sprinkle dry sulphur about on the shelves and over the things which they use. Clean off and renew occasionally as the sulphur loses its strength after a while.



You Know **SAPOLIO**

and its power, how quick it works
and how sure the results. Without
Sapolio you waste strength and
miss dirt. It makes the cleaning
arm strong. Upstairs, downstairs,
everywhere, all the time, it

**Cleans, Scours, Polishes and
Works Without Waste**



WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT AND JAMES SCHOOLCRAFT SHERMAN

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

AUGUST, 1912

Affairs at WASHINGTON

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

AN armistice was declared between the party leaders at Washington when the recess of Congress was taken, to last while the political conventions were in progress. This recess proved a memorable fortnight of political mutation and excitement during the closing half of June, 1912. The swirling maelstrom incident to a presidential nomination seemed to have swept like a cyclone from Chicago to Baltimore—there devastating political hopes in many quarters. The friends who dropped in at the executive office to congratulate and talk matters over with President Taft were meeting everywhere on the streets and in the corridors political opponents who were in the thick of the fight at the Baltimore Convention, which, as a matter of fact, was a Washington convention. It took only an hour to run over to the Monument City and look at political monuments “in the making”—at promising careers careened in the blast of the convention forum—and it took only an hour more to return weary and exhausted from watching with the great throngs in the convention hall.

At both conventions the prominent figures at Washington were conspicuous, and the people never seemed to lose their interest in the nation's big men.

Restful calm followed the clamor of the

conventions. Director McKinley of the Taft campaign is reported to have gone home and had six straight days of sleep to make up for his lost nights, while Senator Dubois, Speaker Clark's campaign director, also retired for a well-deserved “breathing spell”; but W. F. McCombs, of Wilson fame, kept right on going. All the headquarters of the presidential candidates put in nomination were closed, and “statements” were no more of national interest.

* * *

Yet even during the sultry midsummer days big plans were being made and put in progress for the fall campaign. Preparations for the coming inauguration were considered, overlooking the vigorous campaign, which will reach its consummation in the parade to march down the Avenue March 4, 1913. During convention time the paramount question at the national capital was embraced in one small word of three letters—“Who?” That involved the old-fashioned quadrennial problem “Who's who?” The question now has resolved itself to the narrower scope implied by “Which?” And as the school-girl quotes from her favorite poem the opening line “Which shall it be?” the facetious, up-to-date college lad, with his hair combed straight back, blows a whiff and retorts “Who's *it*?” And the country understands

the vernacular as though it were baseball jargon.

Congressional proceedings were completely submerged for the time being, and the political chart was consulted only to measure the strength of competing candidates. Meantime the summer slipped away with the legislative bill hanging fire, and the Army and Navy and the State Departments uncertain whether there would be any money available to continue in

at the White House continues—there are throngs of callers; and at the State Department the ambassadors and ministers come and go, although most of the embassies are comfortably established at their summer quarters. The "bridal" procession passing up and down the corridors of the Capitol on the hottest days, and the tourist autos flitting about the streets indicate that so long as Congress continues in session, Washington may acclaim itself



SPEAKER CHAMP CLARK'S "DEN" IN HIS WASHINGTON HOME

The Speaker goes right on with his work, forgetting that there ever was a convention at Baltimore

business. Despite these threatening conditions, session after session, Uncle Sam seems to worry along somehow, and take care of his pay-rolls and appropriations.

The supreme court room seemed unusually dignified and exclusive, deserted by bench and bar, and with summer coverings over its furniture.

The work on the streets at Washington is always scheduled for the summer months, and the upper part of the Avenue resembled the condition of conflicting parties during convention time. The work

a lively summer resort. The moment Congress adjourns and the President leaves, Washington has its days of rest and leisure, and the sacred portals and inner sanctums of the most exclusive officials are thrown open to a curious public.

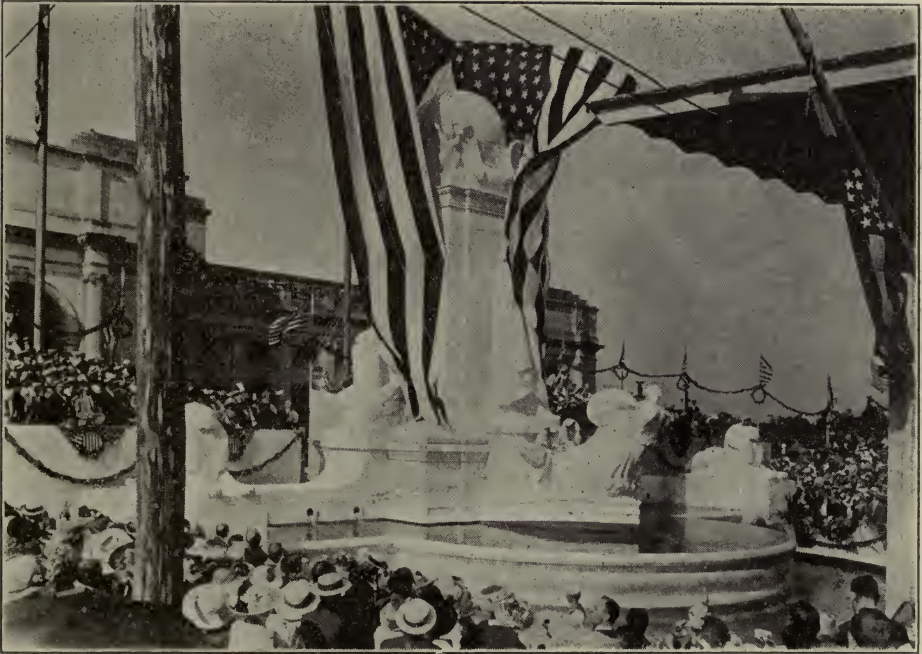
Speaker Clark pushes on with the work in his "den" and at the Capitol, forgetting that there ever was a convention at Baltimore, but conscious that he had the hearty endorsement of a majority of the delegates, who thus manifested their appreciation of the man in the Speaker's chair.

THE unexpected is always written and uttered by Bernard Shaw, who commented on the Titanic disaster in a characteristic way. He knows just how to make newspapers reprint his sayings and how to set people talking.

The opening paragraph of his article on "Romantic Lying" in the *Daily News* has the usual Shawesque scorching satire:

"Why is it that the effect of a sensational catastrophe on a modern nation is to cast it into transports, not of weeping, not of

sensible woman would trust either herself or her child in a boat unless there was a considerable percentage of men on board is not considered. Women and children first: that is the romantic formula. And never did the chorus of solemn delight at the strict observance of this formula by the British heroes on board the "Titanic" rise to sublimer strains than in the papers containing the first account of the wreck by a surviving eye witness, Lady Duff-Gordon. She described how she escaped



UNVEILING OF THE COLUMBUS STATUE BY THE ITALIAN AMBASSADOR AT THE UNION STATION PLAZA, WASHINGTON

prayer, nor of sympathy with the bereaved nor congratulation of the rescued, not of poetic expression of the soul purified by pity and terror, but of a wild defiance of inexorable Fate and undeniable Fact by an explosion of outrageous romantic lying.

"What is the first demand of romance in a shipwreck? It is the cry of 'Women and Children First.' No male creature is to step into a boat as long as there is a woman or child on the doomed ship. How the boat is to be navigated and rowed by babies and women occupied in holding the babies is not mentioned. The likelihood that no

in the captain's boat. There was one other woman in it, and ten men; twelve all told. One woman for every five men. Chorus: 'Not once or twice in our rough island story,' &c., &c."

Still it may be said that the newspaper reporter or editor has a right to presume that the average reader knows that boats are provided with crews, and that women and children are not sent adrift at sea, without men to look after them. It is not likely that many readers were led to believe that women and children were literally put into unmanned life-boats, or that

any "heroism" was attributed to any but the men who refrained from seeking to save themselves, while a woman or child claimed the first right to safety.

Many admirers of Shaw have suggested that it was an unhappy choice for even a professional satirist to take as a theme for satire the naturally perfervid

THERE is a pathetic timeliness in the appearance of a little book written by the late Major Archibald W. Butt, entitled "Both Sides of the Shield." It contains a "Foreword" by President William H. Taft in which a splendid tribute is paid to the author. The President touchingly chronicles how constantly

"Archie" was in attendance, so that he felt the shock of his untimely death as though it were a younger brother. President Taft first met Major Butt as a volunteer in the Philippines, where he made a splendid record in the quartermaster's department. His sunny disposition and kindness, says the President, was notable. Whenever he entered a room, in bad or good weather, he seemed to radiate good cheer. Major Butt was very devoted to his mother, whom he brought to Washington from his home in Augusta, Georgia, and it seemed to the President that "he never married because he loved her so."

In speaking of the Titanic disaster, the President says, "After I heard that part of the ship's com-

pany had gone down, I gave up hope for the rescue of Major Butt, unless by accident. I knew that he would certainly remain on the ship's deck until every duty had been performed, and every sacrifice made that properly fell on one charged with responsibility for the rescue of others.

"The chief trait of Archie Butt's character," says the President again, "was loyalty to his ideals, his cloth and his



THE LATE MAJOR ARCHIBALD WILLINGHAM BUTT
One of the heroes of the Titanic disaster

accounts and comments of the press on the most terrible and fatal shipwreck of many centuries. The strength and weakness of those perishing hundreds while they awaited and met death in the icy sea, can never be known to any but the Almighty. Reverence and charity, however, prevented any flippant attempt to demonstrate a gift for satirizing of the naturally emotional literature that described the great calamity.

friends. His character was a simple one in that he was incapable of intrigue or insincerity."

Major Butt was born in Augusta in 1865, and upon his graduation from the University of the South, he joined the staff of the famous *Courier-Journal* at Louisville. Later he went to Washington, D.C., as correspondent for several Southern papers. At the beginning of the Spanish-American War he took service, and later was given the rank of captain by President McKinley. After a splendid career in the Philippines he returned to America in 1904, was prominent in social army life in Washington, and when President Taft entered the White House was chosen for his military aide. In March, 1911, the President advanced him to the rank of major.

Now as to the story. "Both Sides of the Shield," (published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia) is a series of letters on the educational and social conditions in the South. It is written in the first person by a young reporter calling himself Palmer, who is serving on a Boston daily and is assigned to write a series of letters on Southern conditions, "avoiding the cities and beaten tracks." Palmer certainly made good, as the reporters say, on his assignment, and had some interesting and vivid experiences to relate. The little book appears in a way to be an autobiography; it is delightfully written, and certainly furnishes a charming remembrance of one of God's own noblemen, Archibald Willingham Butt.

* * *

NO other cabinet position seems to have produced men more prominent in the executive affairs of the nation than the War Department, from which President Taft, Senator Root, and Secretary Dickinson, now prosecuting the steel trust case, came into great prominence. On the walls of the outer room leading to department headquarters are the pictures of Grant, Sherman and Sheridan, grim warriors baptized in the very reek of battle, but of late the War Department seems to have entirely changed its mission. True, there are exhibited the bullet-torn flags which carry the memoirs of war—the flag that

floated over Fort Sumter and the flag that draped the bier of the beloved Lincoln. But among the portraits on the wall, Daniel Scott Lamont, with his close-cropped brown moustache and clear blue



MRS. CLARENCE W. WATSON

The wife of Senator Watson of West Virginia. She is a prominent leader in Washington society

business eye, reminds one of Cleveland's days, and of peaceful activities in the Department of War.

To our fathers it would seem like a paradox that the War Department should be pre-eminently identified with the development of trade, but so it is. The

Panama Canal, the Philippines, and all the great engineering of trade development come under its jurisdiction. The product of our factories is more largely its concern today than is the output of our arsenals. Secretary Stimson, young and alert, is proving a most efficient executive. His office is an indication of his policy in managing affairs. In his room are the portraits of Lincoln and Grant; at his desk was a bouquet of flowers; an arm-chair commanded the view from a balcony—and not even the suggestion of a sword, musket



SECRETARY OF WAR STIMSON
Who is running the War Department on a
strictly business basis

or gun relieves the array of maps, books and documents, which suggests that the pre-eminent object of the United States War Department is peaceful trade rather than conquest.

Nevertheless, from this desk are directed the movements of the army, the great insular bureau and all the varied engineering held in reserve to enforce federal law and justice. The army has never been as picturesque or popular as the navy, and has suffered some misrepresentation among laboring men because of its employment in times of riot and trouble. Upon the preparedness of the War De-

partment, however, depends the power to hold in check the sudden eruption of passions that flame into bad feeling every now and then between nations, like the flashes of ill temper among individuals.

Secretary Stimson is a business man in the strictest sense of the word, and a thorough student of men and affairs. He came into public prominence during the recent gubernatorial contest in New York. He is a New Yorker by birth and a graduate of Yale, although he studied law at Harvard. As a lawyer Mr. Stimson won distinction, and he served as United States Attorney of the South District of New York from 1906 to 1909. The following year he entered the contest for the governorship and revealed his splendid abilities as a speaker and a keen student of public affairs. His administration in the Cabinet since President Taft's appointment in May, 1911, has marked an able epoch in the annals of the War Department.

* * *

"WE think we are a great people," said the retired army officer, taking off his glasses, "and we feel that we are progressing at a tremendous pace, but here's a newspaper account saying that the French government has unearthed in Babylonia 45,000 tablets, giving a history in full of the reign of the ancient kings. Here we find for the first time that Babylon, and not Rome, was the real 'Mother of Law.' In those days there was a system of courts and of appeals that even suggested a recall. Sir, this report states that during the days of Nebuchadnezzar they had a free rural delivery of mail, over every highway in the kingdom. And shades of Grover Cleveland!—it has also been proved beyond a doubt that the Egyptian Government in 4,500 B. C. had a perfected system of civil service. There is a record that the first turbine engine was invented by the Egyptians, and that Archimedes devised this mechanical contrivance by which the fields could be watered when the Nile was low. This is the same principle that is used to drive the latest additions to the Cunarders."

What shocked the doughty old American most of all was the information that four thousand years ago the phonograph was

used in ancient Egypt, and was in reality only perfected by Edison in the nineteenth century. There is evidence also of the use of wireless telegraphy before the Christian Era, while the Egyptian alphabet has proven to be a scientific key to organized human speech. It is a hard blow to our self-sufficiency to find that the banjo of the Southern plantation with its fascinating "thrum" only echoes the musical instruments used by Egyptians in prehistoric times.

This all indicates the fascination of the subject of Egyptology, and the Grolier Society of London has established American offices, issuing important publications and information concerning these ancient days in the land of the Nile.

* * *

THERE is a touch of homelikeness in the office of Miss Mabel T. Boardman, the head of the American Red Cross, in Washington. In this modest room, decorated by ferns with a woman's subtle touch, a great work is being conducted. The Titanic relief work was carried on vigorously, and the assistance for the flood sufferers in the Mississippi Valley was even of greater magnitude. The Red Cross takes cognizance of all calls in distress and calamity, whether or not spectacular, and thrilling to the hearts of the people.

The great success of the Ninth International Congress of the Red Cross was fresh in mind, and the ease with which the names of foreign visitors were registered in that office indicates how close together the world is getting in the splendid work of the Red Cross. While primarily employed in the field of battle, the society has found a larger field of usefulness in responding to the distress signals occasioned by the great calamities which seem to occur in all parts of the world as regularly as the seasons come round. All this great international work is calmly mastered in a business-like way by the American woman who is devoting her life to an

endeavor whose scope is as wide as the world itself.

* * *

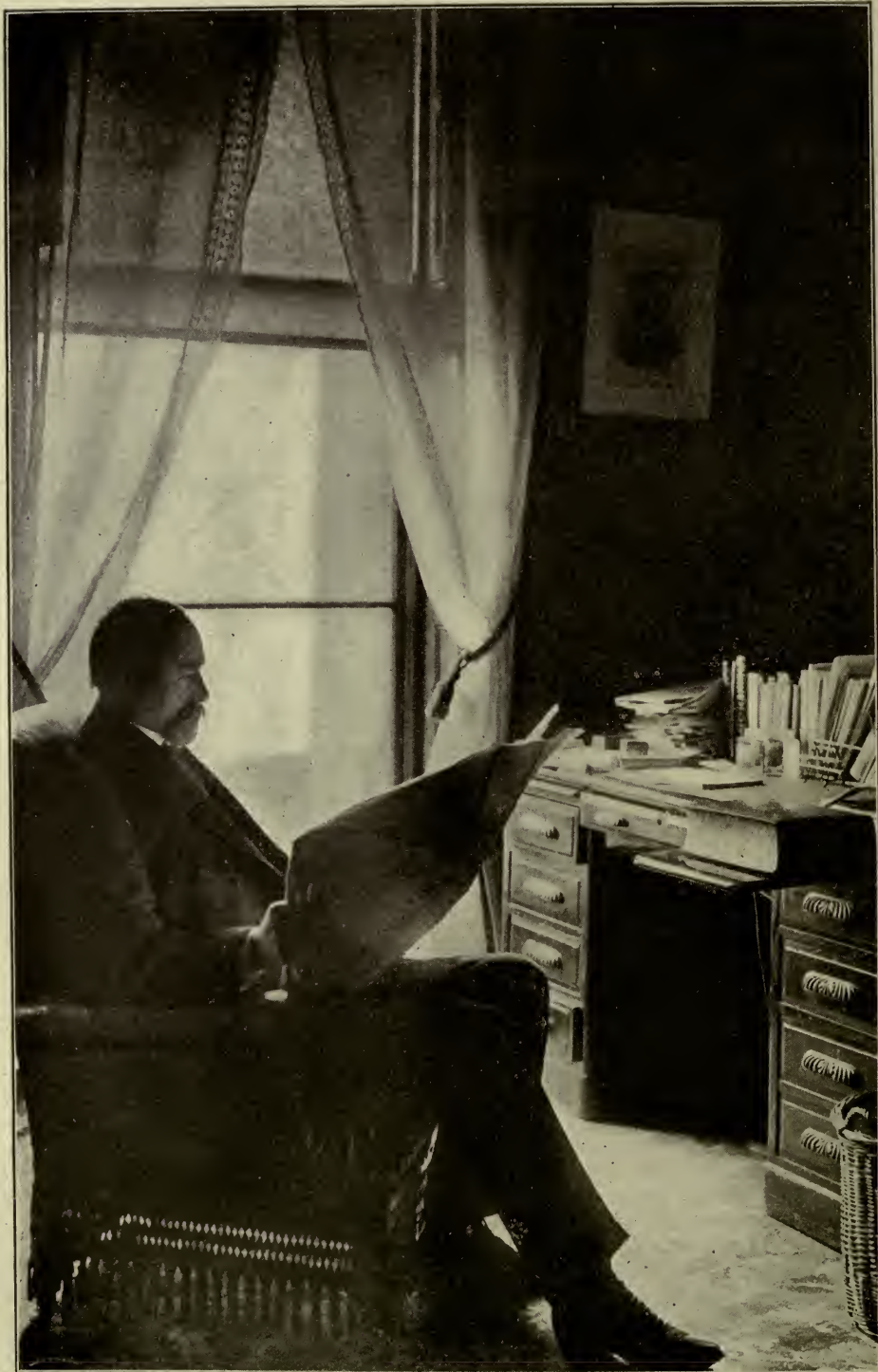
ONE of the busiest men in the country is Charles W. Fairbanks, whose activities during the Convention followed several years of retirement from public life. As president of the Indianapolis Forestry Association he has been kept so busy looking after the planting of trees and making addresses at the ceremonies, that he has witnessed the planting of some twenty-five hundred trees and has become noted as an arboreal speaker. All the new trees will bear fruit in a few years,



EXHIBITION HALL OF THE RED CROSS SOCIETY,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

and will beautify the Hoosier homes and schoolhouses with the rich verdure of the valley of the Wabash.

Mr. Fairbanks has his office in Indianapolis, and has one of the largest law libraries and private collections of books in the city. He is just as gracious as during his active public life, and during his trip around the world received attentions and courtesies rarely vouchsafed to any traveler. Mr. Fairbanks has a farm in Illinois, but never loses his preference for his home town, Indianapolis, the "Paris of the Middle West," where he began life as a struggling young lawyer in a modest home near the public square. He recalls the time that he walked to the Square to hear Robert G. Ingersoll's famous Memorial



HON. CHARLES WARREN FAIRBANKS
THE FORMER VICE-PRESIDENT, WHO WAS DELEGATE AT LARGE FROM INDIANA AT
THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION

Day oration, introduced by the memorable words: "The past rises before me like a dream."

No wonder that Indianapolis people love Indianapolis with its beautiful streets, parks, drives and its incomparable Soldiers' Monument. The sculptor and architect of this famous memorial was among the lost of the Titanic, and perhaps his greatest monument will be the towering shaft at Indianapolis, surrounded by the life and activities of a busy people.

* * *

PERHAPS the one thing that is the very essence of modern business methods, differentiating the progressive from the backward countries, might be condensed in a few words—knowing how to keep accounts and records. In most Latin-American countries such a thing as an audit is never known, and in general these people are careless as to records and reports. This was exemplified when the United States took charge of the customs house in San Domingo and soon changed a losing to a profitable government business. The same is true of Cuba and Honduras.

The careful bookkeeping and recording methods, characteristic of prominent Americans from George Washington to present day leaders, tell the real story of progress. Facts are gathered, assimilated and made the basis of knowledge, and, as we learned from the much-quoted Bacon, "knowledge is power." The United States Census is now a gigantic machine for gathering vital statistics which form the basis of investigations and plans for better methods in every department of life and labor. Of course, there is such a thing as overdoing the card index, but the system of careful record has had much to do with the thrift and prosperity of New England.

On Beacon Hill, in Boston, under the golden dome of the State House, is one of the largest indexes in the world. In fact, the Russian public index is the only one known to be larger. More than nine million names, giving births, marriages and deaths in Massachusetts from 1843, make a complete record, showing not only where people were born and where they died, but also statistics which are vital in making up calculations. Before this time

the records were kept in the different towns, but now they are all concentrated in the State House in Boston. In a relatively small space all these records are preserved, and as births, marriages and deaths come in, different forms of cards are used, and a great variety of names, Grecian, Assyrian, Italian and others now mingle with good old New England names that have been on the records since the landing of the Mayflower.

It is amazing what an immense amount



SENORA JOSE SALES DIAZ

The wife of Senor Diaz, formerly an attache of the Mexican Embassy, now promoted to third officer of state in Mexico

of work can be accomplished by the adoption of this system. Each disease of which mankind is likely to die has a number, and as I stood by I heard Mr. Boynton, the "charge d'affaires" of the important work, refer to 93 as pneumonia, to 46 as this and 16 as that, and so on through the whole category. The adoption of the old numerals as significant terms has greatly simplified the task of gathering together chronological and other records upon which future progress and development must be planned. Patrick Henry's famous reference to "the lamp of experience" is

nowhere more carefully observed than in the keeping of reliable records on which calculations can be based as unerringly as the astronomer relies on logarithms or the surveyor on the length of his chain.

The Bureaus of Statistics in various states are now rapidly adopting a uniform system that will eventually make the gathering of many decennial census figures only a matter of addition and tabulation, for as each district is thoroughly covered, the aggregate in a country of one hundred

people anticipated with unusual interest the appearance on the American lecture platform of the Countess of Warwick, the mistress of the Castle. For many years this distinguished lady has occupied a prominent place in public affairs.

It seemed like the irony of fate that from the castle of the ancient King Maker, Earl of Warwick, this remarkable lady should issue, with her strong character and her radical ideas. Although for more than twenty years she was one of the leaders of London society, she is an ardent socialist, and is, in short, a woman of wonderful versatility. None have been more prominent in philanthropic work. She successfully launched the Lady Warwick College, a school for girls, where they are taught the arts and handiwork of the dairy, the poultry yard, the kitchen and the flower-garden. The Countess has been keenly interested in the pursuit of gardening for women, and has never ceased to emphasize the value of fresh air for girls with shattered nerves. There is no more enthusiastic admirer of Mother Earth and her beauties than the Countess of Warwick.

A decided impression was made in literary circles by the publication of her book "Warwick Castle and Its Earls," two volumes of history written in a pleasing, gossipy style which won for the Countess immediate popularity as an author. She has also been a notable addition to the lecture platform, where she tells of the men who have inhabited Warwick Castle—some who dictated the policy of their country; some who perished miserably on the block; the leaders in command; the generals of armies, and the admirals of splendid navies. One Earl of Warwick was a pirate, and one, a pretender to the earldom, distinguished himself by inventing a valuable patent medicine. "There is a whole forest of trees," says one writer, "connected with the genealogy of the Warwicks."

With all this picturesque setting it was no wonder that Americans looked forward with keen interest to Lady Warwick's visit. An extensive tour had been arranged for her, in many of the large cities; but she came, she saw and she returned, before half of her engagements



THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK

million people is not any more difficult than that of even a small fraction of this amount. It is simply a question of system, and Uncle Sam and the State governments are certainly making good use of the last and most important of the three r's, Readin', Ritin' and 'Rithmetic.

* * *

A SCENE of which the American tourist in England never wearies is Warwick Castle, which has been pronounced a national glory, and is one of the oldest and most beautiful ancestral homes in England. Little wonder, then, that the American

had been fulfilled. The inevitable woman's reason, "because," was given, and a hint of the impending coal strike at home. Her own country, claimed Lady Warwick, demanded her attention, and her American lecture dates had to be cancelled, much to the discomfort of her manager. It was indeed a disappointment to the American public that this noble lady could not have remained as expected, to acquaint American audiences with a personality at once interesting and attractive.

* * *

PERMEATING every epoch of national history is an enthusiastic pride in the American navy. No one could have witnessed the launching of the new battleship "Texas" without feeling a glory in the strength and protection for which it stood. Yet, despite its size and power, almost on the same day Japan launched a battle cruiser at Vickers which was five hundred tons larger and six knots faster. This was the first of a quartet of new Japanese cruisers which will make a squadron of four ships of 28,000 tons, with a speed of from twenty-seven to twenty-eight knots an hour.

A comparison with the development of other nations shows that it is an unwise attempt on the part of Congress to reduce naval appropriations. Naval authorities point out that our navy, as it now stands,



A VIEW OF WARWICK CASTLE

is an excellent foundation, while others declare that a cessation of development would be the same as putting up a large fireproof building and allowing its foundation to deteriorate. We have a splendid navy, but its foundation must be represented by the ships and new equipment

that are added from year to year. The sentiment of the country as reflected in the press and various labor organizations will not tolerate a policy of failure to preserve a powerful navy.



THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK AND HER SON

The navy today is ninety-seven per cent American; its personnel includes a splendid lot of young fellows, who are drilled, trained and taught soldierly bearing, self-reliance and navigation. Many of them become accomplished mechanics, and when their enlistment period is over, they are in demand at good salaries by private corporations. At the same time, these men trained by the government are a valuable national asset, and it has been the aim of Secretary Meyer to secure their re-enlistment and to offer inducements that will bind them to the government. "We adopted the Monroe doctrine some years ago," says Secretary Meyer again, "and insisted upon its maintenance. But the Monroe doctrine is only theory if not backed by our navy."

When the "Delaware" steamed to England and back without coaling it indicated something of the splendid management of the navy. When the boat arrived at Southampton, English vessels

asked out of courtesy if they could not furnish her barges with which to take coal, and were astonished to find that the "Delaware" had not only made the trip but also could return without calling on outside help.

The increased efficiency, team-work, co-operation and up-to-date accounting methods which Secretary George von L. Meyer first introduced in the Post Office Department are now current in the Navy. Because of his wonderful managerial



MISS CLAUDIA LYON

The little daughter of Colonel Cecil A. Lyon. She christened the new battleship Texas, launched at Newport News

ability, it is regarded as vital necessity that when Secretary Meyer approves of further naval development, no mere spasm of economy should be permitted to interfere with his recommendations. When one has seen the four great new battleships, the "Arkansas," the "Utah," the "Florida" and the "Texas," he can understand what our navy represents. The enthusiasm and *esprit de corps* of the Navy Department today is such that all should seek to encourage rather than discourage the men who have given the best effort and years of their life to its upbuilding.

FOR many years the proposed pensioning of government employes has been a question of vital interest at Washington. A plan lately submitted by the President would pension all employees over seventy years old, no person to receive over ninety dollars a year, about enough, with economy, to find them in clothes. This, it is estimated, would cost the Government not more than \$227,000 a year. The present employees are assessed not to exceed more than eight per cent of their salaries.

As one goes about the government offices and becomes acquainted with the scores of faithful and efficient clerks growing gray in the civil service, which is quite as deserving as that of the military, especially in times of peace, it seems as if a pension system is not only logical but necessary to maintain efficiency in the great army of clerks who are after all the basis of the working administration of the government. The retirement of clerks at seventy would enable the department from time to time to recruit new employes and necessarily to increase the force.

The middle-aged man can recall the time when changes of administration largely revolutionized the whole clerical force at Washington. That is all past, however, and now it is not uncommon for many thousands in the government service whose appointments come directly from the President of the United States later to oppose the man whose signature is upon their commission. There are some who still believe that civil service reform has not been altogether the benefit that has been prophesied for it because of a decrease in efficiency. The clerk who realizes that his position is secure, declare these people, is not likely to be as keen and eager to follow the leadership of the heads of various departments. The oldtime ties of loyalty and enthusiastic devotion of man for man in affairs political is passing. The passion and enthusiasm of the days of Henry Clay and James G. Blaine would make even the most ardent follower of today seem tame in comparison. As the personal relationship between the old employer and his workman has passed away, the same effect is apparent between political leaders and their followers. In the old days the interests of both were more

identical, more homogeneous, but today the individual looks more directly to his personal rights and privileges than to those of his leader or employer. As Dr. Edward Howard Griggs has said, sometimes it is well to stop and think it all over, whether what we look upon and laud as progress is after all real progress, and if indeed the law of compensation does not operate in subtracting some advantages where other positive benefits accrue.

In its pension system, the United States

did in the early bloom of their womanhood, is a picture that brings to mind the necessity of providing a pension for government clerks.

* * *

AFTER a face to face meeting and a delightful chat with the Rt. Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, former Premier of England, as he converses on the philosophy of literature, the conviction comes that here is a man who thinks deeply.



WASHINGTON MONUMENT AS SEEN THROUGH THE TREES AT POTOMAC PARK

seems to have been slow to recognize the necessity of guarding against the terrors of want in old age and helplessness, and surely in a country with a national debt per capita smaller than that of any other country in the world and with a per capita wealth greater than that of any other country there is coming inevitably an adjustment that will work out in a practical manner.

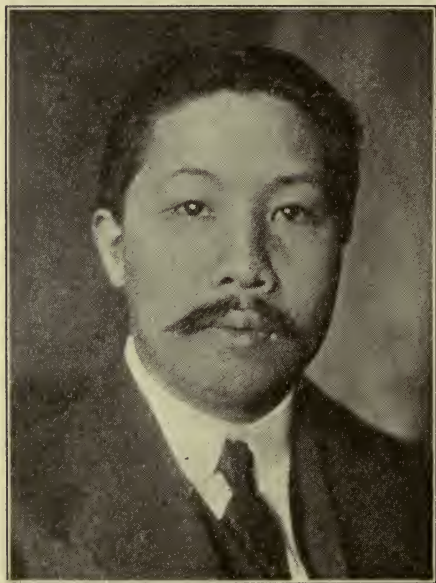
To see two gray-haired women who have served for thirty or forty years in government service, walking down the aisle with arms around each other, as they

His recent comment upon the literature of the times is refreshing and can hardly be reconciled with the old-time sneers and jibes of the dilettante who served as secretary to the Marquis of Salisbury during the great Peace Conference held in Berlin.

Mr. Balfour is now a champion of literature that is instrumental in cheering us up, for he insists that surely life itself is sad enough. Calling attention to the fact that the literature of the day seems to be less cheerful than in the days when he was young, he sums the situation up in an

informal and most eloquent statement to the authors of the day.

"Everything, after all, which is real is a potential subject of literature as long as it is treated sincerely; as long as it is treated directly, as long as it is an immediate experience, no man has the right to complain of it. But it is not what I ask of literature. What I ask from literature mainly is that in a world which is full of sadness and difficulty, in which you go through a day's stress and come back from your work weary, you should find in



PRINCE TRAIIDOS OF SIAM

The youngest member of the diplomatic body at Washington

literature something which represents life, which is true, in the highest sense of truth, to what is or what is imagined to be true, but which does cheer us."

* * *

DURING the full-blown beauties of early summer the youngest member of the diplomatic body arrived at Washington. He is Prince Traidos of Siam, still in his twenties. He established himself at the Siamese legation and entered at once actively upon the duties of his position. He is first cousin of the king of Siam and speaks the English language fluently. He is a graduate of Cambridge University, and

his account of first impressions of this country are most interesting. With the phraseology of a trained diplomat, he started in to express his admiration of the great country teeming with enterprise, and paid special tribute to the Capital City.

The reporter could not resist the impulse to ask him what he thought of American women. With the chivalry and dignity of a prince, Traidos bowed low and said, "You Americans have much to be proud of in your women." Then he added, as in parenthesis, that his wife would join him in the fall, thus spoiling the reporter's intended story, and dashing the hopes of a number of fair Washingtonians. Prince Traidos, nevertheless, is of picturesque interest. He is a bright, boyish looking man who parts his hair in the middle, has an English university gait and the usual dainty black Siamese moustache.

* * *

SWEEPING across the sky at sixty miles an hour in its official test, Lincoln Beachy tried out the new War Department aeroplane. The adoption of the aeroplane in the army is practically assured, and the "sky service" seems likely to become a recognized department. The aeroplane on an army test carried six hundred and eighty-seven pounds, not a very great capacity of carriage, but who can limit the development of the future? Years ago the tiny teakettles, running on wooden rails, little forecasted the massive ninety-ton monsters thundering over the massive steel metals of today.

Aviation is more than an avocation. It was recently arranged that Rear-Admiral Hugo Osterhaus of the United States Navy should receive a message at the Navy Yard in Brooklyn, from Robert J. Collier, President of the Aero Club. The machine started from Seabright, New Jersey, and circled about the Admiral's flagship. Everything was going well when suddenly the engine went dead, and it looked for a moment as if the machine would turn turtle. The aviator managed to get control of the planes, however, although they were obliged to volplane (soar or slide down) abruptly to the river and they struck with an unceremonious splash some

distance from where the message was to have been delivered with due etiquette.

The aviators were drenched, but they were optimistic, as is the wont of aviators, and they had done well to escape injury in their five hundred foot drop. They were towed alongside, and the naval message was delivered after all by boat in the manner approved by the old tars, who do not take kindly to navigating the aerial sea.

The dangers connected with aviation seem not to daunt aviators, and at the present rate of development the invention will be perfected not only for army purposes, but as a practical medium of special everyday transportation. The time has already arrived when the amateurs' and professionals' adventurous voyaging on a "breath of air" in a whirling aeroplane is swifter and even more exhilarating, however hazardous in the beginning, than the joy jaunts of the motor car in its earlier development.

* * *

FEW men in the Senate have indicated a more thorough technical knowledge upon the schedules discussed during tariff debate than Senator George T. Oliver, of Pennsylvania. Although this is his first public position, Senator Oliver's introductory address in a debate on the tariff bill proved his mettle, and he soon became a prominent figure in discussing the great economic questions of the day.

Senator Oliver is one of a family of brothers who are pioneers in the steel trade. He was president of the Oliver Wire Company at Pittsburgh, and later president of the Oliver & Snyder Steel Company until he disposed of his manufacturing interests in 1901. Since his retirement from active manufacturing in 1901, after twenty years spent in the management and upbuilding of a great industrial enterprise and the study of present day problems in practical business life, he has brought to the Senate a knowledge which has made him an important and expert factor in the tariff considerations.

Senator Oliver was born in County Tyrone, Ireland, during a visit of his parents, and was brought to America at an early age. He was graduated from

Bethany College, West Virginia, and in 1871 was admitted to the bar in Pittsburgh. When twenty-seven years old he was appointed solicitor for the Dollar Savings Bank of Pittsburgh. Senator Oliver is more largely interested in the newspaper field than any other man in Pennsylvania. Since 1900 he has been owner of the *Pittsburgh Gazette-Times* and *Chronicle Telegraph*, now conducted by



MRS. JOHN J. ESCH

Wife of Congressman Esch of Wisconsin, and one of the most popular Western women at the Capital

his sons, George Sturges and Augustus Kountze Oliver. The aggressive policy of these papers has had a marked influence in maintaining a wholesome and conservative attitude upon the great questions of the day. Senator Oliver was for three years president of the Central Board of Education and assisted in giving his home city a new charter and in having a wholesome house-cleaning from boss corruption and the ward system. Diligent in his senatorial labors he keeps up his work in

the various committees and stands firm for the policy of protection and restraint upon trade combinations that interfere with the expansion of legitimately conducted enterprises.

Senator Oliver has the real senatorial love of baseball and after his letters are signed he watches the clock to get the signal from the Vice-President about adjournment time, when the interest and discussions of the day are diverted from tariff schedules to the score card.

Virile and aggressive, in the prime of



THE WASHINGTON HOME OF SPEAKER
CHAMP CLARK

life, Senator Oliver impresses his visitors as being a typical American business man now making public business his first concern.

* * *

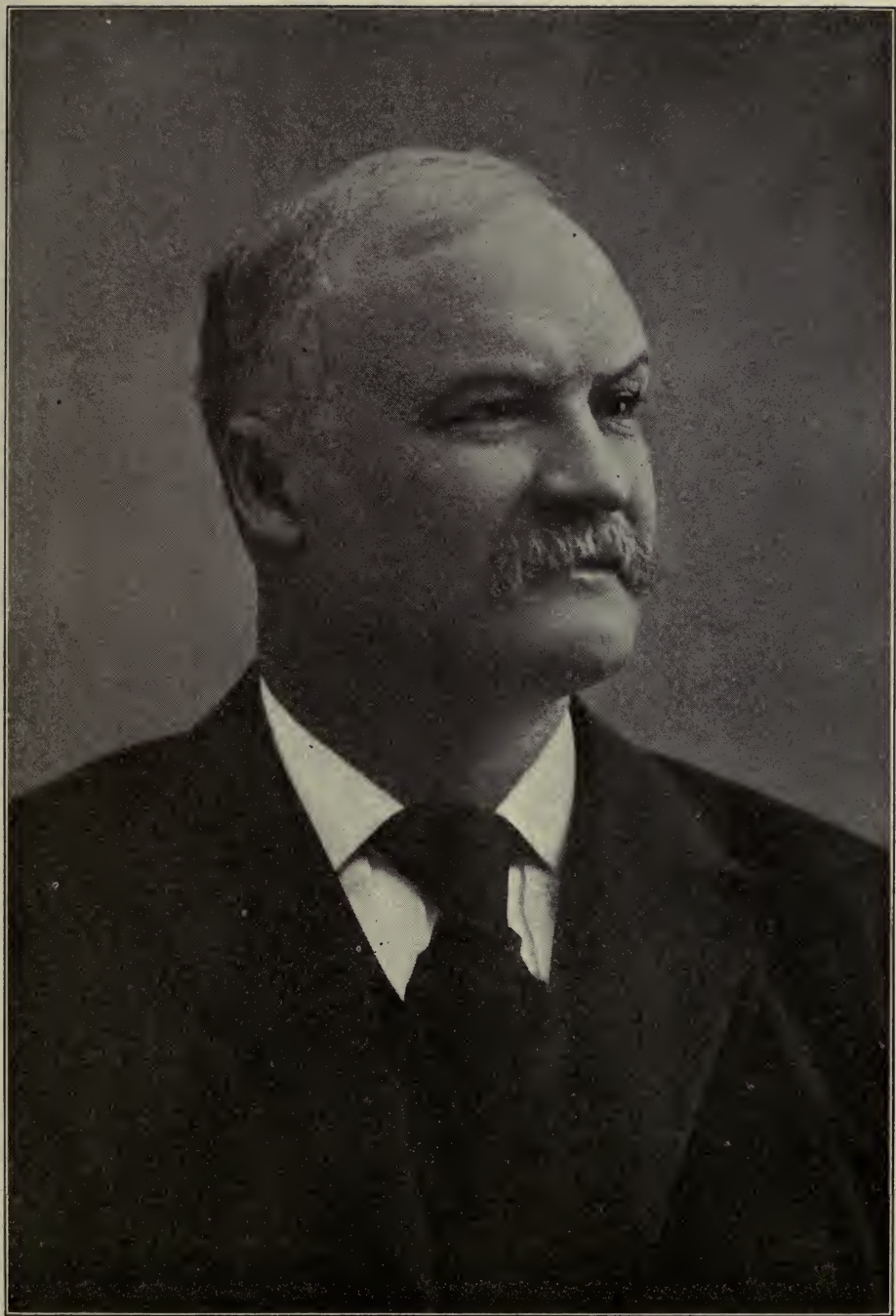
THE more I mingle with men, the more faith and confidence I have in human-kind. The nobility I have met includes a King, an Emperor and eminent leaders in public life and literature, but those sturdy types of American business men, whose creative faculty and whose great, broad minds and hearts have made possible the development of the country, are to me the true nobility of the times.

Years ago, it was my good fortune to meet the late Senator J. Henry Cochran of Pennsylvania, one of those men whose kindness and genuineness are apparent at a glance. His activities as woodsman, log driver, banker, lumberman, organizer, state senator, political leader and philanthropist form an inspiring page to the business history of the age.

Born in Brunswick, his parents moved to Calais, Maine, when he was very young. At the age of sixteen, in the flush and vigor of early manhood, he came to Pennsylvania. He did not come all the way by rail—part of the way he walked. The odor of the freshly-cut pine boards and sawdust was too much for him. It was not long before he was out in the woods exploring every stream and stretch of woodland thereabouts. He joined his elder brother, Judge J. W. Cochran, of Emporium, Pennsylvania, later of Ashland, Wisconsin, and the firm of J. W. Cochran & Brother soon became well known throughout the state.

In the summer of 1870 he was married to Miss Avis Ann Rouse at Calais, Maine, and brought his bride to Pennsylvania, where he had charge of a lumber operation on Cole Run.

When the timber of Pennsylvania became scarce, Senator Cochran cruised the pine woods of Wisconsin, and many say that he is the hero of Stewart Edward White's famous novel, "The Blazed Trail." The story of the novel is that the late Senator McMillan, of Michigan, and Mr. Cochran both wanted the same tract of timber land. With an Indian guide, the latter started on the short cut to the land office, one hundred and twenty miles away. In the rush the Indian guide gave out, and Senator Cochran, with the disabled red man on his back, threaded the trail, through the brakes and windfalls of the woods, reaching his destination at daylight. When McMillan arrived he was dumbfounded to find his rival awaiting him on the land office steps. Thus goes the story of "The Blazed Trail" and J. Henry Cochran, but the modest hero would never permit discussion of his early achievements. "He always reckons," a friend once said, "upon what he is doing now."



THE LATE SENATOR J. HENRY COCHRAN
THE HERO OF STEWART EDWARD WHITE'S NOVEL, "THE BLAZED TRAIL."

J. Henry Cochran was first elected county treasurer of Cameron County in the days when political preference demanded a strong personality. He was four times elected to the State Senate of Pennsylvania, and no man who served with him in that body will ever forget his charming personality or his individual efforts in behalf of the constituents whom he represented. A born leader, with undeniable power, he was considerate and just in his dealings with men. His prominence in the counsel and guidance of the

tunes increased, so increased his quiet philanthropy and charity. The rivermen, lumbermen and the old friends of his early manhood were always his special consideration. What a picture it was to see him in the woods with his men, or in the state senate, or the busy marts of trade—still always the same—or with the President of the United States, Grover Cleveland, hunting or fishing or addressing him in his council chamber. Senator Cochran was one of the few intimate personal friends of President Cleveland. Together they hunted and lived the outdoor life which both loved; theirs was a rare and lifelong friendship.

Senator Cochran was closely associated with the McCormick family and with Henry Clay McCormick and his brother, Seth T. McCormick. He won the praise and confidence of men because they trusted him, and in his passing the tributes paid to him by all classes were tributes to the democracy of the man. To his friends he does not seem to be gone, for his radiant presence, sparkling eye, and hearty laugh are indelible memories of a personality that made the world brighter and better. His nature partook in its greatness of the forests which he loved, and if the lives of such men could be more thoroughly studied, there would be less of rancor, envy and bitterness in these swirling times. Here was a man who created opportunity and happiness, not only for himself, for his family and friends, but also for any who came within the circle of his influence.

Never can I forget meeting him during the last year of his life, among his beloved pines on the Brule River of Wisconsin, where he loved to recall the scenes of early days and to enjoy the river and its whispering trees. With his brother, Judge Cochran, he lived over again the joy and happiness of early days. The Senator loved to tell about the Judge's love for trading horses, and how he traded so often that he frequently got back the same horse that he started out with in the morning. In the glow of the logs on the hearth, what a gratification it must have been for him to look back over a life so full of usefulness! At that time he realized that his strength was failing, but never once did he fail in his consideration for others.



MRS. THOMAS L. REILLY

The wife of Congressman Reilly of Connecticut, erst of baseball fame

Democratic party was nation-wide. He loved politics "because," he said, "it dealt with men." So, too, he knew men because he loved men. The lumbermen in the camps and on the drives loved J. Henry Cochran as a youth and as a man. Although given high honor in public life, no prominence ever overshadowed his effective consideration for the men with whom he associated. All his life Senator Cochran had especial love for his home city and the people there. His name is indelibly associated with the history of Williamsport, and as his success and for-

On that last boat ride down the beautiful Brule, his dark eyes sparkled and glistened as the craft swept down around the bend and over the rapids to the rhythmic swish of the paddle of the Indian guide.

How happy he was in his home, "Rosegill," on the Rappahannock, in Virginia, a historic place dating back to the days of early Colonial Virginia. In this mansion he renewed the hospitality of the days of Washington. The plantation was the ancestral home of the Wormleys, and it seemed to have escaped the devastation of the Civil War. Here the old grist mill remains—a picture of old Colonial and antebellum days.

It was one of Senator Cochran's broad rules that no needy family should be allowed to suffer the pangs of cold and hunger in his home city. Every Christmas hundreds of well-laden baskets expressed his quiet and unostentatious and generous means of enjoying a merry Christmas. His charity knew no bounds. His face glowed with the radiance of one whose heart beat to the true impulses of kindness. He was greatly interested in the Boys' Industrial Home, and when it was started he referred to a sign, "No poor boy refused a home here," which he had seen on the front door of a boys' home in London. "I want you," he said, "to make your institution that kind of a home." When the concrete building was begun it was disclosed that there were only three contributors, and the Home was finished before scarcely anyone knew of the fact.

No record will ever disclose the countless good deeds of Senator Cochran's busy life. When I was last in his office there were two callers whom he had just helped with clothes. He always tried to cover these generous deeds, but the splendor of his charity would shine forth in the faces of his beneficiaries. He delighted in the hundreds of young men whom he had helped in business, and he seemed as interested in the details of their progress as if it were his very own. He seemed always to be one of those men who enjoy bestowing favors, and never did an appeal for help fall unheeded on his ear.

As time passes away the memory of the man is enhanced by the constant discovery of labors woven of noble acts. The life

of the late Senator J. Henry Cochran constitutes an illustrated and inspiring page of biography dissipating the cynical pessimism of these disquieted times, and radiating the glow of hope and happiness which permeated every act and every hour of his princely life.

* * *

ONE of the most impressive prayers ever offered in the House of Representatives was on the Saturday preceding Mother's Day, when the blind Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Couden, with his familiar



MISS JULIA C. LATHROP

The head of the new Children's Bureau at Washington

and beloved voice, uttered a prayer that struck home to the hearts of all hearers:

"Our Father in Heaven, we thank Thee from our heart of hearts that the people of this country have with one accord set apart a day called by the sweetest and most endearing of all names—mother. Tomorrow we shall wear in sacred memory the white carnation, the white rose, the lily of the valley. To her the world owes a debt of gratitude which can never be cancelled. It was mother who went down to the very gates of death that we might live. From her we drew the strength of life. It was mother who cradled us in her dear arms and comforted our childish sorrows.

It was Thy love reflected in her which watched over us by day and by night and inspired in us the purest, the noblest thoughts of life. At her knee we learned to lisp the inspiring and uplifting words, 'Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.'

"So long as we revere her name will our homes be pure and the genius of our Republic be sacred.

"Mother is in heaven for most of us. There she awaits our coming, for heaven



MRS. JOHN H. MARBLE

The charming wife of Secretary J. H. Marble of the Interstate Commerce Commission

will not be heaven for mother until the pearly gates have opened for her children. Blessed be her memory forever, O God, our Father, Amen."

* * *

FRESH from the maneuvers, Rear Admiral Hugo Osterhaus, Commander-in-chief of the Atlantic battleship fleet, was enthusiastic in discussion of the winter's movements. The battle target practice had just been completed off the Virginia capes, and the record of achievement behind the guns, on the bridge, and in the engine room were such as to still

further emphasize Admiral Dewey's remark that the glory of the American navy was "the men behind the guns."

The Admiral told of how the war game was played in one of the worst gales ever encountered by the fleet. The maneuvers were supposed to detect and defeat an enemy, represented by the third division steaming from Europe to join another hostile force in Hampton Roads. It was the object of the remainder of the Atlantic fleet to intercept the hostile fleet at sea and to prevent its junction with that in Hampton Roads.

The torpedo-boat destroyers flitted about in the storm as scouts, but suffered so much damage that the war game had to be given up. This demonstrated that a larger type of destroyers is necessary to meet the stress of severe weather. At Guantanamo several problems were worked out to perfect the defense of the fleet against torpedo attack, both by means of the battleship guns and by a screen of torpedo-boat destroyers. Rear Admiral Osterhaus suggests that assignments for duty with the battleship fleet be made for periods of not less than two years.

* * *

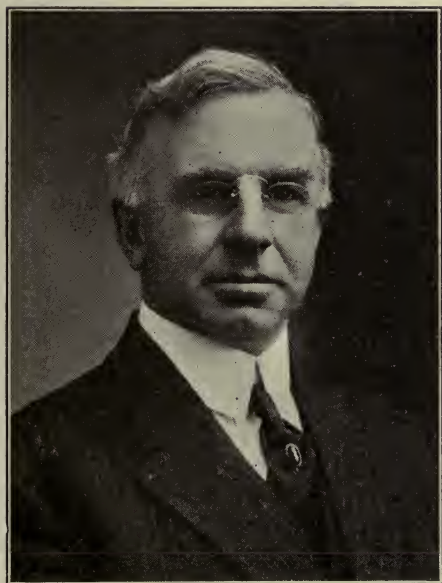
DYNAMITE has played an important part in the work on the Panama Canal. In fact, this undertaking has probably beaten all records in the consumption of dynamite and other materials for the incessant blasting operations required. In 1907, 5,087,000 pounds were required; in 1908, 6,882,000 pounds; the demand increased in 1909 to 8,270,000 pounds, and again in 1910 to 10,403,800 pounds; decreased in 1911 to 9,501,850 pounds, and in 1912 to 8,533,000 pounds; in all to July 1st, 1912, 48,647,650 pounds of dynamite alone.

The purchases for the year ending July 1, 1913, are estimated at only 3,986,500 pounds of dynamite, with 328,000 caps, 877,000 feet tape fuse, 36,000 feet triple tape fuse, 3,680 half pound rolls, insulating tape, 627,100 feet electric fuse, 335,300 feet lead wire, 20,000 pounds blasting powder and other matter. The smaller estimates for blasting material indicate the comparatively small amount of difficult excavation still unaccomplished, while

the immense total of high explosives used shows how great is the economy and effect of blasting in earth and rock and even mud excavation. Without the aid of dynamite even the powerful engines and dredges now at work would have been utterly unable to perform the herculean task assigned them.

* * *

BAKING day at the Washington barracks brought about the refreshing evidence of "mother's bread" for those who observed the new air bread-making for the army. General Henry C. Sharp, Commissary General of the United States



COL. COLIN H. LIVINGSTONE
Of Washington, president of the National Council and
chairman of the Executive Board of the
Boy Scouts of America

army, was present when an oven of sufficient size to bake bread for one hundred and fifty soldiers was loaded upon a wagon in a little over seven minutes. The bread cooked was of that light brown the boys love, with the sweet, crusty loaves like those "that mother used to make."

The scene made one hungry. Improvements in the Commissary Departments are being made so constantly that the soldiers of the future will have little to endure in the way of hardships. The old

"hard tack" tales and stories of cold beans and mouldy bread will soon belong to history. Soldier life should become one continuous holiday camping time, now that the matter of baking bread is solved. Bread is as essential to military success as bullets, for, as a great soldier once said, "every army marches upon its belly," and the Spanish War again demonstrated the truth of this crude but piquant epigram.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL TASKER H. BLISS
Successor of the late General Frederick Dent Grant as
Commander-in-chief of the Department of the
East. Army circles consider General
Bliss as a future Chief of Staff

"WHISKEY locks," announced the jolly drummer to his companion in a stage whisper as the Pullman made its way through a prohibition state. The man in back tapped him on the shoulder, and a sleepy individual across the aisle blinked hopefully. Then it was necessary for the salesman to explain that the catches on the Pullman doors contained alcohol, the only liquid that can be safely used with success to check the slamming of a door.

The drummer puffed his cigar a few times reflectively. "Does it not seem strange," he remarked, nudging his companion wickedly, "to think alcohol would

stop the slamming of a door, and at the same time it is alcohol that often makes the door slam. "There you have your law of compensation," he went on, addressing his little audience with a wave of the hand, "and here we are traveling through a prohibition state with 'whiskey, whiskey, everywhere, and not a drop to drink.'"

The principal of a village school, who was passing through from the parlor car, overheard the last of the quotation, and smiled warmly at the drummer, marveling at the poetic class of men who inhabited

place is visited many new traditions are told concerning the famous old bucket, about which people have been singing these many years. Having drunk deep of the sparkling waters, between whistled snatches of the familiar refrain, how disconcerting it was to have the charm broken by learning that the original "Old Oaken Bucket" was stolen shortly after his well-known poem became famous.

The youngest daughter of Samuel Woodworth, the author, died recently in Berkeley, California, and she often used to tell about the real old oaken bucket, and of the sadness which came over the household on the day it was stolen. It seemed as if one of the family were missing. In this age of souvenir collection, who knows but that some day the real old "moss covered bucket that hung in the well" may turn up in a museum or serve as a water tank in the show windows of some enterprising advertiser? There is no other water bucket in the world so enshrined in homely, genuine romance as this one. Even the golden goblets of royalty, and the treasured chalices of the Crusaders have never awakened the universal and popular interest attained by the "old oaken bucket that hung in the well," until it was stolen and carried away in the zenith of its fame.

* * *



ONE OF THE LARGEST AMERICAN FLAGS 62½ feet long by 36 feet wide and containing the full 48 stars. During flag day exercises it was unfurled by Postmaster General Hitchcock in the court of the Postoffice

the buffet. "I, too, love Coleridge," he sighed.

"Yes, good old soul," murmured the drummer, wondering what new brand Coleridge might be, and he led the party to the water tank and quenched his sorrows in several glasses of sparkling Adam's ale, with a longing look between sips at the "whiskey locks" over the door.

* * *

NOT far from the NATIONAL plant is located the well which inspired the familiar lines of Samuel Woodworth to the "Old Oaken Bucket." Every time the

AS one watches the procession of automobiles driving through the parks and streets of every city, town, village and hamlet of the United States, the wonder is that there are enough automobiles left for foreign trade, but in 1911 \$21,636,661 worth of automobiles were exported.

The increased production of automobiles by local manufacturers is owing to the fact that when a man wants an automobile, he wants it in a hurry.

It seems as if the time had come when street cars will be entirely too slow, and that the aggressive, alert American will have to whiz about in the progress of his daily affairs, listening to the chug of his motor car instead of to the rattle of the trolley. The automobile has made remote farms and isolated country villages more accessible and desirable, and is working out a great economic problem.

WHILE the reports on organizations submitted by the National Committees of the great political parties are almost invariably opposed in some degree, the party managers at the Baltimore Convention possessed in Judge Charles B. Crisp an expert in parliamentary law and usage, whose ability and honesty were recognized by every faction. Subsequently when the safety valve was about to pop, as is always the case in great conventions, the situation was repeatedly saved through the skill with which Judge Crisp unraveled any knotty problem that arose. Men of his ability and experience are very scarce in the United States; in twenty years there have been but two such experts seated in the House of Representatives. When Speaker of the Fifty-second and Fifty-third Congresses, the late Hon. Charles Frederick Crisp of Georgia had his son as parliamentarian. Upon the death of his father, the young man was appointed to Congress to fill out the unexpired term. The Fifty-fourth Congress returned the Republicans to power, and Asher C. Hinds of Maine was chosen as parliamentarian of the House, and held the place until two years ago, when he became Congressman. Speaker Clark searched the country for a successor to Mr. Hinds, with the result that Mr. Crisp, who had returned to his native state and had become a judge, was invited to take his old position. Judge Crisp accepted, and he is in constant attendance at the Speaker's stand, where his work has proven so valuable that the Democratic leaders are eager that he should be promoted to represent the old third Congressional district of Georgia, which has been reorganized under a reapportionment, and contains Crisp and eight more of the original counties in the district so ably represented by the senior Crisp.

It has often been remarked that the son of an illustrious father suffers a handicap at the outset of life, and down in Georgia it is said the opponents of Mr. Crisp's Congressional ambitions unfairly urge that his is a "reflected glory." More properly it might be urged that "a prophet is without honor in his own country," because Judge Crisp has won fame and distinction wholly on his own merit in

Washington, where the greatest men of the nation are gathered. Speaker Champ Clark verifies this in declaring that Judge Crisp has discharged the duties of his difficult position with marked ability, and he adds that while many felt that it would be impossible to secure a fitting successor to Mr. Hinds, yet Mr. Crisp has proved an ornament to the position. Leader Underwood in an open statement expresses his sincere appreciation of the "most



HON. CHARLES R. CRISP
Parliamentarian of the House of Representatives
and a candidate for Congress

efficient service" rendered by Judge Crisp, and adds, "I hope very much that you will be nominated to fill the position as a member of the House that in former years was so ably filled by your great father." Other leaders of Congress have made similar statements.

The public hardly appreciates the exceptional qualifications which especially fit a parliamentarian for a position as a member of Congress. It is a great advantage to any member of Congress to know just when and how to act, and the parlia-

mentarian is not left in doubt on such matters. He knows how to recognize the psychological moment and seizes it. There is every reason to expect that the roll-call of the Sixty-third Congress will include the honored name of "Crisp" as a member of the Georgia delegation.

* * *

A PROPOS of Convention methods the story of French claquers becomes interesting. The claque was never popular in English theaters, but is popular in



LIEUTENANT FRANK L. AUSTIN, U.S.N.
Navigating officer of the new revenue cutter "Unalga,"
on her trip around the world

France, where a "chef de claque" enjoys a comfortable income and it is recorded that the duty of the claquers is not only to lead in applause, but they have cultivated the art of infectious laughter, for a ripple of laughter over an audience is infectious. There is a long French word for the laughter leaders, and then there are the sobbers, like the paid mourners at funerals, who shake with sobs and have their eyes filled with tears to affect the audience. Human nature is a funny thing, and the English people seem to understand it. In the creating of political careers at conventions the art of knowing how to make sentiment and touch it off

at the right time is an important and practical phase of political life. Imagine "Boss" Flinn or Director McKinley or Senator W. M. Crane training and rehearsing a coterie of Convention "claquers"! And yet there are individuals in conventions who, in leading applause at the right time, or in putting forth a phrase or slogan just right, have the same effect as the professional claquers. In this respect the Wilson organization at Baltimore consciously or unconsciously covered every phase of a well-known cohesive organization, who knew how to infect other fellows and bring them around by subtle force.

* * *

AN incident occurred in the Congress Hotel lobby during the Republican Convention which shows how receptive we are to impressions. There was an oil painting measuring nine by twelve feet heavily framed and covered with glass that fell from the wall. It was known as Achille Fould's "Blind Man's Buff," and had the distinction of hanging in a Paris salon. The canvas was not injured in the tumble, but the glass case was smashed into a thousand pieces. There was a panic among the delegates in the committee room, thinking perhaps a riot had already begun. Immediately the newspaper men rushed to the clerk to find out the story. "What is the value of the art treasure?" was asked the clerk. "Eight hundred dollars," was the reply. Then the proprietor of the hotel was interviewed. "What value is placed on the picture?" he was asked. "About \$18,000." Soon after, the head of the house detectives was superintending the removal of the work of art to another room, and again the question was put. "That's a fine picture, my boy, worth easily \$20,000." About the time the rumor got under full way and circulated all over the room, the painting was worth \$50,000, and was claimed to be smashed during an altercation between delegates. But the painting really fell because the wires were not strong enough to hold it, and it didn't even hit a passerby in its tumble. So while a seven days' political sensation was dissipated, Fould's heretofore unnoticed canvas soared to the \$50,000 class.

The Prince of Story Tellers

*A Glimpse of the Life and Methods of
E. Phillips Oppenheim*

FROM the earliest ages men, women and children have loved those who can tell stories. The child cries for, and loves to hear the interesting details of a story, even if it be repeated over and over again, and the skillful "teller of old tales" always retains a special esteem in hearts and homes. The subtle charm of Dickens, the vivid satire of Thackeray, the versatility of Kipling—literature would indeed be stale and unprofitable were it not for the story teller. Even Homer with his "Iliad" was but a story teller; the minstrel with his song told the story.

Today, in Sheringham, England, there lives a man who is called the "Prince of Story Tellers." He seems to relate an incident with all the charm of the ancient saga-man, and the story-loving public finds it hard to wait between his books. E. Phillips Oppenheim represents a habit to some five million Americans, and the Oppenheim habit is one of the easiest and most pleasant habits to acquire. You have but to read one or two of his novels, to get the full savor of his work, and in ninety-seven cases out of a hundred you will at once begin to look up

the rest of them. When you have gone rapidly through these—and that's the way you will read an Oppenheim book, since it is too engrossing to be dallied with—you will join the throng of his steady readers, which grows year by year.

One of the most interesting things that occurs in an editor's life is to study the



E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

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New York



AS SOON AS THE TYPEWRITTEN SHEETS ARE HANDED TO HIM, THE
REAL WORK BEGINS



HIS COMFORTABLE ENGLISH COTTAGE BEARS THE INDIAN NAME
OF WINNISIMMET

vogue and growth of different writers. They seem to come in groups and run in cycles. At this time there is probably no more popular writer of fiction than E. Phillips Oppenheim. His stories have the ring of interest. They divert the mind; they entertain and have an underlying subtle purpose that reveals the master hand.

E. Phillips Oppenheim, as many know, is an Englishman, related to America by marriage, since his wife is a Massachusetts woman. Truthfully speaking he is cosmopolitan in the broadest sense, since he long

thoroughfares and squares in London, a handful of restaurants, the people whom one meets in a single morning, are quite sufficient for the production of more and greater stories than I shall ever write."

"The real centers of interest of the world," he says again, "seem to me to be places where human beings are gathered together more closely, because in such places the great struggle for existence, whatever shape it may take, must inevitably develop the whole capacity of man and strip him bare to the looker on, even to nakedness. My place as a writer



LONDON FURNISHES THE BACKGROUND FOR MOST OF OPPENHEIM'S TALES

since lost the usual insularity of the Englishman. Perhaps his wife is partly to be praised for this; perhaps his occasional visits to America and his frequent trips to Paris and the Continent were important factors in his acquirement of world knowledge. At any rate his books, dealing usually with international plots and intrigues, show a wide acquaintance with the various centers of European life, with diplomatic methods, and with all grades and classes of people. Yet he says, in an autobiographical sketch, "so far as regards actual influence upon my work, I would be perfectly content to spend the rest of my days in London. Half-a-dozen

if I may claim one, shall be at a corner of the market place."

His travels, then, are for pleasure rather than to get "atmosphere," for as soon as a story is in his publishers' hands, he takes a mental stretch and yawn, and then starts off on a short trip, invariably returning, however, with the germ of a new plot snugly tucked away in his mind. Most of them he admits to "picking up" in Paris, and not a few have been confided to him by a chance table acquaintance, or a friendly waiter. Although more than twenty of his forty-four years has been largely devoted to novel writing, Mr. Oppenheim declares that the fun and

excitement of the work has never waned. He approaches each new story with the same unflagging zest. Given the glimmering of a plot, his wonderful imagination starts with the precision of a machine, and almost before he realizes it, he has built up his story. Back and forth he tramps in his study, dictating as fast as his secretary can take it in shorthand. As soon as the typewritten sheets of the

look as though he spent many weary hours pursuing his vocation. Americans who had the good fortune to meet him on his recent visit to New York and Boston declare that he is the breeziest, jolliest, happiest looking person imaginable. His blue eyes are quick to twinkle, and he is invariably ready with a better story to cap yours. His tan indicates hours spent in the open air and sunshine, for he is an

ardent golfer, playing a daily game at the links near his home in Sheringham, Norfolk. His thirteen-year-old daughter is sometimes his partner, sometimes his opponent, for this only child demands a large share of her father's time and attention. In London the author is known as the prince of good fellows. He is a well-known member of various clubs, among them the Savage, which numbers practically all the present-day English celebrities among its membership.

During Mr. Oppenheim's American visit he was the most sought and most interviewed person in both cities which he visited. In Boston he was particularly feted, as the Boston firm of Little, Brown and Company are his American publishers. Here he had, to quote himself, "the jolliest time ever," and he contributed not a little to the gaiety of nations by his own clever and witty repartee.

E. Phillips Oppenheim wrote his first story at the age of eighteen, and his first novel appeared when he was twenty. Someone has said that every book he writes is better than the one before, and all have the spontaneity and interest that makes you grip the chair as the story proceeds.

Mr. Oppenheim has a most versatile mind, and in his latest novel, "The Lighted Way," gives the usual swiftly moving story whose plot concerns an attempt at



AN OPPENHEIM HERO

first draft are handed to him, his real work begins, for then comes the revision, the smoothing and the polishing, and the new dictation of the tale in its final form. The bulk of his work is done at home in Sheringham, where the breeze blows fresh from the North Sea, always in sight. His comfortable, typical English cottage bears the Indian name of Winnisimmet, after his wife's native city of Chelsea.

Although there are few more prolific writers, yet Mr. Oppenheim does not

revolution in Portugal, but as in all Oppenheim's stories, the action involves the people and localities in the London which he knows so well—London "just off the Strand." There is always a sharp contrast in the characters, the mystery of a signet ring, and also a linking of some mysterious man on the outside with the man on the inside. There is a wholesomeness, too, in an Oppenheim story. Chetwode, the poor young secretary who makes an ideal hero in "The Lighted Way," is a man after one's own heart. And if Oppenheim can create a fiend, he can even better present a woman of the lovable qualities of Ruth, the invalid heroine. The wonder of authors is how Oppenheim manages to find such appropriate names for his characters. Then there is always the crimson thread of love running through the more tragic features, which whets the interest as the hero's adventures continue.

"The Lighted Way" has been called the best of all Oppenheim's novels. In its summer garb, it has the benefit of all that illustration and make-up can do for an up-to-date book. The drawings are by Mr. A. B. Wenzell, whose name is sufficient warranty that he has caught the spirit of the "Prince of Story Tellers" at every turn in the exciting incidents of the story. Mr. Oppenheim does not confine himself strictly to long novels, but writes occasional short stories which are in great demand with magazines both here and abroad. It was counted especially fortunate that the revival of the *Boston News-Letter*, founded in 1704, in *Joe Chapple's News-Letter*, has

included a number of short stories by this master of English fiction, and in the issue of July 7th presents the opening chapters of "The Venom of Singhisten," admittedly one of Mr. Oppenheim's most thrilling and striking serials.

Just as the child, with sleepy eyes peeping



E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM WITH HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER

above the coverlets, cries for "another story, another story," so the American reading public unceasingly demands more and more stories by Oppenheim, to shake off the lethargy of routine life by dipping in the world of intrigue, love and adventure as portrayed by the masterful imagination of E. Phillips Oppenheim.

"Since Hearts are Hearts, and Poetry is Power"

BALAUSTION'S ADVENTURE .

by Emma Playter Seabury

"SINCE hearts are hearts, and poetry is power,"
The Master poet sang—all souls may see
Unveiled the shrines of life, at Love's decree,
And breathe its holy incense every hour.
And like the fragrant, wild, pomegranate flower,
That holds food, drink, and odor's witchery
In one, he chants his rhapsody,
Who tunes his soul and claims his poet's dower.
There is a bard in every heart that sings
Through bars of care and fret, a joyous lay,
Lilting a lyric measure now and then:
Lark-like, above the mist and storm, it rings,
Through our dull prose, it permeates today,
And echoes in the listening souls of men.

Since poetry is power, and hearts are hearts,
And love triumphant, let us sing the strain:
Who builds his castle in enchanted Spain
To house his dreams, is master of the arts.
He metes out justice in the crowded marts,
The quintessence of right and truth to gain,
He scorns his drudgery, and breaks his chain,
To seek the heights, whence his ideal starts.
Beauty and Love, his symphony are one:
The poets write the table of the law,
The law of love, no cankering cares devour,
The right to joy in varied shade or sun,
The faith that grows to wings, their vision saw,
"Since hearts are hearts, and poetry is power."

The MATCH-MAKING BAT

By
ISABEL ANDERSON

Clough Harrington, Englishman and diplomat, had not been long in Washington. Yet, like many another, he had been there long enough to fall a victim to the Invincible Pair.

This nickname characterized two fascinating sisters—or, to be more correct, half-sisters. Some might declare Zohra and Zelina Duryea bad style, but none could deny them beauty. Certainly all the men considered the sisters well within the charmed circle—and, indeed, among the young diplomats of Washington they were quite the rage. It was only the “cave-dwellers,” the old Washingtonians, who sniffed at them and considered them new, or the débutantes, who were jealous and called them too lively.

Zohra, tall, striking and blond, might, perhaps, have seemed to justify these terms, since she certainly waked everyone up when she appeared. She was never at a loss for something to say, and her acquaintances liked to have her about.

But Zelina was very different, quite unlike her sister. She was pretty and shy and dark, and many compared her to a madonna. In her quiet way, though, Zelina was the more dangerous flirt. Men were first attracted to Zohra and then fascinated by Zelina. They were known as the Invincible Pair. In spite of the

difference in their appearance and behavior, the sisters had so far been in accord in their flirtations, and had never felt a glimmer of jealousy for each other. Their team-work was perfect.

It happened to Clough Harrington, as to many of his predecessors, that he could not make out which girl he was really in

love with. That he was really in love with one he was quite sure. Most of his diplomatic life had been spent on the edge of the desert. When not at his work he had been playing polo or pig-sticking or else sipping Turkish coffee in the legation garden of an evening and listening to the natives singing the “Lament of the Moors.”

Once Mlle. Urcola, the Spanish singer, had visited the legation and sung for him alone in the garden by moonlight. People had said that she loved the

young diplomat. Certainly Clough had often thought of that evening and of the charms of the sweet singer. But now it was spring in Washington, the air was heavy with the fragrance of magnolia blossoms, and the parks were beautiful with the green of spring. The love that is in the air at such a time gets into the veins of the young. For the moment the singer and the heat of the yellow desert were forgotten, and Clough Harrington decided that he was really in love.

But was it Zohra, or was it Zelina?



*“Even the birds
have bills and the
chimneys drafts”*

He felt, of course, it was Zohra when he watched her enter a ballroom, defiantly beautiful; his heart would beat more quickly then. But at the end of the evening after a talk with Zelina in the half-light of the conservatory, bewitched by her big, bright eyes, he went home to dream of her. By the next morning he was as puzzled as ever.

Clough was so calm and quiet and polite that it was an inducement to the girls to egg him on. Zohra in her rather bold, attractive way would ask, looking him straight in the eye, "Don't you love me, Clough?" and because he couldn't answer that he did, Zelina would take him in hand and in a naive little way would plead that he should love her. It was a merry game they all had together, for they were young and foolish, and the world was for them only one long laugh. Clough would stride down the avenue after such an encounter, wondering at himself and at them. He was sure the girls had made a bet as to which one would get him to propose first. "They were not like English girls. No, certainly they were not. A queer lot, these American girls."

How should he decide? He was not a Turk nor a Mormon; he must choose one or the other. Clough thought of a plan! He would ask them to spend a whole day in his company. As they were sisters, they would need no chaperone. What a ripping day it would be! He was really

keen about it, you know. By night he would surely know which of the sisters he loved. His enthusiasm even carried him to the point of buying a ring for the favored one.

The first number on the program was a luncheon down town in a little foreign restaurant. Clough had counted on be-

ing able to talk seriously enough here, but the music completely drowned out their voices and reduced the party to dumb show.

Undaunted

by his failure, the young man brought on his second number—a ride in the rubber-

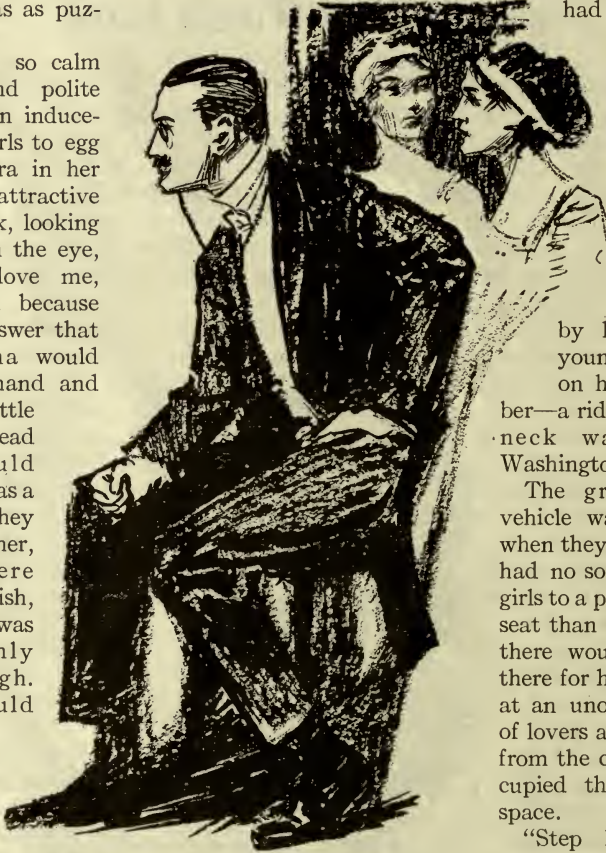
neck wagon, "Seeing Washington."

The great lumbering vehicle was nearly filled when they reached it. He had no sooner helped the girls to a place in the third seat than he realized that there would be no room there for him. He glared at an unoffending couple of lovers and the old man from the country who occupied the rest of the space.

"Step lively, young man! See, there's plenty of room for you in the front seat. You can hear

ever so much better, too!" The lecturer grinned from ear to ear, and before Clough could object the driver clanged his bell, and the unfortunate young man had only time to scramble to the seat right under the megaphone.

Since the Fates had decreed that Harrington was not to sit with the girls, he would at least get what good he could from the situation. The lecturer told them that the Capitol was, of course, the finest building and cost more than anything else



They were calling Clough Harrington back to the east

in the world, and besides there was something about it which unfolded like a lily. The Statue of Victory, he informed them loudly, was a purely suggestive statue. Clough wondered what he meant. When Dupont Circle was reached, the home of the rich, the lecturer grinned again and waved his arms and called out: "Even the birds have bills, the grass greenbacks, and the chimneys drafts!" Clough had heard enough. Why hadn't he taken the girls to Rock Creek Park or to some other romantic place, where they could have had a chance to talk? What a duffer he was!

When he finally got them back onto the sidewalk again the sisters were very enthusiastic about their trip, though much inclined to tease him.

"You kept your yellow gloves on," declared Zohra, "were you afraid that old maid beside you would try to hold your hands?"

"Or were you thinking which one of us you would marry?" asked Zelina archly.

"Never you mind. You will know some day," laughed Clough.

The trip had consumed the better part of the afternoon. Harrington had only time to dress for dinner and present himself at the Duryea home, where he was to dine. Although he hoped that he might here find some opportunity of seeing the girls alone, he found himself seated between his hostess and one of his host's constituents—Mr. Duryea representing an equal suffrage state. By dessert Clough's sympathies were all with Mr. Asquith. There was one hope left. He was to take the girls to the opera that evening.

As they entered the theater they learned that a new Spanish singer was taking the part of Lakme, daughter of the Indian priest Nilakantha. She was standing in the market-place and singing without accompaniment an enchanting song as they entered—her tones were as clear

and delicate as the temple bells. The girls eagerly scanned the program for the plot of the first act, which they had missed.

Gerald, an English officer, had strayed into a temple garden, and had there fallen in love with Lakme at first sight. The priest had discovered this intrusion into the sacred precincts, but knew not the guilty man. He only knew that the gods demanded a life for such a deed, and it was his duty to search till he had found the wrong-doer.

The scene was in the market-place, where natives were passing and repassing with their wares. Her father compelled Lakme to sing. The dark beauty of the singer and the bell-like tones of her voice were weaving a spell over another man than Gerald. They were calling Clough Harrington back to the East, to the Moorish garden on the edge of the desert, which he thought he had forgotten. Forgotten instead were the girls at his side, as though they had never lived.

Only when an excitement not in the program was provided did Clough awake. A vicious little brown bat appeared from no one knew where and began to fly about

the darkened theater. Zohra shivered in mock terror.

"A bat is a sign of bad luck," she whispered.

"Can we be going to lose dear Clough?" sighed Zelina.

The women throughout the theater were becoming uneasy; they could not forget that bats like to get into the hair. But Clough did not think of the bat then; he was listening to the singer. Her tones seemed to be piercing his very soul. Where had he heard her before? Her voice was certainly familiar to him—hauntingly familiar. . . . Now Lakme and Gerald were in the jungle, where she was nursing him back to life, and they were singing passionate love songs to each other.



Flew off with two false curls pendant from its claws

"She knows how to make love," thought Clough. "Jove, what it must mean to have a woman love a fellow like that!"

The bat chose this absorbing moment to dive across the footlights and settle with deathlike clutch upon the Spanish singer's head. She screamed with fright, the orchestra stopped playing, the audience held its breath. Something had to be done, and Clough did it.

With one spring he was out of the box and onto the stage, and with one stride his lanky figure had reached the singer's side. The bat was tenacious and resentful. It cannot be said that Clough hurried. One might even have thought that he enjoyed the publicity of the occasion. An hysterical titter swept over the relieved audience when the little beast finally flew off with two false curls pendant from its claws. Clough regained his seat with a perfectly impassive face, and the opera went on.

The comedy of the scene had not struck the young diplomat, but something else had, and very effectively. At the close of the act he left the box again, this time by its legitimate exit. At the door he met several men coming to greet the

Invincible Pair. Oblivious of them he went on his way, which led to the stage entrance.

At close range, Clough had recognized in the Spanish singer the Mlle. Urcola of that night in the Moorish garden, and the love of the East and the love of the woman swept over him, and he knew that she was the only woman in the world he had ever cared for, or would ever care for; he and the Invincible Pair had only been playing a merry game.

In the last act *Lakme* wore a brand new ring upon her left hand. Clough called the girls' attention to it.

"Bought it yesterday, you know," he drawled. "It fits her to a hair. I've decided to marry her, after all."

"There, I said that bat would bring bad luck," pouted Zohra.

"Yes, we've lost our Clough," sighed Zelina.

"But you forget—I've won a prima donna," protested Clough.

"Why yes, and she's won you," chimed the Pair.

"And there's still another comfort," added Zohra, joyfully; "we'll never know which one of us was jilted!"

BETWEEN THE LIGHTS

DEAR heart, come closer, while the light
Dies slowly in the darkening sky,
And, marshaled at the call of night,
The twilight shades troop softly by.

I would not have you sorrow so,
Because it must be, soon or late,
That one of us, alone, will go
From out the light thro' death's dark gate.

For life at best is all too short
When measured by a love like ours,
And death is but an open port
To broader fields and fairer flowers.

So, while the twilight shades troop past,
And night and darkness come apace,
We know the dawn will break at last,
And always there is light some place.

IN CABIN No. 117

by

Robert A. Ward

CABIN NO. 117 was the aftermost one on the starboard side of that ominously named locality, and, since its occupation on the homeward voyage by a colonial bishop and his chaplain, an odor of sanctity had clung to it which it was thought nothing short of Chinese cookery could dispel. Long before reaching the Nore lightship, however, on the next outward trip, No. 117 had been fumigated of every breath of piety by the sulphurous language of the pair who then shared it. The subsequent equinoctial gale in the Bay was child's play to the chronic atmospheric disturbance in the cabin under the hurricane deck.

It is a commonplace and—what is not always the same thing—a truism, that the greatest effects are often due to the most trivial causes. The deadly feud in No. 117, for instance, on the issue of which three hundred seafaring souls for many days hung breathless, had its origin in some mischievous maggot in the brain of the Company's passage clerk. It prompted that sorely tried official to allot as cabin mates from among four score first-class passengers a cavalry subaltern and a Professor of Egyptology; and, as I shall speedily show you, the allotment produced the not unnatural results which, but for the maggot, he could not have failed to foresee.

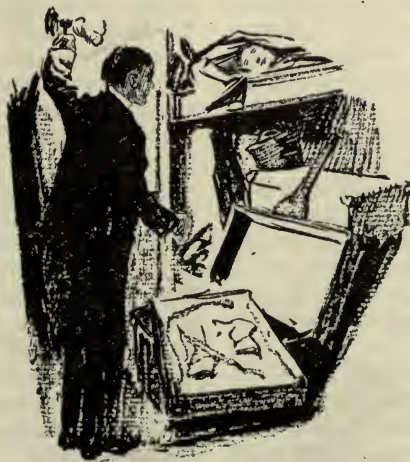
The first to arrive at the Royal Albert Dock was the Professor. He was an absent-minded, short-sighted, long-haired, round-shouldered, loose-jointed young giant, in spectacles and a dog robber suit;

and he was preceded on board the liner by a string of Lascars bearing a Gladstone bag, two portmanteaus, and a packing case—all labelled "Wanted on the voyage." This excess of cabin luggage moved the chief steward who introduced him to No. 117, to venture upon a mild remonstrance in the interest of "the other gentleman"; for, since the professorial impedimenta fitted into the deck space of the cabin like the pieces of a puzzle, it was plain that "the other gentleman's" dressing-bag would have to go in the hold. But the Professor obstinately adhering to the red-letter text affixed to his belongings, the chief steward decided to let the absentee fight his own battles—which, he reflected, from the very nature of his calling he should be perfectly competent to do.

Left to himself, the Professor noted that by some oversight one of the two bunks had not yet received its bedding, wherefore he lost no time in proclaiming his annexation of the other by planting thereon his bag, overcoat, and a ponderous tome on Mummies. Then, since the steamer did not sail till midnight and it was still early in the afternoon, he took

train to Liverpool Street, and picnicked happily during the remainder of the day in the Egyptian Department of the British Museum.

Returning on board at 11 P. M., the first thing the short-sighted giant did was to bang his forehead and bark his shins against a temporary structure that had been raised in his absence immediately outside the door of 117; and I think that



Switched on the electric light

even the colonial prelate would have condoned the resulting language, for that structure, which bore the oft-repeated, blood-red legend, "Wanted on the voyage," was built up of a packing case, two portmanteaus and a Gladstone bag, and was surmounted by the well-known standard work on Mummies.

The Professor stepped into the cabin and switched on the electric light. Wedged into the bunk that was still minus its bedding was a long, battered uniform tin case with its owner's name and regiment painted in white letters upon the lid. A helmet case, hat-box, gun-case, dressing-bag, cricket bat, and two tennis racquets occupied the entire shelf space of the cabin; a bundle of golf clubs and driving whips and another of walking sticks and umbrellas filled the only two available corners, while an open portmanteau of bulky dimensions completely blocked the narrow strip of standing room in the centre. Between the sheets of the other bunk lay a placidly sleeping youth with the face of a guileless curate.

The Professor shook him none too gently by the shoulder.

"Here, wake up," said he, "you and I had better come to an understanding at once. You don't seem to be aware, to begin with, that you are in my bed."

"It's the first I've heard of it," said the occupant sleepily, but tucking the disarranged bedclothes well around him, nevertheless; "I was quite under the impression, don't you know, that the other bunk was yours."

The Professor gasped. "Then why in the devil's name," he asked angrily, "do you suppose I took the trouble to come down here at three o'clock in the afternoon and put my things on this one?"

"Can't imagine," yawned the Cavalryman, for he it was; "as things have turned out it does seem a pity, doesn't it, to have put oneself to all that trouble?"

"I must trouble *you* to turn out, anyhow," snapped the Professor, "and there's an end to the business. I've had a long day and I want to get to sleep."

"So do I, God knows!" complained the Lancer wearily, "only you won't let me. But I'll tell you what, sonny. If you'll give me your word of honor not to collar

this bunk while I'm out of it, I don't mind helping you lift my tin case off yours."

"Off mine! Hang it all—off your own, you mean! But in any case I can't sleep in it; there's no bedding."

"That's easily remedied. Ring for some."

"I'll be damned if I do," said the Professor, now fairly roused, "you've appropriated my bed, and the least you can do is to fix me up with another."

The Lancer wearily reached out his hand, and pressed the electric button on the bulkhead. "I don't mind meeting you half-way, if it comes to that," he said, with the air of a man who is making large concessions.

"It really is too good of you," sneered the Professor, and until the arrival of the steward an ominous silence reigned in No. 117.

The *savant* glared through his glasses at the soldier, while the latter, joining his finger-tips above the counterpane, assumed the benign expression of one who catechises a Sunday-school infant. With the advent of the steward, however, the storm broke out afresh.

The Professor's indignant demand that "this person" should be immediately removed from his bed was followed by a peremptory order from the Lancer for the instant expulsion of "that individual" from the cabin. The "individual" thereupon expressed to the steward his conviction that the government had no right to grant first-class passages to obviously "steerage people"—which goaded the "person" into asking if the green kennel on the fo'c'sle belonged to a certain long-haired, weak-eyed pup he had seen about the ship. This inquiry, however, he quickly followed up by kicking off the bedclothes and swinging his legs clear of the bunk, for the Professor having already shed his coat, was now with offensive ostentation rolling up his shirtsleeves. But at this crisis a compromise was happily effected by the steward, who suggested, firstly, that the *casus belli* should be settled by arbitration of the captain on the morrow; secondly, that the necessary bedding should be at once procured for the empty bunk, and thirdly, that the Professor's Gladstone bag and

one portmanteau should take the place inside the cabin of "the other gentleman's" uniform tin case, cricket bat and golf clubs. The last two proposals being promptly carried out the Professor undressed with what dignity he could, and turned in, and until sleep at last overcame them, the belligerents spent an hour or so in an abortive attempt to glare each other out of countenance over the edge of their respective bunks.

It was with a fixed determination to delay his enemy's toilet operations to the utmost that each of the occupants of No. 117 silently arose the following morning, and so successful were their efforts that breakfast was half over before they entered the saloon by different doors. Never were engineers more successfully hoist with their own petard, for the only seats by this time unappropriated for the voyage were two immediately facing each other at the same table. The Professor, whose cumbersome baggage, it transpired, contained nothing but books, and who was consequently clad in the same dogrobber suit and linen of the previous day, was exasperated to the last degree by the proximity and conduct of his enemy. For the Cavalryman, in immaculate pink shirtings and creaseless summer suit, after toying a few moments with his tea and toast, leaned back in his chair and began a deliberate and supercilious survey of his *vis-a-vis* through an eyeglass. Now the Professor—unlike his tormentor, who invariably described himself at that hour as feeling "chippy,"—was a hearty breakfast eater, and it was therefore with a gratified sense of "something attempted, something done," that the soldier presently observed him savagely push aside an untasted omelet and stalk out of the saloon.

As the little world of "those who go down to the sea in ships" gradually dwindles to that gray disc of the globe's surface which is bounded by the horizon, so in inverse ratio do the trivialities of life swell into events of absorbing interest. Before lunch-time every soul in the ship knew of the strained relations existing between the Professor and the Lancer—each of whom, as far apart as possible, and surrounded by sympathetic strangers,

had spent the forenoon in a recital of his wrongs; and by tea time, society had resolved itself into two opposing factions, the Educational and the Military. An Indian judge with a liver and the voice of a street hawker was the undisputed champion of the former, while the leadership of the latter seemed naturally to devolve upon a choleric post-captain in the Royal Navy. So high did feeling run between the two parties, that when, in the smoking room at sherry and bitters time, the Captain called for orange, the Judge, who regarded angostura as deadly poison, nevertheless felt himself in honor bound to drink it.

In the cabin under the hurricane deck, meanwhile, the Lancer's soldier servant was laying out his master's things for dinner. Now, if he had been a private of the Royal Marines instead of a cavalry recruit on his first voyage, he would have known better than to place a new pair of patent leather Wellingtons inside the little cupboard beneath the wash-hand basin. This act, moreover, was the less excusable, in that he had first to remove the tin save-all designed to receive the dirty water. Nevertheless, the dimensions of No. 117 being roughly those of a four-wheeler, and the impossibility of placing old heads on young shoulders being a prehistoric axiom, Private Hellforleather cannot be held altogether responsible for the resulting catastrophe.

By a process which the Professor himself called diplomacy and the Lancer low cunning, the former got first use of the basin that evening, and having performed his ablutions with a due regard to the splashing of his enemy's highly-glazed shirt-front, he drew forth the plug, and unwittingly projected the soapy water into the fifty-shilling dress boots. Had their owner confined himself to the burst of profanity with which, five minutes later, he plucked them from their retreat, all might yet have been well. But when he presently proceeded to accuse the Professor of malice aforethought in deliberately substituting the boots for the save-all, all possibility of an amicable settlement was clearly at an end. In less than two minutes the scene resembled a gladiatorial combat in a wrecked lost

property office, but it was considerably longer ere the Judge and the Post-Captain, who shared the next cabin, succeeded in separating and pacifying the combatants.

Then on the morrow came the gale in the Bay, which, unlike the proverbial ill wind, blew good to two persons at least. For, as the sea began to rise beneath its influence, both soldier and *savant* collapsed in distant corners of the saloon, and a day's armistice between them was tacitly understood to have been declared. Hour by hour the rolling and pitching of the ship increased, until to all appearances the wretched pair hadn't a single kick left in them. But when, very betimes that evening, and within a few minutes of one another, they crawled limply to bed, it was soon made plain to each that considerable life yet lurked in his groaning enemy. Once more "cabin's, cribb'd, confined" in their two hundred and seventy cubic feet of accommodation under the hurricane deck, of necessity the campaign quickly drew to a crisis.

Just as the lancer had succeeded, after many contortions, in wedging his back against the bulkhead and his knees against the edge of the bunk, the ship gave a tremendous lurch, and the professorial Gladstone bag, slipping from the shelf overhead, shot its contents all over him. As they consisted mainly of half-a-dozen heavy, sharp-edged volumes on the *Pyramids*, the soldier resented their fall exceedingly, and sitting up in bed, he told the Professor so with military directness. The hold, he added savagely, as he rubbed his funny-bone, was the proper place for heavy baggage.

"Then you ought to keep your infernal 'side' down there," retorted the Professor; "you have enough of it for a whole regi—Holy Moses! Are you travelling in the haberdashery line, or what?"

With the next roll of the ship an avalanche of pink shirtings, striped flannel trouserings, rainbow-hued pajama suitings,

and dainty washing waistcoats had descended upon him from the enemy's territory. The Professor scornfully crumpled them all on to the deck.

"Here, steady on with those new things," expostulated their owner sharply, "they haven't been worn yet—you won't catch anything from them, you know. And that's more than you could say for these beastly old second-hand tomes of yours."

He was gingerly picking up the *Pyramids* volume by volume between his finger and thumb, and dropping them over the side of the bunk.

"I say, anyhow," returned the Professor with determination, as he got out of bed, "that I'm not going to lie still and allow a gilded, wooden-headed popinjay of a horse-soldier to mishandle valuable Egyptological works."

In an instant the "popinjay" was out of his bunk also, and a big sea striking the ship at the same time, the two men collapsed and became hopelessly involved with each other, the haberdashery, and the *Pyramids* in the narrow space between the bunks. The Professor, who had inadvertently sat down in his pajamas upon one of his enemy's jack spurs



Told him so with military directness

that had rolled out of some corner or other, kept announcing the fact at the top of his voice and in anything but academical periods; for, the Lancer having fallen across him, he was unable to extricate himself from his very trying position. But the soldier, in spite of a corner of Volume III of the *Pyramids* being jammed against his liver, stoically refused to budge an inch—accounting physical anguish as a bagatelle in his exultation over his still more suffering foe. And then something happened—trivial enough in itself, but destined completely to change the existing state of things.

Lying face upwards on one of the pink shirts in the midst of the chaos lay a cabinet photograph of an undoubtedly

pretty girl. Equally undoubtedly was it the counterfeit presentment of a born coquette. On a sudden it caught the eye of the Lancer, who, staggering to his feet, hastily snatched it from its blushing resting place. Whereupon the Professor ceased blaspheming, and removed himself tenderly from the spur.

"Thank you," he said, observing the photograph in his adversary's hands, "I'll trouble you for that. It belongs to me."

The Lancer stared at him with unfeigned astonishment. "Well, I'm damned!" he ejaculated; "I suppose you'll lay claim to my sword and revolver next!"

The Professor seemed somewhat taken aback in his turn. "Don't be an ass!" he snapped; "I don't care twopence about your beastly trade implements. All I want is that photograph of my young woman."

"Your young wo— good Lord!" The Lancer gasped. Then he drew himself up to his full height, and regarded the Professor haughtily through his half-closed eyelids. "You are evidently unaware," he said stiffly, "that I have the honor to be—well, practically engaged to that 'young woman.'"

"How can you have the audacity to stand there and tell me a fairy tale like that," thundered the Professor, "when to all intents and purposes the young lady is my *fiancee*?"

The other sighed wearily. "Oh! look here," he said, "that is all ghastly tommyrot—it's clearly a case of mistaken identity. Perhaps this will convince you that the photograph is mine."

His sunburnt face turned a thought redder as he held out the portrait with its back toward the Professor. For it bore the legend in perpendicular, school-girl characters three-quarters of an inch long, "To Bertie, with fondest love from Flossie." Herbert was the Lancer's baptismal tally.

The Professor peered incredulously at the inscription for some moments, and

then began a hurried search between the leaves of the six volumes that lay mixed up with the Lancer's shirts upon the deck. Presently he found what he wanted and thrust it triumphantly under his rival's nose. It was a fac-simile of the photograph held by "Bertie!"

"Turn it over," ordered the warrior stonily. With an exceedingly cynical smile the Professor obeyed, and lo! on the back, in the same early English perpendicular style was scrawled "With Flossie's fondest love to Teddy"—Teddy being the name by which the Professor was known to his inner circle of acquaintance.

For the space of a full minute the two men silently faced one another, each with his photograph in his hand. Then the Professor spoke.

"We'll send 'em back to her from Gibraltar, I suppose," was his moody suggestion.

"With Teddy's and Bertie's united and fondest love," supplemented the Lancer bitterly.

Then their eyes met, shifted uneasily, travelled round the limited area of No. 117, and met again. The Professor sniggered foolishly, the Lancer's curate-like countenance became more inanely blank

each second; until at last they fell back on their respective bunks with peals of hysterical laughter.

* * * * *

"I'd back the weakest woman on God's earth," observed the Professor five minutes later, as he carefully picked up and sorted the Lancer's pink shirts, "against the whole dynasty of Pharaohs for duplicity. She took her dying oath I was the only man outside her family who had ever kissed her!"

"Did she?" said the Lancer with emphasis. "Well, I certainly don't belong to her bally family myself, and yet"—he finished repacking the work on the Pyramids in the Gladstone bag before he added—"but anyhow, I won't give the girl away."



"All I want is that photograph of my young woman"

"This is indeed magnanimity," murmured the Professor.

"After all, you know," went on the other sententiously, when they were once more settled in their bunks, "there are just as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it."

"Every bit as good," assented the philosophical Professor. "By the bye, I should like to be allowed to retract that ill-considered remark of mine to the steward *in re* steerage passengers."

"Don't mention it, sonny. My reference to the dog-kennel on the fo'c'sle was in devilish bad taste, now I come to think about it. I apologize."

"Oh! don't worry about that, old man; I didn't mind. Pleasant dreams to you!"

"Then they mustn't be about *her*," returned the Lancer ungallantly and with conviction.

The Professor laughed softly. "She's not likely to be dreaming about us, anyway," he remarked cynically; "you may take your oath she's busy enough by this time making tom-fools of Algy and Freddy."

"D——n!" said the Lancer viciously between his teeth.

"Amen," returned the Professor.

And thereafter silence reigned in Cabin No. 117.

THE CHIMNEY NOOK

By MARGARET GRANT MAC WHIRTER

A WHITE-HAIRED man—a chimney-nook,
 With falling sight, yet earnest look;
 On snowy hair the light shines clear;
 Into the eyes a glance of fear
 A moment thus—then gone, and now
 Sweet peace returns to lip and brow.
 The firelight shows a face transformed;
 In eyes grown dim a new light burned.

A lad again by the old hearth-stone,
 With years of hardship backward flown,
 And mother's hand on tumbled hair,
 Teaching the while life's lessons there:
 "Not wealth for thee, dear son, I pray,
 But honest living day by day;
 To walk the path that leads to light,
 To face the wrong, to aid the right,
 To raise the fallen when you can;
 Thy duty do to God and man."

The years were gone—an old man he,
 The vision held—the mists would flee,
 And life beyond would the sequel be.

The shades of evening fell apace,
 The fire sank low in the chimney-place;
 A passing gleam on the white face lay,
 And sight was clear at the close of day.

Now other eyes in the fire shall look,
 New visions see in the chimney-nook.

MELISSA'S ELOPEMENT

by
Carrie Hunt Latta



CHRISTOPHER GIBSON, gray haired and bent with long years of hard work on his farm, walked slowly along the road to his front gate. It was a pleasant evening in September. The leaves were still green and abundant and rustled softly in the gentle wind.

There was no moon, but the stars twinkled brightly so that it was not so dark but that Mr. Gibson could make his way very well, especially since he followed the low stone wall in front of his own house. As he reached the gate he heard the murmur of voices and murmured:

"I s'pose John's to see Lissy. What a happy time young lovers do have. They'll make a fine couple, them two. And so sensible, too."

But he stopped suddenly to listen, as his daughter's tone was anything but that of a happy girl speaking to her lover and rang sharp with impatience.

"If you won't do as I ask, John, then I want you to find somebody else. I've made up my mind that this has got to be, and if you're not willing I'll know you don't care enough."

Mr. Gibson, surprised at his daughter, usually so gentle and especially so with the brawny young farmer to whom she had been engaged to be married for more than a year, felt his knees weaken under him and he sank slowly to the ground on the outside of the stone wall.

"It ain't," he muttered, "like me to be eafsdroppin'. But in a case like this when my little girl's happiness is dependin' they ain't no sin in it."

Now the lover was speaking.

"But this is so uncalled for, Lissy. Our parents have planned all our lives we should marry when we grew up. Why everbody's tickled to death and they're

all planning for our weddin' on Thanksgiving Day—Lissy, I don't understand you, honest I don't."

The girl's tone was tearful.

"Don't try, John. Just tell me you will. I know all the folks are willing—that's one reason I want to elope."

Mr. Gibson, just over the wall, started up. Elope? John and Lissy elope? He leaned forward to listen.

"You see, John," Lissy went on vehemently, "things have went on in just the same old way till I'm sick of 'em. All my life I've wanted to see an' do things. Three times Pa's promised I should go to Silverton to Normal School, an' every time the corn crop wasn't good or the wheat crop failed or the potatoes wasn't good or it rained or didn't or spring was too late or too early; oh, John, I think nobody has it as oncertain as them as depends on the weather as farmers do."

"I'm a farmer," remarked John grimly, as Lissy paused for breath.

"I know it, an' that's one reason I want this one excitin' event. After that I'll be willin' to settle down just dull as any of my folks or yourn. I'll do without the weddin' trip to Niagry Falls—and can't go because the corn crop was bad, an' never complain, but a elopement won't cost any money. Oh, I do so want a elopement."

"What's excitin' about such a illoperment as ours would be? Nobody would suspect nothin' if we started off in a buggy; we've had heaps of buggy rides. We'd simply go somewheres an' be married, have all our folks mad at us, git talked about gen'rally, Lissy, this ain't a bit like you. I wish you wouldn't ask it."

"An' what's more," Lissy's tone was more determined now, "I want to elope after night. I, I want to climb out of my window on a ladder, or a rope, or, or something foolish, drive hard all that four mile

to Silverton, purtendin' all the way there are two—mad—fathers after us, hollerin' an'—an' swearin'."

Mr. Gibson gasped. John said something under his breath, then spoke impatiently.

"You want me to drive that purty little gray mare at top speed all the way to Silverton? I thought you was proud of her an' talked about her bein' ours. Lissy, I b'leeve you're goin' crazy."

At this Mr. Gibson, on his knees by the wall, nodded his gray head emphatically. A short silence followed, broken by the girl. Her tone was cold and hard.

"Well, John, it's as I say. If we can't have this one bit of excitement, this one out of the way happenin' in this hum-drum world where everything is cut an' dried an' where all our plans has been made for us from our cradles, oh, I'm tired of it as never was. I b'leeve if you won't elope with me I'll go by myself. It's always been the same old thing over an' over with me. There's Sime an' Fred have been all around. They don't ask Pa and Ma if they can go, they go. Oh, I don't see why I wasn't born a boy."

"Huh!" ejaculated John angrily.

A silence followed. The soft wind rustled among the leaves and the crickets chirped contentedly in the long grass.

Mr. Gibson, with aching knees, with an impatient frown on his usually kind old face, still remained in his uncomfortable position. And wished the conversation would either be resumed or broken off altogether so that he might go into the house.

Finally the girl spoke. Her voice sounded tired and shaky and went straight to her father's heart.

"Well, John, think it over. Mebby it's a queer thing to ask, but I'm set on it. I'm fonder of you than I am of anybody, er, though Pa's a close next. But, as I say, things have gone so humdrum for so long I must say I won't be willin' to settle down for life on Thanksgiving Day unless we elope. Even if it ain't a real elopement it'll be something diffrunt. Think I'm crazy if you want to but think it over, John, please, please do."

Her voice trailed off in sweet persuasive-ness. John caught her to him.

"Aw, I'll do it, Liss. Even if I do make

a fool of myself. Even if some of your folks should take me for somebody else snoopin' around in the night with ladders an' fill my hide full of shot, we'll elope."

"Oh, it'll be fine," laughed Lissy. "We'll have something to laugh an' talk about all our lives."

"An' give other folks the same chanct," said John soberly. "I'll bet our folks will be good an' mad."

"My folks ain't ever been real mad at me," said Lissy, reminiscently. "But that'll be part of the excitement, to have them all mad—since we ain't doing anything really wrong."

"Well, I've got to go now, Lissy. Plan it all out the way it's got to be, it's a new subjec' to me and it's plain you've been thinkin' about it for quite a spell, you're so fermilyer with it."

When they had gone Mr. Gibson rose painfully.

"Tarnation," he said angrily. "Think of that little Lissy o' mine bein' able to twist that hard-headed young feller into makin' such a fool of hisself. Well, since he give in and she's set on it, I'll help 'em, an' 'mongst us I reckon we'll be the most talked of folks hereabouts, more shame to us. Lissy'll get her excitement if that's what it takes to make her settle down. I wonder," he added thoughtfully, "what I'll tell M'ri' when she asks me where I been all this time?"

Mr. Gibson slept but little that night; the first part of which he spent worrying over the fact his favorite child was planning to deceive him. And the hours after midnight being taken up with figuring how to help her carry out her plans without her knowing it.

"I never ixperienced a 'loperment," he muttered grimly to himself as he rose next morning, "but I've read about 'em. Oh, what a mizry I've got in my knees! From kneelin' on the ground last night, I reckon."

For the first time in her life Melissa Gibson avoided her father. At breakfast she kept her eyes on her plate and ate but little. And no amount of teasing from her brothers, Simon and Fred, brought any response. When her father asked her tenderly if she felt poorly she rose suddenly and ran out of the room.

Mrs. Gibson, large, ponderous and slow to think, looked after her daughter and said with a drawl,

"Girls in love is that cantankerous. I'll be right glad when Thanksgivin' Day rolls 'round and Lissy and Johr. is settled down."

Mr. Gibson's face flushed and he spoke eagerly.

"M'ri, if you feel that way 'bout it, let's have 'em marry right away, er, tomorry mebbby."

Mrs. Gibson raised her eyebrows very high, and sniffed.

"Course not. The idyl!"

"You'll wish you had, 'cordin' to my opinion," replied Mr. Gibson firmly.

"John's folks, everybody expects them to be married on Thanksgivin' day. Besides, there is a quilt to finish, to say nothin' of her weddin' dress. Tomorry nothin'."

Mr. Gibson jangled a spoon in his tea cup as he spoke impatiently.

"I wish it was customary for the bride's father to pay for a weddin' trip. I'd send them two to Niagry Falls, after all."

"An' the corn crop what it was?" asked Simon.

"An' after losin' them five hogs?" asked Fred.

Mrs. Gibson bristled.

"I've lived more'n half a hundred years an' ain't never seen Niagry. More'n likely it'd be froze over anyhow, in November."

"Losin' crops an' hogs ain't as bad as losin' confidenzes," replied Mr. Gibson absently. Then, suddenly finding his wife and sons regarding him curiously, he spoke sharply: "This is a great way fer farmer folks to be sittin' 'round at this time of day. Boys, git busy."

As Mr. Gibson passed the milk house he saw Lissy bending over the milk crocks skimming off the cream.

"Churnin' day, Lissy mine?" he called with pretended joviality.

She nodded her head but did not look at him. He went to hef.

"Lissy, my girl, I hope you ain't feelin' too bad this mornin'."

Down went the skimmer and with a low cry Lissy threw her arms around her father's neck.

"Oh, Pa, I do feel bad. Not in my body, but in my mind. I've got a secret, and nobody knows it but John and me."

"An' who else orto?" demanded her father.

"If I could only tell you, Pa, but I can't, it has to be a secret or it won't be a—Oh, I can't tell you but honest as I live, Pa, it ain't anything wrong and can't hurt nobody. I can't be satisfied unless it's done, and Pa, if you love me or ever did promise me you won't be mad at me when you find it out. Promise, Pa, no matter if all the rest are mad don't you be."

Mr. Gibson forced a laugh and patted her soothingly.

"Mad? Me mad at my little girl? You couldn't do anything that 'd make me mad at you."

"Oh, Pa, I've allus told you everything."

"Well," he replied, "the time has come when you must tell your secrets to your husband 'stead o' to your old father."

Lissy cried harder. Mr. Gibson pushed her aside with a forced laugh.

"Look up, Lissy, all your life you've got frum me whatever I could git for you. Sometimes it wasn't in my power to git what

you wanted most. This time I won't fail you. Don't say nothing to nobody but jest go about an' let me hear you laugh an' sing. There's nothin' to worry nobody. Hear me? Nothin' to worry nobody."

"But the secret, Pa," she said timidly, lifting her pretty tear-stained face.

"Ain't you told me there's nothin' wrong in it? Ain't I always believed you? Didn't you say you'd told John? There, see how we've hendered each other. Mother'll be scoldin' us both. I hope you ain't cried no tears in the cream jar," he added with a great show of jollity.

Lissy, too, forced a laugh and hurriedly emptied the cream into the churn and fell to churning industriously.

At noon as Lissy stood by the stove



Lissy fell to churning industriously

frying great slices of ham, her father placed his hand on her shoulder and whispered,

"Red up th' dishes right peart after dinner an' ride over to Silvertown with me."

"Oh, Pa, I'd love to, but Ma said we'd tack a comfort."

"Leave it to me," he whispered.

When the meal was finished Mr. Gibson spoke to his younger son.

"Fred, hitch up Nance, I've a errnt to Silvertown. I want you to go with me, Lissy, my eyes ain't what they used to be, an' I'm goin' to look about at the Court House."

"Ain't no trouble, I reckon?" said Mrs. Gibson anxiously. "No mortgages, ner nothin'?"

"Listen to mother, always huntin' trouble. No, M'ri', none what-soever," he added, patting her broad shoulder.

"I told M'lissy we'd tack her last comfort—Thanksgivin' Day ain't so turrible fur off."

"It's a good while till cold weather. Anyhow I reckon if Lissy was to run short of bed covers you er John's mother could spare some, havin' loads of 'em."

When Mr. Gibson and his daughter, after a pleasant ride in the sweet September sunshine, drove into Silvertown, he put a small roll of money into her hand, saying: "Git a new dress for yourself, Lissy."

"Oh, Pa, Ma's coming here next week to pick out my weddin' things."

"Why, Lissy, I reckon you're old enough to pick out a dress fer yourself, ain't you? An', pick out something purty, something as could be wore at a—consid'able 'casion."

Lissy looked at him sharply and her lips quivered. But he met her eyes smilingly.

"Thanks, Pa, you're too good to me, honest you are."

They parted, Mr. Gibson going to attend to his supposed business and Lissy hurrying to make her purchase. Her cheeks burned red and her hands shook with excitement.

"Oh," she murmured, "if I only knew what a elopement dress ought to be like. It's got to be a weddin' dress an' still if it looks like one Ma'll find out. I reckon

I'll get something betwixt an' between an' I can wear my long coat over it while we're drivin' furious an' still look like a— a bride. Oh, land! I purty near wish I hadn't planned a elopement. Deceivin' Pa, an' him so good to me."

But nevertheless she entered a store, and when she joined her father her face wore a pleased smile and she carried a large package.

"I hope I didn't spend too much, Pa," she said, handing him some change.

"Keep it, Lissy, I give it all to you. I hope you got what you wanted. Didn't you want no ribbons ner—fixin's?" he added anxiously.

"I got just what I wanted, Pa," she replied gratefully. She tried to smile, but her lips trembled.

When they reached home and Lissy unwrapped her parcel, her mother eyed it disapprovingly.

"Neither fer summer ner fer winter. Neither a weddin' dress, a infare dress er a Sunday dress. Ar' a heap too good fer ev'ry day—what did you go an' buy it fer, M'lissy? You don't need it now, your old ones is good 'nough fer th' few weeks 'tween now an' your weddin' day. Your Pa was mighty foolish to risk you with money, an' I doubt if John'd be much pleased gettin' you fer a wife if he knowed about sech pore manigment."

Mr. Gibson laughed.

"I never heerd of a girl havin' too many dresses, M'ri'. Git it made into something right away, Lissy, I don't see why we can't have you lookin' nice 'round here the next few weeks. I reckon John Ross ain't no such pumpkins as to see you in a whole lot of finery."

After saying this Mr. Gibson laughed so heartily that his wife regarded him curiously and Lissy darted a quick glance at him. She could not understand him. Was it possible for him to know?

Mrs. Gibson spoke impatiently.

"Dory Leeds ain't coming here to sew for two weeks an' more."

"M'ri', you don't mean to tell me John Ross is goin' to have to hire Dory Leeds ev'ry time Lissy needs sewin' done?"



Her mother eyed the parcel disapprovingly

"Pa, a girl of mine has got to be handier with a needle than most girls. But you don't expect her to make her weddin' dress, do you? An' while I've been kep' in the dark what this new dress was a yard I've a idy it cost 'bout as much as I'd paid for the weddin' garment. It ain't going to be spoiled by one who ain't a dressmaker."

"Well, anyhow, Lissy, you git that made into a dress right soon."

"Your pore Pa gits more domineerin' as he gets older," sighed Mrs. Gibson as her husband left the room. "Howsumever, it never pays to cross a man, Lissy, remember that. If you've figgered out how you want that dress made, you didn't need it an' you know it, we'll have Dory come tomorrow."

It took skillful maneuvering on Mr. Gibson's part to do the required amount of eavesdropping necessary to learn just when the elopement was to take place. When he learned that it was to take place on the following Monday evening he was as busy as could be.

Lissy watched him furtively and was even more affectionate than usual. Only once did she waver and that was on Saturday evening before the elopement was to take place. The evening being chilly the men gathered around the kitchen fire while the women prepared supper.

Mr. Gibson, enveloped in the "Weekly Caller," suddenly ejaculated:

"Jiminy cracky! Here's a interestin' bit o' news. 'Mis Maudie Haines, daughter of Mr. an' Mis. Jud Haines o' Listerville an' James Cline o' Idletown eloped an' were married at th' office o' th' Jestice o' th' Peace at Edgers on Tuesday afternoon. The young lady's father an' brother pursued 'em for two miles but were then obliged to give up th' chase an' return home. Mr. Haines says there was no 'bjection except he an' his wife considered their daughter too young to enter into th' married state. The young couple afterward returned for th' parental blessin'."

Mr. Gibson gasped for breath as he finished and glanced stealthily at his daughter. Her back was to him, but she stood stiff and upright in a listening attitude. No one spoke for a moment. Then Fred remarked, as he poked his brother in the ribs.

"You wasn't up to your business, Sime, er you might 'a' been the lucky fellow. You kep' company with her two or three times. Oh, but wouldn't I liked to 'a' been the brother who follered 'em; but I'd made it lively."

Sime laughed and spoke to his sister.

"Did you know her, Liss?"

"I've seen her," she replied breathlessly, not turning her head.

Mrs. Gibson spoke with her usual drawl. "What a girl wants to do sech a ornery thing

as that for beats me— an' have her good name made that common in th' mouth of ev'rybody. An' I had a girl to do that I wouldn't give up chasin' her in two mile. I'd go all th' way an' when I'd got her, married er single I'd jounce her back home. An' what's more I'd shet her up on bread an' water till she'd know she couldn't go off disgracin' herself an' all her folks."

There was a sudden clatter of pans and pots as Lissy caught up an empty water pail and hurried to the door.

"Let Sime or Fred fetch th' water, Lissy," called her father. But she pretended not to hear.

On Sunday evening John announced to Lissy, in the presence of the family, that he would not spend the next evening with her. A remark which caused them all to pause and look at him, much to his embarrassment since it was not and never had been his custom to come on Monday evenings.

"Well," said Sime with a grin, "I reckon I can do without seein' you."

"Think you can stand it, Lissy?" asked her father, though he regretted the question the next instant as Lissy covered her face and began to cry.



*Mr. Gibson was enveloped in the
"Weekly Caller"*

"Land o' Goshen, John, tell her you'll come," said Fred in a disgusted tone.

"I don't see what ails you, Lissy," said her mother. "I think, Pa, next time you go over to Silverton you'd better git her a tonic. She 'pears run down. Sulphur an' m'lasses might help, but a bottle o' sassyp'rilly'd be more to the p'int."

* * * * *

On Monday morning Mr. Gibson rose earlier than usual, routing his family out at four o'clock, which made them all cross, he himself being absent minded and when spoken to responded sharply. After breakfast he called his sons into the barn where he talked very earnestly for half an hour while his sons' faces showed plainly the surprise they felt at what he disclosed.

That Monday proved to be a very long, very unsatisfactory day. Especially so to poor Lissy, who, very pale, gave way to tears more than once.

As soon as Mr. Gibson finished his talk with his boys he went into the house and told his wife, without the flicker of an eyelash, an untruth. That he was going to a sale: Mrs. Gibson said "yes" with a rising inflection and warned him "to not git bit by some trickster."

He did not return till late, very tired and very, very dusty. His wife looked at him, then put her glasses on and looked more closely.

"Lookin' to see whuther it's me er not, M'ri'? Well, it's always best to be on th' safe side."

Mrs. Gibson, her hands on her hips, looked at him sharply.

"Well, I never knowed th' roads to be that dusty. An' Nance never was a mare to kick up much of a dust nohow."

"Well," he replied gruffly, "I shore et it today, full of it, inside an' out. That's what I had fer dinner, road dust, so, if you don't mind, I'd like supper jest a leetle mite early."

Mrs. Gibson, looking rather uneasy, repaired to the kitchen and spoke to her daughter, who had preceded her.

"We'll have your father's fav'rite supper this evenin', Lissy, he ain't jest himself. I shouldn't wonder if he did git bit at that sale, bought, maybe, an' found it wasn't," she added mysteriously.

But Lissy was too flurried and absent-minded to pay much attention to anything. She allowed the potatoes to boil dry, salted food already salted and spilled and dropped things until her mother lost patience completely, exclaiming in exasperation:

"Time an' place! M'lissy Gibson, what's come over you?"

Supper was a silent meal. In vain did Mrs. Gibson try to talk, first with one member of the family and then with another. In vain did she query her husband about the 'sale.' And when the meal was over she announced solemnly:

"I'll be monstrous glad to see this family safe tucked in bed an' early, fer this has been consid'able of a day an' I've been that oneasy an' unsettled as never was."

If she had looked up as she finished this statement she would have found four pairs of eyes looking intently at her. But she did not. No one spoke. Mr. Gibson walked the floor uneasily, asking himself the same question that had haunted him all day:

"How'll I ever fix it with M'ri'?"

Later Sime and Fred went to the barn. Mr. Gibson followed but soon came back. He found Lissy rushing the dishwashing with all her might.

"Gits dark earlier than it did a few weeks ago," Mr. Gibson remarked carelessly.

"Is it—dark—now?" Lissy asked anxiously.

"Black as cats," he said emphatically. Lissy finished her work and hurried to her room. Mr. Gibson wandered from room to room.

"Can't you set down?" Mrs. Gibson asked irritably. "Why don't the boys come in? An' what's Lissy gone up so early fer? What's come over this family?"

"Whur's that magazine Lissy borried from Minnie White?" he asked instead of replying.

"I reckon she's took it to her room. Call her to fetch it."

But Mr. Gibson climbed the stairs and knocked on Lissy's door. There was no answer at first, then a sleepy voice asked:

"Who is it?"

"Kin I have that magazine o' Minnie

White's? I was readin' a article 'bout flyin' machines. An' I wish I had one tonight," he added under his breath.

"Wait till I slip something on, Pa," said Lissy.

"Ain't you turned in early?" he asked anxiously. What if, after all, she had changed her plans. After all his preparation. He grew hot, then cold. She opened the door. She was wrapped from her head to her heels in a bed quilt.

"Here it is, Pa," she said sleepily, as she smothered a yawn.

His hand trembled. Yes, she had surely changed her mind. Well, he would be the laughing stock of the country. He sighed deeply as he bade her goodnight, then suddenly he grew calmer as he listened as his daughter tiptoed across the bare floor. He smiled, and, unable to contain himself, called,

"Lissy, you must ha' been sleepy to have went to bed with your shoes on."

There was a short pause.

"I certainly must have been," she said hesitatingly.

Fifteen minutes later, Mr. Gibson, who had gone to the kitchen for a drink, saw a dark form carrying a ladder across the yard. He watched calmly as the ladder was placed at Lissy's window. Watched Lissy climb down so fluttered she came near falling. When the two were half way to the gate he stepped outside and closed the door behind him.

"Hey, who may you be? Lissy, Lissy, is that you? Didn't John say he wasn't comin' this evenin'? Who are you, stranger, snoopin' 'round carryin' off my Lissy? Sime? Fred?"

Faster and faster Lissy and John ran until they reached the buggy and then began the pounding of horse's feet. They had barely started when Sime and Fred dashed past their father in their own buggy.

"Be mighty keerful, boys, no accy-dents," Mr. Gibson shouted. Then he turned very suddenly and hurried into the house. His wife was sound asleep in her chair. He glanced at her in the keenest anxiety, then hurried into the bedroom. When he returned he carried an arm load of clothing which he dumped into a chair, disappeared for a moment and reappeared,

with his wife's best shoes in one hand and her bonnet in the other.

He bumped chairs against the wall, coughed and was otherwise noisy. His wife slept on. He stumbled over her feet. She did not waken.

"M'ri," he called impatiently. She opened one eye.

"M'ri, dress yourself in your Sunday best. An' hurry."

She sat up and regarded him curiously as he struggled out of his old clothing into his best.

"It ain't Sunday, I reckon," she said sarcastically. "It can't be I slep' fer nigh onto a week."

"M'ri, you gotta hurry. Dress quick. We're goin' by the three notch road an' it's a good four mile further than th' pike."

"Goin' whur?" she asked indignantly.

"To a s'prise, at Silvertown."

She sniffed disdainfully.

"To a s'prise—at Silvertown! I ain't been out in th' night air fer nigh on to a year. I ain't goin' to begin gallivantin' at my time o' life. I wouldn't go if th' s'prise was on me."

A shiver ran down his spine and his face darkened as he spoke.

"If you don't go you'll—be—sorry—all th' days o' your life."

"Well, I might as well be sorry fer th' rest o' my life as sick er dead, an' I'd be one or t'other. I'm goin' to bed an' it'd be a heap more becomin' in you, Pa, a gray-haired man, the father of three an' old 'nough t' be a gran'father, if you done th' same thing."

Mr. Gibson, red and angry with struggling into a starched shirt, paused and lifted a warning finger.

"M'ri, I ain't never before found it needful to remind you. But didn't you promise years ago at th' marriage altar to love, honor, an' obey?"

He almost shrieked the last word and his wife began to cry.

"After all these years, Christopher Elihu Gibson," she sobbed.

"Dress. And dress quick," was his curt reply.

And she did; and though she did not look quite so neat as she should she soon announced, rather sulkily it must be confessed, that she was ready. Her husband,

terribly excited, threw an extra shawl about her ample shoulders and almost jerked her, unmindful of her groanings, to the front gate.

Suddenly two great lights flashed out and a voice said,

"Well, she can go some, Chris, but if you don't git a move on you I won't promise."

"Al White. An' his new mush-eeen," gasped Mrs. Gibson. "I won't ride in it, no, not fer you, Chris Gibson, ner fer nobody. I'll not go d'lib'rate to my death."

Mr. Gibson pushed his wife to the automobile.

"I've rid in this thing all day invitin' folks to th' s'prise an' I'm still alive. Set over, Mis. White, she'll git in."

"Why, Minnie White, you here? You agin me, too? Somebody's got to tell me what this is all about afore I step in this death dealer. Invitin' folks? Is it your s'prise, Christopher Gibson?"

Her husband looked at her helplessly. Not even with the help of his old friend, Al White, could he lift his wife's two hundred pounds into that motor car.

"Well, I'll tell you," he cried angrily. "Lissy an' John has eloped an' right this minute is bein' chased by Sime an' Fred, with a gun, to Silverton. If you'd git in we might git to th' minister's in time."

Mrs. Gibson, with an angry snort, climbed in.

"Make it go, Al White," she ordered. "Git there in time if you kill us. We might as well be dead as disgraced. Little did I think I'd meet my death this way, in one of these dangerous, death-dealin', dust-prevokin' jiggernauts."

"Don't be afraid, Maria," said Mrs. White soothingly. But they had started and there was little opportunity for conversation. Now and then as they flew along they could hear a smothered groan or ejaculation from Mrs. Gibson—now the word "elope" and again "disgrace." But the words she used ofteneest were "death" and "the grave."

She clung desperately to Mrs. White at first; later she slid from the seat to the bottom of the car, a huge, gasping, sobbing heap. Her husband regarded her with considerable concern but did not dare to speak.

In the meantime, along the other road leading to Silverton, there was a race between two horses. In front was John Ross, with his jaw set, his eyes stern, driving. Driving as fast as his horse could go. By his side with her face white, her hat gone, her hair streaming in the wind, was Lissy. Wide-eyed and dry-lipped. Excitement? Surely.

Now she urged John to drive faster. Now she urged him to call out to her brothers and tell them that it was he, John, with her. Now she begged for mercy for the horse. But never a word passed John's lips. He only drove.

Now and then when a shot rang out behind them, Lissy screamed and the horse leaped forward and ran faster. Close behind them Fred was driving his own horse. He was bareheaded, his eyes were shining, how he was enjoying himself; except that it mortified him because he was under orders to not quite catch up.

"Thunder!" he ejaculated again and again, "think of lettin' him think his flea-bit mare can beat my horse."

Sime, too, was having a glorious time. He was doing the shouting and firing the old-fashioned, noisy shot gun at short intervals. They passed several vehicles, barely escaping accidents and filling the occupants with anger, wonder and alarm.

As they neared Silverton, John drove still harder so as to reach the minister's enough ahead of his pursuers. And, according to orders, Sime and Fred fell back a little.

"Oh, oh, John," sobbed Lissy as they stopped in front of the minister's dimly lighted house. John half carried her to the door which was opened instantly.

The parlor was poorly lighted, but Lissy caught a glimpse of the minister's wife who hurried to her and greeted her warmly; the minister patted poor Lissy reassuringly and said since they were, no doubt, in a hurry, they might take their places in the middle of the room and join hands.

He read the service slowly and distinctly and John made his responses as though he meant them. But Lissy, almost exhausted, barely made herself heard. When the ceremony was over and the minister had offered a short prayer, the lights were

turned up. - Lissy shrank toward John, and whispered:

"Oh, John, don't I look awful?"

A well-known voice, not John's, answered her.

"Awful? More than that. Tur'ble. Disgraceful. Fasten up your hair this minute, M'lissy Loueesy Gibson."

Mrs. Gibson loomed large and mighty before her frightened daughter. It had taken the combined efforts of all present to persuade her to allow the ceremony to proceed. But a hearty laugh saved the situation as Mr. Gibson came forward.

"Call her by her right name, M'ri'. Her name ain't Gibson, it's Ross. Mrs. John Ross, how d'ye do?"

He gathered her in his arms and kissed her tenderly, then handed her to John's mother who appeared out of nowhere. Lissy looked about in amazement. Fred and Sime stood in the doorway, in apparent unconcern, but with a world of fun in their eyes.

"Hullo, Liss," called Fred laconically.

"Wasn't you, didn't you—" began Lissy, but Sime interrupted her.

"Set a time fer us to beat you in a fair race, John, we could 'a' passed you a dozen times."

"Why didn't you then?" demanded John.

Then they all fell to laughing.

"But who found it out?" asked Lissy breathlessly.

"What does it matter, since somebody did?" asked her father.

"Oh, Pa, I b'leeve 'twas you. Nobody else would have made it such a beautiful,

gr-rand elopement. Oh, I'm so glad all of you was to the weddin', after all," she added earnestly.

"Hear her," snorted her mother. "After all that plottin'. Do try to stick to th' truth, Lissy. Right here an' now I want it know'd that I ain't a-goin' home in Al White's mush-een. Not if I have to walk. Freddy, you'll drive me home, d'ye hear?"

As Fred nodded he turned to hear John ask,

"Say, Sime, was them blanks you was firin' off?"

"I was shootin' at th' stars, John," he answered with a laugh.

"Sounded like a army comin'. Well," he added, as he pinched Lissy's cheek, "it was excitin' anyhow."

"All th' weddin' guests, them as ixpected to 'tend this weddin' long 'bout Thanksgivin', is waitin' over to th' ho-tel whur th' infare's spread, so I 'low we'd better go over," announced Mr. Gibson, trying to appear calm, but still excited.

"What ixtrav'gance!" ejaculated Mrs. Gibson.

"I come in on that," laughed John's father. "Each pays half."

"Oh, Pa," cried Lissy, "a' infare at th' hotel? Oh, now I know it was you who planned th' elopement."

Mr. Gibson's jaw fell and he looked anxiously about the company.

"Me? Me plan a elopement? Why, Lissy Gibson, you planned it yourself, you know you did."

Then he joined heartily in the laugh which followed.

TRAIL O' DREAMS

JUST a bit of the way on our dear Trail o' Dreams,
For a while we may wander together,
When sweet wildflowers blow,
And soft winds sing low,
And rose leaves drift over the hills of white heather.

For a bit of the way where the golden sun gleams,
Would that we might forever be roaming,
But roses will die,
When chilling winds sigh,
And the Trail of our Dreams will fade far in the gloaming.

Jessie Davies Wilddy.

THE MAGIC HOUR by Lottie A. Gannett

OUCH! I'll bet that hurt, and the boy leaned over and kissed the tip of the sick girl's ear, which he had just raked with the comb.

The sick girl, for she was only a girl though twenty-one, and wife to the boy, who was only a boy though he was six feet tall, and twenty-three, looked up and smiled.

"Not a bit," she lied consolingly, then blinked to keep back the tears that the scratch had caused.

The boy kissed her again, then went on with the story that the accident had interrupted:

"Then, when my book is sold, and it is going to stick this time, I know," he said jubilantly, "I am going to get you wine, oh, just oceans of it, and— and chicken broth, and oysters, and nourishing steaks, and oodles of candy," he went on in the story-telling tone one uses to a child.

"Yes, and then we are going to have a carriage"—she encouraged him to go on, for she liked him in this gay, hopeful mood. Too, often, she had to do the "baby" talk to encourage him when he was ready to give up.

"No, not a carriage, an automobile. I am going to take you out every nice day, and then the roses will come back to your cheeks, and you will get strong and fat, so fat you will not be able to wear the stylish gowns I am going to buy you. Then I suppose you will be so uppity you will not notice me except to permit me to hook your back."

"Why, you could hardly expect to be noticed by a lady who has her own auto-

mobile and has stylish gowns she can't wear, could you?" she bantered lovingly.

"And, it's all coming, Kittie, Girl. Gee, I wish I had some fellow's luck!"

"When I was a little girl, I had an old nurse who told me she always spelled her luck p-e-r-s-e-v-e-r-e, and she said everybody had at some time in their lives the 'Magic Hour' when, if they would try, they could accomplish anything, and when I asked her how one could tell their Magic Hour she said it couldn't be recognized except by results, and the only way to take advantage of it was to do everything that we undertook to the best of our ability every hour."

They fell silent for a space, the boy, winding the braid he had made of the girl's hair—as little boys make watch fobs—around his wife's head. Turning his head on one side he looked at it critically, then apparently much pleased with the result, he got basin, water and cloth.

Carefully, and with a world of tenderness in his movements, he ran the cloth across the girl's pale, thin face, jabbing his thumb in her eye, pushing her nose about ten degrees out of plumb, almost rubbing the skin off in some spots, and not touching others.

"Gee!" he said, after a minute's silence, spent in hard work, "That's done. I didn't hurt you, did I, Kittie? I'm afraid I'm a little clumsy," he said ruefully.

"Indeed, you're not," emphatically declared the little heroine again, "you're just the gentlest, bestest boy in the world," and she pressed to her lips the big hand that was dabbing a towel in her eyes and mouth.



"Five hundred dollars," Don repeated

"Aren't you just the dearest girl," he said, "And don't you know how to make a fellow feel good all over and as if he was some good in the world?" Tenderly he took the little face, that was almost lost in one of his hands, between his palms, softly he laid his lips to hers for a second as if he feared to kiss her with any force for fear she would crumble up and fade away from him.

"And now for breakfast," he said gaily.

Quickly he stepped out into the tiny room they used for a kitchen, then as he saw the meagre contents of the larder his boyish face clouded, and for an instant his lips trembled.

"Nothing to eat but bread and tea, for a little sick girl who needs wines and jellies and nourishing things," he thought bitterly. "This is the life I am giving that little girl who gave up father and mother and a fine home for me. Poor little Kittie," he said, to himself, "They told you I was a dreamer that would never have anything, and I am. I am not even a 'was', I am a 'never will be'. It would have been better for the little girl if she had married the rich suitor they had picked out for her husband," he thought—"and now they have washed their hands of you"—how well he remembered the "washing". It was after he and Kittie had taken the matter into their own hands and eloped, and had come back for forgiveness.

"Go," said her father, while her mother stood acquiescent by, "you have married my daughter against my wishes, take care of her, and never let me see your faces again!" Then turning to his daughter, he went on, "After all, it is with you I should be most disgusted, for one expects of Donald Douglas that he try to better himself, but that you my daughter, should disgrace—"

"Disgrace," Donald had said, with a black face and clenched hands. "In what way has your daughter disgraced you by marrying me? It is true I have no money, but I do not ask you for any, and—"

"See that you never do," answered Old John Clare, "and is it not a disgrace to be a penniless pauper, and a dreamer as your father was before you—always

mooning over his books, leaving his child without a dollar, and—"

"That will do, sir," Donald had said, and there was something in the voice, low and tense as it was, that made the older man pause. For an instant Don's hand seemed about to strike, then it unclasped, and he turned to Kittie:

"Come," he said, and they turned away together, Kittie leaving father and mother without a word being spoken by either side.

Since then they had gone from bad to worse. At first he had kept things going by writing short stories, but lately he had been so engrossed with a book, into which he was putting his heart, his very soul, that he had no time for other work, and now they were living in a furnished room with its tiny kitchenette.

Things had been so much worse this past month since Kittie had taken sick. At first they thought it was some little temporary disorder, but as she grew thinner and weaker daily, and the hours of body-racking pain became more frequent and of longer duration, they both realized, though neither mentioned it, that the trouble was a serious one.

With no money to get a doctor; for what little they had must be kept for food; the patient little girl had grown steadily worse, until now she was but a shadow of herself, and sometimes had to shut her teeth on her lips to keep from crying aloud with the pain.

Donald had walked the streets the past two weeks looking for work of any kind. At first he had sought office work, but lately he had asked for anything, even to digging ditches in the streets. The bosses would look him over and shake their heads. And this was the point they had reached this morning as he went to get Kittie's breakfast.

"Would your Ladyship like milk toast, or just plain buttered toast this morning?" he called out brightly.

"M—mm"—Kittie had been about to say milk, but suddenly remembered that the milk man had been pressing about his money the other day, and she feared her choice of it might embarrass Don, so she changed the word into an exclamation—"Why, really, I think I should

like it plain this morning, and without butter, too," she added. "You eat the butter, it is too strong for sick people." She remembered the other day when her pain had been so bad, Don had come in and brought his plate and had sat beside her while he ate, and she saw that his bread did not have any butter on it. When he saw she noticed it, he said "he was not eating any butter these days as it gave him indigestion, and she had sympathized with him and made believe to believe.

"All right, Miss, Madame, I should say, coming," he called. He brought the tray and sat beside her while she ate a pinch or two of the toast, on which he had put the last dab of butter, and took a sip of the tea. Then she stopped and the scalding tears ran down her cheeks as the pain came on again.

"Honey, Honey," he murmured, cuddling her, "I wish I could take that nasty old pain, it has no right to hurt my girl."

"Whee-e-e" went the mail carrier's whistle, and Donald sat erect, then dropped back to petting Kittie.

"That's the mail carrier, Don Boy," Kittie said, drying her tears, "Go, dear, maybe he has an acceptance from your publishers."

"Can you spare me a moment?" he asked.

Kittie pushed him lovingly from her. Down the steps he went three at a time. Then back slowly, heavily, he came. No need for Kittie to ask if it was good news, no need to look at his face or the bulky package in his hand.

Dejectedly he sat on the side of the bed, his body hunched forward, his hands hanging idly.

"Don Boy," Kittie's voice was heavenly sweet, "don't worry, don't mind, it will all come out right soon. Who knows but this may be your 'Magic Hour'?" Then she fell back on the pillow shaking, white, gripped by another paroxysm of pain.

"Weli, of all the selfish brutes," exclaimed Don, jumping up, "you have

to hand it to me. Here I sit in the dumps because things don't come my way just when I think they should, and you lie here day after day like an angel, suffering and suffering, and I can't do anything to help you, Girl. God! That's what hurts so. But I will, I'll see a doctor, money or not, and he will come and see you if I have to carry him every step of the way." And Don gently removing Kittie's fingers from his arm, rushed from the room.

"Hello, Don, old man! Whither away on such fairy feet?" And Don felt himself caught by the coat and stopped in his pell mell rush from the apartment building, where he and Kittie were roosting under the roof.

"Swayne," Don exclaimed, "what brings you to this neck of the woods—" then as he remembered, "You must excuse me, I'm in a hurry."

"So I gathered from the way you knocked over the old apple woman, the cripple and the blind man," Swayne prevaricated, "but even if you are in a hurry you have time to meet my friend here,"

and he pressed forward a gentleman who had stood almost behind him as he grabbed Don. "Old Pal, I want you to know Doctor—" But he got no further.

"Doctor," said Don, and grabbing the stranger by the arm he almost literally carried him up the stairs and into the room where his wife lay.

Swayne, left standing on the sidewalk, watched his friend the doctor elope with his friend the author. He shook his head and laughed.

"Don always was, in spite of his bookiness, the greatest practical joker at college. I am glad I told Jimmie about him, though, before he kidnapped him."

"Doctor," said Don, "this is my wife; will you please do something for her? Give her something to ease her pain, won't you?" and Don looked at the doctor with the pleading eyes of a collie.

The doctor straightened his collar,



"Would I buy your book?"
Crane asked

twitched his necktie into place, and was about to consign the big boy before him to a warmer climate, but, looking at the pathetic, pain-twisted face of the little sufferer, then at the pleading eyes of the boy before him, he realized that he was in the presence of something stronger than conventions or nicety of manners; that here was the big boy-man, made primitive by love.

He turned and examined the sufferer, then asked some questions, gazed pityingly first at the girl, then at the boy.

Arising, he started out, and when out of sight of the girl on the bed, nodded for Don to follow.

"Your wife is sick, very sick. So sick that there is only one man in the United States who can cure her, and that is Professor Doane, the greatest surgeon in the world. It would be folly for me or any other man to touch the case, but the one I have mentioned," he said, when Don had followed him into the hall. "It requires an operation, one of those that are so fine as to be almost miraculous, and I feel sure that Professor Doane can perform it successfully; but your wife will have to help by using all it is worth her determination to live."

"An operation," said Don, aghast. "Professor Doane can perform it successfully—and it would cost—?" he asked.

"Oh, about five hundred dollars, I presume, but take my advice and make haste," he added, "there is not much time to lose." And he hurried on his way.

"Five hundred dollars," Don repeated. "Five hundred dollars—and for this sum, a sum that rich ladies spend for one evening cloak, Kittie must die. And they say the poor have one thing equal with the rich—that the rich cannot purchase life. It is a lie, a lie," he said, "a rotten, deluding lie! They can purchase life, and the poor must die because they are poor."

"Don, boy," Kittie called feebly, and Don composed his face and went in.

"What did the doctor say, Don?" she asked.

"Oh, he said with a little care, and—and—" lying did not come easy to Don, and especially with Kittie's clear, trusting

eyes upon him—"that you would be all right in a—a short time."

"Did he, Don?" she said, and shut her eyes wearily.

Don leaned over her in a few minutes, and thinking she was sleeping was glad, for he wanted to think.

"How to raise five hundred dollars?" he asked himself, dropping into a chair—"How, how?" he asked. He bowed his head on his arms and fell asleep. He hadn't slept much for several nights, and so he sunk into a restless doze. He dreamed and imagined monsters were holding him down, demanding five hundred dollars.

"Five hundred dollars—my book—I am sorry—I could make something—must be—if I could only wait and had five hundred dollars," he babbled in his sleep. A book fell to the floor, pushed down by his arm. Quickly he jumped to his feet, now wide awake. He had a thought—why hadn't it come to him before.

He went over to the bed and made sure that Kittie was still sleeping, then quietly he tiptoed around the room, picked up a package, and as quietly tiptoed out into the kitchen, wrapped his package, then slipped quietly out of the door.

Kittie turned over and opened her eyes as Don went out. "And so for five hundred dollars Don could wait until some editor recognized the merit in his book," she said to herself. "For five hundred dollars, a paltry sum that some boys of his age think nothing of spending on some new fangled device for their car or yacht. What a drag she was to him, how she was holding him down, for if he had not been married to her he would have had enough to live on decently until his book was accepted—and now he had not even enough money to mail his book out again, and it was all on account of her," she thought, "because he had married her, and now she had to go and get sick besides. She was disgusted with herself. Why, oh, why, am I not talented in some way so I could help Don, poor boy, who had to drag along with scarcely enough to eat, when for five hundred dollars he might be on

the road to fame. If there was only something she could do, but there was nothing, just nothing."

She had heard the doctor say she must use her determination to live. Suppose she didn't, suppose she used her determination not to live, would that help Don any?" Her eyes wandering around the room took in the old, familiar dabs of pictures, the calendar, given by some life insurance company. Don had had his life insured shortly after their marriage, saying he wanted to protect her in case anything "happened" to him, and she had teased him to have hers insured too, and he had—for five hundred dollars.

For a while she lie quite still while the big thought took possession of her, then she buried her face in the pillow and cried her heart out. The weeping over, she was calm, almost bright; she knew a way to give Don his chance—and she was big enough to use it.

* * *

Morris Crane, the great writer, sat with his publisher's last letter open before him. *"You will go, and you will go now"*

"And so I have gone 'stale,'" he said slowly, "I have lost my grip; can't reach my readers!" he got up and walked the floor.

"Gad!" he thought to himself, "and is this the end? After one has been able to move his public to laughter or tears at will, to write a trite truth in words that are echoed the length and breadth of the world, to end like this! It is worse than death," he told himself. "Better to be an unknown than a used to be." He sat down at his desk and took up the letter again.

"A gentleman to see you, sir," the servant announced.

Morris looked up impatiently, he wished he had told the man to let no one in, but he hadn't done so and it was too late now, for even as the man spoke the caller was at his heels.

"What can I do for you, sir?" Crane

asked as Don stepped into the room.

"Mr. Crane," Don said, going right to the heart of the matter, while his clear, boyish blue eyes held the other's with a straightforward gaze, "I have come here on a peculiar errand, and if I overstep any rules of proprieties, violate any ethics, you will forgive me, I know, when I tell you why I have come. Will you listen?"

Crane nodded, and over his kindly features came a softer look, as he placed a chair for his caller, which that young gentleman promptly accepted.

"Mr. Crane," Don said again, "I have here the manuscript of a book which I have written, will you look it over and tell me if you think it is worth anything—

wait a minute, please," as the other was about to speak—"I do not ask that you read it and give a criticism, but that you just scan over a few pages and tell me if it is worth anybody devoting enough time to, to read it through. Will you do this? Ah, thank you," as Crane reached and took the book from his hand. He hadn't intended doing so a moment

before, but there was something compelling about this boy.

Silently, with almost bated breath, Don sat and waited while Crane read the book, for he was reading now with deep interest. At first he had idly turned the pages, glancing here and there, then something caught his eye, he turned back and started reading from the first, apparently forgetful of the presence of the boy. When Don could stand it no longer he spoke:

"Is it worth anything?" he asked, "Is it any good?"

"Worth anything? Good?" Crane repeated, "Why, Young Man, you have a winner here, a sensation!"

"Do you think it would be worth five hundred dollars?" Don asked, holding his breath after he said the sum.

"Five hundred!" Crane repeated again, "It is worth—but then," he broke off,



"Why do you not send it to a publisher and get his opinion?"

"I have sent it to a dozen," Don replied, "and they have kept it barely long enough to change envelopes and start it back. Mr. Crane—" he hesitated, then gained courage when he remembered why he was here—"I want five hundred dollars more than I ever wanted anything in my life before. Maybe 'want' is a bad word, I need it, have got to have it. Would you—a—buy—a—the book and give me five hundred dollars for it now?"

"Would I buy your book?" Crane asked, apparently he could do nothing but repeat this evening, "You mean—?" he asked.

"That you give me five hundred dollars for my book—buy it as your own. You can have it published as your own. The publishers will take it from you because they know you do such great work—but then, maybe you'd be ashamed—"

"My boy," Crane said gently, "I do not wish to flatter you, but this is something that any man, no matter how great he may be, would be proud to have appear under his name. But I cannot—" he paused—swiftly before his mental vision there had flashed his publisher's last letter:—"Get back your hit—you are not written out, only stale. Put some spice in your work, charge it, electrify it—do anything, so it is something to make the public sit up and take notice." It was all here in this story, everything they had asked for, in the comparatively few pages he had read he had had a dozen distinct thrills.

"You must need money pretty badly, my boy, to sacrifice such a story as this for a paltry five hundred dollars. It wouldn't be fair, would be a great injustice to you to allow you to do it—"

"I do, oh, I do need it badly," Don broke in. "It is a matter of life and death, and far from being an injustice, it would be the kindest act you ever did."

Crane, looking the boy over, searching his earnest face, thought it must be something connected with his mother, or perhaps he needed the money to help a dearly loved one, father or brother, out of a scrape—"and it would be a

kindness—" he did not finish the thought.

"Will you leave this with me for a while?" he asked.

"Gladly," Don replied, "I know you must have time to see more of it, and all I ask is that you report as soon as possible, the need for the money is very urgent, and is one that requires as little delay as possible. I will sign any papers, do anything that you deem necessary."

"I understand," Crane answered, "You will hear from me in a few days, perhaps tomorrow."

If it was with mixed feelings that Don left the home of Crane—his greatest hope was gone, his dream shattered—yet it was with a feeling wholly of gladness that he rushed into the bedroom where his wife lay.

"Kittie," he called gently, then went over to the bed. Softly he leaned over her. She was sleeping yet. Tenderly he pushed back the hair from her forehead, then started—something in the pose of the figure on the bed, the clammy coldness of the face, struck terror to his heart.

"Kittie," he called, "Kittie, it is I, Don, wake up, girl," he cried, shaking her with each frantic call. But the little head with its grotesque wreath of brown braid rolled from side to side as it rested against his shoulder. Poor little Kittie had worried too much.

Quickly he felt her heart. No, she was not dead, there was a faint flutter there. What should he do? What could he do? He knew what was the matter, she had fainted from weakness, because she did not have good nourishing food, and he had killed her, he told himself.

Frantically he bathed her face, stroked her hair, called her by every endearing name he knew, but to all his frenzied appeals she gave no sign of life, made no answer.

He mashed the hair from his forehead with his clenched fist. "I must do something. A doctor, that's it, a doctor. But the doctor he had this morning had said there was only one man—and he hadn't any money. I will go after him," he said, "and he will come—he *must*—money or no money—he must!" Gently he laid down the figure of his wife, and

for the second time that day rushed out in quest of a doctor.

* * * * *

Professor Doane sat in his sumptuously furnished room, in which there was everything to delight the eye, the mind, the taste, of the most fastidious, but on his face was a look of weariness, almost of sadness.

"And so you have lost your cunning?" he said, as he held up to his face his long, slim, white, right hand. "You have saved many lives, but you are a back number. The papers, the other physicians, may say what they will—that it was a 'miraculous operation,' that 'When Professor Doane failed, it was hopeless,' but you know, and I know, that you have lost your cunning, that the brain that directs you, the nerve that steadies you, the eye that guides you, have failed, all, all have failed!"

He read again the account of the operation he had performed that morning. One paper said:

"When Professor Doane fails, there was nothing to be done, for he is a miracle worker in operations to the ninth degree, a master of masters, and while we regret the loss of our esteemed fellow townsman, and sympathize with his family, we know it was decreed by an all wise Providence, and that the limit in effort to save his life was reached."

"Very pretty," said the professor, but we know, do we not," he said again, looking at his hand. "You and I know what the doctors who stood at our elbow could not know—that it was a slow acting mind, a quivering nerve, a faltering touch that cost the life of our 'esteemed fellow-townsmen'. What caused it?" he asked himself, then came the answer, the one he knew it must be, the one he had feared for some time—"old age, just old age," he said quietly, dispassionately. He felt that everything he did now would be done in the same quiet way, without

any life or spring to it, without any snap. Of one thing he was certain, he would never attempt another operation. There were others better fitted to save life in that way than he, and he would leave it to them.

He would retire, he would announce it in a few days when the wonder over his failure at this operation had subsided—he would say he wanted a rest—anything but the truth, which was that he was an old man—an old man at sixty-seven. Many men have just become famous after that. Oh, well, I have had my measure of fame and helpfulness, I suppose," and he bowed his head on his arms, and in the room was the saddest sound imaginable—an old man's sobs.

The servant entering a few minutes after he had composed himself, aroused him, and sitting erect, and turning with a movement that bespoke none of the old age of which he had been complaining, said:

"I told you I did not wish to be disturbed, John-

son," and he was wholly the Professor now.

"I know you did, sir," Johnson replied, "but this young man, he—he seems—queer, sir, and he would not be denied, and—and—I could not help asking, sir. Will you see him, sir?"

"Seems 'queer', you say?" asked the Professor. "Oh, well, show him in."

"Perhaps the son or some other near relative of the man on whom I operated today," the Professor said to himself, as the servant departed, "come to reproach me—but how foolish I am getting," he said. "He does not know, nobody knows but you and I," he said once more, glancing at his hand. "And besides," he went on, "if he did know, who would dare reproach Professor Doane—ah, surely I am getting old. I could almost believe the shock of my discovery—that I am no longer a great surgeon, no longer even a good one, has deranged me."



*"If you will promise to be
real good, I'll let you
read something"*

"This will help me," he said, and going over to the cabinet he poured himself a drink, the first one he had ever taken, to steady shaking nerves.

"Professor," Don burst out, as he entered the room with outstretched hands, "will you please come and see my wife—please wait," he said again as he had earlier in the day—"I have no money, cannot pay you just now, but I have hopes, I think—that is, I expect some money in a few days, and if you will come now I will give you every dollar I get. Doctor, it is my wife."

Imperiously the doctor raised his right hand, the hand that had failed him that morning.

"Young man," he said, "you are mad—mad to come here like this. Who told you that Professor Doane went out to cases of unknown people? Do you know I never see a case that is not recommended to me by some eminent physician, and I do not take all of those by any means. And you come to me as if I were some common practitioner that you can run in upon at any hour of the day or night. I would not go out to see a case tonight, no, no, not if you gave me a thousand dollars, I—"

"By God! you will go, and you will go now," said Don, rushing over to the professor, his eyes flashing, his face twitching and white. His fists were clenched and lifted, but they did not fall. "Who and what kind of a thing are you?" he asked. "You who have the Heaven-lent power that may be taken from you at any minute—" The Professor flinched as if struck. "You who have all the advantages that money, education and a special training can give. Who are you, I ask, to deny me the life of my wife—the only thing I have?"

"Look at us—look! I say," and the Professor looked, "you have everything—riches, friends, fame, everything—and I have nothing but just my wife, and even her life you hold in the hollow of your hands, and that you refuse to save for me. But you shan't refuse, you shan't! This much of your wealth you must give me—must, I say, do you hear me—*must*! There is my card. I will give you fifteen

minutes to get to my home!" Don exclaimed, almost beside himself, as he flung the card down on the table and rushed out.

Slowly, like a man dazed, the Professor looked around him, and then he did something that went far toward proving unfounded his fear that he was an old man. He threw back his head and laughed.

Not at Don's trouble, but that he, Professor Doane, whom royalty treated with marked courtesy, should have been bearded in his den by a mere boy, and with all of his servants just within call by the bell at his elbow.

"What peculiar methods, how original," he said. "How odd to leave when he had stated the time limit for the doctor's visit." In all the stories the Professor had ever read, the captor stood with watch in hand and called out the minutes to his victim as they were ticked off. "I wonder what will happen when fifteen minutes have elapsed?" he thought. He half reached out his arm to ring for a servant to have the police informed that a mad man was loose and had been in his study threatening him, but he drew back his hand as the memory of the boy's white, twitching face came before him. "Not mad, surely" he thought. "Just wild with grief."

Glancing at the clock he noticed that it had been five minutes since the boy had left.

"What a handsome boy he was," he thought, and he had said that he, Professor Doane, had everything, and that the boy himself had nothing. "Nothing!" the Professor thought. "What would I not give for his fire, his vigor, his youth," he whispered. "He says he has nothing! Why, with his youth, his power, he has the world before him. There is nothing he could not accomplish, no avenue could remain closed, nothing be denied him. At this minute," the old man thought, "I would sell everything I've ever done in life to stand where he does in life, with the power, the force that lies latent within him—no, not quite everything," he thought. "There are some lives—I think I can say without egotism—that I saved. Lives that I alone could save."

For a brief space he sat toying with the card which the boy had flung down.

"Donald Douglas," he read. "Well, Donald," he said, whimsically, "I enjoyed your call, but as I am not in the habit of obeying my callers I think I'll just sit tight and see what happens in fifteen minutes."

"Ting-ling-lingling" went the telephone at his elbow.

"Hello," said the Professor. "What's that? You're a reporter for the Daily Mail? Servants denied you admission? I am glad of it. I never grant interviews—what's that?—you have something to say to me that no one else knows anything about—why, young man?—why—oh, you were at the hospital as I came out today, after performing the operation—you thought I looked pale, 'all in'. Feared a nervous collapse, did you? You are very kind to call me up to make sure. Well, are you satisfied now? If I had been 'all in,' as you put it, I would not be likely to be talking to you now, would I? What's that? Am I going to retire? Why should I? Am I ever going to operate again? Why, of course, why not? You thought I would fear that I had lost my power after losing my case today?—Well, you are wrong, wrong, I say—No, I am not afraid to keep up at my age. On the contrary, I expect to operate on a very grave case in a few days—Of course, I will give you details, first one. Good bye."

"Confound the reporters!" the Professor murmured fervently, then he sat and studied for a moment. "I wonder—if—I could?" he mused.

"Johnson," he said, when that person had answered his ring, "my hat and stick, I am going out."

"Going out, sir?" the servant asked in surprise. "You will want the car, sir?"

"No, I will not want the car, I am going to walk," and wriggling into his coat without the servant's assistance, he took his hat and stick from him and walked out, leaving a most astonished man leaning against the table for support, for in all the years he had served his master he had never known him to go out on a case at night, no matter

how important, and had never known him to walk a block.

The Professor hardly understood it himself. "What manner of boy was this who could come into a man's house and give him a certain time to do a thing, and then rush away and have the man do it?" For, everything he had done since the boy left, he knew now had been done with the unconscious feeling of being on time; even while he had been talking over the phone he had watched the clock, and the first thing he did when he rang for the servant was to look at the clock again. He didn't stop to explain it to himself, but he could have found a good answer in the power of suggestion, aided by the love of victory over disease, the lust for victory of the skilled, trained mind, and back of it all the unacknowledged but overwhelming wish to know if he could still do it.

"At any rate," he told himself, "I will go and see what manner of case this is; I do not need to touch it." And so musing he reached the home of the Douglas'.

It was Don himself, who, leaping down the steps three at a time, opened the door for him.

"Good evening, Professor," he said, as if it was the most natural and expected thing in the world that the Professor should be there. "I am so glad you found time to come, but you are a little late, aren't you?"

The Professor started, then quietly, in a matter-of-fact tone that just matched Don's, replied:

"No, I think I am just about on time. Perhaps your watch does not agree with my study clock."

It was beautiful to see him after he entered the room where the sick girl lay. Without a question, without one unnecessary move he made his examination. Gentle, dexterous, sure were his movements, and Don, watching, granted this grand old man his full meed of praise.

For a space of time that might have been five minutes or an hour, Don never knew, he was busy with the girl on the bed. Then he turned, and in his eyes was the light of battle, the light of victory, for it was what he would call a

"pretty case," difficult, almost impossible, but, for that reason, all the more enticing.

"I wonder if I could?" he muttered; then Kittie opened her eyes, and deep in their depths he read defiance, a challenge.

"Mr. Douglas," he said, turning to Don, "will you take this note to the corner druggist, tell him I am waiting for you, and fetch back what he gives you?" He handed the paper, on which he had written something, to Don, who, taking it, rushed from the room, putting his hat on as he ran down the stairs.

"Now, little woman," Professor Doane said, "just tell me why it is you have decided to try not to live."

Kittie looked at him with wide startled eyes. "What manner of man was this who could read her inmost thoughts?" she asked herself.

"Come, you might as well 'fess up. At this stage of your disease, I was at a loss to account for your condition, then I looked into your eyes, and I knew. What is it, tell me?" he said very kindly.

"O Doctor," Kittie broke down and sobbed. She had been trying so hard to be brave, to do almost the hardest thing a woman could be called on to do, and the sympathy and understanding in the doctor's tone were too much for her. "I am such a drag on Don, and he needs five hundred dollars so badly, and—and—I would do anything for Don, and my life is insured for that amount, and—"

"And you thought you would break your husband's heart so he could have five hundred dollars, eh? Fine, fine, for ways that are mysterious, commend me to a loving woman!" and he sniffed.

"I don't know who you are," Kittie said, "only that Don says you are the greatest doctor in the world, and that you were going to cure me, but I do know that you are not a bit nice!" and Kittie, with the freedom and petulance of sick persons and children, turned her head to the wall.

"There! that's better. Keep that up and we will have you well in spite of yourself and your fine determination. See here, my child," the old Professor said with a voice of infinite kindness, "your case is one that is very rare, one

that appeals to me very strongly, that touches my pride in my profession and makes me determine that you shall live. I want you to help me. *I am going to cure you*, with your help, if I may have it, without it if I may not. So, you may just reverse that little determination of yours, and make it to live." The Doctor got up and walked the floor with quick firm strides. Thirty years seemed to have fallen from him, and he was the keen, alert professional man.

Coming back, he sat down beside Kittie, and taking her thin hand between his own soft warm palms, he held it for a moment without speaking.

"You are going to give me your help," he declared, after a space, then as a thought came to him—"If, you do not promise I shall get that husband of yours to tell you that you are, and then you will," he said with twinkling eyes.

"But, Doctor—your—fee?" faltered Kittie, weakening.

"Fee? Why, my child, I owe you and your husband more than I can ever repay, for you have given me something dearer than life itself—my confidence in myself, and the knowledge that my days of usefulness are not past, and besides these, the wealth of the world pales."

"Whee-ee," went the postman's whistle a few days later. Don went down the stairs at his usual gait, and better still, he came back at the same pace. He stopped for an instant outside the door, so as to tame down his spirits to have them suitable to a sick room, for Professor Doane had told him that all excitement must be kept from Kittie, and Don thought Professor Doane the finest old gentleman in the world, to say nothing of his wisdom.

"If you'll promise to be real good and not get excited, I'll let you read something," Don said with great cleverness, but Kittie stretched out her hand and Don did not wait for her promise, but lay a letter in it.

"Dear Mr. Douglás:" she read, "I am enclosing you a letter from my publisher, to whom I submitted your story. I feel it needs no comment from me—it is silver tongued. Best wishes, etc. Crane."

Kittie looked up with dancing eyes,

and Don placed in her hand the publisher's letter:

"Dear Crane:" it said, "I have read the manuscript you brought in the other day with the request for me to read it at once, and want to thank you for bringing it to me. It is a 'corker', and your young friend has a literary future that promises to be brilliant. Ask him to come and see me and we will talk over terms.

"Regarding the synopsis of your new story, which you left with me at the same time, and which you called 'A Boy's Sacrifice,' want to say it is one of the finest things you have ever done, and your treatment of the man in it who was too big to be tempted although sore pressed, brought a moisture to my eyes that did not come from hay fever, and I think I could be called a seasoned reader. Yours sincerely, Blank."

Kittie looked up again, and in her eyes was the light of gladness:

"Isn't this a beautiful old world to

live in, and aren't there a lot of fine people in it. I have discovered three big, big people—you who tried to sacrifice your story, and the splendid man who wouldn't take it, and then there's the dear old Professor who is going to take me away tomorrow and cure me—oh, isn't it just great to know such people? I think we have found our Magic Hour, dear."

Don didn't answer just then because he couldn't without "making a baby" of himself, and there could be nothing worse to a man of twenty-three. He nodded, and blinked back the tears as he thought of the "biggest" person of them all, of whom the Doctor had told him in confidence—the little girl who determined to die.

After the danger of the "baby" act had passed he took Kittie's hand in his own and said:

"Every hour that I have you, dear, is a Magic Hour, but then I want to see the other fruits of my Magic Hour, and so—I am going to get busy."

A SONG OF TRUST

KEEP trusting: 'neath the withered leaves of autumn,
 'Ere yet the lingering winter months are flown,
 In rarest beauty, rich with spicy fragrance,
 The Mayflower blossoms. Soon thou shalt be shown
 How, with each cross
 Of pain or loss,
 God sends a priceless blessing for His own.

Keep trusting: though the darkest clouds o'ershadow
 The path that seems today too dark to tread,
 The sun in all its brightness may tomorrow
 Illumine every step. Be not afraid
 To do His will;
 He will fulfil,
 Abundantly, each promise He hath made.

Keep trusting: He is reaching through the darkness
 His hand in love to guide thee; hold it fast.
 His voice in tones of sweet compassion calleth,
 "When doubt and struggle are forever past,
 The victors crowned,
 My throne around,
 Take up the victors' song that aye shall last!"

— Mary Brooks.

CHERRIES

by
Jennie Harris Oliver

THE pianola at the Oberon Air Dome tinkled a sprightly prelude and leaped off into a rhythmic measure suggestive of running streams and galloping hoofbeats. The blazing arches of electric lights winked black. Onto the great luminous curtain shot a multitude of grim, feathered fugitives.

"Indians, by George!" blithely explained the Big Man into the attentive ear of his companion. "Cheyennes—brown and ugly as Satan!"

The girl's eyes—deeply blue, inkily fringed, and sightless, were strained upon the curtain. Her piquant face sparkled. "I have seen Indians *before*," she told him, in delicate compliment to his word-picture. "These have captured a white girl—a big, red-cheeked girl, with hair the color of an orange."

"Exactly. They are making for the canoes drawn up on the bank of a river. Now they are shoving off. White men are pursuing; loping like mad down a zigzag pass, under an arch of giant trees. Now they plunge their horses into the stream not a rod behind the last boat."

"There will be a battle."

"The battle has begun. Spray and smoke mingle high in the air. The hindmost boat ends up, and a glistening brown figure spreads out in the water. Now the horse rears as high as the curtain. It has no rider. The water is red. They are fighting in a terrific tangle. Big brown bodies leap and fling their arms. Horse and rider—"

"Stop! Oh, *please* stop!"

The Big Man groped and found a small, cold hand which he patted reassuringly. "Tut! It is all over. The girl is rescued and smiling. She embraces a big fellow—maybe her brother. Very nice."

The blind girl withdrew her hand, clenched upon a bit of muslin, and gave her eyes a sidelong dab. In the act of forcing a smile, she stiffened, breathless, attention in every fiber of her slight body. A new picture was on the curtain. The Big Man leaned forward—she knew it. Lilt-ingly the orchestra invited, with heart-breaking sweetness:

"Come to the land of Bohemia!

Come where the lights brightly shine!
Come where each fellow makes love to his
'cello—

Oh, come where all good fellows dine!

"Spring in the Tyrol!" burst from the lips of the Big Man. "My native land. My village. My inn, with the brown cakes and silver steins. My home, with the

cherry-trees gleaming against the white walls of the sun-bright street! I can shut my eyes and see it—skies bluest in the world; white clouds, whitest. Cherries the most luscious.

"Cherries of the Tyrol! I taste them in my dreams. Probably only the flavor of youth, but I call it *cherries*. It was in cherry season that I walked for the last time down the white street, my extra shirt tied in a blue cotton handkerchief—twenty-one years ago!"

The Big Man's voice held an ache, and the girl groped



"*Perhaps it missed you too*"

for words as he had groped for her hand. "Perhaps it misses you, too. It may even have kept a message for you that would make your book great."

The Big Man laughed indulgently. This little girl believed him a sort of god; continually fostering his genius by eulogizing the darling of his pen that other things crowded out. She even—reading his square, ugly face with sensitive, innocent fingertips—pronounced him handsome. He was comfortably used to it all.

"No danger," he told her; "the book is in exile. I shall never have time for it—a plodding newspaper man! Changing the subject, how would you like to dine with me? It is early."

The girl deftly adjusted her white "aviator" to a comfortable angle on her smooth masses of black hair, and waited for the Big Man to fasten the heavy clasp of her cloak—tilting her dimpled chin obediently, like a child. People watching, smiled openly and told each other that Eitburg spoiled Alice Bigelow. She was twenty-two, and Eitburg not really old enough for the father act; but that was like John Eitburg. Many eyes followed their exit.

Out in the electric radiance, the gay street sparkled like old wine in a crystal vase. The air was sweet with the breath of lilac and daffodil. The swinging tread of passerby was like a lilt of song. Eitburg held his charge close on his arm, sometimes reaching around his free one to keep her from being rudely jostled. So, the top of her white cap barely reached the top of his burly shoulder.

Everyone spoke. Everyone smiled. Some called him "Johnnie." The city had grown used to seeing old Amos Bigelow's orphaned niece and her benefactor swinging about in the early evening, "seeing the sights." Whatever the out-

come for the pretty, infatuated blind girl, John Eitburg meant well.

Free lance that he was, avowed bachelor, there was still something so entirely big about him as to disarm criticism. Persons who had smiled to see him stop a milk wagon and feed a starving kitten, could not wonder long at his willingness to be eyes for the blind.

Eitburg did not pat himself; he received value for it all. The kitten followed him home and made short work of the rats that disturbed his too-short sleeping hours, and Alice Bigelow was his safety-

valve, believing everything good of him, knowing no evil, fostering the egotism, without which he was more or less a failure, redeeming him from the wine-bibbing that had kept him crippled in purse.

Pecuniary sacrifices did not count. The supreme test in a specialist's chair; treatment for the diseased eyeballs; fruits and flowers out of season—the money would have

gone, anyway! When the final operation brought back her eyesight, *then* would be the sacrifice. She was the kind to be happiest keeping a man's hearthstone warm, his slippers handy and his children wholesome. John Eitburg knew he was growing for himself a very large-sized heart-ache. As for the girl—she was yet a child, and Time is a great healer.

It was quiet and fragrant in their corner of the cafe, behind the sheltering palms. The first course had been tested by Eitburg, and the blind girl was daintily eating what he had assured her was good. Sometimes her little hand, appealing in its pink and white uncertainty, groped for fork or spoon, and Eitburg reached to guide it right. Once a splash of salad flecked her white waist and, without embarrassment, she allowed Eitburg to use his napkin. Throughout the meal the man



She allowed Eitburg to use his napkin

talked a steady stream, as was his wont when contented.

"No doubt you will think me crazy," he began, delighted to air a brand new sensation, "but tomorrow when I start east, I am going to cut loose on my wind-fall from the Rhine country. A thousand dollars isn't much, spread out, but crowded into four weeks it will be sumptuous. May be rich copy—rushing to see the just-now-biggest-man hail in from Africa, but that's not the point. For one month—probably the only one of my life—I am going to have the best that money can buy.

"You know a whole lot about me, Alice—of the humiliation I have suffered in bullying my way up; of sticking where I was not wanted by simply being too heavy to be shoved off the ladder—of bluffing it through.

"Listen. All the master music I can absorb in one month; all the beauty I can store; all the glory of brainy women and the fellowship of big men that can be bought or bribed shall be mine. I am going to feed my soul at last. For one month, John Eitburg is going to live!"

Alice shook her pretty head. She had not caught the picture. "I had rather," she told him with charming candor, "see what was on the curtain. As for music—they say your country *is* music."

Eitburg was touched. "Dear child," he assured her fondly, "that scene on the curtain was but a vision of youth—very wonderful because of time and distance. No doubt I should now find the streets too narrow; the women thick-waisted and stupid; my own roof uncomfortably low, and the walls but whitewashed. Even my old mother might fail—because of my bulk, to give me the hug I long for. Besides, I could not begin to finish my book in a month, and what would you do longer without old John to pilot you about?"

This was unanswerable, and Alice turned her attention to the last course—a wonderful little mound of frozen cream and shredded fruits—racy ending to the lunch

hour. A little later Eitburg felt her innocent face turned against his shoulder in a wordless, sob-shaken good-bye.

She still stood in the square of porch light as he turned the corner after leaving her at the sternly quiet house of her uncle. So forsaken she looked, so intent upon his going, that involuntarily he stopped as if to return and comfort her; then coming to himself with a sense of inevitable loss, he swung on into the light and jostle of the avenue.

It was still early as the city goes. Most shops were closed, but all that ministered to the inner man was hilarious with beckoning. Loitering absently, Eitburg presently entered a fruit store, wondering, as he blinked around, what had drawn him. With growing delight he recognized the lure—a basket of imported cherries, the first of the season—airily-brilliant on their long, colorless stems, clustered vividly in the emerald of their own foliage.

As he paid for the fruit, Eitburg suddenly remembered that there had been another reason for his seeking this store, and stepped behind a screen where his Bohemian friend had that day stored for him in his ice-chest a basket of bottles known as "small." There was to be company in his rooms, newspaper men, celebrating his last evening.

Coveting his trip, looking forward to future evenings when "old John's" ugly face would loom out of clouds of fragrant smoke as he recounted for their delectation the "big show," they would make this evening's remembrance as vivid as possible. They had been especially desirous of the small bottles.

Ordering the desired refreshment immediately to his rooms, Eitburg paid to have the fruit delivered into the blind girl's hand, or left at the door where he could call attention to it by telephone early in the morning. Then hurrying around to the office, he wrote for some time under his desk light, found his crowd, and the night had begun!



"Cherries," he gasped

Up in Eitburg's bachelor den, hats and coats were flung recklessly about. Some of the party rummaged familiarly in a drawer for cards and poker chips. A burst of song was taken up, and for a time the crowd stood, heads thrown back, caroling with melodious abandon. Finally an officious reporter stripped the wrappings from a basket that stood on the lunch table.

"Cherries!" he shouted blithely. "Old John has blowed himself. Beauties, all right, all right!"

Eitburg, who had stooped to light the gas-log, swung around, his big features stiffened in astonishment.

"Cherries?" he gasped, staring foolishly at the flaunting jest of fate; "Cherries!"

He straightened, his face on fire. In a breathless pause, ere he had snatched down the receiver, John Eitburg saw the straggling purposes of his life drawn together in one thread of infinite desire. He, who had prided himself upon protecting the blind girl in her severe innocence; who had—he relentlessly admitted it—delayed her vision, lest she see too much, had at last, thrust upon her the crudest blunder of his life.

In that instant he understood what her comradeship had meant to him; she was

no child. She had become a part of everything—*she was the woman he loved!*

Lifting one hand for silence, he finally heard the replies he desperately hoped for coming blithely over the wire, albeit the voice that gave them held the faintest tremor—the ghost of forlorn tears.

"Yes, a package from him had just been handed in. She was untying the first knot when the telephone rang.—Certainly, she would wait *just where she was*, and no one else should meddle until he got there. She certainly hoped"—with a soft laugh—"that it wasn't dynamite!"

The astonished revelers, relaxed in different attitudes of attention about the room, saw their host hang up the receiver and snatch the basket and his hat from the table.

"Boys," he said, pausing with his hand on the door-knob, "make yourselves at home. There's cold meat in the ice-chest, and I'll manage to send back the right basket."

"Fellows, you're taking your last look at Bachelor John. I'm going to cut out the 'Big Show,' and take my blind girl across the Pond to the greatest oculist in Austria. Fancy her blue eyes opening, after their long night, upon spring in the Tyrol!"



"Fellows, you're taking your last look at Bachelor John"



The DESERT ANGEL

by
George Ethelbert Walsh



SHERIFF EDWARDS was as cool and unemotional as the proverbial icicle, and in the performance of his shrievalty duties he was never known to bat an eye or draw an unnecessary breath or heart beat; but when he stumbled accidentally upon the Desert Angel he experienced a sensation in the region of his heart that was equivalent to an acknowledgment of unconditional surrender.

It was his first offence—and his last. Men of his type never surrender the second time. Experience is never wasted on them.

The sheriff found the Desert Angel in the foothills—alone, horseless, and weeping. The woebegone expression on her face was ludicrous in the extreme. Tears had rebelliously chased down the pink and white cheeks to leave little furrows on a complexion that could stand such a test.

Incidentally the sheriff noticed that she was beautiful, clad in a picturesque garb that betokened the newcomer in that part of the country, and the possessor of a wonderful pair of eyes that smiled through the tears and flashed strange messages to bewilder the mind and fancy of man.

"Why, hallo! Where's the trouble?" exclaimed the sheriff, riding up to this bewildering bunch of femininity.

The Angel looked up at him long enough to check the flow of her tears and exclaim in surprise a most expressive "Oh!"

Then seeing that it

was a man who had hailed her, and an unusually good-looking specimen of his kind, she dabbed at her eyes with a ludicrously small square of cambric and forthwith tried to straighten out the rebellious strands of her hair.

The sheriff watched these proceedings with the awe of one who had made a great discovery.

"Where's the trouble, little girl?" Edwards added, when he could collect his wits. "Who's responsible for this—er—little fit of the blues? Name him, and I'll convert him into hash for you."

The tears started in the blue eyes again.

"Oh, it was Billy," she stammered.

"Then Billy's fate is settled. I wouldn't give a cent for his life if I was a gambling man, but being sheriff round these here parts, I ain't allowed to play the game no more. Which way did he go?"

"Over there."

She pointed with an index finger that had more fascination for the sheriff than the direction she indicated.

"Deserted you, eh?"

"Yes. Ran away from me."

"The scoundrel! He deserves a worse fate than death."

"Oh, but he didn't intend to hurt me. It was just playfulness."

"Hugh! Playfulness! Billy must have a queer sense of play. Well, I will play with him when I catch him."

The blue eyes looked inscrutable. Then—

"You won't hurt him, will you?"



"Why, hallo! Where's the trouble?"

"I don't think so. He won't know it if I do, it will be so sudden-like."

"You mustn't, for I love Billy dearly."

The sheriff said something under his breath that sounded too forcible for print. The girl wondered at this and seemed to shrink from him.

"I was riding him," she added, "and dismounted to rest when—when—he broke away and ran off."

For a moment the glum face of the sheriff remained sober and impassive. Then it broke into a grin.

"You mean that Billy was a horse?"

She nodded. Edwards broke forth into a hearty laugh.

"Sure, I thought it was a man."

His laugh was infectious, and she soon joined him in it. "Say, now, that ain't so bad. I've been riding all the morning and I want some exercise. You get up here and ride Tip. I'll lead him."

The Angel looked dubious. The saddle was not designed for her sort.

"Shucks! they all ride them saddles out here."

The sheriff dismounted and helped her into the seat, unmindful of her mild protests. Then he seized the bridle.

"Where to?"

"Over there"—again pointing finger that held his attention. "But it's a long way—five miles, I think—or more."

"Five miles makes a nice little walk. I've covered fifty without getting tired."

Of that strange trip Sheriff Edwards afterward could recall little. He walked and trotted alongside of Tip, but he never knew exactly which direction they took. He was totally oblivious of the scenery, except that reflected in a pair of blue eyes. They were large enough to contain all the world for him—and eternity, too.

At first they talked very little. Then the ice was gradually thawed out. He learned little of her antecedents, but she got his whole story from him. Somehow he babbled on about his exploits, and even boasted of some of his captures. Ordinarily a reticent man, he seemed now intent upon breaking the record for talking.

His sense of duty had grown suddenly hazy and uncertain. He knew that he was jeopardizing his reputation and life. Once or twice he displayed a little nervousness

as they defiled through the narrow passes, but it was not for himself. He was still thinking of her.

Bat Carpenter and his band of notorious outlaws were hiding somewhere in the hills, and they knew that Edwards was on their trail with the determination to exterminate them. Single-handed he had hunted them for weeks, and the chase had grown hot—so hot indeed that Bat had seriously considered the advisability of decamping.

Billy Edwards had the reputation that made criminals wary of him. They recalled with little shudders his capture of Dick Smith and two outlaws at the point of the gun, and of how he had held up Jansen and his crowd in a saloon and calmly took the leader away from them to jail.

A reputation counts for much in the game of life and death, and Bat Carpenter was no exception. Bat was a man of nerve and brains, but he had no desire to meet Billy Edwards alone unless he had the draw on him. Even then there was a possible chance of the sheriff's luck turning the tide of battle.

When they had covered five miles, Billy grew suddenly anxious.

"Much further?" he asked.

"No—I—don't think so."

Then smiling down at him,

"But I ought not to take you any further. I can walk the rest of the way."

"Not if I can help it. Never enjoyed a walk more. Trot along, Tip."

They covered another two miles. The trail was getting rougher and steeper. Billy had lost his bearings. He did not remember ever having penetrated to this lonely part of the hills. The scenery was wild, rough and inspiring.

"A mighty fine place to hide in," he muttered to himself. Hearing his mumbled words, but not catching his words, she leaned toward him and smiled dazzlingly.

"What were you saying?"

"Nothing; I was just talking in my sleep."

She continued to look at him, and then pouted.

"Oh, I say now," he began, "you mustn't take it that way. I'll—"

Billy didn't finish. The Angel had brought the horse up with a sudden jerk.

Some sort of animal had scooted across the trail.

"Let me have your gun, please," she whispered. "I want to see if I can shoot him there in the bushes."

Before Billy could speak or protest she had leaned over and extracted his weapon from his side pocket. Then two sharp reports broke the stillness and echoed far away among the hills. Still holding the smoking gun in her hand, she sat there looking and listening.

"I don't think I hit him," she murmured.

Then out of the bushes, not ten feet away, five dark figures rose as if by magic. Five deadly weapons were pointed at the breast of the sheriff.

It was Bat who stepped to the front and spoke—Bat, the debonair, youthful devil who had kept two counties in a state of excitement for three years.

"I guess the cards are against you, Billy," the outlaw drawled. Then turning to the fair rider:

"Thanks, Miss Elsie, you did a good job."

Billy looked from the five pointing weapons to the white face of his companion. She sat there holding his smoking weapon in her hand, but never a word from her lips. Two bright spots burned in either cheek.

Billy finally turned to his captors.

"You hold the trumps, Bat, for sure. But it takes a good hand to play them right."

"I'll play them for all they're worth, sheriff. Now if you'll kindly permit my men to search you for deadly weapons, I'll be obliged."

"No objections, Bat. I never carry but one."

They searched him nevertheless to make sure, and then as a further precaution, tied his arms securely behind him. Bat, meanwhile, stood by the side of the Angel and talked in a low tone to her.

Bat had a way with women that made him popular. There was no denying that he was a handsome devil. Watching him at a distance, Billy felt for the first time in his life a spirit of rivalry whose main spring was jealousy. The two were engaged in deep conversation. The girl was

evidently protesting at something, but finally she yielded and turned a dazzling smile upon her tempter.

Billy inwardly cursed the man on whom that smile was bestowed. In that moment Billy experienced a feeling that he could not analyze. Bat was to him the personification of everything that was evil. Billy was so blind that he could not see a redeeming feature in his enemy; he was homely, awkward and cowardly. What could a woman see in him to like?

The sheriff was led in single file by two of the outlaws, who took particular caution to watch his every move with special reference to unexpected developments. Even in captivity the sheriff was feared.

Bat led the way, guiding Tip, on whose back the Angel sat jauntily. She had lost her quietness and was now laughing and talking gaily with the handsome man by her side. Several times Bat leaned toward her so that his arm rested against her body. At every such demonstration Billy ground his teeth.

The hiding spot of the outlaws was in the very heart of the hills, securely concealed from view by a network of trees and rocks that made discovery almost impossible. They wound around among the hills in the most bewildering way. Billy wondered why they did not blindfold him.

"They think I'll never get out of here alive," he mused. "Well, if I ever do, I'll rout them out of their headquarters."

This fact was clearly evident to the outlaws. Billy was going to his execution as sure as fate, and there was no necessity of concealing from him the trail which led to their mountain retreat.

The sheriff experienced many queer sensations as he trudged along. He recalled vaguely that he had heard of a Mrs. Bat Carpenter, but nothing had ever been said about her wonderful beauty. It was a strange oversight on his part. The trick could never have been played if he had been forewarned.

"It ain't never safe to pick up little Desert Angels," he soliloquized. "They're like rattlers, and just as poisonous."

Then right on top of this bitter reflection he added, "But I'd do it again."

He looked ahead at the fair rider of

Tip. The face was turned from him, but the side view sent a thrill through him. Could any man resist such a temptress?

"Well, Bat's in luck for sure," he thought. "I think I'd turn from the narrow paths of duty to pick her up."

Billy was so much in love that he found excuses for the Angel. Women were not bad at heart, but men made them so. It was not her fault—no, it was Bat's, the handsome devil!

When they arrived at the center of the great natural amphitheater, they halted before the mouth of a cave. In front of this were several rude cabins which the men occupied. There were signs around to show that the encampment had been of considerable duration. The sheriff

glum-looking group of outlaws who met him. Only Bat was smiling, greeting him affably.

"Billy, you were right," he said pleasantly, "the trump card ain't of much account unless you play it. I'm going to shuffle it back in the pack."

"Meaning," replied the sheriff, "that I'm to have another chance?"

"Yes, sheriff, a mighty good chance. Two of my men will lead you forth from here blindfolded, and then turn you loose—minus, of course, your gun and such playthings."

"It ain't necessary to blindfold me. I know the way back by heart."

"Yes, sheriff, but before you can get back with a posse we'll be miles away.

We've decided to vacate the premises for good."

The sheriff stared at the speaker, in doubt and indecision. Then he asked with a sneer:

"What's the game, Bat? You ain't doing this for love of me."

"Nope—not exactly, sheriff. But you got a friend at court. She has her way this time."

Billy stared around. The Angel was not in sight. The blood rushed to his cheeks.

"Your wife, you mean?" he stammered. Bat laughed good-naturedly.

"Not yet, sheriff, but soon to be."

The sheriff was unemotional by nature, but it required a good deal of self-control to keep down the passion that flared up in him.

"Bat," he said slowly, "I won't go! The price is too big. I'll stay and take my medicine."

The two men faced each other with eyes that seemed to penetrate to their very souls. The blood slowly surged into the outlaw's face; his voice was thick and husky.

"What do you mean by the price, sheriff?" he asked slowly.

Billy kicked at the rocks with one foot.

"I've decided to stay," he replied simply.

"Then, damn you! you'll stay to see the



Gazing down upon the little scene

took in the scenery with appraising eyes. Some day the details might prove of value.

Billy spent a hard night of it in the gloomy cave, trussed up like an animal and watched over by two men. In the morning he was to be shot. This sentence had been handed out to him by one of his jailers.

"Why not tonight?" Billy asked nonchalantly. "It's a good time at sunset."

The man shook his head. He was in favor of an early execution, but Bat had passed the sentence and the time for its fulfillment. The soldier in the ranks had no say about the matter.

It was nearly ten o'clock when Billy was led forth to meet his fate. His efforts to break his bonds had failed, and all through the night he had tried to plan a way of escape in vain. It was a very

wedding and then—then—you'll pay the price of your stubbornness."

"All right, Bat, I'm willing."

Out of the darkness of the cave a figure suddenly emerged. The face was as fair to look upon as ever, but it was strangely pale and drawn. With light steps she approached the group and stopped in front of the sheriff. With appealing eyes she glanced at Billy.

"You will go, please, for my sake?"

How could any man resist the appeal? Billy gulped twice, turned his head aside and then answered:

"No, I'll stay! That's final!"

The face before him looked troubled, but a triumphant, sinister expression entered that of the outlaw.

"Let the fool stay, then," he said. "I've offered him his freedom. That's my part of the contract. Maybe he wants to be present at the ceremony."

"Oh, but he can't—he must go. I—I—can't marry you until he's safe."

The sheriff looked up with a quick smile. He had not been mistaken. The Angel was paying the price for his freedom which no man could accept. In the blue eyes he read a world of trouble, and they gave him hope and courage.

"All right, Bat," he said, turning to the outlaw, "if I'm not wanted here, I'll go. I accept your offer."

The girl's face paled, but Billy turned resolutely from it. He could not trust himself to look again.

"You got sense, sheriff," Bat drawled. "My men will show you the way. Good-bye and good luck to you."

Billy permitted himself to be blindfolded. Still bound, he was marched out of the amphitheater and up the steep sides. His mind was working rapidly and feverishly. He had every reason now to seek life and freedom. That last glance into the Angel's eyes had revealed everything to him. She was not intentionally guilty of leading him into the trap, but having done so, she was willing to save his life at the sacrifice of her own future happiness. That was the price!

But another thing had attracted Billy's eyes, something which even the keen sight of the outlaws had failed to detect. From a high point above the trail a bearded

face with a pair of keen, burning eyes, had been gazing down upon the little scene. What did it mean? At first Billy concluded that it was one of the outlaws on guard, watching the approach to their hiding place. Then he dismissed this from mind, for all of Bat's men were accounted for.

Then it could mean only one other thing—a friend!

On the strength of this possibility, the sheriff permitted himself to be blindfolded and led away from the outlaws' hiding place. But his mind was keen and alert. He purposely stumbled at times, and did everything to hold the attention of his two captors. He talked with them, made threats and laughed at their fears of future trouble that would be surely visited upon them.

Then suddenly there was a sharp crack of a gun, exploded so close to his ears that it nearly split the ear drum. It was the signal for Billy to act. With a forward lunge he knocked one of the outlaws down and fell sprawling on top. If assistance was near, this would help.

The next moment the blindfold was jerked from his eyes. The bearded face he had seen watching the outlaws was poked into his. The eyes were bloodshot and burning with an unholy fierceness. One of his captors lay dead with a bullet through his heart, and the other was sprawled on the rocks stunned by the fall and a blow from the stranger's gun.

"Unfasten this rope, quick!" Billy exclaimed, as the man continued to stare inquisitively at him. "We can't lose any time! They'll be gone!"

The stranger, without budging, calmly asked:

"Who may you be, and what were they doing with you?"

"I'm Billy Edwards—sometimes called Sheriff Edwards. But, man, quick! I must get back down there! She—she—my God! we must rescue her!"

"Yes, we certainly must! Then you ain't one of that gang?"

The stranger, without waiting for a reply, severed the ropes that held the sheriff prisoner.

"You say you're sheriff? Then how'd you get down there?"

Billy swung his arms free.

"Now for Bat and his gang!"

He stooped and loosened the gun from the hand of the dead outlaw, and then relieved the other one of his weapon. When he turned thus armed, he found the bearded stranger regarding him curiously with his own gun pointing straight at his heart. The sheriff stared in amazement and then grinned.

"Thought I'd draw on you when I got hold of a gun, eh?" he laughed. "Well, stranger, I've given you a straight tip. I'm sheriff of this county, but in a moment of weakness Bat and his gang ambushed me. They had me down there all night, and this morning they were to shoot me. But—say," breaking off suddenly, "we must get down there in a hurry or Bat will skip. I'm going alone or—"

The man lowered his weapon.

"You bet I'll go, too," he drawled. "I got a little score to settle with this Bat. You know the trail?"

"Yep!—with my eyes closed."

"Then I'll follow."

Billy for the sake of precaution used the rope that had bound his hands to secure the arms of the unconscious outlaw, and then with a grunt of satisfaction led the way down the trail to the heart of the amphitheater. The stranger followed close behind. Neither spoke for a long time. When they emerged from an overhanging rock, the fierce eyes of the man blazed with horrible hatred.

"We can pick 'em off from here," he whispered, raising his gun.

"No, we're going to take 'em alive," the sheriff protested. "I never kill if I can help it. I have a particular pride in capturing Bat with the goods on him."

The man looked doubtful and hesitated for a moment. "Think we can do it?" he growled.

"Shucks! It's like picking cherries. I can do it alone."

After that they trailed down the mountain side with the stealth and wariness of two panthers. Only their sharp breathing could be heard. Once or twice Billy cast a glance across his shoulders. The blazing eyes of the man were reassuring and bade him to proceed. They came out into the middle of the valley a few rods back of the cave's mouth. From a screen of bushes they could behold the outlaws busily engaged in packing up their few possessions. Tip, Billy's horse, was being impressed into the service as a pack animal.

"Damn 'em," Billy breathed softly.

The stranger looked at him at this muttered imprecation, and Billy nodded with a grin. Then placing a hand on his companion's arm as a signal, he stepped quickly forward.

"Hands up, Bat! I'm playing the trump card now!"

The three desperate outlaws turned swiftly to face the sheriff. He carried a gun in either hand, but they could cover only two men. The stranger had not emerged from hiding.

Bat, furious with anger and realizing that he had one chance in a thousand, took the desperate risk. Instead of raising his hands, he whipped out his own gun and fired without

taking aim. At almost the same instant another hand shot forward and caught his arm. The bullet instead of speeding toward the sheriff buried itself in a tree high up on the hillside.

Bat turned with an oath to strike the hand that had spoilt his aim, but the pair of blue eyes gazing into his were alert with defiance. The Desert Angel was standing directly back of him with neither fear nor emotion depicted on her beautiful face. The unrestrained demon of savagery suddenly flashed into the eyes of Bat, and with passionate violence he turned upon her and growled:

"He'll never have you, by God! I'll kill—"

The rest of the sentence was lost. As



"Hands up, Bat! I'm playing the trump card now"

Bat sprang forward with upraised hand, a sharp crack from the bushes brought the outlaw to his knees, snarling and raging like a cornered wild beast. Quick on the heels of the report, the bearded stranger rushed forward and felled the man with a blow with the butt of his gun.

"You skunk! You low-down coyote, take that!"

The snarl of the enraged man was short and sharp. Before he could succeed in beating the face into a pulp, a detaining hand was placed on the upraised arm.

With a gasp and a low cry of joy, he drew the Angel to his breast and gloated over her as a lion over its whelp, while the girl broke down and wept as Billy had found her doing on the desert.

The sheriff, who had not dared to fire for fear of shooting the girl behind Bat, held the other two men in subjection with his two guns until human nature could stand the strain no longer. With a drawl in his voice, he broke in upon the little scene of affection with utter disregard of the danger of diverting his mind from his prisoners.

"I say now, seeing you know the young lady well enough to kiss her in the open,

it may be you can give me a proper introduction without offending anybody."

The stranger whirled around, still holding the girl in his arms. "My daughter!—you don't know her?" he exclaimed.

"I'm glad to know she's a blood relation," retorted Billy, "for if she wasn't, I ain't sure we could be such fast friends."

The Desert Angel glanced over one of the encircling arms of her parent. The eyes were blue and the cheeks dimpling in spite of the tear stains, but the pretty face was struggling for composure.

"Oh, you did escape!" she exclaimed.

"Sure, I'm here. Didn't you notice it before?"

For reply she hid her face and blushed crimson. Billy nearly exploded his two guns in the faces of his prisoners merely to express his feelings. They cowered before his blazing eyes and meekly submitted to the indignity of being bound hand and foot. Then the sheriff looked at their unconscious leader and growled:

"Bat, that ceremony's called off. But there'll be another one soon—very soon."

And the Desert Angel, hearing, did not protest, but turned a shade pinker and kept her face averted.

A BOY I KNEW

By WALTER G. DOTY

THE gloaming falls, and the shadows grow,
And a boy steps out of the long ago.

A boy I knew with a whistle shrill
And a careless cap on his tumbled hair—
A boy who was one with the woods and hill,
To whom the earth was a poem rare.

He knew where the arbutus loved to hide,
Where the berries lavished their fullest yield,
Where the wild rose gladdened the gulley-side,
Where the chestnuts littered the autumn field.

And to him the bobolink fluted clear
In an azure marvel of summer sky,
And the mad brook sang to his loving ear.
Full well do I know, for the lad was I.

Ah me, as the sorrowful shadows grow,
I would I were back in the long ago!

The Nobility of the Trades

THE CRAFT OF THE MASON

By Charles Winslow Hall



THE present generation of the human race has often been traced back to a more or less feeble or strenuous ancestry of "cave-dwellers," and with some plausibility in sections where the action of water on limestone or sandstone formations, or of volcanic or other tremendous igneous action, has hollowed out recesses in the hills, or left great bubbles of lava to become in time a shelter for man or beast.

There are, it is true, many caves wherein men have sought a refuge against savage beasts and still more merciless human enemies, and in rare instances quite a number have chosen as a home roomy and dry caverns in localities favorable to the hunter, fisherman and agriculturalist. Of the first class were the cave-dwellers of a remote antiquity, the "cave-men" of Dordogne, Neanderthal, the British Isles and other European countries whose rare remains and drift-covered utensils of flint and ivory lie amid the fossils and bones of extinct carnivora and ruminant animals. Such, too, were, if indeed they ever existed, the Troglodytes of classic historians who in part were said to have peopled ancient Ethiopia; the Dwarves and Trolls of Scandinavian and Germanic folk-lore; the robber hordes that Herod rooted out, letting down his Roman men-at-arms in great cages from the cliffs above; the hunted, heretic martyrs of the Vaudois and Waldenses; the fugitive Celtic tribes fleeing from Jutes and Saxons, who found a temporary home in the Cumberland ranges; the Icelandic outlaws of Sturtshellior; certain South African tribes who, we are told, in our own day, find

refuge for themselves and cattle in enormous caverns; or the hapless Algerian five hundred, whom General Pelissier in 1845 smothered with their little ones and animals, building great fires at the entrance of their living tomb.

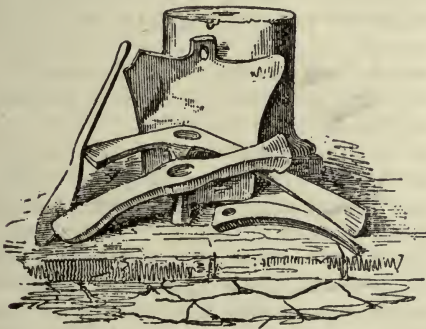
There are also some localities, notably in Central China, where isolated tablelands, in the heart of an agricultural country, give security and shelter in natural and artificial cave-dwellings to large communities. This, however, is rarely met with, even where water-worn limestone caves and volcanic bubbles of lava offer the largest opportunities for cave dwelling.

Still it is probable that the necessity of narrowing and rudely fortifying the irregular mouths of cave dwellings, or of closing them when used as storehouses or tombs, by building them up with fragments of rock, not only formed the earliest task of the first masons, but in due season suggested the proper arrangement of uncemented rubble, the shape and use of the arch, and like basic innovations.

In ancient Assyria and Egypt the agriculturalist and poorer citizen built up his dwelling and enclosure of large sun-dried bricks, cast in wooden moulds and sometimes, but not always, strengthened by an intimate admixture of cut straw. These laid in mud mortar or bitumen in very thick walls, roofed over with palm branches over which a hard mud roof was compacted, was the chief task of the mason among the agriculturalists of the fertile valleys of the Euphrates, the Tigris and the Nile. An immense number of poorer inhabitants dwelt in mere cages of branches and reeds, woven together and daubed with successive layers of clay, which, under the fierce heat of a tropical sun, became mud huts with walls a foot or more in thickness.

Many such dwellings are still to be found today in Asia and Africa, and buildings of "wattle and daub," of "clay lumps," and sun-dried bricks, and even of that ancient mixture of loam, clay and chopped straw laid up into thick walls and known as "Devonshire cob" exist in England today, and some of them of very recent construction. Our own readers in the more arid states are fully conversant with the construction of "adobe" buildings and walls; the protection of thin prairie "shacks" with sod walls; the combination of subterranean excavations with less comfortable superstructures, and like make-shifts of the early settler, who made his invention compensate for the utter lack of wood and stone for fuel or building material.

This adhesion to the use of sun-dried brick or "adobes" by Assyria and Egypt for many centuries was due first to the fact that this building material was the only one universally and cheaply available, and also that growing trees were scarce and highly valued, and that transportation, except by water, was almost inadequate to the needs of the merchant and the continuous demands of the government in war and peace.



ROMAN MASON'S TOOLS, POMPEII

As a result, in many localities, the Egyptian mason built even forts, temples, tombs and pyramids of unbaked brick, laid up in mud mortar and simply coated with lime or faced with stone. In other sections large deposits of red granite, limestone, sandstone and alabaster were easily and cheaply secured. Three kinds of mortar have been identified by explorers: one evidently pure lime, white and

easily reduced to powder; others a rough gray mixture of sand and lime, and a third colored by the admixture of pulverized brick or other ingredients. Sometimes the nice adjustment of the stones and their weight alone held them in place; at other times dowels of sycamore wood or clamps of bronze held the more exposed stones in place.



EGYPTIAN BRICK-MAKERS, B. C. 2000

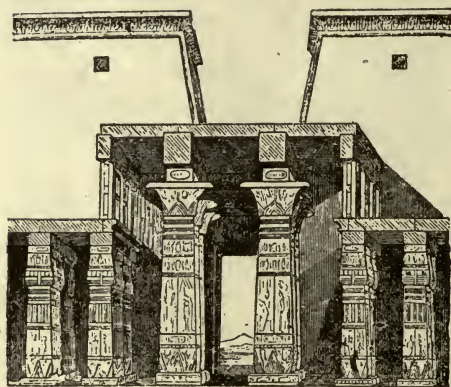
The foundations of the greatest structures, when not founded in the living rock, were generally of unbaked brick and seldom more than ten feet thick; for so compact was the black soil of the Nile valley that no subsidence of any building from insufficient foundations has ever been detected.

During the reign of the emperors of the Eighteenth Dynasty (about B. C. 1340), Rameses III led his victorious armies against the Canaanites and their allies, and with difficulty captured their cities defended by stone walls flanked and strengthened by lofty towers of masonry. These he not only copied in a chain of frontier fortresses, to which the name of migdols has been given, along the Asiatic boundaries, but in a semi-military memorial structure in the necropolis of Thebes erected a migdol which today retains enough of its ancient proportions to demonstrate both the skill of the Egyptian craftsmen and the most effective form of fortification, which was not materially changed until the Grecian Ptolemies supplanted the long line of Egyptian kings.

In the higher forms of construction a great variety of method and design is presented. The columns of the earlier temples and tombs are sometimes square and simply painted in a kind of stucco, or sculptured with the sacred lotus or papyrus stems, or busts and figures of Hathor, Osiris and other deities. Later, the four sharp edges were cut away, forming an eight-sided pillar, and these edges, trimmed in turn, formed a sixteen-sided prism. From this the transition to a perfect

circle or a finely fluted column was easy. With these changes came the introduction of ornamental capitals, friezes and architraves, in a great variety of design and finish, and as the ages wore away the Egyptian mason became more and more an engineer and artist, as enormous obelisks, pillars, sphinxes, architraves, and even statues of the reigning sovereign replaced the plainer forms of columns and monuments.

The monoliths of Egypt were as a rule of comparatively moderate size, and most of the building blocks were such as would generally be used today, but the pillars of the temple of the Sphinx are sixteen feet in height by four and a half feet in width,



HALL AT KARNAK, EGYPT

Lotus flower and lotus bud columns supporting stone roof

and some others are twenty to twenty-six feet in height. Most of the great columns are built up in courses, and those of Luxor are not solid, two-thirds of the diameter being filled in with a yellow concrete or cement which has now lost its adhesiveness. These, however, are of immense proportions, with shafts of forty-nine feet, capitals of eleven and one half feet, and a diameter at the base of eleven and one-fourth feet. At Karnak the columns of the main hall measure fifty-five feet in the shaft, with lotus flower capitals of ten feet additional; their largest diameter is eleven feet, eight inches. Other temples were supported by columns scarcely less lofty and impressive. Upon these columns immense blocks of hewn stone formed massive architraves, on which the thick

flagging of the stone roofs were supported. The arch, while not unknown to the Egyptians, was for some reason seldom used in the great temples. By what means these immense pillars were carried up and the superstructure added is something of a puzzle to modern artisans who appreciate the difficulties to be met.

But the Egyptian workman was called upon to furnish immense statues, to guard, as it were, the entrance of the sacred fane. Such were the statues of Memnon at the entrance of the temple of Amenhotep III at Thebes, each of which is about fifty feet high. Rameses II guarded his Temple with a colossal statue of himself fifty-seven feet in height, and a still huger statue at Tanis falls little short of seventy feet. Still further in front of the entrance were reared twin obelisks, generally of granite, and usually of equal height. These, it is held, were simply a modernized form of the "standing-stone," "menhir," or "stone of memorial" which many ancient peoples erected in honor of the departed. Quarried and cut as they are from one mass of granite, it seems impossible that they could have been constructed, transported and accurately put in position by any power then at the disposal of mankind. The obelisk at Heliopolis was sixty-eight feet high; the twin shafts of Luxor, seventy-seven and seventy-five and a half feet respectively; and that of Queen Hatshepu at Karnak, one hundred and nine feet.

Another form of temple, hewn wholly or partially from the living rock, came into fashion sometime about the thirteenth century before Christ. These resembled the other temples, but were principally located where the Nile valley narrowed between rocky cliffs, and building room was not over plentiful. That of Abou Simbel is one hundred and eight feet deep, from the four sixty-six foot, seated colossi of its pylon to the rear wall of the inner sanctuary. Other types included a partially excavated temple with a masonry pylon and hypostyle, and still another form in which the rock formed the rear wall of the building.

It will be seen in this comparatively brief review of Egyptian mason work that at an early date the art had attained great

perfection; when the lack of steel tools and modern engines is considered. Of the thoroughness with which the work was done, it is only necessary to say that the tooth of gnawing time, the fury of the elements, the destructive fanaticism of alien conquerors and rulers, and even the wholesale spoliation of material for public and private uses have not availed to destroy wholly the work of the Egyptian mason of over fifty centuries ago.

Nearly akin to Egyptian methods were those of ancient Assyria, where the stiff clays of the valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates furnished the rude mud walls of the lowliest shelter, and the mass of the walls of the city and its palaces, temples and ramparts. While there are no lack of gigantic statues and symbolic monoliths, stone stairs and paved approaches, and the remains of the alabaster and syenite facings, which covered the plainer masonry, the real strength of Babylon and Nineveh lay in the masses of brickwork which formed the lofty towers and ramparts which for forty-two miles girdled a district five times as large as modern London with a Great Wall, whose summit, embattled, and forming a continuous chariot way, rose from three hundred to three hundred and fifty feet above the fertile plain.

One hundred gates with brazen hinges are said to have poured out its legions in war and its millions in peace; the great river, bridled and parapeted, flowed in, through, and out of the city under massive bridges, over ample tunnels, and through huge water gates which no fleet might force or engine of war lay low. Surely never before or since, in the history of the world has the plummet, hammer and trowel of the bricklayer played so important a part in securing the safety and promoting the magnificence of a great city.

At and near Nineveh, the ancient capital of Chaldea, there have been found sculptures which indicate that despite the immense thickness of the brick walls, domes and spires of a Persian type were recognized features of the lighter superstructure, and also the use of upper window openings divided by Ionic columns, and facades supported by pillars of the Corinthian pattern. Indeed it is difficult

to believe that the powerful cities of Mesopotamia, into whose treasures and homes were swept the plunder of so many nations, and whose markets attracted the caravans and traders of three continents, could have been content through all the centuries with the crude brickwork and severe architecture whose remains underlie the debris of later constructions.

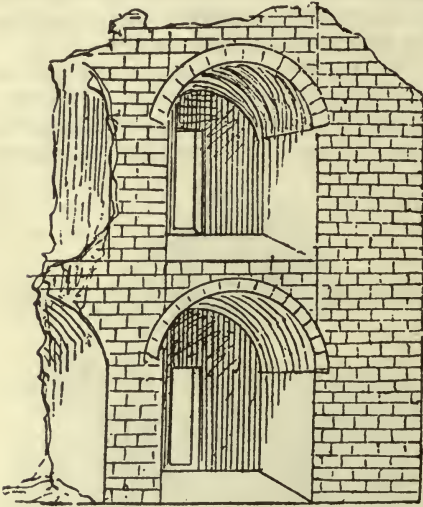
The Phoenicians living on the narrow strip of seacoast between the Mediterranean and the Lebanon Ranges, had close at hand ample supplies of lumber



THE GREAT SPHINX AT GIZEH
Approach to chapel between its claws

and stone; neither did the frequent rainstorms favor the use of the sun-dried brick so largely used by the peoples heretofore treated of. Huts and cottages, and even magnificent mansions and palaces, were built of wood, using stone only for foundations and basement construction, although in the cities, which were at any time likely to be attacked by sea or land, stone took the place of wood, and space within the walls forbade the construction of immense palaces or temples. But the moles, sea-walls, docks, aqueducts and defences of the cities, and of Tyre especially, were the wonder of their day, and resisted many months of siege by the greatest conquerors

of antiquity. Biblical readers and members of the Masonic order will at once be reminded that King Solomon and King Hiram of Tyre made a contract by which the Jewish woodsmen were to fell and transport cedar from the Lebanon

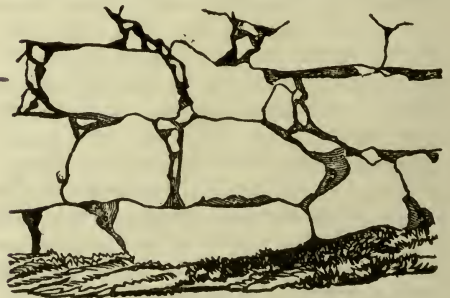


EGYPTIAN HOUSE WITH VAULTED FLOORS
MEDINET, HABOO

ranges, and Phoenician masons and artificers were to construct the Great Temple at Jerusalem, whose stateliness and magnificence even to this day have been a synonym for architectural richness and unlimited sacrifice of concentrated wealth to the worship of the Most High. Little of its ancient ruins have survived repeated conquests and pillages of Jerusalem by Assyrian, Persian, and Roman, except certain massive foundations, walls and passages, which may or may not be genuine relics of the first and most precious structure. To the skill and organization of these Tyrian masons many enthusiastic eulogists of Freemasonry date back the foundation of their noble order, a claim which in a certain sense may perhaps not be utterly untenable. This, however, is a matter which would be better treated at length at a later period. Undoubtedly the Phoenicians were very skillful, and did much to extend the knowledge and practice of operative masonry into Crete, the islands of the Aegean, Greece, Sicily, Italy, France, and Spain. Carthage, her

mighty offshoot, was a walled city of such strength and so wonderfully provided with fortified havens and docks, aqueducts, sally-ports and salient towers and parapets, that even when Rome had apparently humbled her in the dust and deprived her of every engine of war, she was still able to hold her besiegers at bay for two long years, until her gold-bought mercenaries deserted her, and, indeed, sold their swords to her enemies. Even then, after the walls were won, her fearless citizens fought the invader from street to street for six horrible days of hopeless struggle and merciless massacre and rapine, and for seventeen days more "the smoke of her burning ascended," as, alas, her human sacrifices of innocent babes, fair maidens and brave men had for generations risen heavenward in honor of her fiendish deities.

Greece, in her earliest history, appears to have built walls of undressed and gigantic boulders, which at Tiryns and Mycenæ still remain intact, although only their weight and skillful arrangement have held these reputed "Cyclopean" stones in place, where their Pelasgian master-masons had directed their adjustment thousands of years ago. But whether these builders of gigantic "dry stane dykes" were the ancestors of the Greeks or not, their successors became the heirs



CYCLOPEAN WALLS AT TIRYNS, GREECE

and beneficiaries of all the masonic skill and taste in the ancient world. As adventurers, traders, mercenaries, philosophers, and banished men, they visited every country and became conversant with the trade and industries of every nation, and often controlling factors in their wars, conspiracies and commercial policies. As

a result, the architecture and mason work of Greece combined in a larger degree than that of any other nation before them all the elements of strength, dignity and beauty. Only in one respect, the improvement and use of the arch, did they seem to ignore the lessons they might have learned from Egyptian, Hittite, Assyrian and Lycian contemporaries. But in the construction of buildings dependent on walls and columns for the support of the superstructure, the taste and skill of Grecian designers and workmen have never been surpassed, and indeed, have long been the accepted standard of the present generation.

More than any other people of antiquity they bestowed upon their temples and other public buildings the subtle charm of artistic and graceful mouldings, lifelike and beautiful caryatides, and statues whose symmetry, dignity and beauty are even in their mutilated and time-worn condition the charm and admiration of the world of art. Add to this the custom of enhancing the effect of sculptured ornaments and statues by the aid of gold, silver and bronze and various pigments, and the effect of the display must have been striking indeed. Indeed, in the prime of Grecian architecture, the artist and sculptor and mason worked together



CABIN OF ANCIENT LATINS

with a common interest and ambition, which stimulated their efforts, their ability and their originality and taste.

The Etruscans, whose land of modern Tuscany trended southward from Fiesole near Florence through Arretium, oak-forested Cortona, the fair Volsinian land and the Falerian campagna down to the borders of Rome, availed themselves to some extent of the arch, but their early conquest and complete absorption by

Rome prevented the creation of large cities and the development of that early Etruscan art and architecture, of which few remains, unmodified by Roman influence, now remain. The unmortared walls of huge polygonal stones and the squared dry stone masonry of the Pelasgian Greek period appear in the crumbling ramparts of the ancient hilltowns over which the swordsmen of Rome swept to slay and



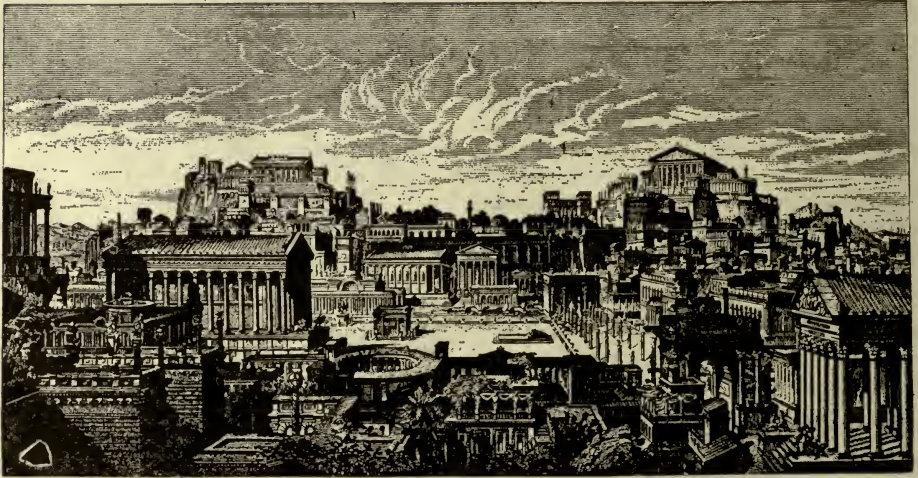
POMPEIIAN GATE ON THE ROAD TO HERCULANEUM (RESTORED)

plunder their earliest enemies. Otherwise, the ancient tombs, most of them cut in the rock, present little of change from their Egyptian prototypes, except that they are sometimes circular in form and are evidently intended to represent in some degree the former residence of the chief occupant. Nearly all are faced with a kind of stucco, on which appear in the earlier tombs curiously attenuated paintings of the deities, whose coloring is sometimes as peculiar as the drawing itself. A horse with a red neck, yellow mane and tail, and one yellow leg dotted with red spots, is a striking combination, but becomes utterly incomprehensible when the rest of the animal is painted a deep black. In later tombs domestic scenes frequently replaced the figures of the gods. The crudity of this ornamentation is all the more striking that from these same tombs have been taken some of the most beautiful and originally designed jewelry to be found in European collections. "Lars Porsenna of Clusium," the great king of the Etruscans, whose invading army is said to have been held back at the head of the bridge across the Tiber by Horatius and Lartius and Herminius, his brave comrades, is recorded to have been

laid to rest in a magnificent tomb, whose base, three hundred feet square, supported three ranges of enormous pillars, the lowest of which were one hundred and fifty feet high; but the description is vague and there are no remains thus far discovered of either temples or tombs of any striking magnitude.

Imperial Rome at an early date demonstrated her practical desire for the durable rather than the artistic, by constructing the walls of her greatest public and private buildings in brick instead of stone; but at the same time recognized and developed the beauty and advantages of the arch, which the Egyptian, Hittite, Assyrian,

much resembling in its proportions the door of an Egyptian temple. For many hundreds of years, wooden houses with thatched or shingled roofs and seldom more than two stories high at any point, furnished the homes of Roman citizens. But at an early date the necessity of fortifying their cities brought the mason into very general and active demand, and the "Cyclopean" walls of Greece seem to have marked the earlier fortifications of the Etruscans and Romans as it did of the Iberians in Spain and the Incas of Peru. But at an early date the dry stone wall of Tuscany became a rampart built up of irregularly cut but inter-fitting masonry.



THE ROMAN FORUM (RESTORED)

Phoenician and Greek had utterly failed to do. It will be noticed, however, that in the restoration of the Roman Forum the large proportion of the adjacent structures chiefly reproduce Grecian and even Egyptian types. It should, however, be remembered that Roman public gatherings were, as a rule, open-air assemblages, and that even the mansions of the rich and great placed the common center of family life in the uncovered or partially roofed atrium. As a general thing, Roman dwellings were not many-storied, even in the most luxurious period seldom exceeding two stories at the most.

Undoubtedly the cabins of the rural population were of wood, thatched with straw or reeds, and entered by a door

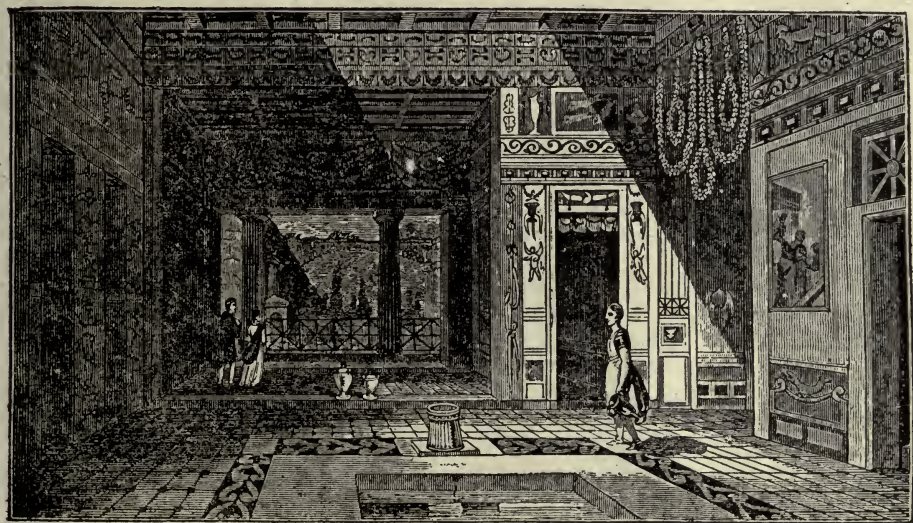
Sometimes, too, the ancient mason cut the ends of his blocks aslant, thus securing the same result as the bricklayer who makes each layer break joints with the one below it.

With rare exceptions the brick work of public buildings was concealed by stucco, or by a facing of stone; the lofty pillars of great structures were wholly of solid rock, and the Ionic, Doric and Corinthian architecture of Greece were all represented in the costly structures of the Seven-hilled City. But the Corinthian column with its convoluted capital became par excellence the favorite of the Roman architect, and Roman arms and colonization reproduced its chapleted columns in Iberia, Gaul, Africa, Egypt, Asia Minor,

Greece and Istria, and probably to some extent in distant Britain.

The excavations at Pompeii and Herculaneum have unearthed masons' tools much resembling those in use today, and demonstrated the freer use of large tiles, the employment of iron to tie together brick and stone work, and the use of a kind of concrete of which lime was the binding medium, and finely broken brick a favorite material. The dome of the Pantheon, built in the first century of the Christian era, still testifies to the enduring nature of concrete superstructure, albeit bound with lime and not with cement.

erto been rarely constructed in stone buildings. The Moorish architecture of Spain, while retaining the Gothic arch, overcame its plainness by the beauty and variety of ornamentation, which still makes the Alhambra a wonder and delight to all observers. But with this exception, and some development of a lighter and more beautiful type at Byzantium, European nations multiplied walled towns, impregnable towers and grim castles such as William the Norman scattered all over England to hold in check the conquered and despoiled Briton. English dwellings were, for the most part, of wood, and



HOUSE OF TRAGIC POET, POMPEII (A.D. 50), AS RESTORED BY SIR W. GELL

With the decline of heathenism, the labors of the mason, always necessary in domestic and commercial life, found its highest expression in the service of the church and the protection of towns and cities. From the Fourth to the Eleventh Century the less polished nations of northern and western Europe multiplied churches and sanctuaries, cathedrals and convents, castles and palaces, and in so doing evolved and built up that Gothic style of architecture which at first sacrificed to strength and a grim dignity almost every element of beauty. It did, however, extend and improve the general use of the arch and enable men to build solidly and durably the upper stories which had hith-

indeed it was not until late in the seventeenth century that London, after heavy losses by repeated conflagrations, rebuilt her devastated wards in stone and brick.

In the latter part of the Twelfth Century the pointed arch came into more general use in Northern Europe, and many magnificent structures have resulted from this modification of the older Gothic type.

The invention of cannon also necessitated almost radical changes in the construction and proportions of fortifications, and whole armies of masons were mustered in camps to construct huge cathedrals or to tear down the lofty walls of fortified cities and broaden and make more massive the artillery-lined ramparts, which were

no longer approachable by the movable tower and battering-ram, or assailed by the missiles of catapult and balista, but must henceforth meet the levin-bolts of the breaching battery with a fire deadlier and better sustained than its own.

In America, the early colonists had little use for the mason's art, except in the construction of the huge chimney stacks which in any dwelling of considerable size and any pretensions to comfort formed a very considerable part of the structure. The great kitchen fireplace and oven, with smaller hearths in from two to four rooms on each floor, required a very considerable part of the material and skilled labor bestowed upon a colonial homestead in the more northern colonies.

In some sections where the dangers of an attack by Indian raiders was imminent, the wooden walls of the lower story enclosed a stout wall of brick or a kind of rubble masonry. Some of these buildings are still standing and inhabited, although dating back (at least, so far as the lower stories are concerned) over two centuries. A very few brick buildings have wholly or in part come down to us from the first years of colonization, and until within the last half century some that preserved the peculiar features of Elizabethan and Stuart types of dwelling and business structures. Much of the brick and about all the great flooring tiles and ornamental tiling were at first imported from Europe, but lime and brick of good quality were soon produced in almost every community.

In the United States and Canada, wooden buildings have until now been preferred to any form of masonry, except in the cities and where the uses and dignity of the structure demanded a more durable and impressive type. Until of late years, as in Egypt and Italy, brick buildings have been very largely in the majority, even where building stone of superior quality and beauty was available. The result of several great conflagrations in which stone buildings were more utterly ruined than those of brick, discouraged many from rebuilding in a material which split and crumbled under the combined effect of fire and water.

Later an attempt was made to utilize cast iron in conjunction with terra cotta,

tiling and brick in the erection of thinner and loftier walls, but the cast iron supports and frames also failed under the fire test. Lastly, the mild steel frames, now in general use, in conjunction with terra cotta tiles and building blocks of various shapes and faced with stone or brick, have made a new record of height and capacity for buildings which are devoted solely to business purposes.

At present a comparatively new material is pushing its way into popularity, and that for an infinitude of uses. Portland cement, as it was first called, was first made known to the world about 1824 at Portland, England, where it was first manufactured, and came into favorable notice in connection with submarine construction where ordinary stone work had utterly failed. It was not until 1895, however, that it was manufactured in the United States, and it was only within the last decade that it has begun to supplant brick and stone as a building material. Made by the calcination of marl, clay, slag and other materials, it absorbs water freely and is mixed with sand and broken rock in varying proportions, the strongest being one part of cement to two of sand and four of "aggregate." It sets almost as soon as mixed; continues to absorb water and to harden for many days, and gains strength for many years.

Millions of bags have been used in constructing the Panama Canal; no fortification is considered complete without it; great hulks and lighters are built of steel skeletons coated with concrete, and the belief is very common that it must soon replace both wood and brick in house construction. Indeed, the high price of lumber, the greater cost of brick, owing to higher fuel and wages, with the resultant use of inferior lumber and brick weakened by modern processes which hasten the burning but leave the product much more porous and softer than those made in the old way, must tend to increase the use of concrete for dwellings and small buildings of all kinds. Immense areas of sidewalk and pavement are laid yearly and swiftly increasing, and in the stupendous tunnels, sewers, bridges, dams, sea-walls and other public structures, concrete has largely replaced brick and stone.

Democracy's Prime Need

To Rout the Non-voter

by Arthur Hendrick Vandenberg



THE greatest and most common enemy to republican institutions—next to the man who sells his vote—is the voter who “stays at home”

The greatest peril to the successful evolution of a purer democratic government in which the people acquire new powers and responsibilities is the existence of a great, chronic, non-voting population, and this is the most serious danger that threatens the republic today.

It impresses the need of a compulsory voting law which shall punish the negligent citizen—who most frequently happens to be the substantial man of affairs—when he is unfaithful to the first obligation of his citizenship—the intelligent and conscientious deposit of his ballot.

The extent of the non-voting evil in the United States is positively appalling when diagnosed. It exists everywhere. Like a plague, it threatens reform in every community.

There is ample proof in the few paragraphs that follow that this is a chronic disease—a forerunner of political cancer.

Especially in these days when popular thought on governmental problems trends toward purer democracy—the initiative, the referendum, the recall, primaries, direct election of Senators, etc., all sentinels of this new faith—the starting point of reform should be some practical, workable, compulsory voting law. These principles find basis in the sound theorem that the judgment of all the people is always safe and right. Their evolution primarily requires, then, that the judgment of all

the people shall be secured. Today, in the typical average American election, we are getting the judgment of only a portion of the people.

A minority amends constitutional law in California, and bonds New York state for millions of dollars.

The brutal truth is that our statutes do not compel majority government at all; nor will they until every citizen is forced to vote, under suitable penalty for treasonable neglect.

The man who stays away from the polls is in direct conspiracy with the voter whose ballot is debauched—because he makes it proportionately easier for the tainted ballot to win its cause.

No non-voter is a good citizen. At most he is merely not a bad citizen.

If he does not vote today (when his country needs him) he should not be permitted to vote tomorrow (when he may have an axe to grind).

This non-voter is a menace wherever he lives—and he lives everywhere.

If he had an ounce of conception of what it cost his forefathers to obtain the ballot, he would not so lightly treat its use.

He is a skimmed-milk patriot.

His negligence is born of thoughtlessness and habit rather than of malice—the same refined distinction that exists between kleptomania and theft.

The mere passage of a compulsory voting law would have a tremendous moral effect that would add years to the life of the republic.

The mere statement of the case as it is proves uncontrovertibly the need for action.

Without impugning the wisdom apparent in the net results—this inquiry deals with an entirely different question—observe the astonishing degree in which democracy's machinery fails to produce a verdict by all of the people.

In 1908, 386,000 people voted for President in the state of California; in 1910, 385,000 people voted for Governor. The highest vote cast on any of the amendments to the California constitution—submitted to the people on referendum last October was upon the amendment relating to women's suffrage. The total vote on that amendment was 246,000; 140,000 fewer than were polled three years before for President, and 139,000 fewer than were polled two years before for Governor. Women's suffrage was carried in California by an affirmative vote of 125,000, or two thousand less than Mr. Bryan received in 1908, when he lost the state by nearly ninety thousand majority. Twenty-two other amendments—changes in the fundamental constitutional law of the Commonwealth—were passed at the same time with a fewer number of voters participating.

The critic who is unfriendly to the referendum will say that this situation is a fatal indictment of the system. Indeed, the eminent Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, in an address before the Commercial Club of St. Louis, commented upon this very exhibit in the following language:

"Is it not obvious that we are changing our form of government in the United States by a minority vote? Here is an amendment which doubles the number of voters in the State by removing the limitation of sex; here is action which establishes the initiative, the referendum, the recall, including the recall of judges; and every one of them is an amendment to the constitution of a great, rich and populous state made by a small minority of the voting population. That, I submit, is a political factor and a political portent of far-reaching significance. I know the answer. It is said that the remainder of the voting population might have voted had it wished to do so. True; but why then should not this great non-voting mass be counted in opposition to revolu-

tionary changes in government rather than in favor of them, or ignored entirely? What principle of political science or of equity is it that puts the institutions of a whole state at the mercy, not even of a temporary majority, but of a small minority of the people?"

What shall the critic who is friendly answer? Is it not a fair indictment? If each voter is to sit in the great common parliament of the Republic, there to pass upon the legislation of his country, should not his attendance be required? Does not the theory of pure democracy, builded on the axiom that the judgment of all the people is always safe and righteous, start with the necessity for the presence of all the voters at the polls?

Consider the same problem as applied to the direct election of United States Senators—a proposition whose propriety is patent upon its face. Michigan held an advisory senatorial primary in 1910. It was a step in the direction of purer democracy; an effort to bring the government closer to the people. It had all the novelty and charm of a new thing. It was vitalized by vigorous campaigning between contending candidatures. An accompanying state primary for Governor was an additional incentive to attract the voter to the polls. This was the result. According to the election returns of 1908, there were at that time approximately 80,000 voters in Wayne County—the largest county in the state (including Detroit). In the senatorial primary of 1910, just 28,115 voters went to the polls. Not as many voters as went to the polls in Wayne County in the centennial year of 1876—thirty-five years before! In Kent County—the second largest county in the state (including Grand Rapids)—only as many voters participated in this senatorial primary as went to the polls in 1868!

Can the theory of a purer democracy succeed in the face of such electoral lethargy?

Must not the lethargy be removed as the first step in the operation of the theory?

We are continuously engaged in the evolution of laws to restrict the voter—laws calling for complicated registration and party enrollment. Is not our primal need in an entirely opposite direction?

Should we not consider the evolution of laws to require voting?

It must be admitted that great problems should be submitted to the people; but certainly not to a minority of the people.

A constitutional amendment, providing increased salary and mileage for members of the legislature, submitted to the people of the great state of New York in 1911, polled a total vote of only 676, 894 as compared with a total voting strength in the state, as evidenced the year previous, of 1,437,010. At this same election a proposition to issue bonds for \$19,800,000 to provide barge canal terminal facilities was adopted by the people with an affirmative vote only one-half as large as given to the defeated Republican candidate for governor the year before.

Surely I am not depicting an empty danger! With a referendum in operation, which puts final responsibility for a great bond issue of nearly twenty million dollars upon "the people," the legislator's responsibility is diluted down to almost nothing. What is substituted therefor? The mandate of a small minority of the citizenship! Either it is better to leave the responsibility with the legislator, or it is necessary to make the people attend the polls and assume the responsibility which passes to them in a referendum.

In our every-day elections, we confront the same conditions. "Apathy" it is called in polite vernacular. Down-right electoral "treason" it ought to be called, as applied to the "good citizen" who is "too busy" to take one-half hour off and visit the polls and stand true to the responsibility that goes with his citizenship. The non-voter is a greater menace to republican institutions—and certainly to all theories of purer democracy—than any other single thing extant.

Think of it! The state of Maryland did not cast as many votes for governor in 1911 (215,967) as she cast for governor in 1895 (239,813).

The total vote in the state of Mississippi was fifty per cent larger in 1908 than it was in 1910.

Pennsylvania cast more than a quarter of a million less votes in 1910 than it did in 1908, two years before.

Militant Wisconsin dropped from a

total vote of 454,435 in 1908 to 319,488 in 1910—with growth apparent in the population of the Commonwealth every single day!

Illinois fell from 1,154,751 votes cast for President in 1908, to 885,273 votes cast for state treasurer in 1910. Here are 269,478 non-voters—without giving the state credit for any population growth at all!

It remained for Maine to turn the thing around. Maine cast 141,031 votes for Governor in 1910 as compared with 106,335 votes for President in 1908. The defeated Republican candidate for Governor in 1910 received within two thousand as many votes as the successful Republican candidate for President in 1908.

Every man of us subscribes to the Lincoln hope—"a government for, of and by the people!" But not "a government, for, of, and by a *portion* of the people."

Compulsory voting is not a new idea, although little has been heard of it during the last decade. Twenty years ago the subject was more or less alive—although at that time we had practically none of the many popular uses of the ballot which mark our governmental development at the present hour. Frederick William Holls, writing in the "Annals of the American Academy," said in 1891:

"Surely a man who, from indolence or disdain, does not go to the polling place, knows little of the importance of the whole institution of the state, or must be animated by very little public spirit, or he deserves the mantle of lead which Dante apportions to cowards in his 'Inferno.' The citizen's duty in casting his ballot does not differ in kind from that of the juryman, sworn to decide the issues presented without fear or favor."

This idea seemed much more generally accepted twenty years ago than it is today; and yet the vicious danger in non-voting was nothing then compared with now.

Discussions of the subject have always been more or less academic. As usual, it is much easier to be critical than correct. A truly practical law upon the subject has not yet been evolved. But the difficulty apparent in successfully answering the problem, should but add interest and zest to the American statesman who

would do for his country a great constructive duty.

In his annual message for 1889, Governor Hill of New York announced his approval of the idea that compulsory voting deserved a fair trial, and this recommendation was renewed in the message of 1890. In accordance with this suggestion, Mr. Henry R. Beekman of New York drafted a bill which was introduced into the New York legislature in 1890 and again in 1891, making abstention from voting punishable by a fine of \$25; but the bill was never acted upon because of its seeming impracticability. A similar bill was submitted to the legislature of Maryland a few years later by Mr. Harris J. Chilton of Baltimore; but it met a similar fate and apparently for similar reasons. Prior to both of these experiences, a compulsory voting bill introduced in the Massachusetts legislature in 1886 likewise failed of passage.

In each instance there seems to have been a will without a way; and the trail is still unblazed.

The only actual statute on the subject which seems to have ever been actually in force on this continent is found in an original edition of early Virginia's colonial law which reads:

"Every free-holder actually resident in each county shall appear and vote at each election or shall forfeit two hundred pounds of tobacco to the informer."

We are told that this law was enacted in 1705 and was in force throughout a great part of the colonial history of Virginia. Mr. Holls' suggestion for a compulsory voting law (*Annals of the American Academy*, Volume 1, page 593) seems to be as practical as any yet proposed. Under his idea legislation would, in the first place, declare it to be the duty of every qualified voter to deposit his ballot at the election next ensuing after the passage of the act, and would pronounce neglect to do so subject to the penalty thereafter provided.

"The penalty should be a fine of not less than two dollars or more than five dollars fixed by the statute and to be paid before the delinquent could thereafter vote at any election, federal, state or municipal. The list of voters being kept from year

to year with a record of those who voted, anyone desiring to cast a ballot at the following election would be permitted to do so without objection on the score of this act if he was recorded as having voted at the previous election. If he were not so recorded, it would be incumbent upon him to do one of the following three things. First—challenge the record, the registry officers being liable civilly and criminally for inaccuracy or fraud. Second—pay the fine. Third—Offer a satisfactory excuse for his neglect to previously vote."

Disfranchisement of a voter who fails to attend the polls without satisfactory excuses would seem to be an even better mode of punishment. The length of time over which disfranchisement might extend should be cumulative and dependent upon the continued length of the record of the negligent voter.

"When disenfranchisement has lost its deterrent power, the ballot itself and with it, all free institutions, will be doomed."

It is a matter of history that compulsory voting has been a splendid success in Belgium. Before 1893 in Belgium, sixteen per cent of the voters on the average, stayed away from the polls, notwithstanding the exertions of party leaders. After the adoption of the compulsory voting, the average rate of abstention fell suddenly to between four and five per cent. The penalties provided in the Belgium law ranged from a mere warning in the case of first offenders to a small fine of twenty-five francs and then to the suspension of political rights for a period of ten years in the case of obdurate offenders. The records of the courts where the cases of non-attendants are tried, show that out of a total of 1,058,165 voters called to the polls in 1898, only 5,551 failed to attend without giving previous notice of the reason to the courts and were prosecuted. Of this number, however, 2,621 were excused by the magistrate on legal grounds, such as illness, age or absence. This leaves 2,930 who were fined or otherwise punished—which represents a rate of inexcusable or guilty abstention of not quite three-tenths of one per cent of the electoral body.

If a system of compulsory voting can be made a practical possibility in the United States with the result that less

than three per cent of the body politic shall fail to participate in regularly recurring elections, the movement toward pure democracy can proceed without engendering a single fear for our institutions. It is doubtful whether there is another country on the globe where electoral abstention is more serious or more threatening. Exhibits in proof of this contention are available in almost every community in the Republic. Furthermore, the tendency seems to be upon the increase. Something must be done to turn the tide. Something must be done to send the American voter

to the polls each and every time when elections are to be held. The American press can do much to educate citizenship to the moral responsibility that goes with the ballot. But so fundamental—in the extension of primaries, direct election of senators, the initiative, the referendum, the recall, etc.—is the need of a full vote whenever a vote is taken, that no single problem should more sharply challenge the constructive thought of American statesmanship and all thinking citizenship than the need of a compulsory voting law that will work.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

By PERCY W. REYNOLDS

THROUGH the long bewildering night the sound of tramping feet
 Assails my listening ears as restlessly I toss,
 And methinks the vision real for I see them up the street,
 Marching like an army behind a great white cross,
 And I know each man who marches, yes, every mother's son,
 Is a soldier and a fighter to the core,
 Though some of them were failures, and some of them have won
 In the struggle, life for life, and score for score,
 But yet, they're all my brothers,
 These sons of human mothers,
 These men who fight for brotherhood as others have before.

The beggar-man and chief, the soldier-man and thief,
 Behind a wondrous symbol of predestined victory;
 The white cross of redemption displayed in marked relief
 Against the sable night that shadows me,
 And as I look the vision proves a prophecy fulfilled,
 The present dawning era of a new transcendent birth,
 Heralding a paradise, proud sons of men shall build,
 Revealing every soul's immortal worth.
 Yes, these my toiling brothers,
 These sons of human mothers,
 Shall live to see the reign of love, supreme upon the earth.

The vagrant and the master, the warrior and the scamp,
 Hold not against each other their virtue or their sin,
 For hand in hand they're marching, on to a common camp,
 Where peace shall be the watchword of the valiant host within.
 Forgotten are the motives and the conflicts of the past,
 In the knowledge of a mission and a great progressive plan;
 A plan that will abolish all tyranny at last,
 And carry out, yea, finish what the Nazarene began.
 Yes, these undaunted brothers,
 These sons of human mothers,
 Are seeking but the glory of the brotherhood of man.

"Old Good-by's and Howdy-Do's"

An Appreciation of John D. Wells

By the Editor

HERE is a sturdiness and sympathy in the verse of John D. Wells that grips you. Wells is one of the younger American poets who may rightly claim succession to James Whitcomb Riley and Eugene Field in portraying the voice and heart sentiments of the "home folks." His last book "Old Good-by's and Howdy-Do's" is one of those volumes that you treasure.

The front cover is illustrated by that quaint scene of country life where the old-time neighbors indulge in "howdy-do's" while the buggy stands, and old Dobbin stamps his hoofs and fights the flies. Inside the dainty volume is the author's inscription: "To my Mother this little book of verse is affectionately dedicated," and on the following page is Will Levington Comfort's "foreword," which must ever be an inspiration to the author.

An irresistible list of titles is arrayed on the contents pages—there are four of them, leisurely spread out and printed in "full caps" with good-sized type. As your eye wanders up and down the list, you find such expressive titles as "A Young 'Un in Pokeberry Time," "M-O-T-H-E-R!" "H. Simm's New Daughter-In-Law," "The Street that Leads to Home," with others in a more philosophical vein, as "An Appreciation," "A Dream," and "Analogy." "An Appreciation" is given the place of honor in the volume, and is an indication of the homely sentiment that pervades the hundred odd pages.

AN APPRECIATION

Ol' Home Folks! It 'pears you're jist
Happiest and bizziest

Fixin' up t' welcome in
Someone comin' home agin!
Some ol' codger like as not
That has mebbe plumb fergot
You—an' folks fergot him, too!—
Ever' one exceptin' you!

Rassle out his easy chair,
Put it by the fire there
Where he used t' set, an' git
His ol' footstool out an' fit
Things in same ol' order most
Like he used t' have 'em so's't
When he shucks his boots he kin
Say: "I jucks, I'm home agin!"

Ol' Home Folks! I tell y' what
I've done heaps o' travellin', but
Layin' 'side all sorts o' jokes,
If there's any class o' folks
Measure up t' God's idee
Of what man had orter be—
Meets requirements through an' through—
Then, I jucks, that class is *you!*

A little farther on is the verse from which the book takes its name, "Old Good-byes and Howdy-Do's." Who could read these lines and not be impressed with the spirit that prompted their composition?

OLD GOOD-BYES AND HOWDY-DO'S

The old good-byes and howdy-do's!
Now *there's* a theme to tax your muse
An' make it switch from tears t' smiles
An' back again to tears, the whiles;
No polished rhyme, but jist a strain
As soft an' low as Apuril rain,
That sings "good-bye" to kith an' kin—
Then change your tune t' Home Agin!

Oh, who can dream the sort o' rhyme
That sheds the tears of leavin' time?
Good-bye t' mother smutch'd with dough!—
The stanchest friend you'll ever know!—
To home, to trees, the huntin' pup,
An' crimson rambles climbin' up
To twist around the heart of you,
An' tighter than they *ever* do!

An' sing it soft an' low to fit
The partin' an' the pain of it!—

To fit the way a feller feels
When o' familiar places steals
Apat him on the wagon road—
The boyhood spots he's allus knowed!
An' make the tears that's in his eye
To rhyme a feller's last "good-bye."

Then chuck a faster tempo in
To sing a feller Home Agin!—
Back home agin where he was riz
An' orter staid, as sayin' is!
His mother's greetin', father's too,
An' friends an' naybors' "Howdy-do!"
The extry chair an' table set
That mother's keepin' for him *yell*!

You poet chaps! You set an' dream
An' seem t' think the only theme



JOHN D. WELLS
The Buffalo poet-editor

That people like is in the skies!
Set down by me an' drop your eyes—
Ease off a while an' git your time
In perfect pitch an' tune with mine
Then try a sort o' keerness muse
On "Ol' Good-byes an' Howdy-do's."

In "H. Simm's New Daughter-In-Law"
you get the poem of incident—one of
those such as the young folk like to recite
in school. You can almost see "H. Simms"
in Mr. Wells' charming picture.

H. SIMM'S NEW DAUGHTER-IN-LAW

We wondered an' wondered, his ma an' me,
What sort of a wife John's wife would be!
"She's good an' purty," his letter read;
"But then, that's natcherl," his mother said,
"That *he* should think her the finest gel

In all o' the world—but time will tell."
But, bein' that she was of city stock,
We sort o' felt that his choice might mock
Our simple ways an' our simple dress,
An' both of us sniffled a bit, I guess!

I *s'pose* we'd orter o' fixed up some
Against the time that they said they'd come—
We'd orter o' shingled an' patched the fence,
An' painted the house that *ain't* been since
The flood, I guess; an' I *s'pose* we'd ort
O' got some carpets, an' tried t' sort
Ol' keepsakes out, such as pitchers and
Ol' lamberkins on the shelves an' stand,
An' hid 'em away, but no sir-e-e-e-e
"It wouldn't be *home* to John," says she.

An' fin'ly they come, but law-my-law
The s'prisedest man that *ever* you saw
Was your'n truly—*H. Simms*—because
The livin' spit of his ma, she was!—
With hair as fair an' with eyes as blue
As them I see when I'm peekin' through
The passin' years into Mem'ry's haze
At ma an' me, in our courtin' days—
The same sweet smile an' the twinklin' fun—
An' kissed me, too, like his mother done!

I couldn't ever fergit the drive
From depo' home again—sakes alive,
She's out an' in an' out agin
Gatherin' blossoms an' daisies in
"T' take t' mother," she said, for all
As if ma didn't have none at all!
An' *anxious*? Law, she could skersely wait
T' git t' ma at the lower gate,
An' kissed her cheeks an' she hugged her, too,
An' cried an' whispered, "He looks like you."

He never *was* much of a hand for fuss
But I guess John's purty nigh glad as us!

Another fine piece of sentiment is "The
Street That Leads to Home," whose lines
syncopate with the "patter of little feet"
that the author so sweetly describes:

THE STREET THAT LEADS TO HOME

In Home Again Street,
Where the arching maples meet
O'er a way resounding with the children's
laughter sweet;
Where a host of girls and boys,
And a bedlam of noise,
Fill the street with pleasure and companion-
ship and joys;
Happy is the man who finds it—
Sweeter still, the tie that binds it
If he hears a welcome sweet
In the pattering little feet!

In Home Again Street
Where the golden days retreat
Softly, midst the shadows where the kindly
maples meet;
Peopled by its boys and girls—
Flash of gingham, glint of curls,
Laughter sweet as water tumbling o'er a bed
of pearls!

Skies smile sweeter up above it—
Even twilight seems to love it,
So reluctantly it dies
When it's time for lullabies.

In Home Again Street!
Where the sweetest fancies meet,
Growing real and happy 'neath the spell of
welcome sweet;
Gone the cares and everything!
Here a man becomes a king,
Happy with the greetings that his little sub-
jects bring;
Favored is the man who finds it!—
Sweeter still, the tie that binds it,
If the pattering feet that come
Lead him to the throne of home!

And so you go on through the volume,
which is happily without division or
classification. The dialect is scattered,
and rich humor is mingled with the sober
sentiments that look to the serious side
of life. At the end of the book is an inter-
pretation of life that one may well pause
over:

ANALOGY

Awake with the day and a smile at the sun,
A moment of play and then toiling begun;
A failure at first and then a success—
A moment of pleasure and one of distress—
A plenty of work and a little of play
Is all of the sum of a joyous day;
Then weariness comes with the darkness, and
then
Good-bye to the striving and—home again.
A babe in the world of myst'ry untold,
A moment of love and a childhood of gold—
An end to the pathway to manhood's estate—
A challenge to Fortune, a battle with Fate—
A plenty of pleasure, a little of pain—
A little of loss and a plenty of gain—
The coming of Age and its weariness, then
Good-bye to the living and—Home again!

After you put down the book you find
yourself turning back again to the inscrip-
tion by Will Levington Comfort, and
unconsciously you repeat the sentiments
so eloquently phrased by the author of
"Routledge Rides Alone": ". . . They
are sweet inside. They restore and brighten
the deep places. . . . And when you put
them by, and fall to dreaming among the
ineffable partings and greetings that have
been . . . stealing away after some pale
vision or lustrous wing of remembrance
. . . pray, don't hurry back, for you
may be drawing very close to Yourself—
the Kingdom of Heaven which lies within."

The son of a blacksmith, John D. Wells
is by birth a Pennsylvanian. His father

was for many years the village smith in
their home town of North East, and early
in life he taught his son how to blow the
forge and to swing the hammer on his
ringing anvil. Later the boy took up the
machinist's trade. Betimes he found him-
self writing lyrics for amateur theatrical
performances at his home in North East.
The years went on, and young Wells
became a man and married.

Now, inspired by the appreciation of
his wife, he determined to devote more
time to the work which he loved. Coming
to Buffalo during the Pan-American Ex-
position in 1901, he sought a position on a
newspaper. Without experience, but with
the writing soul within him, he made appli-
cation and began as a cub reporter. His
stories of hotel corridors attracted atten-
tion and soon occupied the front page of
the paper. Next Wells did the short
humorous paragraphs which soon became
a feature of the *Buffalo News*. Then he
was given charge of the *Buffalo Sunday
News*, of which he is still editor.

* * *

Although immersed in the arduous
duties of an editor, the poetic spirit of
John D. Wells cannot be quenched. The
dainty, wholesome verse seems to bubble
right out, and as the years pass, the young
man from Pennsylvania is building up a
strong clientele of admirers wherever his
bits of verse have fallen. At odd times
he has done considerable platform work,
and many a community throughout New
York State and around his old home has
reveled in the real wit and charming
recitation of John D. Wells.

There is a little farm near the old home,
whither he hies at every opportunity, to
invoke the muse and to live among the
people who are the spirit of his verse.

"Old Good-by's and Howdy-Do's" is not
his first book. There have been others,
and they have always sold well, because
the people like John Wells and his work.
The title itself of his latest book, "Old
Good-by's and Howdy-do's," utters the
Alpha and Omega of acquaintanceship.

The enthusiastic overtures and the
heartfelt goodbyes of life; the meetings
and partings; the greetings and farewells;
do not these, after all, make up the gamut
of life?

Henry Holman's Pilgrimage



M. R. UMBERHIND

(Concluded)

UNCLE RUFÉ'S MISSION

Uncle Rufe was the first to make his appearance the next morning. The first rays of the sun were just casting their beams over the top of Oak Hill, when he swung open the door of the old house and, with water pail in hand, started across the yard.

He was going to that old well at the far corner of the lot where he, David and Henry had, as boys, so often quaffed the exhilarating draughts of pure cold water from the old oaken bucket that hung from the end of the sweep.

It was to be the day of days in Uncle Rufe's life. He was the host, and he felt that it rested with him to see that his guests were properly "looked after."

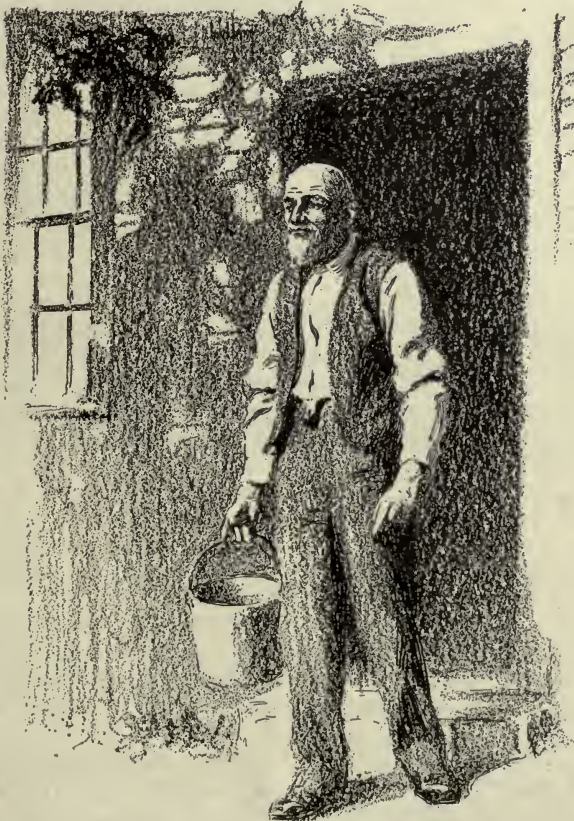
The old man was dressed for the occasion. For the first time

in many moons he had donned his "b'iled" shirt and his long-legged kip boots, which he only wore on rare occasions. They were polished to the highest degree of brilliancy and withal a trifle blue, for the old man had used the only polish he had on hand, "Light O' Day Stove Polish."

It was not long before all the occupants of the house were up and out admiring the beauties which that delightful June morning put forth.

The forenoon passed with the exchange of many boyhood reminiscences, and it was shortly after the noon hour when David and Henry started out for their walk.

Mrs. Holman had kind of "nosed" around a little during the forenoon, and in so doing had discovered quite a few garments of



It was to be a day of days in Uncle Rufe's life

men's wearing apparel, such as stockings in need of darning; coats and trousers with buttons off and torn linings. These she collected with the intention of "fixin'" up a little.

Seated by the window in a rocking chair that Uncle Rufe said "Mandy allus called her favorite rocker," Mrs. Holman was busy mending.

Uncle Rufe was ill at ease. Evidently there was something on his mind that was troubling him. He couldn't seem to sit down and content himself. Finally he arose and going to a little closet in the corner of the room where he and Mrs. Holman were, took from the top shelf a little box that had been carefully tied up. Turning his back toward Mrs. Holman, he untied the string and in a moment removed from the box a small black book. From this he took what appeared to be a tintype picture. After carefully scrutinizing the picture, he turned and looked intently at Mrs. Holman for a minute. Slowly shaking his head, as if in doubt, he placed the picture back in the book and dropping it into his pocket, turned and walked slowly back to where Mrs. Holman was seated.

He drew a chair as near as possible to where she was and after a moment's hesitation, asked her in his usual innocent way if she was the only wife Hank ever had.

Mrs. Holman had seen and learned enough of Uncle Rufe's honest ways during the past twenty-four hours to take the question in just the spirit in which it was asked. She, therefore, informed the old man that she was Hank's first and only venture in the matrimonial line.

This seemed to be the assurance needed to give Uncle Rufe confidence to proceed with what he had to say, so he continued.

"I was thinkin' ef ye hadn't bin Hank's only wife, ther story I hev ter tell wouldn't specially intrist ye."

Mrs. Holman wondered what story Uncle Rufe had to relate that would be of especial interest to her, but she was content to listen.

"Ye see," said Uncle Rufe, "back in '61 when Abe Lincoln sed he wanted some six months' volunteers ter go down South and show them 'Johnnys' thet he ment

bizness, I hedn't bin 'way from Bethmar more than over night. So I thought it would be a good chance ter see some o' the world, an' four or five 'sides me, went an' 'listed. Well, ther only one thet got back in six months was Bill Patch.

"Bill never did know more'n was good fer him. He got back in jes' three months, an' when somebody ast him what he wus home fer, Bill sed he wus sick; sed ther doctor told him he hed ther Non Compus Mentis.

"'Bout ther only thing Bill ever wus good fer after thet, wus er sort o' rumpus-maker on Town Meetin' days. Ye see Bill wusn't self 'stainin', so ther Selectmen put him out on ther poor farm. Jes' as reglar es ther Town Meetin' day would come round, you'd see somebody start out ter ther poor farm with Seth Fuller's hoss an' buggy ter bring Bill in ter vote.

"Seth wus er 'publican an' most allus hed some office. Ther minute thet Bill would git ter ther Town House, you'd see Sam Powell an' Tom Parks an' two or three more democrats rush up an' say, 'Bill Patch is er pauper an' can't vote.' Then Seth, he would elbow his way thru ther crowd an' say, 'no old soldier can be er town pauper, an' then he'd march Bill up an' vote him.

"Thar wus one thing Seth allus fergot ter do, an' thet wus ter carry Bill back ter ther poor farm after he voted. He allus hed ter walk."

It was characteristic of Uncle Rufe, when he was relating an incident in his own life, to lead up to the subject with a sort of a prelude. This case was no exception.

In continuing he said to Mrs. Holman: "Now ter git back ter whar I started ter tell ye. After I hed bin in ther army 'bout two years, I wus one day taken prisoner an' sent down ter Andersonville prison.

"I'd ben in ther place 'bout three days when one afternoon, 'bout four o'clock, I come acrost er young feller layin' on ther ground. He seemed ter be sleepin', but he looked so difrunt from enybudy else thet wus layin' 'round thar thet I jes' tho't I'd set down 'side er him an' wait 'til he woke up.

"He wus jest er boy, couldn't be more'n

twenty, an' es I set thar I reached over an' kind o' brushed his hair back. When I did it, he opened his big blue eyes an' smiled. It wus er difrunt smile than I ever seen 'fore; he looked jes' like one o' them angel picturs ye see sometimes.

West some years 'fore, but I sed of course you don't know him 'cause ther West is er mighty big country. He asked me what his name wus an' I tol' him it wus Hank Holman, but probably they call him Henry out thar, 'cause Hank wus er nick-



He drew a chair as near as possible and asked her if she was the only wife Hank ever had

"He sed ter me in ther most gentle voice thet I ever heard: 'Comrade, I'm glad you come ter me 'cause I want ter talk ter someone 'fore I go.' I didn't ask him whar he wus goin', fer I knowed.

"I asked him whar his home wus an' he tol' me it wus in er Western state; then I told him I knowed er feller thet went

name thet he went by in Bethmar.

"When I mentioned ther name o' Hank ter him ther look thet come over thet boy's face I'll never fergit. Fer er minute he jes' looked at me an' smiled, an' it wusn't like eny other smile I ever see 'fore 'cause it seemed ter say, 'I am content.'

"Then he closed them great blue eyes,

an' fer es much es five minutes I could see his lips move. I didn't hear er sound, but I knowed he wus prayin' 'cause he looked so happy.

"When he opened his eyes again, he reached out an' took my big scrawny hand in his an' sed: 'God sent you ter me, Comrade.' Then he took his hand from mine an' reached inside o' his shirt bosom an' took out er little black testament. He opened it an' took out er picture an' passed it ter me ter look at, sayin': 'Ther day I left home fer ther war thet girl give me this testament an' picture, an' tol' me ef ther time ever come when I wus alone an' needed someone ter say er word o' comfort ter me, ter read ther story of ther One who promised ter give his life fer us an' promised never ter leave us alone.'

"He wus pretty weak an' ther effort had well nigh used him up, so 'twas some time 'fore he spoke agin. Then he passed the Testament and picture ter me an' sed: 'I'm goin' ter give 'em ter you 'cause I'm goin' home soon an' God willin', ther time may come when you kin give 'em ter her an' tell her I wus happy. Then he jes' sort o' went ter sleep, easy-like.'

For a minute Uncle Rufe was silent. Then reaching into his pocket he drew forth the little black book, which a short time before he had taken from the securely tied box.

Passing it to Mrs. Holman, he said: "Seems you're the only wife Hank ever hed an' this Testament and picture must belong ter you, 'cause he sed his sister give 'em to him, an' she married Hank Holman."

THE WALK

As Henry Holman and David Bradbury started for their walk that afternoon, a gentle breeze was blowing from the northwest driving from the atmosphere the humidity which so often makes a hot day in summer unbearable.

Along that quiet country road the two old men walked. The breadth of the road between them, no attempt at conversation had been made since leaving the house at the foot of the lane.

Memories had enwrapped them both

and carried them back across the chasm of over fifty years and their thoughts were too sweet for them to permit interruption. Once again they were boys together trudging along the familiar old path.

They walked on for nearly an hour. Then, with one impulse, they both stopped and looked in the same direction. Holman, turning to Bradbury, said: "The old butternut tree has gone, hasn't it, Dave? Someone has put a pump at the well in place of the ol' sweep, and I guess it isn't stylish to have a fence along the front yard any more, that's gone, too."

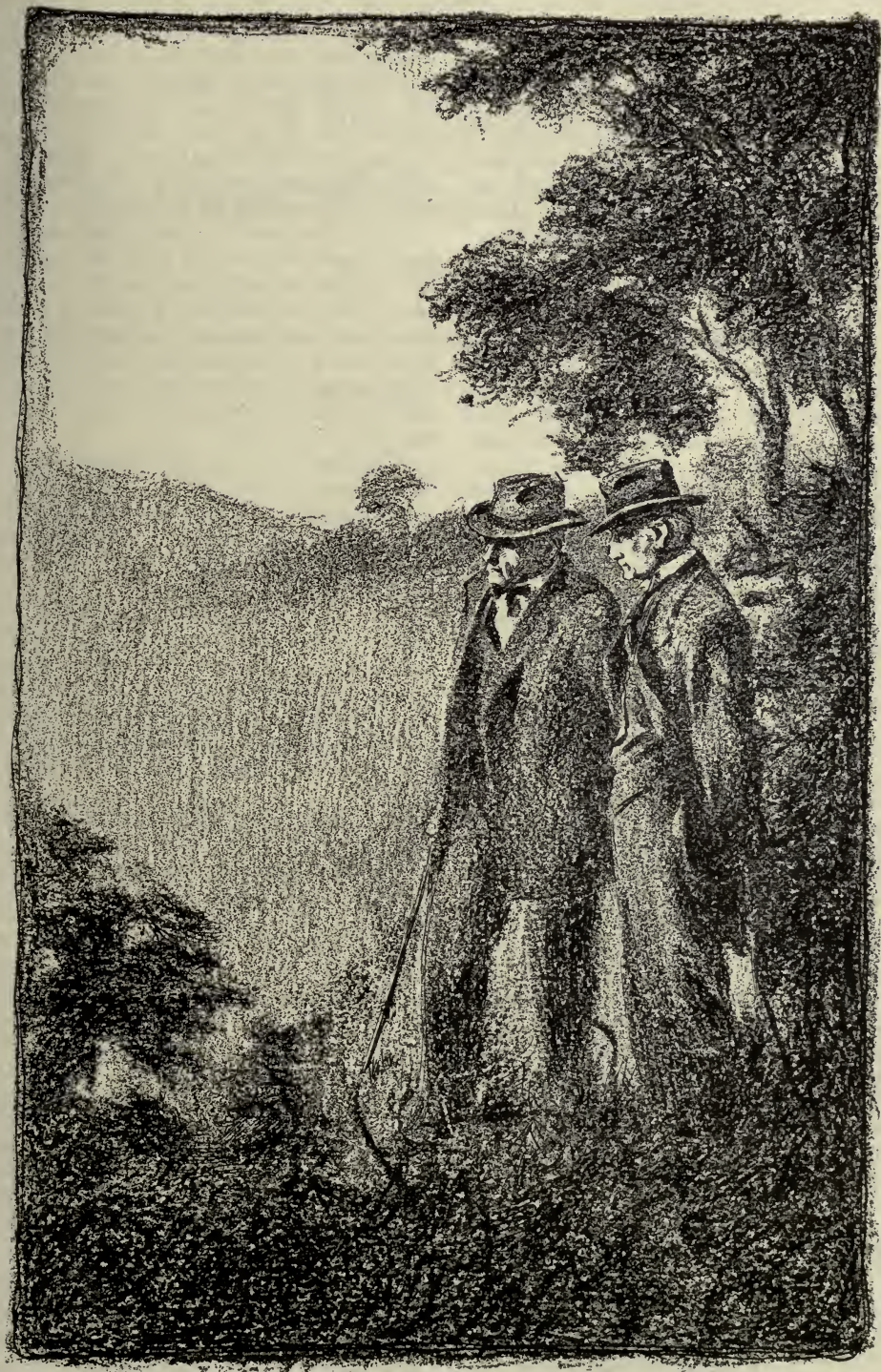
They were standing in the road opposite the old home. At the same moment both yielded to an irresistible impulse, and leaving the road, started for the house. They had gone about half-way from the road to the house when the shed door flew open and out rushed a little yapping, mongrel dog. After him came a woman together with four, not over clean, children whose ages ranged from two to perhaps seven years.

Holman advanced to where the woman had stopped staring in amazement at the two men. He undertook to explain the reason for their visit. He had said only a few words when the woman, with a shrug of her shoulders, turned and pulling forward the oldest of the reluctant children said a few words to him in a foreign tongue. At this the child darted around the corner of the house. In a few minutes the youngster came trotting back followed by a sturdy tiller of the soil. He seemed to be the "man of the house."

Holman again acted as spokesman, this time with better success. The man was a French Canadian who had recently taken possession of the farm. He had a slight knowledge of English and after a little difficulty, Holman succeeded in making him understand something of the reason for their uninvited intrusion.

When he grasped the meaning of Holman's words, with characteristic impulsiveness he took both Holman's hands in his; after shaking them vigorously, he pointed to the house and with many a nod and unintelligible words bade them enter.

He then turned with an authoritative gesture to his family and apparently instructed them to follow him. This they did, leaving the two men alone.



It seemed that Bradley and Holman had become enwrapped in the soothing influence

Had the feeling for a moment entered the hearts of the two men that because a lowly French Canadian was occupying the house that had been their home, it constituted a case of "Foreign Intrusion"? If so, it must have been quickly dispelled by the willingness with which he allowed his home to become their shrine. Once within the old home, they walked about almost on tiptoe; neither speaking hardly above a whisper, so sacred did the place seem to them.

As they entered the room that had been the dining room so many years ago, Holman turned to Bradbury to say something; the expression on the old man's face caused the words to die on Holman's lips unuttered.

Holman read in that face the dumb appeal, "I want to be alone," so he quickly passed into an adjoining room and softly closed the door, leaving Bradbury alone.

In the middle of the room was a table; beside the table a chair. Bradbury was seated in the chair, his elbow resting on the table; he was gazing at the door. There was a faint glimmer of a smile on his face; his open hand was raised to his ear that he might listen more intently. Momentarily this dear old man became enwrapped in this enchanting reverie. He thought himself listening to that same sweet voice that he heard for the first time, as it rang through the door in that same room more than half a century ago. And no pilgrim of old ever worshipped at a more peaceful shrine.

When Bradbury finally entered the room where Holman stood looking out of the window, there was on Bradbury's face a look of perfect peace and contentment. Holman observed this and felt many times repaid, to know that this little pilgrimage had again rekindled a spark of happiness in Bradbury's life. He knew that visions of a future happiness had come to him in that room and brought back tender

memories as nothing else could have done.

They left the old boyhood home and had again reached the highway. Bradbury was a little in the lead and instead of turning back to the road over which they had come, continued to go ahead. Holman followed without comment, for he recalled the pleading request of the day before.

Soon they came to an unfrequented road, much more so than in the days gone by. It was scarcely more than a cow-path now. In Bradbury's mind it was the same road that he and the girl he loved had so often strolled along during those happy schooldays; the same crimson sun was just bidding farewell to one more day as it had of old.

It seemed that Bradbury and Holman had become enwrapped in the soothing influence that so often pervades the air just before the dying day takes on the mantle of night. Both stood silently gazing into space.

How long they would have stood is hard to tell, had not an old familiar sound floated across the clear air. It was the sound of a bell. Holman turned and clutching Bradbury's coat sleeve said in a voice of almost childish enthusiasm: "Why, Dave, that's the old Academy bell!"

Bradbury then recalled that Uncle Rufe had told him that sometime before a colony of "summer people" over at the pond, some mile or so away, had built a little chapel. As the bell had outlived its usefulness for the Academy, the people around the Four Corners had donated it to the "City folks" for their meetin' house.

When the last sweet tone of the bell had died away on the still evening air, Holman took his watch from his pocket and turning to Bradbury smilingly said: "Dave, this is not the first time that the old bell has told us we were 'late.' You know we promised to be home to supper an hour ago."

(The End)



The Passing of National Political Conventions

by The Editor

AT THE COLISEUM



AFTER attending the two great political conventions of 1912 at Chicago and Baltimore, I was impressed with the feeling that these will be the last of the great national political conventions. At each quadrennial period the conventions have been increasing in magnitude and unwieldiness, until it would seem that their national usefulness is over. Certain statutory changes and development of state primaries for instruction and selection of delegates will make national conventions hereafter more of an electoral college than a forum for political maneuver among men mighty in personal influence at home. With the elimination of national conventions comes the passing of the great political giants and leaders of earlier history who represent a spectacular phase of the country's development.

* * *

The overture of the great Convention at Chicago began with the meeting of the Republican National Committee, and in its wake followed one of the most strenuous, hard-fought contests for mastery in the political arena that has been known for many a decade. There was not so much of the old-time blare and shouting and personal enthusiasm of the Lincoln, Grant, Clay and Blaine days, but there was an intensity of feeling and suppressed bitterness that has not shown itself until in recent years. The delegates began pouring into Chicago before Sunday. The forecast of the Convention was determined, as the reports of the National Committee were made upon the contested

delegate cases. Michigan Avenue, with its cluster of lights up and down the lake front, was ablaze with activity of restless people going and coming. Badges and buttons were the fad of the hour, and the Convention city in which Lincoln was brought forth was in the real convention mood. The enthusiastic Roosevelt followers arrived in the center of the storm of the pre-convention hours, mustering at the Congress Hotel or at the Auditorium. Groups gathered here and there, and there was a strained greeting among many old-time political pals as they shook hands and found that they wore opposing buttons. There was no use of arguing then and there, for each was fixed and firm in his belief that the other had committed political larceny. The followers of Senator La Follette and Senator Cummins were on hand ready for any emergency that might turn the delegates toward a third man in the contest between Roosevelt and Taft. Every moment and every movement count for much in the hours a national political convention is beginning to assemble. Then every bit of rumor is digested as thoroughly as late scandal at a bridge party.

* * *

A quiver of excitement passed over all conventiondom when it was announced that Colonel Roosevelt would arrive and take command in person. His coming was the signal for an ovation such as is seldom given to a public man, for Chicago was decidedly Rooseveltian. The meeting in the Auditorium revealed the intensity of



SENATOR ELIHU ROOT

The temporary and permanent chairman of the
Republican National Convention of 1912

the Roosevelt enthusiasm in Chicago at that hour. The bands played the classic air of "Hail, Hail, the Gang's all Here," "A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight" and "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," recalling the days of the Spanish War; then "Every Little Movement Has a Meaning All Its Own" and "Everybody's Doing It," with a blare of the trombone, proved that someone was up to date.

In spite of all the strained feelings of the hour, the American sense of humor relieved the tension. Opponents bowed courteously in the lobbies and brushed elbows with each other on the streets and waited long and patiently for the same elevator. All extra furniture was removed, but the crush increased—it seemed as if every one in Chicago wanted to be in the same spot on that corner at the same time.

Bright and early Monday the delegates began to line up for battle. In the Florentine Room of the Congress Hotel, the scene of activity of the Roosevelt forces, desks were arranged in a businesslike way, including an information department, properly labeled. In the Gold Room on the same floor were the Taft headquarters, resplendent in flag decorations. Although a short distance apart, there were constant streams of visitors at the various headquarters, and the ardent enthusiasts passed from one headquarters to another, trying to make "every little movement" count.

After it is all over, one looks back at those days and wonders why we men and women get so wrought up over such an ephemeral thing as mere "politics." It must be in the blood. There were "state-ments" of leaders flying fast and furious—extra papers announcing this rumor and denying that. The issue of the hour was involved in speculation as to what this side and that side would do. At the opening hours of the Convention, with Colonel Roosevelt in command, it seemed as if he had altogether the best of the situation, despite steam-roller cries inherited from the 1908 campaign. There was supreme confidence on both sides, and while the Roosevelt admirers were exuberant, there was a group of leaders on F and C floors, where the Taft cohorts were calculating results, laying their plans, counting and recounting roll-calls forward and



PRESIDENT WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

Who was nominated for the presidency on the Republican ticket after one of the most spectacular struggles ever known in the annals of the party. He was opposed by his former friend, ex-President Theodore Roosevelt, leader of the progressive movement, who waged one of the bitterest battles that has ever been fought in American politics

backward. Both sides were intent on the magic number of 540—the necessary number of delegate votes to nominate.

The rush in and about the Coliseum on Tuesday morning was a sight one witnesses but a few times in a generation. Men who pretend never to retreat a hair's breadth

all, one must be proud of the gigantic homogeneity of the nation.

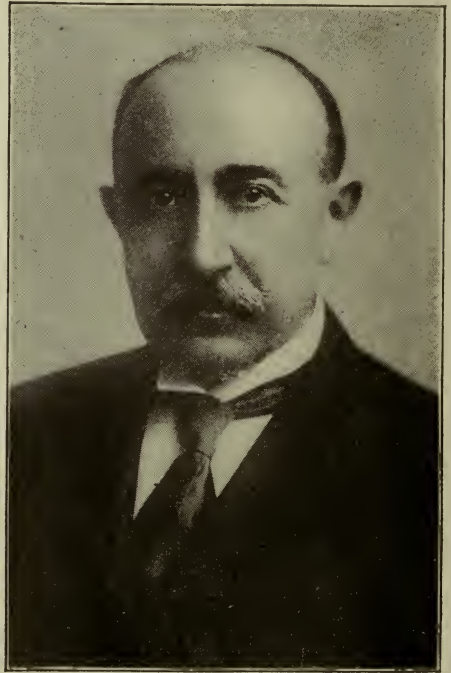
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From the rostrum near the center of the great hall, a bridge projected on which the speakers moved out to catch the best acoustic position. The small form of Mr. Victor Rosewater of Omaha, chairman of the National Committee, came into view rapping sharply on the platform over the seething mass. A hush passed over the sea of humanity as the clatter of the gavel



HON. FRANK O. LOWDEN

from freezing dignity would have done anything to get "just one Convention ticket" not only for themselves, but for their friends. Thousands outside were unable to get within the walls, where the surging throngs were beginning to gather. The doorkeepers and sergeants seemed men of much consequence for those few moments, and the more the band played and the crowd shouted within, the more the crowd outside wanted to enter. It was very like the "circus" craze of boyhood manifested by dignified men and women eager for a passing glimpse of the great political gathering. In a few moments the great oval amphitheater was filled to the brink of suffocation. The fluttering fans and white dresses and colors on the hats, and the delegates walking proudly and bravely to their seats, taking their stand under the guidons of their several states, made one feel that, after



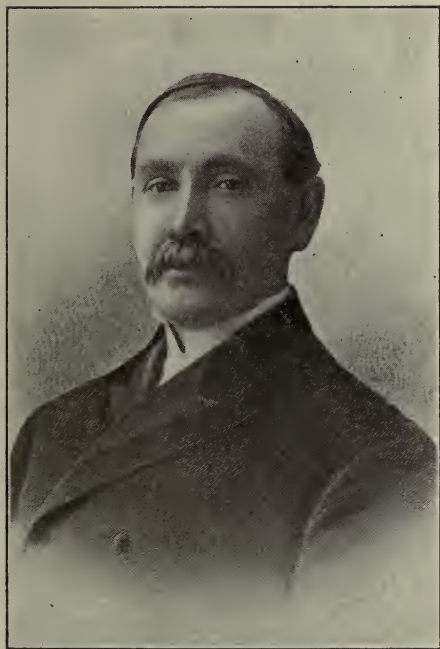
JOHN HAYS HAMMOND

One of the most active of the personal friends of the President at Chicago

rang out through the hall. This was the signal for the forensic fray, and the great parliamentary debate between Governor Hadley of Missouri and James Watson of Indiana began. Governor Hadley, attired in a Prince Albert coat, his slender form standing out a picturesque figure, with ringing voice, soon won favor as he opened the contest. Sturdy "Jim" Watson of Indiana, swinging his arms, replied and asked for reason, not emotion, and Jim was easily another favorite. It was a parliamentary duel of young giants. The

rasping voice of Heney of California and the ringing tones of Governor Johnson of the same state in protest, made those first few moments tense. On the platform sat the National Committee, and the "choo choo" shouts and bitter expletives of the Roosevelt delegates as to the "steam roller" were soon manifested. The audience seemed to feel its full liberty in making suggestions and in interrupting speakers. For over four hours Chairman Rosewater sat in the chair while the debate proceeded. It was probably one of the most notable parliamentary debates ever known

down when Governor McGovern, of Wisconsin, was named by Delegate Cochems of Wisconsin for Roosevelt supporters. This was the first intimation of an alliance with La Follette delegates, which divided the Wisconsin delegation, splitting the vote. This vote and the announcement

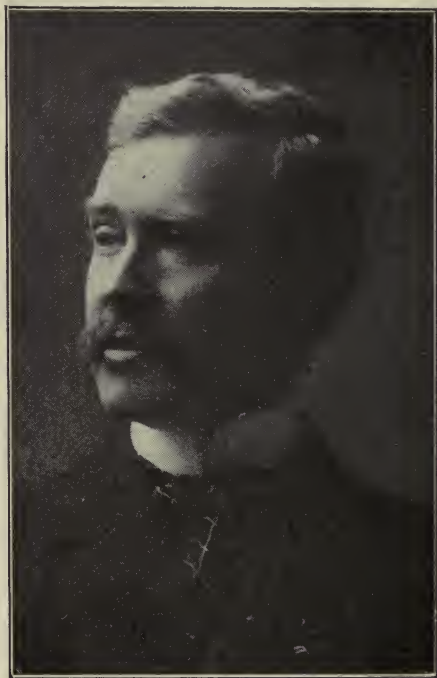


FORMER SENATOR J. A. HEMENWAY
of Indiana, who was active in contest cases

in a national political convention, where precedent was raked fore and aft for power to proceed.

* * *

The veteran Sereno Payne, "of tariff fame," was brought out to put in a strong hit for his side, but the brunt of the debate was borne by the younger statesmen. Upon the point involved hinged or depended the election of Senator Elihu Root as temporary chairman of the Convention and later as permanent head of the organization. The gauntlet was thrown



CONGRESSMAN MARLIN E. OLMSTED
Of Pennsylvania, the Parliamentarian of the Taft forces

by Mr. Houser indicated that Senator La Follette disavowed the Rooseveltian alliance. The die was cast, the fighting blood was up and the debate continued. The crowd cheered and even interrupted and taunted the speakers. The Rubicon was to be crossed in that first roll-call. In the "line up," the spectators began their comments for and against the favorite candidate. The deep-seated feelings of the spectators could not be suppressed, no matter how much they might try to do it. The little sea of delegates down in front rose and shouted as Rosewater pounded the gavel. There were protests of fraud and theft wildly shouted. The roll-call was by individual delegates in the various states, and each name of the 1,078 delegates was called. They arose and

responded in all manner and form of assertion, and the crowd cheered as the score changed one way or the other. The first five Alabama delegates voted for Root, but the sixth man rose and waved his hat and shouted "McGovern," which started real Roosevelt cheers. Root, Root,



ARTHUR I. VORYS

Root! rang the chorus—then McGovern, McGovern, McGovern! Before Arizona was reached, Francis Heney tried with a megaphone to interrupt the roll-call to object, but the roll-call went steadily on and the debate had closed. The great throng kept careful score, and each side cheered, hissed, or "booed" as unexpected votes were secured or lost. A new kind of convention "boo" that is a little more mellifluous than the old-time groan was introduced. Flinn of Pennsylvania had his delegation well in front, and his first flashing philippic of fiery denunciation was punctuated with nouns such as "thieves," "robbers" and accompanying adjectives. The Pennsylvania poll placed McGovern in the lead for the first time, 430 to 426. Flinn claimed that the alternate of a delegate voting for Root had more votes for Roosevelt than the delegate for Taft—and he flashed a certificate in the face of the chairman saying, "If you steal

this vote you will call no roll today," but among cheers, hisses and hoots, the roll-call continued. As the states were called and the votes announced, the climax was reached when the state of Washington cast its vote giving Senator Root 544 votes, four more than a majority, and the surprise came later when Wisconsin divided her twenty-six votes. The result showed that Senator Root was given 558 votes on the roll-call. Then the crowd began to

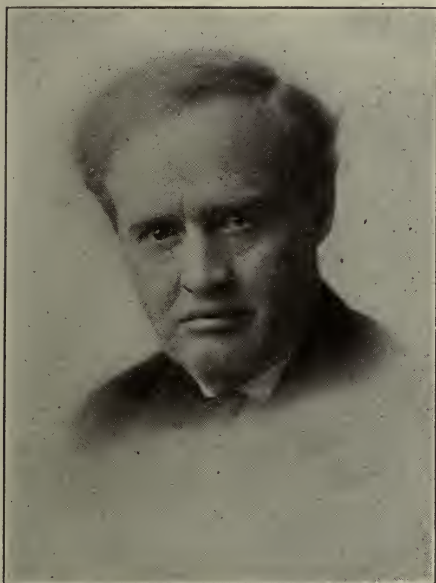


MR. AND MRS. TIMOTHY WOODRUFF
of New York. Mr. Woodruff was a vigorous Roosevelt supporter

yell itself hoarse with cheers and hisses, and the music of the band was submerged. It was a time for cool heads.

The big gavel, which looked like a small-sized croquet mallet, was handed over by Chairman Rosewater to Senator Root, who started in on his course of gavel gymnastics and proceeded to thank the Convention amidst the "ha-ha" of the Pennsylvania delegation, while Richard R. Quay, son of the late Senator Quay, shot

the last gun as he called out from down in front, "Receiver of stolen goods." In spite of the trying condition, Senator Root with his strong intellectual bearing soon had a respectful hearing. There was a quiet dignity and masterfulness in the man that soon had the convention in hand. The photographers shot off flashlights like saluting artillery to catch the scene of scething humanity at that concrete second. The keynote speech was delivered, and the speaker's shrill voice finally began to rise above the din of the great throng, and the spectacular first day of the Convention had passed, only to be lived over again in hotel lobbies that night.



GOVERNOR W. R. STUBBS OF KANSAS

In the boxes and gallery were distinguished writers from all over the world, who insisted that the one great sight in America worth going miles to witness was visible at the quadrennial national political conventions. There was Thomas W. Lawson gracefully waving his kerchief—a picture of enthusiasm; Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth in her pink-ribboned hat; and the wives of many distinguished delegates, all intent upon the scene.

* * *

The individual roll-call was analyzed forward and backward in discussions at

the hotels that night. Every vote was put under a microscope. "Statements" were issued every ten minutes coming from various headquarters. The undaunted Roosevelt and Taft leaders continued their conferences. Talk of a "third man" including the name of Justice Hughes came forth. In the spectators' gallery were the celebrated special writers of the country, each trying to give an impression of the great kaleidoscope. There was Doctor Albert Shaw of the *Review of Reviews*, sitting

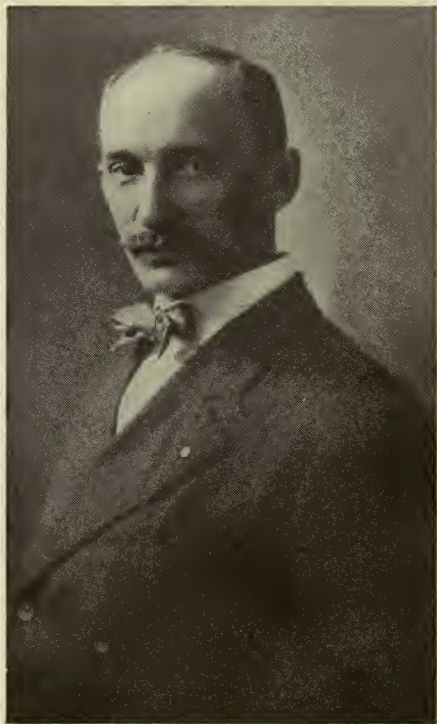


EVAN A. EVANS

The leading spirit of the Moffett studio, official photographers of the Convention

with his young son and pointing out the proceedings of the Convention. Trumbull White, of *Everybody's*, greeted everybody; Samuel McClure of *McClure's Magazine*, was taking notes, and Samuel Blythe of the *Saturday Evening Post*, peace advocate, kept insisting there would be no bloodshed. Then when an irate Texan bit the head off a beer bottle, he withdrew the statement and began another chapter of "Who's It?" There was Nell Brinkley in a fluffy hat, with a busy pencil sketching some demure creature. There was Nellie Bly, too, but the lion of the press gallery was William Jennings Bryan, who was enjoying himself to the full. He confessed to making

an error in quoting Biblical text in his first story. The readers missed the point. I met him at the pie counter, on three successive days, where he ate regularly three successive pieces of apple pie with a bottle of innocent but alluring-looking pop. It recalled the day I first met him, when McKinley was nominated at St.



GUS KARGER

The Cincinnati newspaper man, accounted the floating member of President Taft's Cabinet

Louis. He was only known then as the *World-Herald* man, but now he was world-famous as a thrice-nominated presidential candidate, getting ideas for the Convention later at Baltimore. He was given an ovation wherever he appeared. In his article he insisted that the spectators got their money's worth at Chicago. He felt that he could appreciate it all because he was not so deeply concerned in the result as to make him blind to the amusing side of the picture. Consequently Mr. Bryan did all his laughing at Chicago. Senator Bradley of Kentucky was hectored with "Lorimer" jibes. Every man who had

an idea in that great forum must have a voice to express it against tumult or he was lost. It was one great paean of "free" speech, with the accent on the "free." The crowd seemed to have no mercy.

It is amusing to read over the newspaper accounts in these later days and review the positive statements made by political prophets all gone awry. One never realizes how swiftly time passes in reading a newspaper giving the reflection and glory of the passing hour.



CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

What would a Republican Convention be without his smiling face?

After the first day there was much talk of "bolting," but the party doors were already bolted and oratorical lightnings still flashed at the evening meetings at the hotel. In his room Colonel Roosevelt directed the battle by 'phone and had the hotel all to himself during the proceedings at the Coliseum.

* * *

The second day found the throngs gathering early. Chairman Root had begun his

practice in rapping the gavel, and it had a senatorial clatter. Epithets were the common burden of conversation and argument. It was evident that Governor Hadley of Missouri was the oracle of the Roosevelt champions, with Jim Watson of Indiana, as the "big chief" on the oratorical battery for Taft. The chief concern of the chairman was to maintain order and clear the aisles, and the battalion of helmeted police incessantly muttered "keep moving." When the cheering would start, the aisles would surge and soon fill up despite the blue-coated men.

* * *

Looking back over Convention days, it is interesting to recall thrilling moments. While Jim Watson was talking, he made reference to Governor Hadley, who had become quite the hero of the great audience. This was the signal for starting a great demonstration in his honor. The crowd cheered and cheered. The two valiant young warriors stood together on



HON. JAMES WATSON OF INDIANA
The Floor leader of the Taft forces

around that great amphitheater and see men and women aroused to a frenzy of applause that would put college boys to shame, and to see staid "leading citizens" heading the cheerers, was an indication of American enthusiasm that was exhilarating. One dear old lady from Missouri who could hardly stand erect pointed feebly but proudly to the young Governor as he stood on the platform waiting for



HON. CHARLES D. HILLES
Unanimously elected campaign manager of the Taft campaign, following his efficient service to the President as his secretary

the platform. Suddenly the demonstration took a veer to a Roosevelt ovation. The usual lady in white appeared in the gallery with a bouquet of pink roses at her belt and a Roosevelt lithograph in her hand, and turned the tide for Roosevelt, and as the crowd applauded she was brought to the delegate floor and the crowd cheered and cheered as she was raised to the platform. The Missouri people felt that their favorite son's boom had been appropriated, but the cheering went on the same. To look

the demonstration to subside, for the cheering would start like a wave around the building and almost die out, then start again and die away, to be again renewed. There were many hoarse voices because of that vocal expression of the auditors. The standard guidons of the state were nailed down fast, but that did not prevent the mob from taking the horizontal signs and dancing them up and down over the heads of the crowds. The sergeant-at-arms, Colonel Stone, was on the hurricane deck. When the Hadley demonstration began there was talk of a compromise ticket of "Hughes and Hadley," and the alliterative sound took with the crowd as it passed around, but all such demon-

strations have an end, and the "old heads" did not seem ruffled when the votes were anchored.

* * *

That night a portion of the Roosevelt members of the Credential Committee withdrew before the chairman had called to order—and then some came back. The scene of interest shifted back to the rooms of the National Committee, where Senator Newell Sanders of Tennessee,

depended on the success of his candidate. What made men stand around and talk about what other men said, staying hours and hours around a hotel with one Roosevelt leg and one Taft leg until everyone turned in because he forgot he was tired. The little buttons with the "hat in the ring" were among the interesting souvenirs. In the hotel lobbies it was Governor, Senator, Congressman or plain Jim and Tom this or that. Rows reported among delegations



PRESIDENT TAFT AND SENATOR ROOT

After one of those consultations that marks a firm, personal, political friendship

A. H. Estabrook of New Hampshire and Senator Borah had put in long hours on the contest. Ormsby McHarg was here, there and everywhere—with the other side watching. The Committee continued in session all night without interruption. Statements were coming thick and fast. Colonel Roosevelt came forth every night with a speech in the Florentine Room. In the park outside the bands played furiously. Glee clubs sang and everyone was as interested as if his life

and rumors that the Southern delegates would not stand by the roll-call seemed to be little feared by the Taft men. Millions of words flashed out over the wires, giving a kaleidoscopic record of almost every second of the Convention.

* * *

George Ade, in the role of a real "county chairman," sat in the press gallery "pen in hand," writing just as he used to write in the old days with a lead pencil and yellow paper for the *News*. He even

reached the heights of a political prophet. He compared the Convention building to the largest bowl in the world filled with flowers, hung with silk flags all around and sprinkled with sunshine, and called it the Coliseum, only he thought the flowers

deck of the Speaker's arena let his voice ring out in that same jovial twang as at the banquet table. Job was as patient as his namesake, but could not resist his little jab of satire, and the great audience caught on—much to his surprise. He



C. P. TAFT, BROTHER OF PRESIDENT TAFT, AND ARTHUR I. VORYS
In one of their pleasant moods

and everything might suggest a Maude Adams matinee instead of a fierce political massacre.

It was fascinating to study people sitting upon hard chairs and boards for hours without the slightest inconvenience, even forgetting to slip downstairs for a sandwich and a piece of pie. Job Hedges on the poop

struck a defiant Taft note. "Boss" Flinn, instead of being the big blustering fellow imagined from that name, is a tall, slender man with silver gray hair, who keeps a cigar afloat in his mouth and sets the other fellows raving mad by glaring at them. Henry Cochems, of Wisconsin, the husky football player, who made a hit at the

Convention four years ago, threw his voice out in a ringing echo when he nominated McGovern. John McCutcheon, the cartoonist, a slender, modest-looking young man who never seems to grow old, with his keen pencil and keener wits concocted the cartoons for which he is famous. On the platform with the National Committee sat Senator Crane, moving about from

distinctive figure. During the afternoon a lady would bring out of her capacious handbag a toothsome lunch and munch a huge sandwich as daintily as if it were a bit of chocolate. When the lusty shouters were not shouting, they were chewing gum, and one philosopher remarked that chewing gum is the real safety valve of American effervescence.



PRESIDENT TAFT AND JUSTICE HUGHES

The latter forbade the use of his name as a candidate against Taft

seat to seat, seeming to watch all ends of the hall from time to time and hurrying out for a conference. There was not a second that Senator Crane was not on the job with Director McKinley, planning on every turn for every minute of the convention gearings. Near him sat Governor Hadley, the Roosevelt floor leader, who held a position near the water tank on the rostrum. His Prince Albert coat and ministerial appearance made him a

It made a picture on the platform to see how Chairman Root, squinting and balancing his glasses on his thumb, was keeping time with the music. The agreement was to have three hours' debate, and the time was divided. Governor Hadley opened with his challenge. Former Senator Hemenway with upraised arm met the challenge of Flinn on the floor below as a choice sample of boss in Pennsylvania, —though not equal to Penrose—and told

the story of a Hoosier caucus in a direct, positive way.

* * *

In the great audience one found many men conspicuous in public life. There was former Secretary Cortelyou, who had held three cabinet portfolios, looking on coolly and surveying the scene with the practised eye of one who had begun his noteworthy public life as private secretary to President McKinley. Among the delegates from Pennsylvania was John Wanamaker, who later seconded the nomination of President Taft in a stirring address. He

repeated over and over again, until the momentum increased and echoed over the hall. Then the Taft men would take it up, "We want Taft," "We want Taft." There was no campaign song that seemed to last out the hour or the day. There was no "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too" to ring out a campaign cry. One gentleman at the Auditorium impersonated Colonel Roosevelt and shook hands with many people, who thought they were actually touching hands with the distinguished Colonel, but he did not attempt to sing. The bands would come



"SUNNY JIM" SHERMAN AND HIS FAMILY—FOUR GENERATIONS

seemed to be enjoying himself and was ready with witty reminiscences and good-natured retorts. The one thing lacking, as compared with all other conventions, was the old-time cheer for state leaders. There was only one cheered as he entered the hall, and that was former Vice-President Fairbanks of Indiana, and his busy time came when the platform was to be closed in a few hours. Many of the delegates were new men, and many young men who have yet their laurels to win, and some of the old leaders were received with jeers rather than with cheers.

One slogan that ran the rounds was "We want Teddy," "We want Teddy,"

marching down the streets in the evening serenading the Colonel, and from the second-story window on the corner of the hotel appeared the head and picturesque figure as he shook his fist shouting, "My hat is in the ring and will ever remain there." And the crowd cheered.

* * *

One delegate took the floor on the last day and grimly raised a point of order, and replied to Senator Root's inquiry, "I insist, sir, that the steam roller is exceeding the speed limit." The audience merrily laughed and shouted, while the little whistle reminding of the steam roller rang out amid cheers and laughter. Scarcely

had the prayer of Rev. John Wesley Hill rung out through the Auditorium in his peroration to Peace and praise of President Taft than the tiny tin whistles indi-



PRESIDENT TAFT AND HIS AUNT DELIA
Out for a walk

cating "steam rollers" chirped out. Some of the spectators rubbed sand paper to imitate the starting of the train, with all the vividness of a melodramatic tableau.

Around the telephone booths there were many indications of the "forgetteries" of the people. Outside there were tickets forgotten, and ladies in silks and satins waiting for tickets by the lamp post. "Which one?" was the question never answered. The police closed all the doors by an order from Chairman Root in his effort to preserve order, allowing no spectators to return after leaving their seats, and many a family circle was broken that day.

In the hotel corridors of the Annex and at the Blackstone mingled society women of Washington, New York, San Francisco, Chicago and almost every state and territory of the Union, and here were included many of the distinguished friends of both the leading candidates. An expert society reporter pronounced it the greatest gathering of society leaders ever assembled at a national convention.

In the midst of activities was stationed C. D. Hilles, secretary to President Taft, John Hays Hammond, and Mr. C. P. Taft, the elder brother of the President, keeping close watch of matters.

In the first day's speeches the old trained orators seemed to forget their phrases and became tangled with names. One looking out on the great audience could hardly wonder at it, for not only the audience itself, but the pent-up enthusiasm of the occasion seemed to inspire a different feeling from that of an ordinary gathering, and no one could prophesy what might happen in ten minutes with an audience in the convention fever. This led one Englishman to say, "Here is where your republic is a rope of sand. You have no control of yourselves. Your people do things in a moment of passion that they afterwards regret. I am not sure but that Lord Macaulay's prediction that a republic such as the United States could not prove a permanent success was not pretty jolly near the truth." The response was an irreverent "choo choo" that seemed to close all discussion.

The first Tuesday of oratory was the real bloodthirsty day of the Convention. There was Francis J. Heney of California, something of a scrapper, who made things lively. He brought a blush of defiance to the rotund face of Delegate

Stephenson of Colorado when he singled that gentleman out for attack. "Boss" Flinn blushed like a schoolboy when he seconded the nomination of McGovern for chairman and there was not even an invitation to an alley fistic encounter. William Seymour Edwards of Virginia was very militant in bearing when he seconded the nomination. Albert Bushnell Hart of Massachusetts, familiar with all the tactics of the armies of the United States, and with the past events in remote crevices and nooks of United States history—became flustered in the face of the great Convention, where twenty-five thousand political fans were hungering for real blood. There was a relief when they looked back at Hadley and Jim Watson standing ready for an oratorical knock-out bout. Back of Chairman Rosewater sat Congressman Olmsted of Pennsylvania as a parliamentary sponsor, ready with every suggestion on points of order, while the floor leaders on both sides were equally active with their maneuvers.

* * *

Saturday was the day of nomination climax, and while it was already felt that "the die was cast" in the withdrawal from voting of the Roosevelt men, nothing is considered certain in a political convention until the votes are counted. The arguments continued over the contested delegations, and as the reports of the Credential Committee were brought in state by state and debated, there was a hush when the final roll-call began. The clarion voice of one teller who announced the votes from the platform without a megaphone will ever be remembered—after orators are forgotten. At a Roosevelt conference the night before, it was agreed that the Roosevelt men should respond "present but not voting." This necessarily eliminated nomination fireworks. Warren G. Harding nominated William Howard Taft in a ringing speech, and it was during his speech that the climax of feeling was reached. A South Dakota Roosevelt delegate reached over and grabbed a Florida delegate by the head and scratched him until the blood flowed, but a doctor was promptly on hand from the Red Cross hospital in the building and dressed the wound, while the roll-call proceeded.

This incident was flashed out over the wires as one of the great riots of the Convention. Senator LaFollette was nominated by Mr. Olbrich of Wisconsin in one of those measured La Follette flights of oratory for which Wisconsin has been famous. As the roll-call proceeded, some of the Roosevelt delegates disregarded the Quaker edict of silence and voted for the Colonel. Others announced themselves "present but not voting," but there was an exciting moment when Chairman Root announced that in the poll of a state where delegates would not vote, the alternates could perform that function. Loyal Roosevelt men sat mutely in their seats and watched the roll-call progress.

The final roll-call began as the sun was setting in the West and shining through the great Coliseum windows. The chimes in the nearby church sounded strangely familiar. Suppressed excitement was at its height, because even then only those who were well posted,—and even they were on the anxious seat—could forecast the result. There was little wavering in the lines as arrayed in the initial vote for temporary chairman. When the vote for the state of Washington had been reached, the Taft delegates burst forth in cheers, realizing that the re-nomination of the President had been accomplished. There were fierce words and threats, but somehow the gleam of humor would come into the eyes of the antagonists as they left the hall.

* * *

The nomination of a vice-president was more or less perfunctory, as the intense interest centered on the presidential battle had submerged everything else. There was nothing more to be gained in a political way by the Taft adherents, who stood by the choice made by the New York delegation in the renomination of Vice-President James S. Sherman.

Late that night at Orchestra Hall a meeting was held and throngs gathered. Here the Roosevelt delegates announced their intention of forming a third party, a National Progressive party. A committee of seven was appointed to devise plans, and within the twinkling of an eye red bandanna handkerchiefs were brought forth as

emblematic of the "cowboy" or the "new progressive party," whatever it might be. This recalled the days when Thurman of Indiana was running for vice-president, but the kerchief was characteristic of their leader, Colonel Roosevelt, and had something of the free abandon and spirit of the West. They wore them on their arms and around their hats, but Saturday night there was a great rush for trains to get away after a strenuous week in which all business and everything else had been forgotten in the great Convention.

On Monday most of the delegates had returned home, but as early as Friday William Jennings Bryan had carefully packed away his brace of fountain pens and started for Baltimore with all the lessons of the Republican Convention in his mind to checkmate his adversary, Parker, as temporary chairman of the Democratic Convention. He did not succeed in doing this, but his subsequent work well indicated how he succeeded in dominating the convention at Baltimore. The character of the roll-call on the various states in the two conventions was very similar. It did not seem to indicate so much a breach between parties as between factions in each party.

* * *

In the Convention Hall Mr. Evans, the master spirit of the famous Moffett Studio of Chicago, kept the green radium lights aglow, and it seemed that every celebrity within the precinct of the Convention glare found his way to that studio. There were statesmen in every pose and posture, and the Moffett pictures have long since won international admiration.

The morning after the Convention the headquarters at the hotels were cleaned up of books and campaign literature. Buttons and badges were not carried away as souvenirs so generally. Three to six million dollars have been expended by the American people in holding their national convention, according to careful estimates.

Those who had come with "planks" for the platform and had felt the little force of the hammer and the screeching of the saw passed on their way. Samuel Gompers was in the lobby, wearing no badge that day.

The most spectacular speech incident to the Convention was when Colonel Roosevelt appeared in the Florentine Room at 1.30 in the morning and announced in staccato words, "As far as I am concerned—I am through." This was an appeal for the Roosevelt delegates not to recognize the national Convention as representative of the Republican party when the roll was called. He urged his delegates not to compromise. The crucial roll-call of the Convention was a vote made to table the motion by Governor Deneen barring delegates which the National Committee had awarded seats in contests. This would have then and there handed the Convention over to Roosevelt. This vote was 564 to 510.

* * *

Things were happening all the time that relieved the tension, and sometimes the joke was on the most distinguished visitors, which gave the cartoonists choice material and made the country laugh. One warm afternoon Senator Chauncey Depew slipped away from the hall and was chasing a piece of pie at the lunch counter. The waitress insisted on giving him peach pie. "Why," demanded the Senator, with much dignity, "do you give me peach when I ask not for it?" "Because, Senator, you are known to be a peach," she replied sweetly as the band played rag-time and the old-time echo resounded, "Chauncey am a peach!" When the band played "The Star Spangled Banner" and "America," the delegates and audience seemed to grow mellow and to forget in listening to the stirring strains of the national songs the acrimonies of the moment. These incidents soon dissipated the sneer of the cynic, for underneath faction and party differences there is the spirit of unity and patriotism made even stronger, it would seem, by the blows—given and taken—of political encounter.

* * *

The women delegates of the Convention attracted a great deal of attention when they responded to the roll-call in a strong and ringing feminine voice. It was interesting to note the active and enthusiastic interest of the women in the Convention. Senator William E. Borah was, perhaps, one of the most active and prominent

Roosevelt leaders, and when Mrs. Borah arrived it was soon discovered that she had the right to cast a ballot in Idaho. Mrs. Cecil A. Lyon of Texas insisted on the other hand that home was the proper place for women. Mrs. Pardee, wife of ex-Governor Pardee of California, was proud of the fact that her three daughters voted. Senator Dixon with his wife and five children made an interesting family party. The honor of calling the Convention to order was conferred upon Mr. Victor Rosewater, of whom his wife and family were most proud. Mrs. Rosewater insisted that she left all the voting with her husband, all her attention being absorbed in her family. It was a lively discussion.

* * *

One of the conspicuous newspaper men at the Convention was none other than Jud Welliver. He was pointed out as the individual that started all the rumpus and made the water run well under the bridge. There was speculation on every hand as to what this one and that one might do, and no man has been able to write more concisely on affairs political than the irrepressible Jud.

During the presidential nomination campaign many bitter words were spoken. It was startling indeed to see William J. Bryan cartooned so vigorously in the Hearst papers, and many old-time Republicans read with sad face the relentless attacks of the *Chicago Tribune* upon President Taft and the shafts thrust by the *Chicago Inter-Ocean* against Roosevelt.

Mr. Medill McCormick of the *Chicago Tribune* and Mr. John Callan O'Laughlin, Washington correspondent of the same paper, were the most implacable foes of President Taft. The influence of the *Tribune* upon public sentiment is quite as marked as in the days of its founder, Joseph Medill, whose editorial utterance was quoted by former Congressman James W. Tawney to support the position of the National Committee, disavowing the power of state sovereignty to compel all district delegates to submit to the unit rule of the state, no matter what might be the feeling or status in their own districts.

Conspicuous among the Roosevelt leaders at the Blackstone was Mr. Frank A. Munsey, owner and founder of *Munsey's Magazine*. He had his four daily newspapers in Washington, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Boston all training heavy Roosevelt guns. Mr. George W. Perkins was also on hand, grinding at things in his own quiet way. Mr. Gifford Pinchot and James R. Garfield, former officials in the Roosevelt administration, were active in their councils.

Henry Allen of Kansas read the final statement of Colonel Roosevelt before the Convention, in which the Colonel requested his supporters to refuse to vote for any candidate, and the statement brought forth the last lusty, defiant cheers for Roosevelt.

The Taft forces were equally loyal. At the center of activities was Mr. Charles H. Booker of Connecticut, a supporter of President Taft, who began early and continued steadfast until the nomination was officially announced. Glimpses of many old friends were caught in passing.

There was the familiar face of Elmer Dover, formerly Secretary of the National Committee for many years, and Perry S. Heath, prominent in the McKinley campaign, called attention to the similarity of this campaign to that of 1896. No one can tell what a trifling incident may effect a vote.

The rousing rally at the Iowa headquarters for Cummins as the third man was managed by his colleague, Senator Kenyon, and it looked for a time that a break would be made for a third man and that Cummins would be the man. At the meeting on Monday morning of the new National Committee the heated temper of the week had cooled down somewhat, and under a resolution passed by the Convention only members could serve on the committee who would support the nominee. But after it is all over, it is agreed that the Republican National Committee did its work conscientiously. The rumbles at Baltimore were already being heard. June was to prove a month of continuous performance in political conventions.

In the Baltimore Convention Hall *by The Editor*

THE PASSING OF NATIONAL POLITICAL CONVENTIONS



THE moment that William Jennings Bryan, with pale face, firm-set lips and a fan in his hand, grasped the rail in front of the platform at the Baltimore Convention, his dominating spirit was manifest. Although the vote on temporary chairman was a defeat, the peerless one had arrived fresh from the struggles at Chicago—ready to make a sacrifice hit. He was hailed by many delegates as one who had arrived with new and ripened experiences to lead on to victory, even after three unsuccessful campaigns for the presidency. He did not seem much like the picture of Bryan sixteen years ago at Chicago; he was much stouter and older, with his wavy black locks missing at the crown, yet he was in the full maturity of his strength and seemed determined to inspire that Convention.

The ninety New York delegates were the special object of his attack. From the hurricane deck he kept up his fire of oratory during the long convention with but one determination, to defeat the purposes of the New York delegates, even though he had to disregard his instructions as a delegate to vote for Clark. Once the sacred promise of the primaries was broken, the Convention became a struggle of endurance.

* * *

Baltimore was all aglow, and the weather was hot unto melting. The great Convention Hall presented an inspiring picture. During the previous week at Chicago the temperature was cooler in more ways

than one, but here the Convention delegates and guests alike doffed their coats, so that it became a veritable tableau of shirtsleeve democracy. The hall is not as large as the Coliseum but was handsomely decorated in gay colors. Large portraits of Jefferson, Jackson, and Washington, underneath which were displayed stirring epigrams, looked down upon the scene. The guidons of the states, instead of being horizontal as at Chicago, were upright and abbreviated at Baltimore. Most of the sessions were held in the evening, and the spectators enjoyed themselves with the same "bleacher" freedom as at Chicago, and were always ready for a stretch and a "demonstration" at the "seventh inning." It seemed like a great ball game, and most of the utterances of the chair had to be commuted to a megaphone to be heard across the sea of faces. Sergeant-at-Arms Martin in shirt sleeves let his watchful smile beam from the platform.

The trim and natty Wilson delegates with bands around their hats, "Win With Wilson," many of them strong-hearted graduates not long from college, seemed to feel in the magic alliteration the slogan of victory.

There was a large attendance from Washington, and foreigners looked with great interest upon every phase of the Convention. One diplomat, wearing the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, insisted that in the political convention was reflected the keen, aggressive efficiency of the American individual, but, he declared, these great

conventions also show why the American people can never work together harmoniously for the general welfare as do European nations. When Judge Alton B. Parker took the chair as temporary chairman it revived the memory that he was once a Democratic candidate for the presidency. He met the gibes and jeers bravely, and volleyed hot shot in his keynote speech.

In the early evening, as the crowds poured into the building, the policemen and gatemen had hard work to keep them back. The platform was small, but everyone wanted to get upon it. Among its occupants Senator Vardaman of Mississippi, with his long hair and suave manner, was conspicuous. The bands played, the people were in good spirits, and the hours seemed to pass swiftly as they do in any great crowd that is intently watching the game. The newspaper men with dainty pink badges sat on either side of the platform, and the messenger boys

He had the largest number of instructed delegates, but it became apparent soon after the opening that Bryan was bitterly opposing him. The keen-eyed Wilson men saw their advantage and kept pushing forward tactfully, vote by vote, picking



SENATOR JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS
Of Mississippi. An old-time convention leader



NORMAN E. MACK OF NEW YORK
Chairman of the Democratic National Committee

were shot catapult-like under the stage as the proceedings were relayed from the platform to the wire.

* * *

In the opening hours it looked as if Speaker Clark would have the nomination.

up one here and there and ever making progress. The real, dramatic scene of the Convention was on the evening that the nominating speeches were scheduled. Senator Ollie James was on hand as permanent chairman, and began the system of rapping, rapping, rapping, which suggested to one hearer that the spirit of Edgar Allan Poe, the author of "The Raven," who lived in Baltimore, might be present. When the figure of Bryan appeared on the rostrum there was wild cheering. He held no fan in his hand this time, he did not enter the oratorical contest then subsiding, but held in his hand a resolution, and with his voice ringing out over the auditorium he declaimed it, reading out of the party then and there any candidate having the support of the New York delegation, or of J. Pierpont Morgan, August Belmont, or Thomas F. Ryan. Mr. Ryan was present on the floor as a delegate.

The resolution, as introduced by Mr. Bryan, read as follows:

"Resolved: That in this crisis in our party's career, and in our country's his-

F. Ryan, August Belmont, or any other member of the privilege-hunting and favor-seeking class.

"Be it further resolved: That we demand the withdrawal from this convention of any delegate or delegates constituting or representing the above-named interests."

This brought forth a protest from the Virginia delegation. The question of states' sovereignty was discussed, the one delicate question among the Southern delegates. Former Governor MacCorkle, of West Virginia, shook his locks in defiance, but Bryan had made an adroit move, determined to win or to lose quickly. In the press gallery at the right sat Senator La Follette, an interested observer. The closing speech of the Great Commoner, though brief, with its "bond-slave" defiance, had in it just the sort of ring that recalled his famous "Cross of Gold" speech sixteen years ago in Chicago. The "fans" among the spectators almost ceased to flutter as the vote was called, and it was at once seen that no matter what individual



CHARLES MURPHY

The Chief of Tammany Hall, who aroused the bitter assault of W. J. Bryan

tory, this convention sends greeting to the people of the United States, and assures them that the party of Jefferson and of Jackson is still the champion of popular government and equality before the law. As proof of our fidelity to the people, we hereby declare ourselves opposed to the nomination of any candidate for President who is the representative of, or under any obligation to J. Pierpont Morgan, Thomas

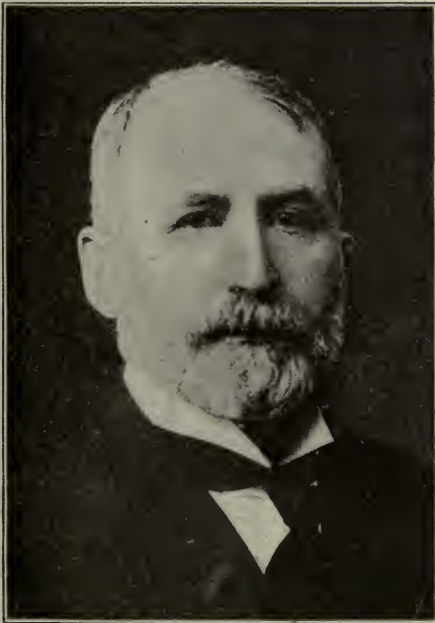


HON. OSCAR W. UNDERWOOD

delegates might think, they could not vote against the resolution. This was the flying wedge with which Bryan beat down his enemies.

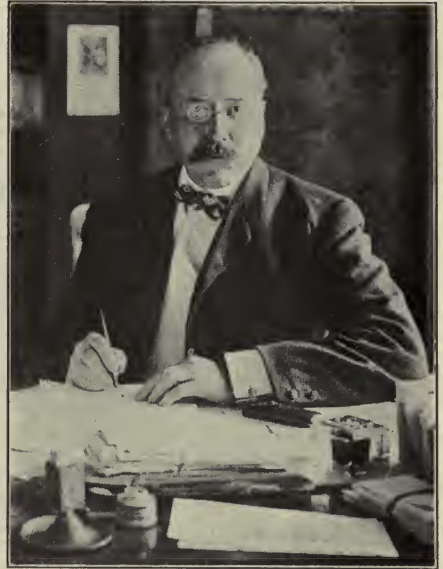
The nominating speeches did not begin until late in the evening and continued most of the night. The sandwiches and pop bottles were passed, and the crowds, some asleep in the gallery, others wearily dragging through the aisles, insisted on seeing it through. There was a demonstration from some quarter now and then to break the monotony. Oscar W. Underwood's was the first name placed in nomination for President, and his sturdy band of Southern delegates gave him a great ovation. As the night session drew on and collars became wilted and bedraggled, there was grim determination manifest among the delegates as the long series of roll-calls were megaphoned. To Mr. Bryan it must have seemed like a gigantic Chautauqua audience, and he realized the traditional perspiring weather for successful Chautauqua audiences. That is the

a large representation of Washington official society, including Mrs. William Howard Taft, who had come to witness the nomination of the man who was to oppose her husband. She seemed to enjoy it all and heard Chairman Ollie James pound



MAYOR GAYNOR OF NEW YORK
One of the dark horses at Baltimore

only condition under which people will remain in serried rows of seats for a long stretch of time. The speakers have to melt down to them. The Convention Hall was a veritable Turkish bath. In the boxes were many society ladies of the South and



JUDGE ALTON B. PARKER
Temporary Chairman of the Convention

away at Taft and Roosevelt both telling the truth about the other being the friend of trusts. The crowd cheered and laughed and Mrs. Taft joined with the rest. In response to a senatorial question she said, "It's very interesting, and I don't suppose I could expect them to indorse the administration of a Republican President, could I?" "Well, not exactly," laughed Senator Newlands as he returned her greeting. Ollie James was then telling about Colonel Roosevelt not finding all the wild beasts in Africa, but that a few were left on Wall Street. Mrs. Taft wore "a dream" of a purple hat, which became the cynosure of many admiring eyes, even if their object and intent on that occasion was to name a man who was to wrest from her husband the honor of President.

The tempo of the gavel clatter clanging away was a break in the monotony. Grim, and like a stone wall, sat the New York delegation as the roll-calls proceeded.

There was a wild demonstration when their vote was thrown to Clark from Harmon; but it was not enough to daunt the Wilson line. The break in the Clark lines came, and Bryan battered at "the ramparts of predatory wealth" and widened the breach irrevocably. Wilson was picked as the favorite at this point, and the enthusiasm

Colonel Harvey who first launched Woodrow Wilson for the presidency. He was wearing his large horn spectacles, had a cigar in his mouth, and sat erect, with a thoughtful face—perhaps thinking of the presidential nominee he had made possible, and of the consummation here and now of the work he began in *Harper's Weekly*.



SPEAKER CHAMP CLARK

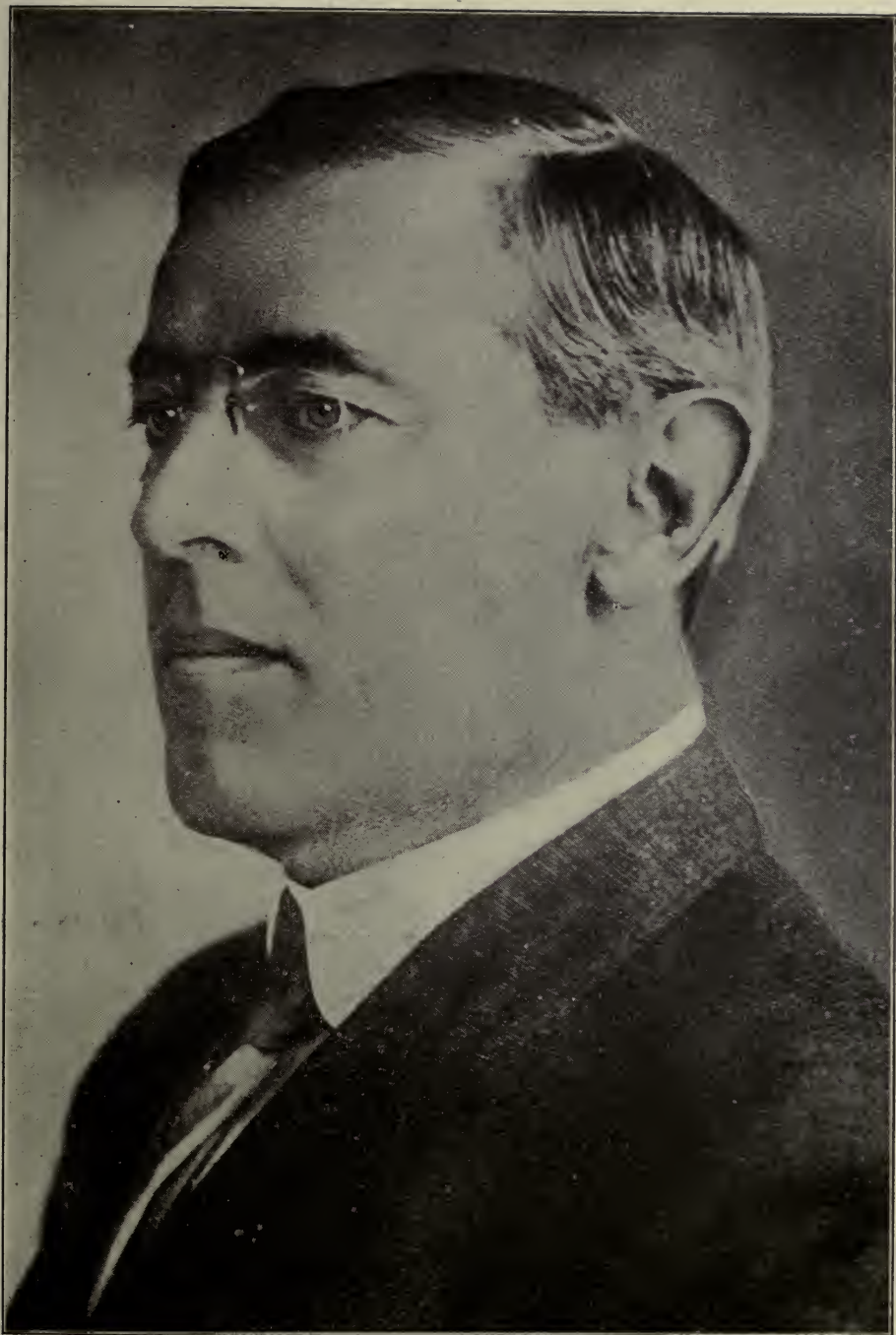
And the hat which his admirers felt sure was of presidential size

of his boomers incited other incipient demonstrations. At one time the delegate floor was filled with banners for Clark, Wilson, Foss, and Underwood with proclamations inscribed to influence votes.

* * *

When the great Wilson demonstration was at its full tide, I looked with interest upon Colonel George Harvey, who sat directly in front of me, and I was wondering what he was thinking of, for it was

As Bryan passed in and out of the hall, a little ripple of applause would follow in his wake, and it was thus always easy to trace the leader's movements. I met him after his resolution had passed as he came down the platform perspiring, but with face aglow, grasping the hands of friends, feeling he had made the greatest achievement of his life to hold his votes in line. A sense of humor pervaded the whole assembly, including the galleries,



DR. WOODROW WILSON

NOMINATED BY THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY FOR PRESIDENT AT BALTIMORE CONVENTION

as the roll-call proceeded "over and over again," like the words of the popular song. Prominent at such times were the figures of Senator Stone and Governor Francis of Missouri, fighting with all their vigor for the Missouri man. The glittering arc-



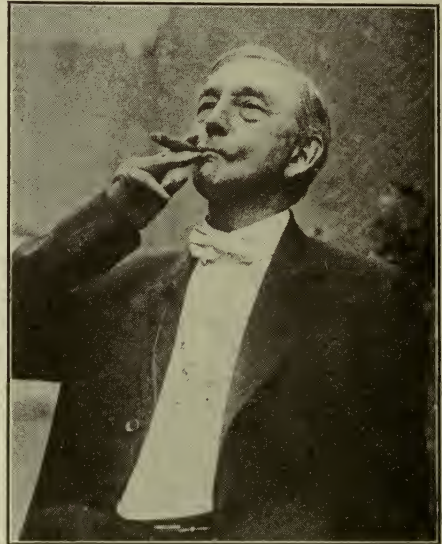
MR. AND MRS. PERRY BELMONT
Of Washington and New York. Among the prominent society folks who attended the Convention

lights overhead spluttered and the Convention sweltered and sweltered, and the delegates voted and voted again.

* * *

Saturday evening approached, when it was realized there could be no break, and an adjournment was planned for Monday morning, in the hope that a conference might pull things together. The veteran Senator Tillman was taken ill during the Convention, and John Sharp Williams displayed some of his old-time fervor as he stood upon his seat and hailed the chairman from the Mississippi delegation. Politics is a part of the great sporting life of America, and there was just enough change in the ballots to whet interest, but as the names of the states were called again and again, one could not help but be impressed with the glory of the nation, even if the teller would sing out "Hay-why-you" for Hawaii,

and Ar-izo-nay. Every little slip in pronunciation was caught up by the crowd, and sometimes the name of a state was as indefinite as the stations announced by railway brakemen, but when the caller shouted "New York!" there was something snappy, staccato, positive and final in his tone, and the vote came in response "straight from the shoulder" as a unit. In front of the great speaker's gallery the ladies had pinned their hats to the bunting, and it looked like a millinery array. There were many expert press-writers in Section 11, including George Fitch and Finley Peter Dunne, the imitable "Dooley." Down in front was Judge Cato Sells with the solid forty delegates from Texas, the largest single solid state delegation on the Wilson list. Ballot after ballot was taken, and never once did the Texas line break. Among them was Congressman Henry, loaded with his money trust resolution. The splendid work of Judge Sells in the primary cam-



SENATOR WILLIAM J. STONE
who managed the Clark campaign

paign made the vote of the Texas delegation a Gibraltar of assurance for the candidate at Sea Girt, New Jersey. Speaker Clark was induced to come over to the Convention City after the Bryan break, and this was not good for his cause.

"Champ should have remembered the fate of the Colonel at Chicago," said one of his friends afterward, for it seems to be a peculiar irony of conventions, with few exceptions, not to nominate a man who is present. Distance seems necessary to lend a political enchantment for nominating purposes.

One day was entirely devoted to regular old-fashioned oratory. There was Congressman Clayton of Alabama and there was Johnson of Texas, but the kingpin at Baltimore was Bryan, who was greeted with the song, "What's the matter with Bryan, his hat is in the ring." There was a similarity in the Conventions even to the character of the votes cast by various states. America has been called "the country of nine days," for nine days is about as long as one great excitement can hold the center of the stage. It is curious how quickly the heat and temper of conventions alter. When one party attacks another, partisan spirit and blood begin to resent it and form opposing lines.



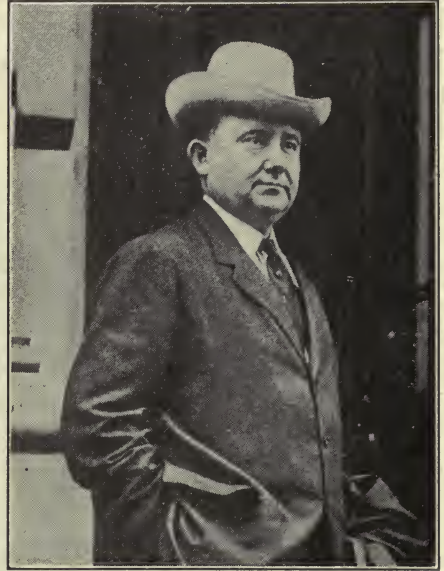
JOHN W. MARTIN
Sergeant-at-Arms

The feeling of Bryan at the start was that the so-called progressive vote of the country must be bid for, and bid for high by the platform and candidate, but in the crowded hotels at Baltimore there was a seething mass of temper which has made

breaches in the party quite as big as those formed at the Convention in Chicago.

* * *

Proud was the man at Baltimore who possessed the little brown pasteboard



CONGRESSMAN MARTIN LITTLETON
Of New York, prominent in convention activities

signed by Josephus Daniels which gave him the run of the floor and the press gallery. The result was a flashlight, moving picture style of reporting, which included flashing on the wire every detail of noise and rumble. The great spotlight of publicity was not only upon every delegate, but even upon the inflection of the voice as it was caught in answering a roll-call. It is not so much what is said at a convention as what is heard, and in almost the twinkling of an eye the temper of the great throng is turned from thumbs up to thumbs down.

The earnestness of the proceedings both at Baltimore and Chicago is a most hopeful omen for the future of American politics. It shows how the people are not only thinking, but expressing themselves. The singular fact is brought out that Clark, who had the majority of the presidential primary delegates for Baltimore, was defeated, and the same conditions failed Colonel Roosevelt at Chicago; and singu-

larly enough Woodrow Wilson won at Baltimore despite his defeat at presidential primaries, just as did President Taft. Future candidates may be wary of presidential preferential primaries. In reviewing the political conventions for the past twenty years, the one thing most noticeable is the gradual disappearance of the groups of prominent leaders. The blow struck by Bryan was to divorce business interest entirely from politics, or as one critic said, "make politics a business."

At the Baltimore Convention it was seen that the party at large had little regard for mere official authority in their ranks at Washington. The argument that Washington contained the logical, official and successful leadership of the party as exemplified for instance in the person of the speaker, was of no avail. The determined, aggressive and relentless cohorts of Wilson were there to nominate their man, and it is generally agreed that W. J. Bryan helped to knock down the persimmon.



A GROUP OF NOTABLE DEMOCRATS WHO WERE IN BALTIMORE FOR THE CONVENTION
From left to right—Urey Woodson of Kentucky, Mrs. Taggart, Tom Taggart of Indiana, Mrs. Mack, Senator Newlands of Nevada, and Norman E. Mack of New York

Senator Martine, Congressman Hughes of New Jersey, and the Wilson leaders and supporters included many of the commuters from New York City. New Jersey is undergoing a great political change because of the active interest taken in politics by the large residential population doing business in New York City. The old-time convention methods have passed. There will be some ingenuous souls who will immediately set to work to plan new ideas and sensations for 1916—or will the platform suggestion for a six-year single term for President prevail?

Every four years one has to revise his list of political bed-fellows. One state that comes forth with a rousing endorsement of Bryan one year, throws him out the next, and vice-versa. When he mentioned having back of him six million Democratic voters, he made an impressive statement, but there is always the inquisitive soul who will ask "When were they back of him?" The American voter, like a woman, reserves the privilege of changing his mind.

There was little to distinguish the two conventions either at hotel sessions or

in the convention halls. The assembly at Chicago may have been more sedate and even more orderly in its procedure, despite intense bitterness, but the enthusiasm of anticipated victory certainly created a spirit of lively interest at Baltimore. One cannot read the two platforms without being impressed with the fact that, after all, the American people all want about the same thing, but want it in a different way, through different parties, represented by different men. This is where the strong individual initiative of the American comes into play in



SENATOR LUKE LEA OF TENNESSEE
A prominent figure in the Bryan-Wilson campaign

contradistinction to the military and precise massing of forces as in Europe, to secure results without individual glory.

* * *

Delegates on the Pennsylvania line were brought into Baltimore from Washington through the stifling inferno known as a tunnel. Sweltering, suffocating masses

of people in the tunnel suffered tortures that would not be permitted by a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, but human beings are here exempt. Why it is that the interstate commerce committee, with the tunnel under its very



SENATOR OLLIE JAMES
Permanent Chairman of the Convention

nose, has never made a move to require the Pennsylvania road to give attention to this disgraceful matter has never been understood, and many delegates at Baltimore insisted that it is the one thing that ought to deserve a special plank in the platform.

The delegates as a body were fairly worn out under the aggressive hammering of the Wilson forces. The New Jersey delegates returned from their nearby homes after a quiet Sunday refreshed for the assault on Monday.

The closing session on Monday put a picturesque conclusion to the long, hard struggle of roll-calls. Roll-call blanks, as a rule, are of little use at a convention, but the hoodoo of fifty ballots was avoided. The cost at Chicago and Baltimore represented an outlay of millions of dollars, but it also represented through both political parties the great voice of the American

people. There was a stirring moment in the Baltimore Convention when a banner in the Convention Hall announced the fact that Woodrow Wilson was born at Staunton, Virginia, and was pronounced the most available Southern-born candidate. Although the older Dominion State delegates were opposing him, it thrilled them to realize that the state which began the history of the country as "the mother of presidents" was about to present her own again for the honor. When one

was about as interesting as the rush of arrivals. There were tickets to be validated, and sleepers to be secured, and the crowded throngs around the station indicated the flowing tides of humanity from every state and territory, including Hawaii, Porto Rico, Alaska and the Philippines, who had joined in the deliberations of the great conventions.

* * *

Of course he was there. J. Hamilton Lewis, now of Chicago, made a good



MRS. TAPT, WIFE OF THE PRESIDENT, AT THE BALTIMORE CONVENTION

As a guest of Mrs. Hugh Wallace and Mrs. Norman E. Mack, wife of the chairman of the Democratic National Committee

realizes that in these great conventions, the passing of a few moments of time determines a national policy, and an unexpected demonstration may make or unmake a President of the greatest democracy on earth, it is small wonder that delegates and spectators feel that hoarse throats are honorable distinctions as they return home feeling that the waving of hats and fans and the shouting have all played their part in the psychological moment that presented a candidate for President.

The rush to get away from Baltimore

presiding officer, and despite his national reputation for politeness and suavity, when he pointed his fingers at the gallery and said "boo," they kept quiet. He sweltered in neat attire, had an extra trim on those whiskers, and he rapped that gavel *allegretto con amore*. But he kept his coat carefully buttoned, and with a genteel bow commanded attention from the great seething Convention quite as effectively as did the ponderous form of Senator James.

One of the conspicuous features of the Convention was the parade of Suffragettes in Baltimore, with over a thousand women

delegates at the primaries. A few of the most enthusiastic Wilson supporters still believe that he could have carried the Convention in early days. The roll-call started with the names of Clark, Wilson, Harmon, Underwood, Marshall, Foss, and Baldwin.

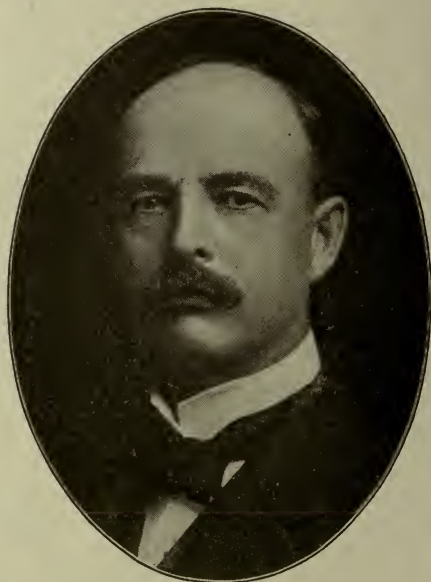
The Convention along in the wee small hours of the night session, when they were

in. There is the elderly lady, quietly plying her fan, who has witnessed the nomination of Stephen A. Douglas and is brave enough to tell it; there is the retired judge of smooth face and benign smile. It was a composite view of the nation itself as one looked over the faces of the delegates below, rimmed by tier on tier of spectators. The diversion that appeased the craving for political excitement seemed almost to demand the gladiatorial sports of ancient Rome. There is not a convention where scars are not left and public careers as ruthlessly snuffed out, as sacrifice to appease the shifting tides of public sentiment, which must always have its victim on the altar.



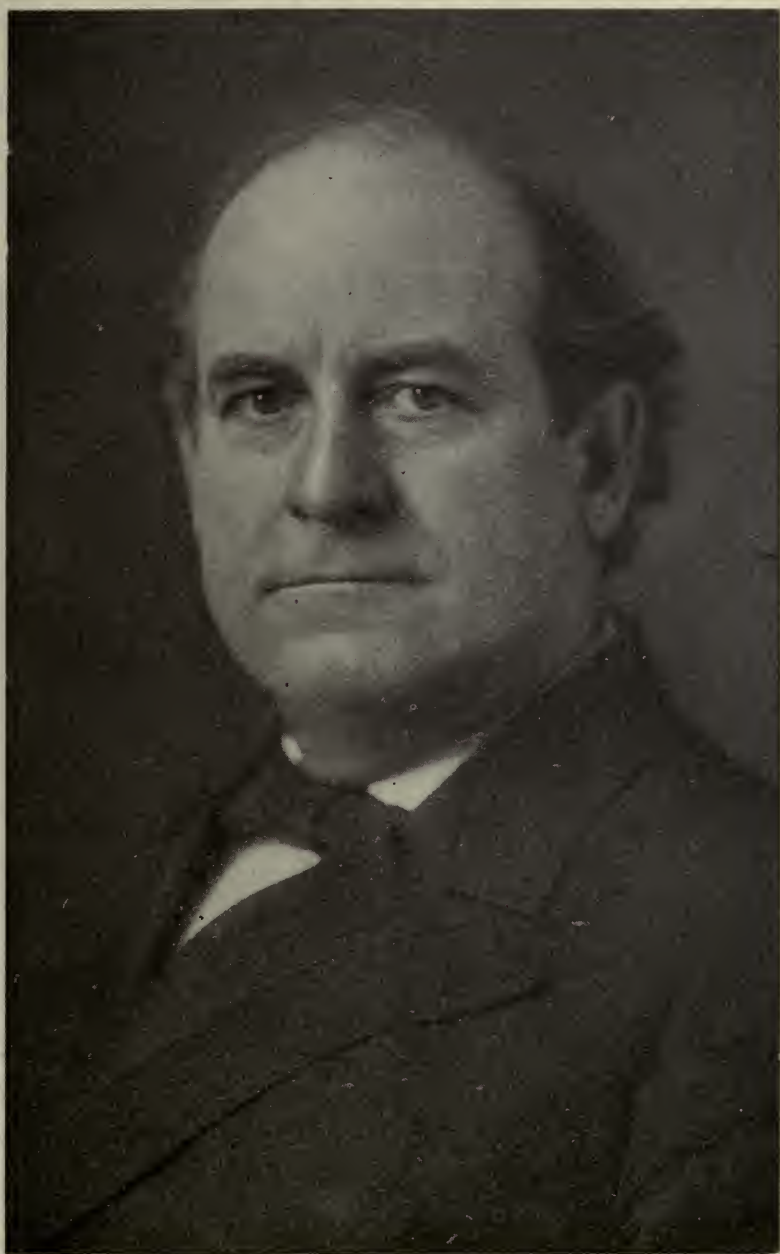
EX-GOVERNOR DAVID R. FRANCIS
One of the active Clark supporters at Baltimore

busy talking about the fifteenth ballot, was an interesting study. It was not easy to see how much more accustomed to political convention warfare were the delegates from western states than those of the East, and the query was put up to the fair-haired young lad known as George Fitch, who was trying to write his comical stuff, as the gloom of night was fading into the dawn of another day. The Convention is the great field of the cartoonist and special writer. There is a new picture in almost every point of view. There is the little girl whose father is a delegate, and the little boy whose uncle is a "prominent citizen," both standing with wide-open eyes just drinking it all



JUDGE CATO SELLS OF TEXAS
Leader of the solid Wilson delegation

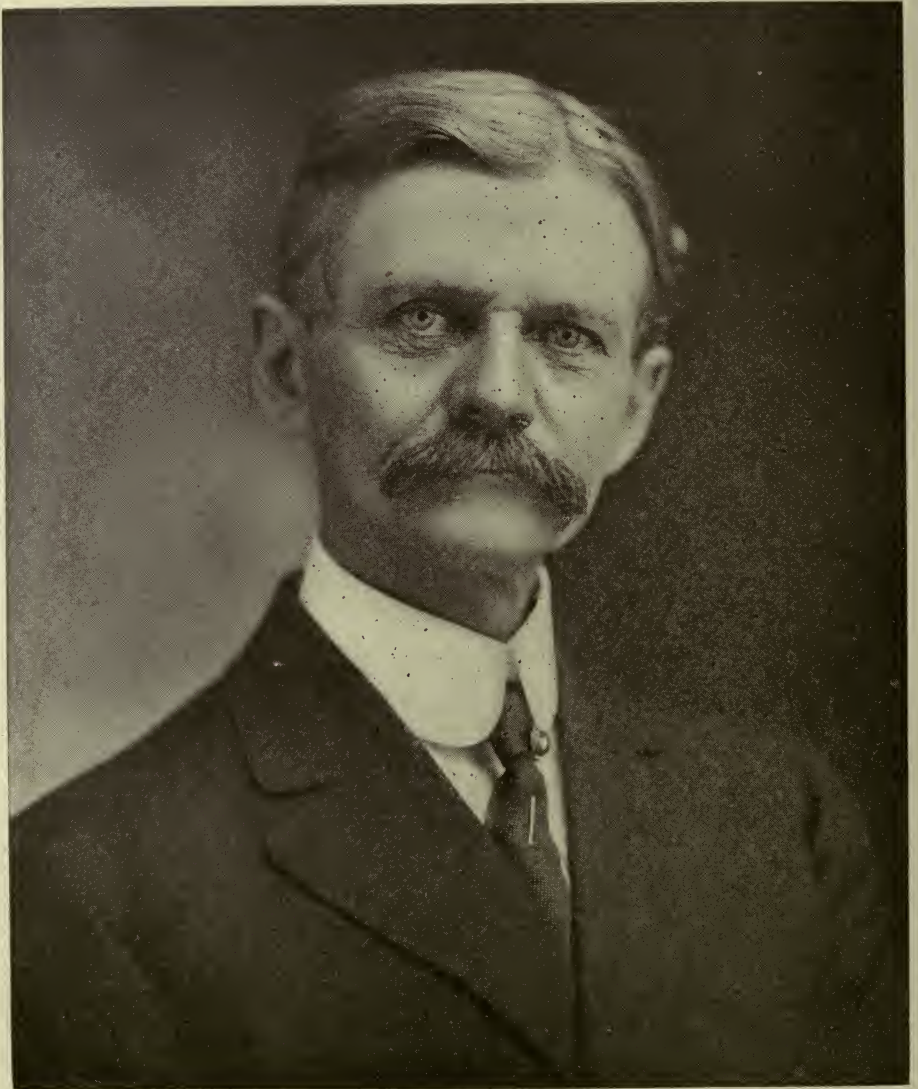
The passing of great political conventions in which the public will have its part is almost certain. Presidential primaries have come to stay, but they will have to be planned in such a way as to give a full, free and fair expression of the will of the voters, and this will have the effect in a measure of making the primaries even more important and essential than the elections themselves. Elections will prove more a ratification of the primary vote, and the boundaries of political



WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN
THE DOMINATING SPIRIT OF THE BALTIMORE CONVENTION

activity will be flung far out on the skirmish line of the primaries. The passing of badges and buttons, and the adoption of simpler ensigns for personal favorites is marked. The historian will have to look far afield in the files of newspapers and periodicals to find a record of political conventions before many more presidents are elected. This is the conclusion of one eminent gentleman who has written much on the science of government. After a

week's perspective, far away in the woods with the fresh-caught fish frying in the pan, the meadows a-flutter with summer breezes, and the scented woods of July throwing out their fragrance, one wonders why all this bitterness and strife! American people have a way of adjusting themselves to conditions, and it is difficult for one in just a calm frame of mind to understand why we must tear passion to tatters in merely nominating a President.



THOMAS RILEY MARSHALL
Nominee for Vice-President on the Democratic ticket

Wealth from Sunshine



Truman G. Palmer



THE UNITED STATES is paying \$100,000,000 or more every year for foreign sunshine. And this in spite of the fact that we have within our own borders all the varieties and degrees of sunlight, wind, rain and every other weather factor that anyone could reasonably ask. One would think that we might better keep this tidy sum of money at home now that international business conditions are none too favorable and the cost of living is steadily rising. Why not use our own stored-up sunbeams instead of paying this heavy tribute to other nations? If we must buy from other countries, let us buy what we ourselves are not able to produce to advantage.

This hundred million dollars annual expenditure for the concentrated sunlight of other climes represents in round figures the amount paid out for foreign-grown sugar, which is only carbon, hydrogen and oxygen, and comes from the wind, rain and sunshine which sweeps over the fields. There is no reason why this sugar should not be grown within the United States. In that case the \$100,000,000 that now goes abroad every year to pay for sugar would be distributed at home among American farmers and workmen and transportation companies. More important still, it would lead to a great improvement in agricultural conditions and an immense increase in farm yields, so that in this way it would benefit every citizen of the country.

The best proof that the United States is capable of growing all the sugar it needs is found in the fact that already half the entire national supply is produced under

the American flag. Of this, in turn, half is grown in insular possessions of the nation, Hawaii, Porto Rico and the Philippines, while the other half is produced in what may be called continental United States. Last year the production of sugar in the various states was over 1,700,000,000 pounds, or nearly twenty pounds for every man, woman and child in the country.

This is a great amount of sugar. It would be sufficient to supply the entire demand of the country if we ate no more of this product per capita than do the people of Italy or Spain today, or than we ate a few years ago. But Americans are greater consumers of sugar than are the people of any other nationality, with a single exception. As a nation we use vastly more sugar than any other people except our British cousins. It takes more than seven billion pounds of sugar to satisfy the American sweet tooth, or nearly one-fifth of the production of the entire world. This means that the average amount used by each person, man, woman and child, from one end of the country to the other, is about eighty pounds a year. The per capita consumption in Great Britain is about a pound more than this. Sugar is a great energy producer. It is recognized by the scientists, who have studied food values, as having a higher potentiality in this direction than almost any other article of common use. Undoubtedly the reputation that Americans hold of being the most energetic people in the world is due in part to the fact that they are great sugar eaters. At any rate, as our national life has become more complex and strenuous, the amount of sugar

consumed by Americans has increased at a very rapid rate. There is no reason to doubt that it will continue to increase in the future and that the national demand for sugar will advance more rapidly than will the growth in population.

Here, then, we have the greatest sugar market in the world among our own people. Let us see what equipment we have for supplying the market.

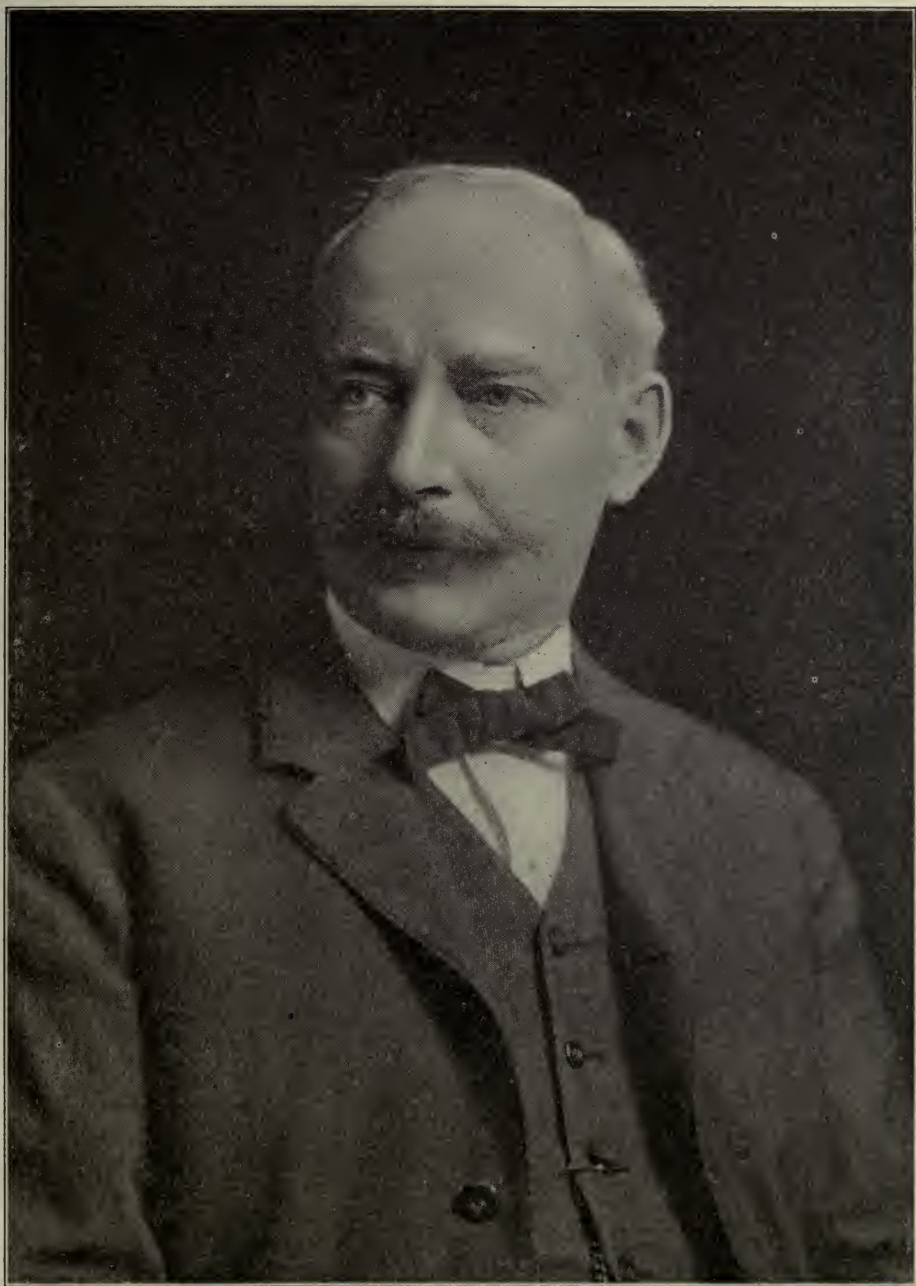
The United States is blessed with a wonderful variety of climate and soils. It can grow all the crops of the temperate zones and many that are characteristic of sub-tropical regions. It is one of the very few great independent nations that can grow sugar-cane at home. For a hundred years and more the making of sugar and molasses from cane has been the great agricultural industry of Louisiana. Within recent years it has spread along the Gulf Coast into Texas. There have been wide fluctuations in the extent of the crop, but the present annual production of sugar in this part of the country rests at about 700,000,000 pounds. Louisiana is just entering on vast drainage enterprises that will add millions of acres to her farm lands and will multiply the acreage available for cane growing. In Texas the sugar area can be greatly extended. South Carolina, Georgia and all the southern states bordering the Gulf are capable of becoming sugar producers, and were sugar producers in ante-bellum times. They still produce cane syrup to the value of \$25,000,000 a year.

But sugar-cane, important and valuable as it is, today supplies hardly half the sugar used by the world. Within the past century a new means of satisfying the universal craving for sweets has been developed to wonderful proportions. The method of extracting sugar from beets was the discovery of a German scientist, but the credit for establishing the culture of sugar beets as a world industry belongs to Napoleon. In the course of his great struggle with England the Emperor of the French issued his famous decrees forbidding commercial relations with that country and specifically prohibiting importations from British colonial possessions from which at that time practically the entire supply of sugar was obtained.

Cut off from this supply, the price of sugar in France rose within a few years to a dollar a pound and threatened a revolt among his own subjects. Napoleon, however, had had eminent French scientists studying the sugar beet and experimenting to determine its possibilities. As a result of their investigations he was able to meet the difficulty by directing that ninety thousand acres of land in various parts of the country should be devoted to the culture of sugar beets. At the same time he called attention to the fact, discovered in the experiments conducted by his experts, that "the growing of beet roots improves the soil, and that the residue of the fabrication furnishes an excellent food for cattle."

In such dramatic and arbitrary fashion did the humble beet make its appearance as a factor destined to assume world-wide and mighty commercial importance. To Napoleon it was only a minor incident in his herculean struggle for dominion, but it stands today as the most beneficent single act of his career, for the demonstration that beet culture improves the soil and increases the yield of other crops used in rotation with this one has revolutionized the agricultural methods of the leading countries of continental Europe, has halted the flood of emigration that formerly poured out of these countries and has solved for a long time to come, and perhaps for all time, the threatening problem with which they were confronted, of providing a food supply for their people.

After Napoleon's downfall the Cossacks stabled their horses in the beet sugar factories of France, and in the chaotic conditions that followed but two factories survived. But the French peasants who had been driven into the culture of sugar beets by Napoleon's arbitrary decree had learned its value. Gradually the industry expanded. About the middle of the nineteenth century Germany took it up. With keen appreciation of the great service rendered by sugar beets in increasing the yield of other crops, the industry was encouraged by heavy tariffs on imported sugar, by bounties on sugar exports and in a variety of other ways. Soon after, Austria-Hungary, Russia, Belgium, Holland and other countries followed



TRUMAN G. PALMER

this example, and for many years the spectacle was presented of the greatest nations of continental Europe engaged in a furious struggle for leadership in the production of sugar, a struggle that became so bitter and so exhausting that in 1902 it was ended by an international agreement known as the Brussels Conference. This agreement is still in force, and in fact has been renewed within the past few months. Its existence is a striking

commercial importance. The earlier period was an experimental one when Americans were learning how to build and operate sugar factories and under what conditions of soil and culture beets could be grown. This experimental period demonstrated that there is an immense belt of territory in the United States extending from New England in the northeast through the middle western states and then spreading out to embrace



CATERPILLAR ENGINE WITH PLOW AND HARROW PREPARING GROUND FOR SOWING OF BEETS

commentary upon the important and exalted position that the humble root, which gained its foothold only through the force of Napoleon's imperial order, has come to occupy in the minds of statesmen and economists of the Old World.

It was not until twenty years ago, long after the sugar beet had firmly established its importance in Europe, that beet culture began to be seriously attempted in the United States, and only within the past decade has it risen to a position of

practically the whole of the mountain and Pacific Coast region, all of which is thoroughly adapted to sugar beet growing. How rapid the growth of the industry has been in recent years is shown by the increase in the amount of sugar produced from beets, which has grown from 72,000,000 pounds in 1899 to nearly 1,200,000,000 pounds the present year, an increase of over 1,600 per cent.

At the present time the beet sugar industry is established in seventeen states

with seventy-one factories in operation and several others in course of construction. Half a million acres are planted to sugar and \$45,000,000 is distributed to farmers, laborers, transportation companies and sellers of supplies in the operations connected with the making of beet sugar. How far this is from representing the sugar-producing capacity of the country is shown by the fact that the area estimated by the Department of Agriculture as

terred capital and enterprise from embarking in the business; the disinclination of the farmers of the country to take up new crops; the scarcity of labor for the cultivation and handling of the crop; and a persistent belief, which even now finds occasional expression, that sugar beets are "hard on the land," that they quickly exhaust the fertility of the soil and that for this reason they are an undesirable crop for the farmer to cultivate.



PLANTING SUGAR BEETS—SOWING THE SEED

adapted to sugar beet growing comprises roundly 275,000,000 acres, and that the use of one acre in every two hundred of this area for beet culture would enable us to produce all the sugar we now import.

Four factors have operated to prevent the beet sugar industry from advancing as rapidly as it should have advanced. These have been the constant tariff agitation threatening to destroy the industry by the removal of the tariff duty on imported sugar, which naturally has de-

It is truly remarkable that this opinion as to the effect of sugar beets on the soil should have gained general credence, considering that the exact contrary is the fact and that the knowledge of the good effect of the sugar beet in increasing the yield of succeeding crops was possessed as long ago as in the time of Napoleon, and yet I remember that fifteen or twenty years ago almost every farmer who grew beets for the few sugar factories then in operation insisted that sugar beets ex-



120-ACRE BEET FIELD OF IMPERIAL LAND COMPANY UNDER WINTER'S CREEK CANAL
(Taken August 13, 1911)

the year 1909, which is the latest year for which comparative figures are available, Germany was growing 30.5 bushels of wheat to the acre, to our 15.8 bushels, 28.8 bushels of rye to our 16.1 bushels; 39.5 bushels of barley to our 24.3 bushels; 59.0 bushels of oats to our 30.3 bushels; and 208.9 bushels of potatoes to our 106.8

bushels. While the United States had achieved an average increase of 2.6 bushels to the acre in four staple cereal crops during a quarter century of agricultural progress, Germany had made an average gain of 16.6 bushels to the acre in the same crops. The German farmer, with the assistance and encouragement of his



HARVESTING 80-ACRE FIELD OF BEETS RAISED BY J. C. CLARK, SCOTTSBLUFF, NEBRASKA
Farm "F" (Taken October 18, 1911)

businesslike even though it be a paternal government, advanced the yield of his acres by an amount nearly approaching the entire yield of American farms in the same crops. And it must be remembered in this connection that the Germans were dealing with lands that had been tilled for centuries, while in the United States

millions of acres of virgin soil were brought under the plow during this period. In this country the cry is all for new land, but in Germany the exact contrary is the case. The old lands are most highly esteemed and yield the largest returns.

As to the part played by the sugar beet in bringing about this great increase in



PILED BEETS, SCOTTSBLUFF BEET DUMP, SCOTTSBLUFF, NEBRASKA
(Taken October 18, 1911)



CATTLE FEEDING ON BEET PULP, UNION SUGAR COMPANY, BETTERAVIA, CALIFORNIA

the productivity of German farms, no sounder opinion can be given than that of Professor Dr. von Rumker, professor of agriculture in the University of Breslau, a recognized German authority on agricultural conditions. Writing in 1903 he said:

"The high yields of cereals and other grains in beet regions dated from the introduction of rational sugar beet cultivation. Sugar beet culture is without doubt the direct and indirect cause of the increase in gross and net yields of the entire agriculture, and, therefore, also of the soil values in the regions touched."

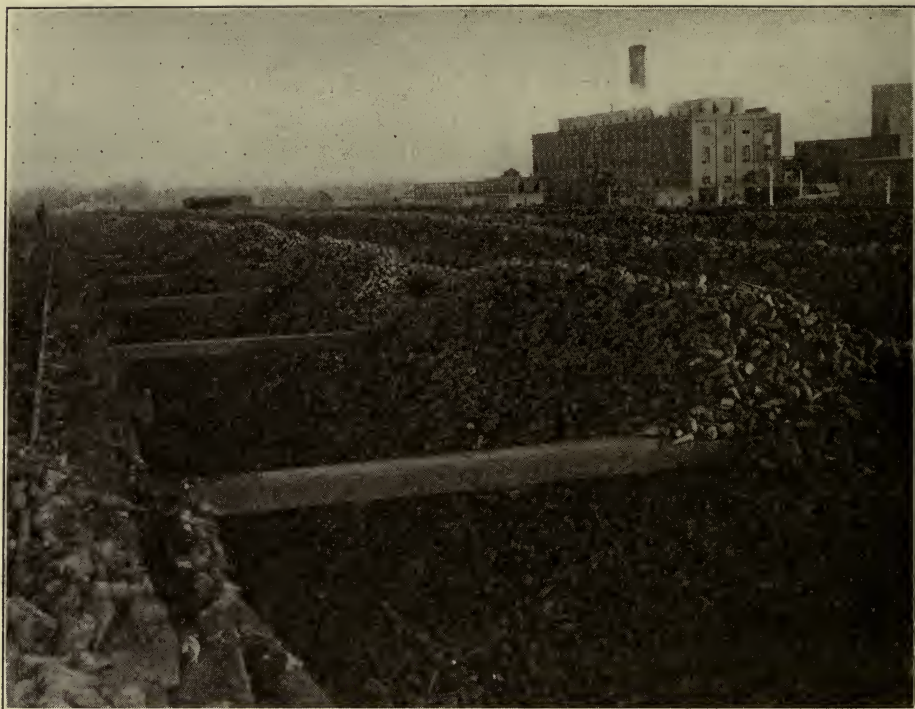
In France and Austria-Hungary the sugar beet has performed a like useful service in improving agricultural conditions and increasing land values. The only difficulty in finding figures to prove the benefits of sugar beet cultivation to other

branches of agriculture arises from the fact that these advantages are so well recognized that it is no longer deemed necessary to support their claim by statistical records. As one leading agricultural authority said to me: "There is no more reason for proving the benefits of beet culture than for making a survey to determine the distance from Berlin to Vienna. Both are thoroughly established and admitted."

When sugar beet culture was introduced in Europe, their farmers were practicing what is known as the "three crop system" of rotation—three successive cereal crops, followed by one year of fallowing, in order to rest the soil and to enable them to pull out the dense growth of weeds by hand. They were plowing but three to four inches



PATTENING LIVE STOCK ON BY-PRODUCTS AT BIG SUGAR FACTORY



20,000 TONS OF SUGAR BEETS PILED UP IN FRONT OF COLORADO FACTORY

deep, and the fertility of the thin layer of loose surface soil was all but exhausted. The grain roots were unable to penetrate the hard soil underneath, and could they have done so, it would have been of no avail, for, containing no humus and not having been aerated, it was not fertile.

Being a deep-rooter, a prerequisite to sugar beet culture is that the soil be stirred to a depth of ten to fourteen inches. The tender beetlet having to undergo the shock of thinning soon after it comes up, in order to leave but one beet in a place, it demanded a well-prepared, mellow seed-bed. Gathering the sugar in its leaves from the atmosphere by the aid of the light and storing it up in the root, it would not thrive if the light were cut off through being shaded by weeds, and their eradication meant not only a further stirring of the soil by cultivation and hoeing, but that they were removed before going to seed, thus leaving weedless fields for succeeding crops. Being plowed out in the autumn gave an extra fall plowing, which left the land in condition to absorb

instead of shed the fall and winter rains, and store up the moisture for the following season's crop. With the removal of the main root, myriads of fibrous roots were broken off and left in the soil to an average of a ton to the acre, and in rotting, they not only deposited humus in the lower strata of soil, but left minute channels through which it became aerated, and hence fertile. The roots of subsequent crops followed these interstices and drew nutriment from two and three times the depth of soil formerly reached, and hence the farmers doubled or trebled their soil without increasing their acreage.

It all seems very simple, but we have been a whole century in discovering it, and many of our farmers still are in ignorance of it.

In England, which in the past has not practiced the cultivation of sugar beets, similar agricultural advantages have been obtained by growing mangolds and other root crops which serve a like purpose. The disadvantages of those crops are, however, that they bring no direct cash return

and can be utilized only by feeding them to cattle and sheep, whereas the sale of the sugar from his beet crop brings to the farmer a profitable return and he still has in the residue a stock feed of the highest value. Appreciation of this fact has led such British agricultural authorities as the Earl of Denbigh to labor for the introduction of the sugar beet into England and at the present time the industry has been started and is being pushed vigorously.

What Germany and the other countries of Europe have accomplished on a large scale in increasing the food supply provided by their farms, we in the United States have been able to accomplish on a small scale in the limited areas in which the growing of sugar beets has been introduced. It is one of the indictments of American agricultural methods that very few farmers keep accurate records of the yields obtained from their various crops, but I have been able, by circulating blank forms requesting information on this subject among a large number of farmers in different parts of the country, to secure figures showing the improvement in yield that has come from the use of sugar beets in rotation with

other crops in every section of the country where sugar beet culture has been introduced. The results of my inquiries, averaged and arranged in tabular form, show the yield of five staple crops in bushels per acre, before and after the cultivation of sugar beets, together with the percentage of increase, as follows:

	Before Beet Culture	After Beet Culture	Per cent Increase
Wheat.....	28.88	43.07	49.1
Corn	41.6	53.1	27.6
Oats	40.9	60.6	48.1
Barley.....	38.97	59.4	52.
Potatoes ...	151.97	222.2	46.

A glance at the figures in the first column will show that the farmers from whom this information was secured were obtaining yields from their lands far above the average, even before they began the cultivation of sugar beets. They were producing nearly fifty per cent more wheat to the acre than the average American farmer, sixty per cent more corn, twenty-five per cent more oats, sixty per cent more barley and fifty per cent more potatoes. The very fact that they kept records of the results obtained from different crops shows that they were



SUGAR AWAITING SHIPMENT AT THE FACTORY



DELIVERING BEETS, UNION SUGAR COMPANY, BETTERAVIA, CALIFORNIA

careful and intelligent farmers. On top of this high average, however, they were able to add virtually forty-five per cent more to the output of their acres by including the sugar beet in rotation with their other crops.

From what has been accomplished by a few farmers in a relatively few sections of the country as a result of including sugar beets in their regular crop rotation, it is not difficult to estimate the results which would follow from the general adoption of this system throughout the country, as has been done in Germany. If all the farmers in the country were to follow the lead of their beet-raising brethren, the production of our fields would be doubled and between three and four billion dollars annually would be added to the returns from our five staple crops. This is an ideal rather than a practical result, for there are soils and sections of the country not well adapted to the

growing of sugar beets. If, however, we were able only to secure an average yield equal to that obtained in Germany from the area actually devoted to the five staple crops of wheat, rye, oats, barley and potatoes, leaving out of account entirely our vast corn crop, which benefits as much as any other from rotation with sugar beets, it would mean a yearly addition of \$1,500,000,000 to the present cash returns to our farmers.

Such an enormous addition, amounting to more than one-sixth of the total annual value of all our farm products, could not fail to have a marked effect in adding to the prosperity of the agricultural sections of the country. Not only this, but such a marked addition to the food supply would have the effect of helping to stay the rapid rise in the cost of all foods, which is assuming the proportions of a very serious problem. Under present conditions, with our exports of foodstuffs



BEET TRAIN, UNION SUGAR COMPANY, BETTERAVIA, CALIFORNIA

rapidly declining and our imports as steadily increasing, we are swiftly approaching the time when we shall no longer be able to feed our own people without the help of other nations. The only influence that can keep us from this undesirable position is a decided increase in agricultural production. The easiest, most practical and most efficient way of bringing about such an increase is through the better methods of cultivation such as will accompany the general introduction of

other countries in this respect. With all the advantages, direct and indirect, that would flow from the maintenance of our own sugar supply, it would seem that there could be no question of the desirability of following such a course. There would be no question except for the relation of the tariff to this industry, and the fact that a powerful, compact and highly-organized industry sees its continued domination of the sugar business of the country threatened by the continued



RECEIVING BEETS AT THE BRUSH FACTORY

sugar beets in rotation with other crops.

Thus the question of crystallizing our own supply of sugar from our own sunshine instead of purchasing the product of other lands is broader than the mere question of keeping in the United States, in the pockets of American farmers and laborers, the \$100,000,000 a year that now goes abroad to pay for imported sugar. It involves the far broader and more important question of increasing our output of agricultural products and maintaining our food supply at a level which will permit us to remain independent of

growth of the beet sugar industry, and has set itself systematically to the task of annihilating this dangerous competitor.

Every pound of foreign-grown sugar brought into the United States is passed through some one of the great refineries located at various points along the sea-board. So, also, is the greater part of the cane sugar produced in the southern states and in the insular territories of the United States. In this process of refining the impurities are removed from the raw sugar and it emerges with that pure white appearance that the American consumer

has been taught to demand. The refining business is concentrated in the hands of a very few companies, the largest and most conspicuous of which is the American Sugar Refining Company, commonly referred to as the Sugar Trust. For years this small group of refiners dominated the sugar business of the country, fixed the price to consumers and collected profit from practically every pound of refined sugar consumed by the American people. Occasionally war was declared between the Trust and one or another of its rivals, and prices were cut for the time being, but

beets are grown. Hence the beet sugar industry develops naturally in a series of independent factories or groups of factories. Monopoly is impossible, because nobody can control the supply of raw material. That is in the hands of the farmers. Any body of men who can raise the capital necessary to the erection of a beet sugar factory, a modest sum as compared with the cost of a sugar refinery, can embark in the business. And the sugar that emerges from the beet sugar factory is a finished product. It does not require the services of the refiner. It



FACTORY OF THE GREAT WESTERN SUGAR COMPANY AT BRUSH, COLORADO

in the end the public always paid the cost of these wars several times over, as the head of the Trust himself sagely pointed out on one occasion.

With the advent of the beet sugar industry in the United States, conditions were changed. The making of sugar from beets is both an agricultural and a manufacturing industry, but the manufacturing end of it, instead of lending itself to concentration in a few big units at seaboard points and thence to combination into a monopoly or near-monopoly, can be carried on to best advantage close to its base of supplies, that is, at scattered points throughout the territory where

pays him no tribute. Consequently there is today a billion pounds of sugar used by the American people on which the refiners collect no profit. If the foreign-grown sugar which we now consume were produced from American beets, the refiners would be cut down to handling less than half the national supply. Their profits would be correspondingly reduced. They would operate only a part of the time. Probably some of them would go out of business. Naturally they have given thought to the question of how they are to avoid this calamity.

There are but two ways in which the refiners can hold their continued sway

over the sugar-consuming public of the United States and fix absolutely the price of refined sugar. One is by the domination of the beet sugar industry. The other is by its destruction.

In the days when he was the dictator of the Sugar Trust, Henry O. Havemeyer tried the former way. He invested several Trust millions and other millions of his own in beet sugar factories. At the time one of his closest business associates

to secure the entire removal or a very marked reduction of the tariff on sugar. And they are seeking to bring to their support the consumers of sugar by a promise of lower prices for the product.

Frankly, the business of growing sugar beets and consequently the manufacture of beet sugar is dependent upon the tariff. The high rates of wages which farmers and manufacturers alike are compelled to pay, together with the higher cost of all



warned him that he was building up a competitor that would cripple or destroy the refining industry. But Havemeyer died before his plans had sufficiently progressed to determine what the result of his effort would have been had he lived. For reasons already stated, in all human probability even that master mind would have failed in accomplishing its purpose.

The refiners have turned, therefore, to the other alternative. They are seeking to destroy or to cripple the domestic sugar industry. They are doing it by attempting

supplies and equipment, make it impossible for them at present to produce sugar as cheaply as it can be made by the cheap yellow and black labor of the tropics. Even the continental countries of Europe could not have established this industry without the aid of tariffs. It would be well worth while for the American farmer to grow sugar beets even without any direct profit on account of the indirect agricultural benefits that follow, but it is futile to expect the farmer to see the situation in this light as it would be

unfair to ask him to assume such a burden.

As for the consumer, his gain from the removal of the tariff is highly problematical. The belief of the most competent authorities is that no permanent reduction in the retail price of sugar would follow the abolition of the tariff. A temporary reduction there would be undoubtedly until the domestic sugar industry was driven out. Then the refiners would have the consumer again in their own hands when prices would return to the present level or to a higher one.

Whatever reduction there might be temporarily, only about one-half of it would reach the consumer, for the reason that forty per cent of our sugar consumption goes into the manufacture of articles, the retail prices of which are not affected by the price of the sugar they contain.

If the duty on sugar were abolished and the full amount of the reduction were reflected in the retail price, each consumer would save seventy-two cents a year on his purchases of sugar. On the other hand, his proportionate amount of loss in revenue, which he would be compelled to make up in some other form of taxation, would amount to fifty-eight cents a year, leaving him a net saving of fourteen cents per annum, a sum which represents but a fraction of what he would save on the cost of other food stuffs through the more general introduction of sugar beet culture.

Throughout the sugar beet raising districts of the world, not only has the acreage yield of all other crops been enormously increased, but, due to the large

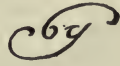
quantity and the high feeding value of the refuse material, the supply of beef and dairy products has been more than doubled, and thus through the inexorable law of supply and demand the influence of beet culture has been reflected in the price of meat as well as cereal products.

As determined by the Bureau of Labor, the average value of cereal, meat and dairy products annually consumed in a workingman's household in the United States is one hundred and eighty-six dollars for a family of five. It thus follows that if the general introduction of sugar beet culture affected the price of these commodities but one per cent, the workingman would save on these purchases two and one half times the seventy cents he might save on his sugar by removing the entire duty and thus crushing out the home industry.

This is the issue as it stands today. On the one side is the entire consuming public, which would reap a large indirect benefit, through the saving effected by the lowered price of all cereal, meat and dairy products, and the farmers of the country, who would be benefited directly through the doubling of their yields without additional expense. On the other stands the small group of refiners, fighting to regain a complete monopoly of the sugar business by crushing out their only competitor, which already so lowers the price of sugar to the consumers as to force the refiners to close their plants for three months of the year or operate at a loss. The decision is one which will be fraught with far-reaching consequences to the people of this country.



Fresh Fields and Pastures New For the Traveler



Rev. Francis E. Clark, D.D., LL.D.

(President of The World's Christian Endeavor Union)

THESE "fresh fields" are found in one of the very oldest parts of the civilized world, and these "pastures new" have been trodden by the foot of civilized man for at least four thousand years. But they are so old that they are new to recent generations; so ancient that their glories are only just being rediscovered by the inquisitive peoples of the twentieth century.

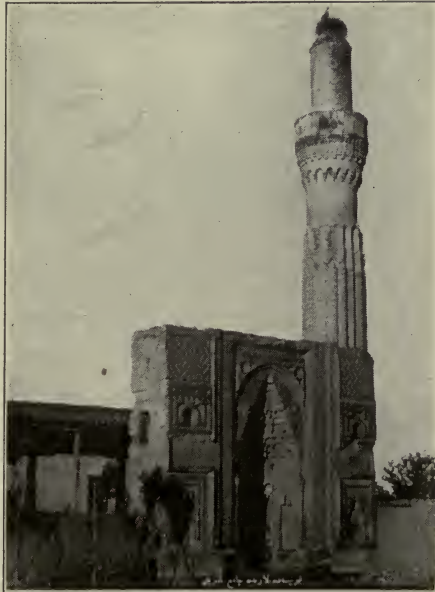
This fresh old country, which has been tramped over by scores of conquering and conquered armies, and where much of the world's history, secular and sacred, has been made, is the interior of Asia Minor, a country of supreme interest to the antiquarian and the archæologist, and of scarcely less interest to the everyday traveler, who makes no pretensions to special erudition along these lines.

Until recently it has been impossible to travel with safety or comfort in Asia Minor, and even now one must not expect *trains de luxe* or palatial hotels. But the traveler's lot is now so much easier than five years ago, under the old *regime*, that he ought not to complain.

Then, he was a suspected party everywhere, supposed to have designs upon the Sultan or upon the existing dynasty. He was harassed at every turn, at the custom house, at every frontier, when he left the country as well as when he arrived. There were certain words which he must not utter on peril of imprisonment, or something worse. He was not supposed to know, for instance, that there was, or ever had been, such a country as Armenia. He could carry no books, not even a Bible or a guide-book, unless he could smuggle

them into the country, and afterwards keep them concealed about his person.

Now, since the young Turks came into power, this has all been changed. The custom house examination is far easier than in New York. A passport, though important, is never asked for in the interior of Asia Minor. The officials, from the Vali, or governor of the provinces, to the policeman, greet you with a smile, instead of a scowl as formerly, and bid you make yourself at home, and come and go as you wish.



BEAUTIFUL SIABABA MOSQUE OF KONIA
Declared by Sir Wm. Ramsay to be the oldest city in the world

Indeed, Turkey is a new country, so far as the traveler is concerned, and the Revolution of 1908 has made easily accessible for the first time its magnificent scenery and its unrivalled antiquities to the stranger from abroad.

The railroads in Asia Minor are as yet few and short, and the time-tables of all the trains cover barely eight pages of the great universal railway guide published in Austria. Something over a thousand miles comprise the whole mileage of the railway lines of Asia Minor, English, German, French, and Turkish, and over every mile of these lines, with some few exceptions, I have recently traveled.

Short as these lines are, compared with the country that is yet to be opened up, they reach some most interesting cities, and abbreviate immensely the toilsome journeys I have made in former days, when three miles an hour, or thirty miles a day, was all that could be expected of even a rapid traveler.

The railroad now reaches such important centers as Konia (the old Iconium) and Angora, famous for cats, goats and mohair. All the "Seven Cities" spoken of in the book of Revelation, except Pergamos, can now be reached by rail. Ephesus, Laodicea, Smyrna, Sardis, Thyatira and Philadelphia, with their wealth of archaeological treasure, and their supreme interest for Bible students, are all upon the line of railway.

Of the "Seven Cities," Ephesus and Pergamos have been most thoroughly excavated by Germans and Austrians. Sardis, the old capital of Cræsus, is now yielding up its treasures to some American archaeologists, and rich and rare are the finds they have already made, including the foundations of a temple built by the old Lydian king himself.

But Laodicea, Philadelphia, and Thyatira, which are also doubtless rich in buried antiquities, have scarcely had a shovel of earth removed from their long-lost treasures. In Philadelphia, to be sure, the workmen, in digging the foundations for a Greek school, unearthed by accident some beautiful tablets and portions of statues, but no systematic search has ever been made for buried glories.

Other places of supreme interest in Turkey to the antiquarian, though not directly on the railway lines, are made accessible by the steam engine. Pergamos, for instance, with its magnificent ruins so thoroughly unearthed by German explorers after several years of labor, is but six hours by "araba" or on horseback from Soma, the present terminus of the railway. Lystra and Derbe, with their undiscovered treasures, are only six and seventeen hours, respectively, from the important railway center of Konia; and the striking and magnificent Hittite monuments and carvings can be reached by a journey of only three hours from Eregli, a station beyond Konia on the same line of railway.

These Hittite monuments at Ivriz are alone worth a journey to Asia Minor to see, for there is nothing like them in the known world. These monuments were carved by a people whose history recedes into the dim aisles of time until lost in mythology; a people who were evidently one of the great conquering races of the world, who wrote on the rocks in a language that cannot yet be fully understood.

The most remarkable of the Hittite monuments represents a god handing to the king or priest the products of the soil, great bunches of grapes and a handful of corn. These fruits of the earth the priest is gratefully receiving. The whole idea of the votive offering is here reversed, and the god is giving to the man, instead of man to the god.

The scenery about Ivriz is as charming as the Hittite monuments are striking and impressive. A stream of sparkling water issues full grown at birth from the ground a few yards from the monuments; and the gorge above the stream, which so suddenly breaks forth into the light of day, and the rich luxuriance of trees and shrubs and flowers, which mark the course of the newborn river as it leaps down to the valley, all combine with the mysterious monuments of a forgotten civilization to make Ivriz one of the most interesting places in the world.

But I will not take it for granted that all my readers are archaeologists, but will rather believe that most of them are interested in ways and means of travel in

Asia Minor, and the sights that attract the average man.

Railroad travel in Turkey is much the same as in other lands. The Bagdad railway from Constantinople, or rather from Haidar Pasha on the other side of the Bosphorus to Angora and Konia and beyond, is of German construction and equipment, and is as comfortable as any railway in the world, barring the through express trains of America and a few *trains*

cars, after the European fashion. The French line sticks to the old short compartment cars which, with their flat wheels, go clattering over the rails with a bump and a jolt at every turn that almost shake the teeth out of one's head.

On all the roads the pace is exceedingly slow, not averaging over fifteen miles an hour, including the stops at stations, which are often intolerably long; and none of the trains run at night.



TURBE OR TOMB OF SELJUKIAN TURKS IN KONIA

de luxe of Europe. The second-class cars are entirely comfortable, and exactly like the first-class save in the color of the upholstery.

The line from Smyrna to Ouchak and Soma is French, if I am not mistaken, and is much poorer in rolling stock, road-bed and stations. On this line the first-class cars are none too good.

The line from Smyrna east to Dinair is English, and is fairly comfortable, though the best cars are kept for suburban traffic. On this line the cars are more after the American style, with an aisle down the middle, while the German line uses corridor

The fares are reasonable, a little over a cent a mile for third-class on most lines, two cents and a fraction for second class, and between four and five cents for first-class tickets.

The fares are reckoned in piasters, and a piaster is a most elusive and unsatisfactory sort of silver piece. The Turkish pound or lira is a beautiful gold coin worth \$4.40, and at the railway station in Constantinople a hundred silver piasters are reckoned to the lira. In the stores, however, 108 piasters are equal to a pound, while in Konia you get 110 for a gold lira. Go a few hundred miles further

to Smyrna, and you find 182 piasters are reckoned to the lira, though in an actual trade you never get more than 108, for 182 seems to be a nominal and poetic figure, which makes you think you are enormously rich in piasters until you attempt to make a purchase, when your lira shrinks back to its normal proportions.

A mejidieh is a silver piece, about the size of "the dollar of our daddies," worth sometimes twenty and sometimes nineteen piasters. A metalique is a thin copper coin worth a trifle over a cent, four of which make a piaster. In Smyrna change is given largely in "oktorakis," or "pieces of eight," which means eight metaliques, or two piasters.

On all these coins are only Arabic characters, or sometimes the tugra, the sign manual made by the first Sultan who signed his name, it is said, by dipping his fist in ink and pressing it on the document which received his approval. The tugra, which is seen everywhere on public and private documents as well as on coins, bears a faint resemblance to a closed fist and outstretched thumb, but has been so conventionalized as to be decidedly ornamental.

No figures of Sultan or Goddess of Liberty or National Bird o' Freedom are allowed on any Turkish coin or document, for the Moslems interpret very strictly the Second Commandment, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth."

I have dwelt at some length on the money which the traveler in Asia Minor must use, since it is somewhat unusual and complicated, and information concerning it can usually only be obtained by actual experience.

But to return to the modes of locomotion in Turkey. The railway as yet cuts but a small figure in the transportation problems of Asia Minor. The lordly camel, the useful, necessary horse, even the patient ass bear more burdens than all the railways put together.

A sight which is as interesting as it is common in Asia Minor is that of a long string of camels, with supercilious noses high in air, led by a diminutive donkey,

astride of which sits a big Turk with his feet almost dragging on the ground. I have passed in a single day's journey of thirty miles on horseback no less than two thousand of these "ships of the desert," all loaded to the gunwale. The camel is a timid creature that easily loses its head, and so the more stolid, level-headed donkey usually pioneers the way for him.

Even in large cities, like Smyrna, camels may every hour be seen tramping on noiseless, padded feet through the busiest streets, but always with a detached, far-away look on their faces, as though they were really removed by a thousand centuries from the noisy, clanging tram or the ill-smelling auto.

Camels, however, are not often used to carry passengers in Asia Minor, as they are in Arabia, but the traveler, when the railroad fails him, must go on horseback, or, where the roads are passable, by araba, a peculiar kind of Turkish wagon.

In the araba are no seats, but the passenger must provide them by spreading his rugs, bedding and boxes of provisions on the floor and making himself as comfortable as possible in the midst of his *impedimenta*. The araba, fortunately, has springs, an innovation of more recent years, and on the whole is admirably adapted to the horribly rough roads of Turkey. It will stand more terrible jolts, more axle-breaking ruts, more excruciating passages over river beds strewn with boulders than any other vehicle extant.

On many long journeys I have thought that every ditch would be the last ditch for the araba, but it would always come through a thirty-mile pull with springs intact, and wheels still capable of revolution.

It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that there are no good roads in Asia Minor. In cities and towns the streets are paved with cobblestones of all sizes and shapes, set on end to make them as difficult as possible for carriages and foot-passengers. In the country the roads are left to make and mend themselves, for the most part. For four thousand years carts, camels, horses, donkeys, and foot passengers have been traveling over the same beaten track, and in many places never a spade or pick

has been lifted to make or mend the track.

In some parts of Turkey one sees peasants at work on the highway, breaking stone, presumably to mend the road. For this service, I was told, they get "nothing a day, and find themselves." In fact, they are working out their taxes on the highway. The result of their labors often is that the road is worse than before they began to work, for the sharp flints are left uncovered,

of ancient Ephesus, is a really good hotel, neat, clean, and inviting, while Konia boasts of a new railroad hostelry that is said to be more than tolerable. This list is nearly complete. In other places in Turkey, since the traveler cannot get what he wants, he must take it philosophically, and want what he can get.

In the larger railroad towns and some few others there is usually a so-called hotel, dirty and unpleasant to the last



RUINS OF THE DOUBLE CHURCH OF HIERAPOLIS
The city of which St. Paul speaks in his letter to the Colossians

to be trodden down by man or beast as best they can in the course of months or years.

The best bridges, where there are any at all, were built by the Romans two thousand years ago, but built so substantially that they have required no repairs since.

The accommodations at the end of a hard day of travel in Turkey are not all that the fancy might paint. In Constantinople are some good hotels; in Smyrna and Salonica some that are "fair to middling"; in Ayassoulouk, near the ruins

degree, with toilet conveniences as primitive as in the days of Abraham. The sheets on the beds (there often is only one) serve many successive travelers, and the towels, unless one is particularly severe with the landlord, are always left-overs from the last occupant. There is no water or wash-bowl in the room, but in the entry is a common bowl and tank of water which dribbles from a faucet into the bowl, for a Turk always washes in running water, a sensible and wholesome habit, by the way. When, however, the same faucet and bowl must serve for twenty or thirty

people, it seems to be overworking a good idea.

Even such hotels are comparatively rare, many large towns of twenty or thirty thousand people having nothing of the sort. But in all such towns and many smaller ones are Khans (pronounced "hans," with a rough breathing on the h), which are quite as good in their way as the hotels, and far more characteristic of the country. These are great caravansaries built around a central court, with rooms opening out of them for two-legged and four-legged guests alike.

The Khans often have two stories, and the rooms in the upper balcony are usually the best. So we call the oda bashi and ask for his best room. This will be none too good; but when it is swept out, our rugs spread on the floor, our cot beds from the araba set up, and the coffee is steaming on the spirit stove, our room comes to have quite a homelike air, far superior to the average Turkish hotel.

If you have not brought your own provisions, in the larger towns you will usually find an eating-house to patronize, if not too squeamish about dirt and microbes. On the outer shelf of the eating-house next to the street are covered pewter dishes containing various viands—mutton cooked in olive oil, beans ditto, fish ditto, and sometimes macaroni minus the oil.

Fully exposed to the dust of the street, and a tempting roosting-place for flies, are various sweet dishes, fried cakes covered with syrup, helva of many kinds, but usually made of sugar, flour, and sesame seed.

You choose your dish, which the landlord will serve after elaborately wiping your plate, knife and fork with a dirty towel which he carries over his shoulders and tucked in at his neck for security. This may not sound inviting, but if one can forget all he has read about microbes and phagocytes, good and bad, he will find that many of the dishes are really appetizing when served with hunger sauce.

Among the viands which can be most heartily recommended to the novice are the pilaffs of various kinds, made of rice and different condiments, and, for sweets, the excellent helva.

Only the larger towns have Khans and

eating-houses. For the most part, the traveler in Turkey must carry his own provisions, and sleep in guest-houses, unless he takes a tent as well as provisions.

The guest-house is a real institution in Asia Minor. It is sometimes owned by an individual, but is usually the common property of the village. To this guest-house, like the travelers' bungalow in India, every traveler has a right, but as all have the same rights, one may have more company than he desires. However, the head man of the village will usually arrange matters for the foreign traveler, and the native guest will often courteously make way for him.

In the guest-house is one large room, in one part of which our horses munch their hay, with the drivers lying beside them, while in the other part we spread our rugs and set up our beds and unlimber our cooking apparatus. Some guest houses have two rooms connected by a wide opening, without a door, in one of which the animals and animal drivers sleep, and in the other the pampered guests from abroad.

Rude and primitive as from this description a guest-house may seem, it is not "half bad" for a resting place after a hard day's ride, when the bacon begins to sizzle in the saucepan, the coffee sends out its delicious aroma, and the eggs, which can always be obtained, have had exactly their three minutes and a half.

You arise from such a meal better satisfied than from the table of many a five-dollar hotel, ready to sleep the sleep of the tired, and to go on your way the next morning refreshed and rejoicing.

The charge for these accommodations is exceedingly moderate. In some remote villages, the offer of pay for the guest-house would be resented as an insult. The native traveler can even receive his food free, though he pays for the fodder for his horse. The European traveler can usually insinuate a small gratuity into the hand of the chief man of the village without offense, and give a modest sum besides to the men and boys who have actually been of service.

But there is no insistence on "drink money" in any part of Turkey as in Italy, and, indeed, in most parts of Europe. Those who serve are self-respecting, and

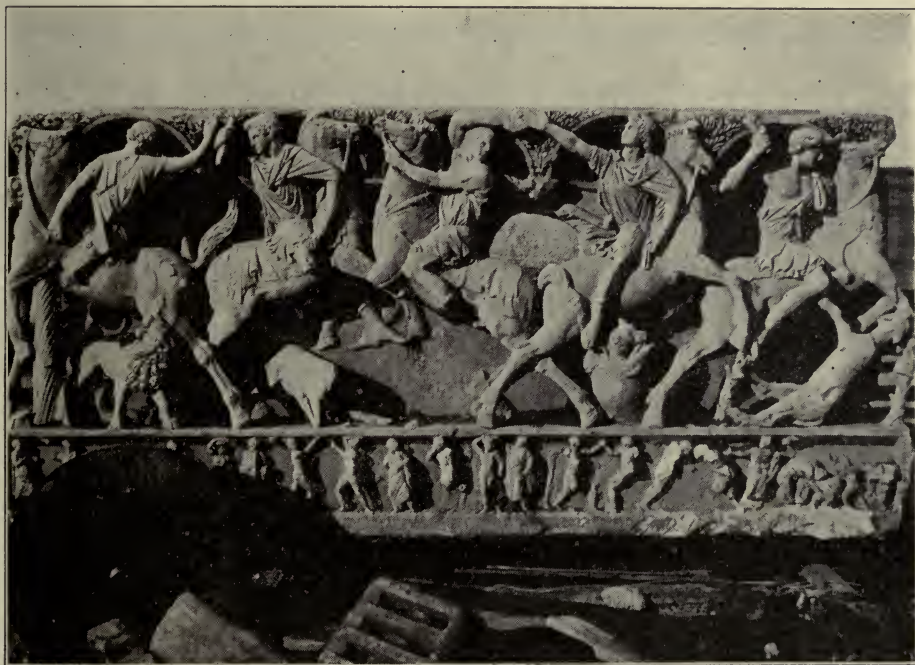
apparently with no servile, sneaking thought of the size of the coming tip always buzzing in the back of their brains, and graduating their service or want of service.

Such are some of the experiences which the traveler in Asia Minor may expect by rail and road, in small places and large, in this year of grace. What is there to repay one for the hardships and discomforts of such a trip, do you ask?

I have already mentioned some of the

The great rock-hewn cities of the Hittites, and their wonderful carvings tell of a civilization still older than that of Croesus or Attalus, as does the "Royal Road," which can still be traced for hundreds of miles, a road which was built by prehistoric races long before the Persians came into power.

The religious man and Bible student will find in the cities described by Luke, and visited by Paul and Barnabas, Timothy



ANCIENT SARCOPHAGUS AT EREGLI IN THE HEART OF ASIA MINOR

rare archaeological wonders of Asia Minor. No other country is so rich in these treasures. The ruins of Italy and Greece are insignificant as compared with those of Turkey. At almost every turn you see relics of past glories: magnificent pillars built into modern walls, or used as grave-stones in dilapidated Turkish cemeteries; great sarcophagi, often beautifully carved, used as watering troughs; now and then you come to an ancient city, like Pergamos or Sardis, which once dominated the eastern world, and whose magnificent ruins tell of a dead and gone civilization, which can scarcely be equalled in the world today.

and Silas, and the cities to which the messages of the book of Revelation was written, places of supreme and unique interest.

The sportsman will find wild boars in many parts of Asia Minor, especially in the Meander Valley and in the Adana district. In other sections deer, chamois, brown bears, wolves, and wild asses will tempt his gun. The fisherman will find plenty of good-sized trout in the cold, clear streams that flow from the Taurus Mountains, and will also find that they are not averse to taking the fly. Singularly enough, the natives of these regions do

not eat fish to any extent, and it is said that they sometimes poison the streams to kill the fish.

For everyone, whether Bible student, hunter, fisherman, or ordinary traveler without any special fad to bring him to Asia Minor, there is the glorious scenery. Even Switzerland cannot surpass Anatolia in this respect.

The Taurus Mountains traverse large sections of Asia Minor, and magnificent snow-clad peaks, that retain their white veils the year through, gloomy ravines and canons, through which rushing torrents pour, are everyday sights, of which the traveler never tires. Much of the interior is a high tableland, from two to four thousand feet above the sea, sur-

rounded by mighty mountains on every side. Indeed it is safe to say that the traveler in Asia Minor is never out of sight of magnificent mountain peaks for a single day.

Add to these wonderful antiquities and this splendid scenery pure air, good water, a country abounding in fruits and flowers, a people for the most part kindly and generous, and the question, "Why travel in Turkey?" is answered.

The discomforts and hardships of primitive journeyings will soon be forgotten, and however seasoned a traveler one may be, he will always remember his weeks in Asia Minor as among the most unique and interesting he has ever spent in any part of this wide world.

THE YOUNG MAN ABSALOM

By ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART

(*"Pastor Felix"*)

AT the gate stands the old king watching,
While the sun is going down,
For a messenger who is hastening
To Gilead's high-walled town:
At the long delay so anxious
His spirit begins to chafe,
For he cries as the scout approaches—
"Is the young man Absalom safe?"

No matter how went the battle,
No matter for crown or throne;
But what of the beautiful creature—
The boy that I love—*my own?*
Say, tossed on the tide of battle—
The fairest, the dearest waif—
Does he breathe the breath of the living?
"Is the young man Absalom safe?"

O word of woe and sorrow!
It is cruel that we must speak:
The cry strikes down through the ages,
And the tear is fresh on the cheek;
For a thousand lips are saying—
"Ah! where is Charlie?—is Raphe?
And what of the child of my bosom—
Is the young man Absalom safe?"

The Vacation Girl Reads

by Antony Dee



H, NO, I *never* could write a book review," said the Vacation Girl decisively, "never in all the world."

"Of course not," agreed the Regular Reviewer, pulling a wicker chair up beside her, "never in all the world."

"And I never can describe a story I've read, either," went on the Vacation Girl,

anticipating the next query. "So please don't ask me."

"Of course not," repeated the Regular Reviewer. "One who has read all those books in two weeks couldn't be expected to remember them at all."

The Vacation Girl lifted her eyebrows.

"Why did you pile them thusly?" asked the Regular Reviewer casually, pointing to one lot of two, another of a dozen volumes, resting against the house side. "You might have evened them up so a fellow could carry them."

"Those are divisions, silly," scoffed the Vacation Girl. "I could remember enough to classify them. See, I've labeled them—Real Summer Books—Historical Books—Thoughtful Books—"

"H'm," conceded the Regular Reviewer, taking the first volume from the "Real

Summer" list and impressively turning the pages. "So this is 'Fran'¹—you didn't read *that*, did you?"

"Why not?"

"Oh, nothing, except that it's a best seller and its heroine is a chorus girl."

"Fran is no such thing," denied the Vacation Girl. "She's a circus girl—the dearest, sweetest, prettiest little girl. She follows the circus because she has no one to send her to school or give her a home. When she is all tired out, she comes to a

house which is really her own father's, although he doesn't know of her existence, and little by little she wins his affection."

"Quite natural," nodded the Regular Reviewer tactfully.

"Natural!" burst out the Vacation Girl. "I say he didn't know who she was and asked her to marry him."

"How tragic—but of course she didn't?"

The Vacation Girl turned her back for three minutes. "Don't be absurd," said she coldly. "And don't keep interrupting. When, as I said, her father asked her to marry him, she revealed her identity, and later she married a suitable young man."

"But men don't appreciate sweet, winning little girls like Fran," sighed the Vacation Girl, taking up another volume. "Here's 'Pollyooly.'² She starts to London to make her living, with nothing but a



JOHN BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS
The Missouri author, whose "Fran" is one of the season's best sellers

shock of red hair, a baby brother, twenty shillings and two useful fists. Like Caesar, she came, she saw, and she conquered. A youthful Prince Charming played at love and—"

"And they lived happily ever after?" queried the Regular Reviewer.

Again a withering glance from the Vacation Girl. "Pollyooly was twelve years



"ANNE SHIRLEY"

The charming creation of Miss L. M. Montgomery
From a new painting by George Gibbs

old," she said. "It's a sort of fairy story."

"Funny?" the Regular Reviewer hazarded.

"There is rich humor," said the Vacation Girl with dignity, "and much pathos. Sometimes Pollyooly's adventures made me think of 'Arabian Nights'."

"'Chronicles of Avonlea,'"³ the Regular Reviewer read, and reached down for the next volume. "Avonlea—Avonlea—where have I heard that before?"

"I suppose," said the Vacation Girl sarcastically, "that if you read 'Anne of Avonlea' you heard it a number of times."

"Quite so," accepted the Regular Reviewer, "it's by L. M. Montgomery, of course. I remember Anne very well; is this another Anne story?"

"Anne Shirley is in the volume," replied the Vacation Girl, "and there are other Avonlea characters. You see, the book is a collection of stories, each complete in itself, and they are written in the most delightful way. I'm going to buy it for Cousin Helen's birthday—it's just the book for a college girl."

"What's this little mystery book?" asked the Regular Reviewer—"The Mystery of Mary?"⁴

"It's just what the title says," said the Vacation Girl, "the mystery—of Mary. Mary is a beautiful girl who is fleeing from two brutish men and is rescued from them by a young society man. He puts her in a cab, takes her to some friends for dinner that night and then has to part with her the next day. She goes to Chicago and becomes a maid—"

"But what's the mystery?"

"Mary is the mystery," snapped the Vacation Girl, "and I won't tell you another thing. Isn't it a mystery for a



Mary is rescued by a young society man

young man to find a girl without hat or coat seeking refuge and concealing her identity and becoming a servant in a strange city?"

"A very compelling mystery," the Regular Reviewer acknowledged. "Are there any murders?"

"No, there are not—although there might have been if—but if you want a murder, here is 'The Chain of Evidence,'⁵ by Carolyn Wells. I don't like murders, myself, although this ugly old man didn't deserve to live. He made life wretched

for his pretty young niece, and then after he had been safely put out of her way—"

"By being murdered?"

"Of course—that's what I said. Then she was free, because he had left her and a cousin all his money, but the police found that the chain of the front door of their apartment had not been taken off to admit anyone, so it looked ugly for the niece. Her lawyer, who was in love with her, at last got a wizard-like detective, who found—"

"All right," said the Regular Reviewer, "of course he found the culprit. Sounds weird."

"It isn't weird," contradicted the Vacation Girl, "in fact, it's a remarkably plausible story, when the mystery is solved. But here's one"—delving among her "Thoughtful" group—"that doesn't solve itself. 'Hidden House'⁶ is a study in dual

and falls in love with her. Then, after she leaves, comes the mad, pleasure-loving Robina—he loves her, too. But she brings a weird atmosphere, and one night the young man makes the discovery that Robina is Moina."



"THE CHAIN OF EVIDENCE" FROM THE MURDERED MAN TO THE DETECTIVE

"Good for him," encouraged the Regular Reviewer, "then he could marry both in one."

"Stupid!" cried the Vacation Girl. "Oh, *don't* you see? It's a mystery. Robina was mad—she was a ghost. But," with a sigh, "men are too practical and commonplace to understand occultism—*some* men."

"Let's get away from psychics," suggested the Regular Reviewer.

"Perhaps," said the Vacation Girl in fine scorn, "you can appreciate romance if you can't mystery. This book of Edward Kimball's, 'The Dominant Chord,'⁷ is the story of an American society girl who is kidnapped by a young engineer just before her wedding to an English duke."

"A common engineer on a flyer?" asked the Regular Reviewer.

"A mechanical engineer, silly, or a civil engineer, or whatever kind of government engineers understand boats."

"Maybe a nautical engineer," murmured the Regular Reviewer, and smiled at his joke.

"The kind of engineer," said the Vacation Girl biting, "doesn't have much bearing on the story. As I started to explain, he kidnapped the society girl, and took her out to sea, making violent love to her. Of course she hated him."

"Then she loved the Duke?" ventured the Regular Reviewer.

"No—she didn't love anyone. She was cold and conventional and dispassionate. But she hated the engineer, whose name was John Gordon Craig—pretty name,



She was cold and conventional and dispassionate

personalities. A young ministerial student is seeking health of mind and body, and goes to rest in the mountains of Virginia. He boards at a household which consists of an aged Scotchman, a colored servant and the nieces, Moina and Robina. The girls take turns at staying with their uncle, and the student first sees only Moina,

isn't it?—although when troubles came she had to stand by him, and she nursed him through a long illness, finding out at last that the 'Dominant Chord' was—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the Regular Reviewer, "but I'm going to read it. How's this racing story by Miss Eleanor Ingram?"

"I've been trying to decide," said the Vacation Girl, "whether I like 'From the

falls in love with Corrie's sister Flavia, the dearest, sweetest, prettiest—"

"Yes, yes," gasped the Regular Reviewer, "and the millionaire father objects?"

"Nothing of the sort—the father is the dearest—"

"Sweetest, prettiest—?" laughed the Regular Reviewer.

"The father is the only sensible millionaire I ever saw in a book. All he asks of Corrie is to 'be straight,' and Corrie is, but he has a malicious cousin, Isabel, who injures Gerard—almost kills him in fact—and Corrie takes the blame.

"Gerard forgives him, his sister Flavia believes in him, but his father sends him



"Malicious cousin Isabel injures Gerard"

Car Behind'⁸ better than Miss Ingram's previous book, 'Stanton Wins.' But they're both so good I can't be sure."

"Perhaps you have a mechanical mind," observed the Regular Reviewer, "and understand automobiles, but the general reader—"

"If the general reader never saw an automobile," interrupted the Vacation Girl, "he could enjoy 'From the Car Behind.' Of course Allan Gerard and Corrie Rose were racers,"—the Vacation Girl tripped off the names as though speaking of her latest conquests—"but there's nothing technical about the story. Gerard is a professional racer and Corrie Rose, who is only eighteen and a millionaire's son, is an amateur. They are friends, and Gerard



JOHN REID SCOTT
Author of "The Last Try"

away, and he trains under Gerard for a great auto race. You can't get to it fast enough, and have Corrie exonerated and Gerard and Flavia brought together. Oh, it's an adorable story.

"Then here's another that moves quickly—'The Last Try.'⁹ It's one of those about an imaginary kingdom, and it's full of intrigue and danger. The King of Valeria comes to America incognito, and meets his enemy, the Duke of Lotzen, pretender to the throne. The Duke isn't able to murder

the King, so he seizes the Queen, and imprisons her in his castle. Awfully thrilling."

"Sounds like the old fairy tales," said the Regular Reviewer.

* * *

"Why," exclaimed the Vacation Girl, "that's the last of the 'Real Summer Books.' And that's all I remember about."

"Here's one that must have slipped out," said the Regular Reviewer—"The Lure,"¹⁰ by the author of 'The Veil.'"

"The Lure' was by itself," said the Vacation Girl sternly; "it's one of those books dominated by atmosphere. The land of Cleopatra casts a spell over Anne Moorhouse, the heroine, and she is all but subjected to the lure of the Nile when the awakening comes. It's a strange book."

"That one beside it is the play 'Thais.'"¹¹ That's awfully powerful, too. I suppose you know the play—Thais is a courtesan of Alexandria in the early Christian era, and Damon, a monk, comes out of the desert to deliver her from her sins. She becomes a nun, and then Damon comes back—I remember what it said under the title—"The Story of a Sinner Who Became a Saint and a Saint Who Sinned."

"There's one of Joseph Conrad's down in the Thoughtful pile that makes you think—'Almayer's Folly,'¹² it's called. It deals with the harmony of races, and proves that the passionate Oriental cannot fathom the moods of the phlegmatic Occidental. Almayer is a dreamer who hopes to make a fortune through Malaysian commerce. He is unsuccessful; his Asiatic wife and their daughters act against him, and in the end he has recourse to drugs. Mr. Conrad's description of Asiatic passion is awe-inspiring. It's very wonderful—but it's deep reading."

"Will Levington Comfort's latest book is deep also," went on the Vacation Girl courageously. "Perhaps I don't like it as well as 'Routledge Rides Alone,' for there's a lot of the spiritual; yet 'Fate Knocks at the Door'¹³ has tremendous force. But I don't like to discuss a Comfort book except in a chapter by itself—they are always so individual."

The Regular Reviewer—who ardently admires Comfort—nodded emphatically. "A master," he murmured, "a voice crying out in the wilderness."

The Vacation Girl looked out across the veranda into the horizon where sky and ocean met, and then thoughtfully met the eyes of the Regular Reviewer. "You will want to read 'Fate Knocks at the Door' yourself," she said slowly, "although I will always maintain that it is a woman's book. First, the spiritual appeals more to a woman; the book carries a special message for woman; it looks directly into a woman's soul. The chief character, Andrew Bedient, is like a prophet come to remind woman of her birthright. At seventeen Bedient is a cook on a ship that became



WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT
Author of "Fate Knocks at the Door"

wrecked in the China Sea, and there he wins the affection of the commander, Captain Carreras. Later the boy goes to the Philippines. There is fighting, love-making, a trip to India and a journey into the Punjab and the hills beyond, where Bedient learns the philosophy of an Indian mystic. Then Captain Carreras, who has established a tropical estate in a West Indian Island, induces Bedient to make him a visit. At his death Bedient becomes his heir. On a trip to New York the young man meets the One Woman among a group of artists. They are long separated by misunderstandings, but Mr. Comfort

brings them together at the close. You never lose sight of Redient, and the other characters seem so human, so truly drawn, that you marvel at their individuality."

"And yet," said the Regular Reviewer at the pause, "you do not like this book?"

"Like it? Did I say? Why, it's very wonderful."

"Tell me now of 'The Healer,'" ¹⁴ said the Regular Reviewer, who had lost his flippancy. "Robert Herrick is also a thinker."

"And 'The Healer' is also wonderful," said the Vacation Girl. "A poor doctor seems to have an almost magic power of healing. He takes no fees—he becomes known as 'The Healer.' Eventually he marries wealth and influence, and little by little he becomes interested in the social world. He erects a great hospital and is world-renowned, but he loses his power as a healer. Then a poor woman comes to him—but you shall see for yourself.

"And you must read carefully 'The Street Called Straight,' ¹⁵ although I shall want it back again. You have heard the old saying, 'By the street called straight we come to the house called beautiful.' Olivia Guion, an intellectual New England girl, bears out the truth of this old New England maxim. Olivia's father confesses his embezzlement of trust money only a few weeks before his daughter's marriage to Colonel Rupert Ashley, of the British Army. The proud girl promptly breaks the engagement, but not before Peter Davenant, a one-time suitor of humble birth and uncertain social standing, offers her father the money to cover his debts. Ashley, however, insists upon taking the matter on his shoulders, at tremendous sacrifice; but Davenant crosses the ocean and secures the money from Miss Guion's wealthy old aunt, then remains away from home so that he may not disturb the wedding plans. He's the most unselfish, dearest—"

"Sweetest and prettiest?" broke in the Regular Reviewer, with a flicker of a smile.

"If I ever meet a man like Peter Dave-

nant," said the Vacation Girl, ignoring the interruption, "I will go with him to the end of the earth."

"That, I suppose," ventured the Regular Reviewer, "is what the heroine did?"

"Yes, she married him in the end, after she had seen his greatness. It's the most enthralling love story I've read."

"But what became of the English officer?"

"Oh, he went back to England. You see, Davenant was so big, he made them all big also. Oh, what a man he was!"

"I'm afraid," said the Regular Reviewer, "that you are given to hero-worship. What of 'The Story of a Ploughboy,' ¹⁶ by Ambassador Bryce?"

"You'll like that," answered the Vacation Girl promptly, "it's about equalizing conditions of landlord and tenant, master and servant, and things like that. A poor Scottish ploughboy rises by degrees from poverty, and in his turn becomes a part of the social system under which he has suffered. Then he adopts socialistic ideas. There's a very fine introduction by Edwin Markham, and of course it's all written in a clear, forceful style."

"Speaking of style," remarked the Regular Reviewer, "calls to mind Arnold Bennett. I notice you have something of his over there by itself."

"That is 'The Matador of the Five Towns,' ¹⁷ said the Vacation Girl, "another of the famous Five Towns books. This is a collection of short stories, all portraying the people and little tragedies and comedies in an unassuming English manufacturing district. I don't suppose it's the people or the incidents so much as the manner of writing that make these stories so interesting. But Arnold Bennett is a word-painter who seems to see in everybody the salient light and shadows which make up effective pictures.

"That little volume beside 'The Matador' is another of Bennett's—'Polite Farces,' ¹⁸ There are three short comedies, and they are all good reading. I'd like to see them tried out by our Actors' Club in college. Their satire," with a



"Robert Herrick is also a thinker"

meaning glance at the Regular Reviewer, "is admirable."

* * *

"Now, if you please," announced the Vacation Girl, "I am going down for a game of tennis. I've talked books for a solid hour."

"For which I am your humble servant," hastily acknowledged the Regular Reviewer, with a sweeping courtesy. "But before you leave, I've forgotten the—er—designations on the two remaining piles of books—to my left and to my right."

"To your left, Historical," said the Vacation Girl, looking about for a racquet. "Let me see—'The Shadow of Power'¹⁹ is

a tale of fifteenth century Holland, and is full of incident. The central character is a trusted cavalier of King Philip of Spain. He has a stormy career, but eventually a successful love brings him peace and content. 'Beggars and Scorners'²⁰ deals with the trials and tribulations of Emilius Six, banker of Amsterdam, an ally of the ruined Jacobites. Emilius helps the lost cause to the sacrifice of his fortune, but eventually he and a charming woman find in the new world a home of love and peace. 'The Touchstone of Fortune'²¹ deals with the fortunes of certain young cavaliers and maidens of the court of 'The Merry Monarch,' Charles II of England.

"Now," triumphed the Vacation Girl, "I did that all in one breath. May I go?"

"You forgot 'The Last of the Puritans,'"²² said the Regular Reviewer, waving a dignified little volume in the air.

"Oh, that's a refreshing little story," said the Vacation Girl, seating herself on the veranda rail. "An overworked student returns from the city to his old home only to find that the last of his family has just passed away. He is heir to the old home—stead, and loves and is loved by the old neighbors. He has the companionship of one aged relation, a delightful old hermit-philosopher, and gets back his strength. Then he wins the love of a girl who is—"

"The dearest, sweetest, prettiest—?" chimed the Regular Reviewer.

But the Vacation Girl would have no more sport at her expense and made off down the steps.

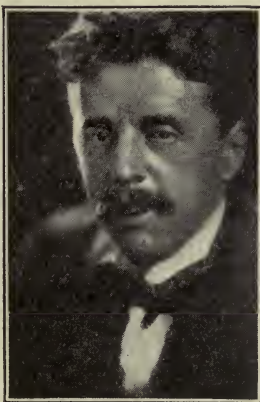
"Just tell me one thing," begged the Regular Reviewer, over the veranda rail, "what division was the pile on the right?"

"Why, why," stammered the Vacation Girl, "why I—oh, I'll have to come up to tell you.

"They haven't any name," she whispered from the third-top step, "but I put them together as suitable only for grown-up people—don't you know? Books on marriage problems and things like that.

They're all serious, and the morals seem to point in the right way, especially this one of Mr. Vachell's, 'Blinds Down.'²³ It's an English novel, dealing with the social life of the nineteenth century. The leading characters are the three Misses Mauleverer. Their stately residence overlooks at one point the wretched Hog Lane, a part of whose cottages belong to their estate, but are shut out from view by keeping the 'blinds down.' These three ladies are interesting and individual. There is Prudence, grim and dictatorial;

Jacqueline, amiable but controlled by Prudence; and there is Rosetta, the young, pretty, independent darling of the house. The sisters are divided in opinion on the matter of marriage—Rosetta wants to marry for love, but Prudence plans for her a rich and honorable union, and eventually brings it about. Poor Rosetta cannot endure her loveless and unhappy life and elopes with a former lover. Her husband reports her dead and her sisters take charge of the baby Rose, left behind by Rosetta. After her husband's death, Rosetta marries the man of her choice and becomes a successful authoress. She is a second time widowed and returns incognito to visit her old home. The baby Rose is now grown and being urged into a like "rich and honorable" marriage; Rosetta declares herself and at last is received back



"Speaking of style calls to mind Arnold Bennett"

into her home. Mr. Vachell is a very convincing writer."

"With quite modern ideas," added the Regular Reviewer. "And Frank Danby—I see you have her latest at hand—no doubt that is radical, too?"

"I suppose so, although it rather inverts 'Blinds Down.' 'Joseph in Jeopardy'²⁴ shows a wealthy art critic married to a commonplace woman. He turns for sympathy and understanding to a very brilliant woman, but after a while it comes home to the critic that his wife's faithfulness is a beautiful thing. This 'Unofficial Honeymoon'²⁵ of Dolf Wyllarde's is rather odd. She says at the start that the story is purely imaginative, and utterly impossible, and straightway you begin to wonder why it couldn't be possible—"

"Being a woman and naturally contrary," put in the Regular Reviewer.

"That is unkind," said the Vacation Girl, "and besides, it isn't any more impossible than most novels. A girl and a man—exact opposites by birth and training—are the only survivors of an ocean wreck and are cast on an island. They hate each other, but as they get acquainted one understands the other's viewpoints. They believe they are in love, but the girl keeps the man at bay, trusting that they will be rescued and can be formally married. But the rescue only separates them, and not until the very end are they united.

"Here is a disappointing story," remarked the Vacation Girl, stooping to pick up the last volume, "but of course you would call it true to life. Undoubtedly it is, because it's by an anonymous writer. 'My Actor Husband'²⁶—and he isn't the kind of actor you like to think about. He treats his wife abominably, makes love to other actresses, and is altogether beastly. You keep on hoping that he will turn out right in the end, although you know he won't.

"And now," said the Vacation Girl, "the tennis court is deserted, and I'll have to play by myself."

"I don't suppose," began the Regular Reviewer, "that *I* would be of any use?"

"But I thought you were going to read

books," said the Vacation Girl, wrinkling her brow. "Anyway, I'd rather go out on the lake—if you really *want*—"

* * *

Thus it happened that the Regular Reviewer was turned away from his work and prints a full confession, bowed with a heavy conscience, but with many a delicious thought of the "dearest, prettiest, sweetest" of naive young persons whose observations, after all, will perhaps be as interesting to the reader as the sententious critiques which the Regular Reviewer would have written had he not gone a-rowing with the Vacation Girl.

1 "Fran." By John Breckenridge Ellis. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price, \$1.25.

2 "Pollyooly." By Edgar Jepson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price, \$1.25.

3 "Chronicles of Avonlea." By L. M. Montgomery. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Price, \$1.25 net.

4 "The Mystery of Mary." By G. L. H. Lutz. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, \$1.00 net.

5 "The Chain of Evidence." By Carolyn Wells. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, \$1.25 net.

6 "Hidden House." By Amelie Rives. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, \$1.20 net.

7 "The Dominant Chord." By Edward Kimball. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Price, \$1.25 net.

8 "From the Car Behind." By Eleanor M. Ingram. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, \$1.25.

9 "The Last Try." By John Reed Scott. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, \$1.25.

10 "The Lure." By E. S. Stevens. New York: John Lane Company. Price, \$1.30 net.

11 "Thais." By Paul Wiltach. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price, \$1.00 net.

12 "Almayer's Folly." By Joseph Conrad. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, \$1.25 net.

13 "Fate Knocks at the Door." By Will Levington Comfort. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, \$1.25 net.

14 "The Healer." By Robert Herrick. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, \$1.25 net.

15 "The Street Called Straight." By the author of "The Inner Shrine." New York: Harper & Brothers. Price, \$1.35 net.

16 "The Story of a Ploughboy." By James Bryce. New York: John Lane Company. Price, \$1.25 net.

17 "The Matador of the Five Towns." By Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, \$1.20 net.

18 "Polite Farces." By Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, \$1.00 net.

19 "The Shadow of Power." By Paul Bertram. New York: John Lane Company. Price, \$1.25 net.

20 "Beggars and Scorners." By Allan McAulay. New York: John Lane Company. Price, \$1.25.

21 "The Touchstone of Fortune." By Charles Major. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, \$1.25.

22 "The Last of the Puritans." By Frederic P. Ladd. New York: F. M. Lupton. Price, \$1.00 net.

23 "Blinds Down." By Horace Annesley Vachell. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, \$1.20 net.

24 "Joseph in Jeopardy." By Frank Danby. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, \$1.35 net.

25 "The Unofficial Honeymoon." By Dolf Wyllarde. New York: John Lane Company. Price, \$1.30.

26 "My Actor Husband." Anonymous. New York: John Lane Company.

WOODROW WILSON

Presidential Candidate

A SKETCH

by Joseph Lewis French



THE choice of Woodrow Wilson to be the Democratic standard-bearer is believed by his admirers to be the logical result of events which have been a long time shaping their course. Behind it all, the Atlas of the whole situation is the inevitable law of change, which works somewhat quicker among us than among other nations, owing to our temperament and conditions.

The law of republics as of individuals is the law of contest, of struggle. And there can be no balance without two parties, each of which must have abiding elements of power. These, let the Creator be thanked, both the Republican and the Democratic parties have always possessed. The nomination of Woodrow Wilson has strengthened them both, and has practically eliminated all hopes of a third party, strangling it in its cradle. That incipient upheaval will only cause thoughtful men to think harder, and its chief outcome will be that some progressive Republican votes will be garnered to the Democratic cause under its notable new standard-bearer.

On the whole, Roosevelt may be said to have builded better than he knew. His achievement is really that of a Regulus, who leaping into the gulf (in the modern instance created by himself) sacrifices himself as it closes over him. It seems to be manifest destiny that the political career of Theodore Roosevelt is practically closed. And in the clamor for change which wisely possesses a restless people, there remains free choice of candidates for the Executive. Wilson is the logical outcome of the one situation. He is not an

accident, not a political makeshift or a forlorn hope, least of all a puppet. He is a man who from the first buddings of his career seems to have been naturally and logically fitting himself for the very position which he has finally achieved. The Mother of Presidents has given us another great candidate after many long years, and none of these her illustrious sons, not even Washington and Jefferson, has brought a more thorough consecration to the high office. Some have referred to Woodrow Wilson as a dreamer, and reviewing his whole career one cannot doubt that from his earliest years this high-hearted man must have had some vision of his day of triumph as the people's ruler.

He comes of the sturdiest stock which this country can boast. On his father's side of a Scotch-Irish ancestry, whose record for achievement in America leads the list. This is strengthened on his mother's side by descent from a very old and worthy English family, the Woodrows. On both sides the stock is ecclesiastical, of a Presbyterian origin that runs back to John Knox and the Reformation; and this long line has given him that rock-bound strength of character and rigid uprightness which are among his leading traits. His allegiance to Democracy goes back to his grandfather, Judge James Wilson, an Irishman of Scotch descent who migrated from County Down to Philadelphia in 1807.

His connection with Princeton University also runs back a generation, his father, Rev. Joseph Ruggles Wilson, having received his theological education there.

The Democratic candidate derives his given name from his mother, Janet Wood-

row, who was the daughter of Dr. Thomas Woodrow, a famous Presbyterian minister of his day, and the descendant of an ancient English family. Woodrow Wilson's father was in his day one of the most noted ministers of the South. Thoroughly equipped as a theologian, and a pulpit orator of power, he early reached and long maintained a position of much influence in his church.

Woodrow Wilson's schoolboy years were passed in Augusta, Georgia, where one of his teachers has left a record that he was a quiet lad of exceptionally studious bent.



GOVERNOR AND MRS. WOODROW WILSON

His father was his principal educator in these first formative years, however, being a broad-minded man with an exceptional grasp of the affairs of the world. A sterling theory of his own was that nobody had really grasped a thought until he could put it quickly and definitely into words. This was the foundation of the literary education which has given Woodrow Wilson an international reputation as a historian. The son had been taught to think even before he had learned to read and write.

From his father also he inherited some of his traits as an educator, for the elder Dr. Wilson was for several years, during his son's early youth, Professor of Pastoral and

Evangelical Theology in the Southern Presbyterian Theological Seminary. At eighteen we find the future Presidential nominee preparing himself under his father's roof for entrance to Princeton University.

In so notable a household as that presided over by Dr. and Mrs. Wilson he had always enjoyed the society of people of culture and brilliancy, and he entered Princeton in 1875 with confident assurance of a successful course. He was graduated in the famous class of '79 among the honor men, having an average of ninety per cent, or better, for the four years' course. His capacity for affairs began to manifest itself early in his college career. He became managing editor of the college paper and was prominent generally in undergraduate activities. From the first he manifested a strong bent for the study of government, the theory of it, and the lives of political leaders. He was assiduous as a writer, especially on topics relating to his chosen theme, and neglected no opportunity to cultivate a natural gift for extemporaneous speaking. He distinguished himself not long before graduation and emerged definitely into the ranks of notable Princeton men by the publication of an article in the *International Review* entitled "Cabinet Government in the United States." This contrasted the British and American systems of government, pointing out frankly from the writer's viewpoint certain advantages of the British system.

In the pursuit of the practical career which he had marked out for himself, he entered on the law course at the University of Virginia on leaving Princeton and practiced during 1882-3 at Atlanta. But during this early period he recognized that his special bent was that of an educator, and he gave up law and took a special course in history and politics at Johns Hopkins University. He entered definitely upon his distinguished career as an educator by becoming associate professor in his specialties at Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, in 1886. Here he remained for two years, when he advanced a step in accepting the chair of history and political economy in Wesleyan University. Two years later he achieved his

first great ambition and once more trod the paths of his alma mater as professor of jurisprudence and politics at Princeton. He was the first layman in the history of the University to be chosen president, which occurred twelve years later in 1902.

During these twelve years as professor at Princeton and afterwards as its chief executive, he added steadily to a growing fame which had already become international. In 1885, while pursuing his course at Johns Hopkins, he had produced "Congressional Government; a Study in American Politics," which was promptly accepted in England as a text-book on American institutions. In 1889 he published "The State; Elements of Historical and Practical Politics," which has become a standard work. In 1893, "Division and Reunion, 1829-1889." In the same year, "An Old Master and other Political Essays"; in 1896, "Mere Literature and Other Essays," his literary career being crowned in 1902 by his splendid "History of the American People," an achievement which will carry his name down to posterity. This is acknowledged by scholars

the world over as the best compendious account of American political history—a masterpiece not the least of whose virtues is the charm of its literary style. His career as president of Princeton, with its opportunities of public prominence, naturally fitted him for public work of a higher character.

When he was called to the governorship of New Jersey, it had long been recognized that the man was made of ideal presidential timber, and he was complimented by an overwhelming vote. His record in the executive chair has only added step by step to his profound popularity with all thoughtful Americans of either party. Through scrupulous training he fitted himself for this great place. That section of the American public, the educated intelligent one, which has long been dreaming of such a leader, may well rub its eyes and exclaim, "Here is the ideal scholar candidate at last." He is not only a political philosopher of the first rank, but an inspiring campaigner, who will very likely inspire the Democratic hosts for a hope of victory next November.

THE ADVANCE

MAN has not slept, but in the passing dark
 Has been advancing upward into light,—
 Up the long hill of Destiny, in night
 More terrible than that which binds the lark
 To earth; for in that darkness none could mark
 The true way, and the goal lay far from sight.
 Man's valiant pilgrimage unto the height
 Is ending, and the dawn heaves up a spark.

We in the van behold the day clear-eyed
 From the high summit; close behind, the weak
 Toil through the shadows to the heights defied;
 And lo! before us on the glittering slope,
 Golden and glorious, stands the race's hope,
 The Mecca, the bright City that we seek.

—Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy."

FISH AS A FOOD

by

WILLIAM CLAYTON



THE general advance in the price of meats during recent years has been the means of stimulating the use of fish as an article of daily food. Many prejudices which formerly existed against the finny tribe are beginning to disappear, and the fish dealers are jubilant over what they believe to be a prosperous future. Legislative investigation has established some important facts regarding the best methods of preservation by the cold storage process, and all that the fishermen now ask is that the public shall become familiar with the facts.

The preference for salt water or fresh water fish is a matter of individual taste. Both are, so far as known, equally wholesome. The market value of fish is affected by various conditions, among which are the locality from which they come, the season in which they are taken, and the food on which they have grown. In general, it may be said that fish from clear, cold, or deep water are regarded as preferable to those from shallow or warm water; while fish taken in waters with a rocky bottom are preferable to those from waters with a muddy bottom. Some fish, for instance shad, are at their best during the spawning season, while others should not be eaten during this period. Those fish which feed on small crustacea and other forms of animal and vegetable life, which are their natural food, are preferable to those living upon sewage and other matter which may contaminate the waters.

As ordinarily used, the term "fish" includes, besides the fish proper, many other water animals, as oysters, clams,

lobsters, crawfish, crabs and shrimps, also turtle and terrapin. The term "sea food" is often used to cover the whole group, or more particularly salt water products as distinguished from those of fresh waters.

Fish in one form or another is now almost universally recognized as one of the most important food materials, and enters to a greater or less extent into the diet of very many, if not most of the American families. Few, however, have any adequate conception of the great importance of the fisheries of the United States and of the immense amount of nutritive material which is every year taken from the salt and fresh waters of this country. The productive area is a vast one, extending from the Gulf of Mexico northward along the entire Atlantic Coast to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and including the waters of Newfoundland, Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia; and on the Pacific Coast from California to and including the waters of Alaska.

Of the very large quantity of fish annually placed on the American market the greater part is consumed at home, although a portion is prepared in various ways for export. Fresh water and salt water fish alike are offered for sale as taken from the water, and also in preserved condition. In some cases preservation is only to insure transportation to remote parts. Low temperature is the means most commonly employed for this purpose. By taking advantage of the most recent improvements in apparatus and methods of chilling and freezing, fish may be shipped great distances and kept for a long time in good condition.

Large quantities of fish are dried, salted and smoked, the processes being

employed alone or in combination. These methods insure preservation, but at the same time modify the flavor. Several fish products are also prepared by one or more of these processes. Caviar is usually prepared from sturgeon roe by salting. The methods of salting and packing vary somewhat and give rise to a number of varieties. Although formerly prepared almost exclusively in Russia, caviar is now made to a large extent in the United States.

When fish are salted and cured, there is a considerable loss in weight, due to removal of the entrails and drying. Codfish lose sixty per cent in preparation for market, and if the market-dried fish is boned there is a further loss of twenty per cent.

The canning industry has been enormously developed in recent years, and thousands of pounds of fish, lobsters, etc., are annually preserved in this way. In canning, the fish is heated to destroy micro-organisms and sealed to prevent access of air, which would introduce micro-organisms as well as oxygen. Thus the canned contents are preserved from oxidation and decomposition. The process of canning has been much improved of late years, so that the original flavor is largely retained, while the goods may be kept for an indefinite period. Fish, as well as meat, is usually canned in its own juice. Sardines and some other fishes are commonly preserved by canning in oil.

Various kinds of fish extract, clam juice, etc., are offered for sale. They are similar in form to meat extract. There is also a number of fish pastes and similar products.

Oysters and other shell fish are placed on the market alive in the shell or are removed from the shell and kept in good condition by chilling and other means. Oysters in the shell are usually transported in barrels or sacks. Shipments are made to far inland points in refrigerator cars, and to Europe in the cold storage chambers of vessels. Large quantities of shell fish are also canned. Oysters are now sold as they are taken from the water, either in shell or in sealed cans.

Lobsters, crabs and other crustacea are usually sold alive. Sometimes they are boiled before they are placed on the

market. Large quantities of lobsters, shrimps and crabs are canned.

Turtle and terrapin are usually marketed alive. Turtle soup, however, is canned in large quantities. Frogs are marketed alive or dressed, the hind legs only being commonly eaten. Frogs may be eaten in all seasons, but are best in the fall or winter.

The mode of fish capture greatly affects the market value. Fish caught by the gills and allowed to die in the water by slow degrees, as is the case when gill nets are used, undergo decomposition very rapidly and are inferior for food. Fish are often landed alive and allowed to die slowly. This custom is not only inhumane, but lessens the value of the product. It has been found that fish killed instantly after catching remain firm and bear shipment better than those allowed to die slowly. The quality of the fish is often injured by improper handling in the fishing boats before being placed on the market. All well-conducted fish companies, however, guard against this danger, and with their improved methods of chilling are shipping the products of distant fishing grounds to the consumer in prime condition.

The flavor of oysters is affected more or less by the locality in which they are grown, but this is regarded largely as a matter of individual taste. The season of the year affects the market value of oysters, although it is noticeable that as methods of transportation improve, the oyster season becomes longer. This may be also said of lobsters, crabs and shrimps.

Extended investigation of the conditions affecting the growth and food value of oysters have been carried on by the New Jersey Experiment Station. These investigations have shown that, under proper care and methods of handling, the oysters may be shipped to distant localities and arrive in perfect condition. It was shown, however, that oysters in spawn deteriorate more rapidly than at any other season at the same temperature. Oysters, however, which are ready to spawn are considered especially palatable if cooked soon after removal from the sea bed.

Fish contain the same kind of nutriment as other food materials. In general it

may be said that food serves a twofold purpose. It supplies the body with material for building and repairing its tissues and fluids, and serves as fuel for maintaining body temperature and for supplying the energy necessary for muscular work. Fish is essentially a nitrogenous food, and in this respect it resembles meat. Neither fish nor meat is a source of carbohydrates. Oysters contain some carbohydrates, but the foods which supply this group of nutrients most abundantly are the cereal grains.

In general it may be said that fish, meat, eggs, milk and vegetables all supply fat, the amount varying in the different materials. Fish usually contains less fat than is found in meat, although there is much difference in the fat content of the various kinds of fish. Lobsters, crabs, shrimps and crawfish have been shown by analysis to contain a large percentage of nutrients. This is most noticeable when the composition of the flesh alone is considered.

Lobsters and similar foods are prized for their delicate flavor. Except in certain regions where they are very abundant and the cost correspondingly low, they must be regarded as delicacies rather than as a staple article of diet.

Although the amount of turtle and terrapin used in the United States is considerable, the quantity is small as compared with the consumption of such foods as fish proper and oysters. Turtle and terrapin are nutritious foods, although under existing conditions they are expensive delicacies rather than staple and economical articles of diet.

The total amount of frogs consumed each year is considerable. Frogs' legs contain a considerable amount of protein. With the exception of the hind legs, the meat on other portions of the frog is small, but it is eaten in some localities.

The process of freezing fish consists of freezing them at a very low temperature, then dipping, so as to form a coating of ice which hermetically seals them. If the ice remains unbroken, as it does when the fish are properly cared for, they will come out of the cold storage in perfect condition. It is customary in all well-regulated cold-storage companies to periodically

inspect the fish and redip as often as is necessary.

Frozen fish are unquestionably the most delicious and wholesome of any that is offered for sale. They are frozen immediately after being taken out of the water and remain in that condition until they reach the kitchen. The freezing process retains every quality they possessed when caught. It should be remembered, however, that fish should never be thawed out in warm water; cold water should always be used. This is very important.

Although fish meats may be regarded as sources of protein, they nevertheless contain considerable energy; indeed, those containing an abundance of fat supply a large amount of energy—that is, have a high fuel value. If a food contains little protein or energy, and is high in price, it is evident that it is really an expensive food. On the other hand, a food may be high in price, but in reality be cheap, since it furnishes a large amount of protein, or energy, or both.

* * *

The term "digestibility," as commonly employed, has several significations. To many persons it conveys the idea that a particular food agrees with the user. It is also commonly understood to mean the ease or rapidity of digestion. A number of experiments have been made on man to learn how thoroughly fish is digested and to compare it in this respect with other foods. It was found that fish and lean meat are about equally digestible. In each case about ninety-five per cent of the total dry matter, ninety-seven per cent of the protein and over ninety per cent of the fat were retained in the body. Salt fish is less thoroughly digestible than fresh fish. Lean meats are more digestible than those containing more fat, and the lean kinds of fish, such as halibut, cod, haddock, perch, pike, bluefish, etc., are more easily digested than the fatter kinds, as salmon, shad and mackerel.

As compared with meats, fish containing a corresponding amount of nutriment can be purchased at a saving of fifty per cent. Thus, if the average family's meat bill is \$30 per month, it would be reduced to \$15 if fish alone were used and the same amount of nutriment obtained. The

monthly bill would be \$22.50 if one half fish and one half meat were used.

It has been found that the laborers employed in the fisheries of Russia consume from thirty to sixty ounces of fish daily. This, with some bread, millet meal and tea, constitute their diet during the fishing season, and a more healthy and vigorous class of men would be difficult to find.

Scientific investigation has shown that fish contain large quantities of phosphorus and is therefore particularly valuable as a brain food. It has also been shown that fish is a very desirable food for persons of sedentary habits.

Not many years ago fish could only be obtained for use on Friday. Dealers made no preparation for any large sales on other days of the week, but since the adoption of more scientific methods of storing and handling the product, its use is not confined to any particular day, and with many families it is now a daily article of food.

Fish is prepared for the table in a variety of ways, which are described in detail in books devoted to cooking. It is commonly boiled, steamed, broiled, fried or baked. In the cooking little fat or protein is lost. In most cases carbohydrates in the form of flour, butter or

other material are added to the fish when cooked and thus whatever fuel ingredients are lost is made good. Fried fish is cooked in fat and baked fish is often filled with force meat and may be accompanied by a sauce. The force meat being made of bread, butter, etc., contains fat and carbohydrates.

Canned fish should never be allowed to remain in the can after opening, but should be used at once.

Fish offered for sale should be handled in a cleanly manner and stored and delivered under hygienic conditions. The housewife should, whenever possible, visit the market for the purpose of selecting her fish. She can then determine whether these conditions are being complied with, and can also pick out the fish that are in prime condition. She may easily detect poor fish. While frozen fish would not contain any odor, yet there are discriminating traits which every woman can easily detect. These are: the emaciated appearance, discoloration, sunken eyes and generally poor appearance. It is no more difficult to discover the earmarks of inferior fish than it is for the bank teller to detect a counterfeit bill. After a little study, one glance is sufficient to tell whether the fish are good or bad.

HUMILITY

I HAVE no words to tell my thought for you.
Your gracious presence fills my soul with peace.
When I regard you all my troubles cease.
Yet my words falter, and I cannot tell
To you the simple fact—I love you well.

If I could say what lies within my mind
'Twould be to tell you how I love to look
Upon your face, to make your eyes my book
And read therein a message that would fill
My heart with happiness—if 'twere your will.

I long to take your hand within my own,
I long when you are weary to give rest,
When you are sad, my lips on yours I'd press,
For since my love doth lack the words it needs,
I long to make it known in helpful deeds.

—Caroline H. Burgess.

Business Men in Politics

EVENTS of recent years are pointing toward a political party more directly concerned with business interests and business development.

One prominent commercial leader who has allied himself with this cause is Mr. E. C. Simmons, the eminent hardware merchant of St. Louis, whose radiant optimism and keen business judgment have been felt for many years in national affairs. It has been observed by some that too much politics and mere making of laws has restrained economic and largely developing business.

The fact is brought out that instead of being controlled by business interests, there has been too much of a tendency to favor class legislation for farm and labor interests, although even passing consideration has not been given to the men who are making the markets and developing the arteries of trade and commerce upon which the prosperity of the country so largely depend. John Kirby, president of the American Association, has been announced as favoring a new party, augmenting a movement in which manufacture and business interests will have some voice.

Mr. Simmons is also deeply interested in the movement and with his pencil in hand, it did not take him long to set down some startling facts and figures. The traveling man, covering every corner of the country and every phase of business, is believed by Mr. Simmons to be more practical in his judgment of affairs than the political scout. Few men have been more pre-eminently identified with business affairs and better understand the philosophy of government in its relations to the consumer, producer, and the merchant than Mr. Simmons, and it is felt that if a party of this nature is ever formed, he will be called upon to devote his time and energy and mature business experience to this organization.

This new party would look directly to the welfare of all the people through the

immediate channel in which their welfare is to be obtained, or, in other words, through the channel of business development. The proposed party would look to a more equitable distribution of earnings and profits, establishing an organization that is in harmony with the genius and spirit of the age; getting away from the glamor of martial and ephemeral political prominence, and keeping in touch with the solid, practical men of affairs. In these days of business, the manufacturer, wholesaler and business men have come to understand that their personal interests are based upon the welfare of the purchasing public. This is only a direct application of the proposition that the welfare of each individual is a unit that goes to make up for the welfare of all. On that broad proposition of democracy which recognizes the changed current of affairs, business genius, by its own inherent strength, is intimately associated with the progress of all professions, trades and productions.

The farmer of today is a business man, and that ensures his success. The laboring man today is a business man, and instead of being widely diverted, all the interests of the country are coming slowly but steadily together in a recognition of the great thought which has in years past been merely an academic and scholastic chimera. There is a unity in the whole fabric of humankind which, if only recognized, and if disassociated from the little bickerings of the envy, greed and overlapping ambitions of men, would of itself naturally and inevitably bring about the results, which were originally but the dream of rancorous propagandists whose blood-thirsty and relentless schemes of distorted reform are unattainable and irreconcilable with great business development and modern necessities.

"Business," said Mr. Simmons as he thrust a paper here and there into a pigeon-hole and packed others in his bag, prepara-

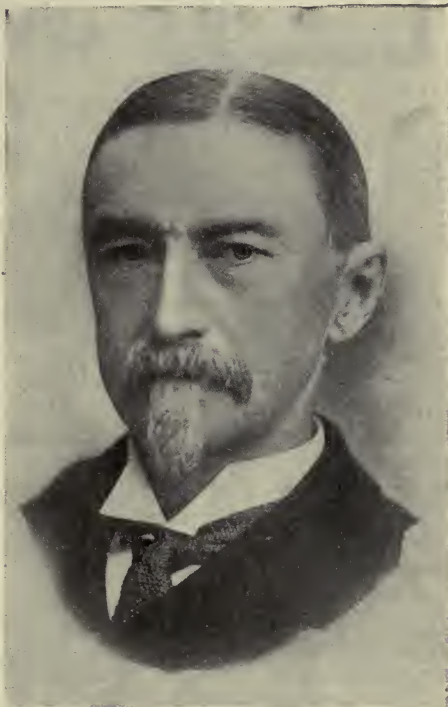
tory to leaving for Convention activities at Chicago, "has been smarting under the irritation of handicaps for five years, so that it has become very restless and is dissatisfied with present conditions—ready to break out with dynamic force, following the lead of any man or set of men who would point out the way to improved conditions. Business wants to come back into its own; it wants to be freed from the handicaps of political demagoguery; it wants to push ahead, and it is chafing vigorously under a restraint which is both unwise and unnatural. The old saying, 'Competition is the life of trade' should now be written 'Competition is the death of trade,' because but few people engaged in legitimate business are producing satisfactory results that enable them to treat their employees generously and to forge ahead in a wholesome and healthy manner."

Mr. Simmons is a true optimist, and he enthusiastically discussed the favorable outlook of business for the coming season. "The basic conditions at present," he said, "are wonderfully favorable. The remarkable activity in the steel industry is one of the best barometers we could possibly have; then again, the weather has been particularly propitious, and there is promise of great crops of grain and cotton, and although winter wheat does not bid fair to yield as largely as last year, the outlook for spring wheat indicates a crop so much larger than that of 1911 as to make the total wheat crop for the year more than was the case last year."

The talk shifted to politics, the most natural subject in a presidential year. "If the nominees," remarked Mr. Simmons, "both Republican and Democratic, are not satisfactory to the people, there is ample time to originate and start a new party, to be called 'The Business Men's Party,' or 'The Independent Party' or some other suitable name. Four months is a long time in which to work, and a whirlwind campaign could be inaugurated and carried out that would, beyond a question of doubt, bring success."

"If a Business Men's Party is started and some man can be found to head the ticket, who has a clean record and who has demonstrated his ability by his success in a decent way, and who has never been

connected with combinations, monopolies, or trusts, I firmly believe that he can get the active and hearty co-operation of more than half the traveling men in the United States. Perhaps such a man could be found who has himself been a traveling man, and that would appeal to the army of travelers, which numbers four hundred thousand. If half of them could be actively enlisted in this work, they would reach about two million voters per day,



E. C. SIMMONS

The head of the Simmons Hardware Company of St. Louis and a leader in the new business men's party

so that in less than thirty days' time they would, numerically speaking, have an opportunity of talking with the voters of the United States. These men are convincing talkers; they are trained to talk in a convincing way; if they were not, they could not be successful in their avocation. There isn't the slightest doubt in my mind but what a Business Men's Party, organized on the right lines and supported by at least half the traveling salesmen, could carry the day at the election in November."



HOW exhilarating it is to hear not only among thousands of readers, but on the street and in the house, words of praise for **HEART SONGS** and **HEART THROBS**. The books have a peculiar fascination in these days; when the voice of the people is so reverently respected. In the street car, among strangers, in the hotel elevators and everywhere there are people who always have a word of appreciation for these books. At the conventions at Chicago and at Baltimore there were hundreds of people who spoke about these books, from Colonel Knight, fresh from his ranch in California, to gentlemen living on the eastern frontiers of Maine. With a thrill I heard "Sweet Belle Mahone" played by the orchestra at Baltimore and I wondered if the people realized how this song, which their mothers sang, had been rescued from oblivion by a contributor to **HEART SONGS**. There was a plaintiveness in the melody that set aside all these fleeting years and came back again with its all-appealing and enduring heart power. The revival of the old songs was coincident with the exploitation of **HEART SONGS**. On the phonograph records there is a great demand for old songs even in competition, for the high-priced operatic artists. The simple old songs as collated by the contributors of **HEART SONGS** have marked an epoch. The revival of "Silver Threads among the Gold" came at about that time, just because these songs have a heart touch about them that seems to permeate the affections more than the recent popular songs. There is a sincerity,

many have said, and an earnestness in the old songs that seems to be lacking in modern melodies.

Many of the contributions to **HEART SONGS** never appeared in what have previously been termed "popular song" books, for **HEART SONGS** is more than a collection of popular songs. Its selections are, indeed, **HEART SONGS** that have a compelling and enduring interest.

The sales of **HEART THROBS** and **HEART SONGS** have continually increased ever since they were first issued, and we are making special preparations for new, fine editions for the holidays. Don't fail to have your bookseller know about these books, because it is not necessary to urge anyone who has **HEART THROBS** and **HEART SONGS** to tell their friends about them. In all the varied achievements of our book-publishing department there is nothing that surpasses our satisfaction in the knowledge that every copy of **HEART THROBS** and **HEART SONGS** that goes from the press carries with it a heart message that comes back to us in all forms and styles of expression with every mail.

"Sweet Belle Mahone!" If you have a **HEART SONGS** book sing it again and then you will not wonder why our mothers and grandmothers loved that dear old song. When later I heard this song on the Columbia phonograph records—and the singing refrain, "Sweet Belle Mahone, Wait for me at heaven's gate, Sweet Belle Mahone"—I recalled how my mother's voice rang out over the lawn where we children were at play, and the sacred memories of scenes and associations of that song can never

It is one thing to make soda crackers that are *occasionally* good.

It is quite another thing to make them so that they are not only always better than all other soda crackers, but *always of unvarying goodness*.

The name "Uneeda"—stamped on every one of them—means that if a million packages of Uneeda Biscuit were placed before you, you could choose any one of them, confident that every soda cracker in that package would be as good as the best Uneeda Biscuit ever baked. Five cents.

**NATIONAL BISCUIT
COMPANY**

be effaced as long as mind and memory shall endure.

And this is only one of the five hundred
HEART SONGS.

* * *

IT is a pleasure for the publishers to announce for the September NATIONAL a story by Miss Anne Bozeman Lyon, one of the leading women writers of the South. Miss Lyon has become famous through her colonial fiction, dealing with the people of old Mobile; and this story, "Casimir Jacques," is one of her most charming romances concerning the quaint French settlers of early Alabama history.

Anne Bozeman Lyon was "discovered" by Dr. Charles J. O'Malley, who published "Padre Felipe," the first of her short colonial stories. The story was widely copied and received the hearty commendation of Walter Lecky, the eminent novelist, and other noted writers and church dignitaries. Miss Lyon's "Early Missions of the South" was published in Germany and in England, and adopted as a text-book in some of the schools of Florida. Following this book came short stories, a novel and two novelettes, all written in a clear, finished style that brought recognition to their author. The realism of Miss Lyon's fiction is explained by her statement: "When I start one of these colonial stories, I see the characters vividly, and actually hear their names and feel their presence. They move and sway me and not I them. When the story is done, I couldn't write another until the spirit moves me, not if I were going to be burned at the stake."

No one can read "Casimir Jacques" without being impressed by the simple, Christ-like character who gives the story its name. The publishers feel that "Casimir Jacques" is one of the best short stories that has come to the editorial desk in a number of years.

* * *

WITH the September NATIONAL comes also the opening instalment of the new serial story, "Two and a Pocket Handkerchief," by Josephine Page Wright, the prominent California story writer. A young New York society man who loses

his fortune and his fiancée, and who in desperation seeks retirement on a California ranch; a quixotic offer of marriage to a native girl; the conflict of opposite temperaments; the opportunity to return to the city—these are incidents in one of the most human romances we have met in a long time. The atmosphere of California pervades every chapter; the characters are natural and refreshing; each instalment leads up to a climactic point in the story.

"Two and a Pocket Handkerchief" keeps inside of the NATIONAL standard for fiction that is wholesome and optimistic—fiction that is diverting, entertaining, refreshing, after the day's labor.

It has been gratifying to receive appreciative comments from a number of readers upon the special summer stories that have appeared in the June and July issues. These letters have indicated that many readers approve of a schedule which includes a larger amount of fiction. With this in mind, we are giving special attention to the NATIONAL stories, and are devoting more time and space to this branch of the magazine. The September issue will offer a table of contents in fiction that might well be envied by an all-story magazine for its variety, its authorship and its general excellence.

Aside from the new serial and "Casimir Jacques," the September issue will include "The Gold Girl," a thrilling love story by Nellie Cravey Gillmore; "Wanted—A Young Man," a romantic account of a "want" advertisement and its results; "Across the Night, Beyond the Day," by Louise Pond Jewell, a delightful story of two souls who "understood"; "Padre Bernardo," a Mexican story by Harold de Polo; and a roaring Hebrew farce, entitled "Papa Buys Some Diamonds," by Ed Cahn, the Canadian Montague Glass. Mr. Cahn contributed "Cohen's Insomnia" to a recent issue of *Joe Chapple's News-Letter*, and no story was more enthusiastically received. Mr. Cahn seems to be able to interpret the irresistible humor of the Hebrew, and we count ourselves especially fortunate in securing one of his stories for the NATIONAL. "Papa Buys Some Diamonds" will be illustrated by Orville P. Williams, the cartoonist who came into national prominence through

WHITE MOTOR TRUCKS

Have More Than a Guarantee Behind Them

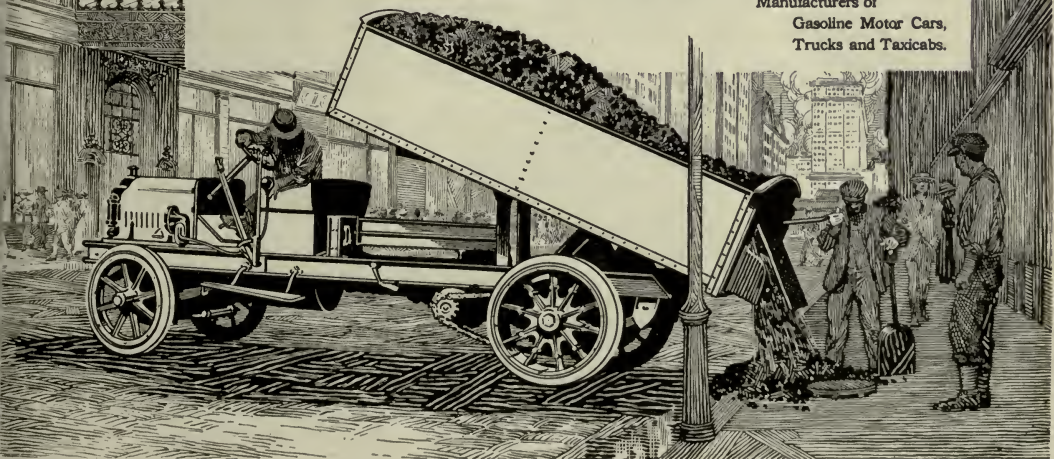
THE purchaser of a motor truck, to be secure in his investment, must consider not only the construction of the truck and its adaptability to his business conditions, but also the financial responsibility and the integrity of the truck manufacturer behind it.

The guarantees and free service offers under which so many trucks are sold, are no better than the reputation and responsibility of the manufacturers who make them.

White Trucks are manufactured by a company which has had the confidence and respect of the industrial world for over fifty years. The name of the White Company is the best guarantee in the world of the sterling quality of White Trucks.


The White Company
CLEVELAND

Manufacturers of
Gasoline Motor Cars,
Trucks and Taxicabs.



his "Claribel" series of comics. Every one of the writers represented in this list is familiar to magazine readers, and the publishers take pride in the showing.

* * *

WALT MASON, the noted Kansas poet-humorist, characteristically writes of HEART SONGS: "*It is the finest thing I ever saw.*" This comment is borne out by Mr. Mason's poem on "The Old Songs," with which many of our readers are doubtless familiar:

The modern airs are cheerful, melodious, and sweet; we hear them sung and whistled all day upon the street. Some lilting rag-time ditty that's rollicking and gay will gain the public favor and hold it—for a day. But when the day is ended, and we are tired and worn, and more than half persuaded that man was made to mourn, how soothing then the music our fathers used to know! The songs of sense and feeling, the songs of long ago! The "Jungle Joe" effusions and kindred roundelays will do to hum or whistle throughout our busy days; and in the garish limelight the yodelers many yell, and Injun songs may flourish—and all is passing well; but when to light the heavens the shining stars return, and in the cottage windows the lights begin to burn, when parents and their children are seated by the fire, remote from worldly clamor and all the world's desire, when eyes are soft and shining, and hearts with love aglow, how pleasant is the singing of songs of long ago!

WALT MASON.

In the columns of the *Kansas City Star*, where Mr. Mason conducts a book review column that is read in all parts of the country, he has said of HEART SONGS:

Joe Mitchell Chapple, publisher of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, deserves a gold medal and a wagon load of American Beauties. He has collected all the fine old songs and published them in a beautiful book entitled "Heart Songs," which title is descriptive. There are over five hundred pages of the songs, and every one is an old favorite, every one has been sung thousands of times in days gone by. Mr. Chapple raked the country over for the material for this book, and 25,000 people assisted by sending him favorite songs, and the result is a compilation that is a genuine treasury. The phonograph people are now drawing largely upon this book for old-time melodies, which is a good thing for the phonograph people, the public and Mr. Chapple.

In the month's mail there have come also many new sentiments on HEART THROBS—the most of them on Volume II—by readers who have known and treas-

ured Volume I since its publication. "The very highest tribute I can pay to the second volume," writes Congressman W. W. Wedemeyer of Michigan, "is to say that I like it just as well as the first; and the first has given me more real pleasure than any other book that came to my hands up to the time I had received it. And none since, except this second volume, has done me so much good. You have earned the gratitude of everybody."

A friend in Boston writes of HEART THROBS: "There is no Sunday when I am at home that I don't spend an hour or two with them. They are perfect gems, and all lovers of books should have the volumes in their libraries."

One of the NATIONAL's oldest friends writes the following appreciation: "The HEART THROBS book is a gem, and anyone collecting them is doing a noble work in selecting and giving them to the world, whether they are original with the collector, or the result of some other brain, tuned to the same note that shall glorify, amuse and satisfy humanity or stimulate men and women to higher and nobler duties. LORING W. PUFFER."

Women readers have been most generous and enthusiastic in their bestowal of praise on the volume. A friend writes from Austin, Minnesota: "I simply love the collection of treasures between its covers, and it appeals to me because many of the selections are such old-time friends, bringing to mind memories of days gone by—some sad, many pleasant ones as well, because it is so very human and must reach the hearts of all readers. It will cheer and make happy the fortunate possessor, and I hope will find a place in every home."

From Gatesville, North Carolina, Mrs. G. D. W. writes: "HEART THROBS, Volume II, contains some of the purest gems from all the works of English. The reading of this collection of beautiful thoughts must bring to the heart of everyone a throb either of sadness or of joy—like the meeting of old friends and the gladness of welcoming new."

No late fiction could be a better companion for the veranda during the summer days than HEART THROBS, which may be taken up at random and put down at will.

SAPOLIO

The
Big Cake
that means
Little Work

Solid Cake -
No Waste
Economical -
Effective



Silver
Wrapper

Blue
Band

ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS COMPANY
SOLE MANUFACTURERS

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER, 1912

Affairs at WASHINGTON

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

ANTICIPATION of adjournment pervaded Congress during the summer of 1912. Week after week at Washington the sessions dragged along, the wearisome routine scarcely ruffled by two great political conventions and a presidential campaign. There was a clash now and then in floor debates, as when Senator-elect Joe Ransdell, closing his service in the House, addressed his colleagues on the Mississippi levee appropriation. With a map before him, and a pointer in hand, he made a stirring valedictory speech, appealing for the necessity of government assistance in helping to build and maintain government levees on the Father of Waters, "where the overflowing waters of forty-one states rush upon the Mississippi River plantations."

In the Senate, the construction of a railroad in the Philippines elicited a lively five-minute debate between Senator Lodge, Senator Warren and Senator Reed. But however keen the earlier proceedings, a kind of summer languor creeps over both Houses about the time the baseball game begins—at three o'clock, to be precise, or shortly thereafter. The "B.B." enthusiasm of the national legislators has been unusual because the Washington team has made a wonderful record this year, and it would be more than human nature could endure to be asked simply to "scan the record" of the games under these circumstances.

JUST enough members are on the floor during the sessions at either end of the Capitol to maintain a quorum and keep the wheels going. The "pairs" are so arranged that a Congressman can slip away now and then for a vacation, but it taxes the ingenuity of the "whips" to keep in line for every emergency the quorum necessary to keep the machinery of legislation in motion. Speaker Champ Clark shows none of the symptoms supposed to characterize a disappointed candidate, but continues his work with the same fervor and zest as when the primaries pointed to his probable selection as the leader of the Democratic cohorts. There is a lively anticipation of victory among Democratic members, and among the Republicans there is no lack of grim determination and alert preparation. Former Senator "Billy" Mason declared that July and August were Democratic months, fast enough, but so long as November came all right with Republican votes there was no use worrying in the warm weather. "Billy" Mason is a philosopher, one of the most effective stump speakers in the country, and now has his weather eye on returning to take up his work at Washington.

* * *

THE leaders of the campaign forces are quietly gathering together their material and inserting in the *Record* as

campaign ammunition every possible scrap of incident and information that can be sent out under the franking privilege. After all, Uncle Sam will bear the brunt of the postage for the coming campaign of both parties. The revelation of the cost of past presidential campaigns came as an astonishment to those who attended the hearings; but those well-informed insist that if the collateral expenses of state, county and ward committees were added, the figures for Uncle Sam's quadrennial presi-



HON. CARMI A. THOMPSON
The new secretary to President Taft.
(His front name may be found in the Bible)

dential campaigns would appear nothing short of stupendous.

* * *

ONE is instantly curious about that Christian name Carmi—it is Carmi Alderman Thompson in full—and he is a genial and altogether likable young man. He hails from Ironton, Ohio, and is the new secretary to President Taft. When I asked him where he got his name, he leaned back in his chair, astonished, and said, "Don't you know? It is a Biblical name." I sadly confessed I did not know.

"It appears three times in the Bible," he continued, and then his face sobered as he said, "I have a concordance at home that would tell you just where."

Carmi A. Thompson was born in Wayne County, West Virginia, and his father was a coal miner. When the boy was only four years old the family moved to Ironton, Ohio, and when still a lad, Carmi Thompson went to work with his father in the mines.

He was ambitious at school, and when he graduated from the high school he determined to attend the Ohio State University—and being an Ohio determination, he did. Then he fulfilled another dream and became a real lawyer. Followed his election as city solicitor of Ironton; to the Ohio legislature; to the speakership of the House of Representatives. That same year he was elected Secretary of State, and led the Republican state ticket with a majority of 68,000 votes. When he was renominated for Secretary of State, Mr. Thompson was the only Republican elected on the ticket, receiving a majority of more than 40,000 over his opponent. He came to Washington in 1911 to take the post of Assistant Secretary of the Interior, and served in that capacity until he was appointed as secretary to the President, succeeding Mr. Hilles. All this makes a record of superb successes for the son of a West Virginia miner.

Mr. Thompson is one of those people whom no one can help liking. His ancestors came from the north of Ireland to America with the distinct and avowed purpose of helping in the War of the Revolution. They were real Scotch-Irish. They arrived at Baltimore and there joined the Continental army. Carmi Thompson is a direct descendant of a captain in Washington's army, and has a taste for military life himself. The army officers did not receive much pay in those days, but after this ancestor was commissioned captain, he was given a land grant in old Virginia, now a part of West Virginia. The land was not considered of much value then, but a century later, long after it had passed out of the family's hands, it was found to be valuable coal property.

Although Carmi Thompson was born in West Virginia, yet he is always known

as an Ohio man. His father and mother are still living at Ironton and are justly proud of the achievements of their son. They delight in recalling the time when Carmi entered college. He had thirty-six dollars in his pocket, and after graduation he came home with thirty-eight, thus closing his college career with a net profit of two dollars.

As Secretary Thompson sits in his office at the White House, carefully going over the President's correspondence with an eye to his promises and long list of appointments with callers, one notices the precision that is the unmistakable mark of the military man. If you ask him, Mr. Thompson will proudly tell you that he was in the Ohio National Guard, and at one time commanded the Seventh Ohio. During the Spanish-American War he was a captain and saw actual service. The old soldiers and friends in Ohio salute him as "Colonel," and he is the kind of man who bears even a distinguished military title with modesty. He likes the old-fashioned handshake, and is blessed with that sincerity and charm of manner that has characterized the real leaders in all time. But Carmi Thompson believes, first of all, in making friends for his chief, and those who know him believe that he will ably and tactfully represent the President and his interests in the myriad of details which are a potent influence in making or breaking the career of a public man.

* * *

ABOVE the mantelpiece of his private library, Andrew Carnegie first put up the motto: "The Kingdom of Heaven is Within You." Recently an original motto was added: "The 'Judge Within' sits in the Supreme Court." This saying

was originally inscribed in a book by Mr. Carnegie, and is an epigram well worthy of preservation. What more expressive eight words were ever written—for "the judge within" is indeed the court of last resort so far as one's own life-service is concerned, and so the saying rings true with the philosophy of life.

Other original mottoes are modestly placed among the large number of epigrams above the mantel and on the walls.



ANDREW CARNEGIE, THE NEW YORK PHILANTHROPIST
The author of many terse mottoes and epigrams

"Self approval is the ample reward of virtue" has been much quoted in church circles. Another favorite original motto of Mr. Carnegie's is "All is well since all grows better."

It is interesting to learn that Mr. Carnegie's rule of life is founded upon the saying of Confucius, which he met with for the first time when in China—"To perform the duties of this life well, troubling not about another, is the prime wisdom."

At every turn, on the walls of the library in the Carnegie home there are inspiring

epigrams. There are also diplomas of the innumerable honors and degrees of Mr. Carnegie. On one wall, in the rambling hand of Joaquin Miller, hangs the splendid tribute to "Andrew Carnegie, the real friend of literature." An amusing incident is related of the time when the late King Edward VII visited Skibo, and Joaquin Miller's tribute was read to him:

Hail! fat king Ned!
Hail! fighting Ted!
Great William, grim Oom Paul,



HON. JAMES BURTON REYNOLDS
The secretary of the Republican National Committee

But I'd rather twist
The Carnegie wrist
In this hard fist
Than shake hands with you all.

With a chuckle the genial host turned to His Majesty and said, "You see, you are not in it," to which "King Ned" agreed with a hearty laugh.

* * *

THE sight of James Burton Reynolds in the Times Building, his new headquarters as secretary of the Republican National Committee, means that there is to be a hard-fought political campaign.

Few men know better how to keep poise and meet unexpected emergencies than the genial "Jimmy" Reynolds. He is known as a Boston man, although he was born in Saratoga, New York, and has spent much time in Washington. He began life as a newspaper man, and in his public life has rendered distinguished service as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and more recently as a member of the Tariff Commission. Mr. Reynolds is noted for his keen sense of humor, and in setting up his new housekeeping quarters in New York he knew just where to locate the waste baskets and other office equipment. With scissors and paste pot, and the diplomatic grace of a courtier, he started in to help make the campaign of 1912 memorable in the annals of political history, adapting himself to conditions and the work in hand as readily as he has taken up and succeeded in past endeavors. Mr. Reynolds is a graduate of Dartmouth College and in his newspaper career was a reporter, a Washington correspondent, and an editorial writer of no small ability. He was chairman of the Government Commission to Germany, Great Britain, France and Austria to consider trade relations, and is thoroughly familiar with the tariff question, which promises to be a prominent issue in the present campaign.

* * *

WHAT a rare privilege it is to look into the faces of the veterans of the Civil War and to speak to them on Memorial Day! How much they appreciate words that are not dipped in brine, reminding them of their faltering steps and palsied hands, and of how swiftly they are going down the decline of life.

Nothing can ever abate the courage and activity of the veteran of the Civil War. He cannot be relegated to the shadows of retirement. This fact was most emphatically brought out in Washington by both Confederate and Federals in making preparations for the fiftieth anniversary of the Battle of Gettysburg. It is planned that forty thousand veterans shall assemble at the famous battle ground, where the struggle of 1863 will be refought, and from all over the Union people will gather to celebrate the decisive battle of the war.

The Gettysburg committee appointed by the Pennsylvania legislature is also making preliminary preparations for a "peace jubilee" that will be equally memorable.

There is a permanent and patriotic value in preserving these localities, so supreme in historical interest, for from such associations are drawn the memories and inspirations of today, and centuries to come.

As Senator John Sharp Williams remarked, "It will be very appropriate that the veterans of both armies should come

turned down at the poem "Telling the Bees," and the refrain seemed to be in harmony with the droning,

"Oh! bees, sing soft and bees sing low,
As over the honey fields you swing to the
trees abloom and the flowers ablow,
For beneath these orchard trees
Find cheer and shelter, oh, gentle bees."

"Doesn't that sound like a busy day?" demanded the Senator, at being found "caught with the goods."

The verse indicated that one solon at least was dreaming of the drowsy hum of



THE NEW "FLYING BOAT"

Invented by Glenn H. Curtiss, who claims it to be absolutely safe. It can be used as a motor boat or a flying machine, and may develop a new sport to be known as aerial yachting

together again on that famous field. The battle will be fought, Pickett's charge be made, and in mimic warfare history will again repeat itself," and furnish a celebration such as would forever bind together the North and South with memories precious and sacred among the veterans still living, who furnished innumerable awe-inspiring and almost superhuman examples of valor.

* * *

IMAGINE my surprise at finding on a Senator's desk, concealed as the bad boys in school used to hide a "thriller," a volume of Eugene Field's. The page was

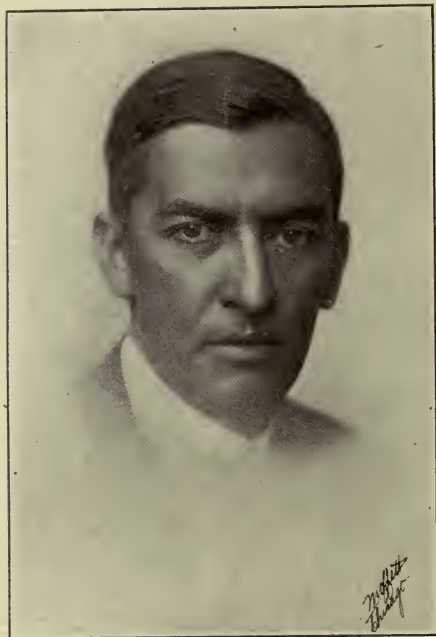
the bees, if not acting the busy part. Evidently he was thinking of those orchard trees at home and of another year to come in which the long vacation time would not be so cruelly taken away by the demands of public business.

* * *

ELEVEN years is a long time in the record of achievements and changes of the century. The wife of an American officer stationed in the Philippines returning with her two sons after more than a decade, comments most impressively upon the changes that greeted her on returning home. She had gone to the Philippines

to become a bride and could hardly believe her eyes when the first thing that she saw in New York Harbor on her return was an aeroplane.

The lady is an ardent adopted daughter of the tropics and spoke enthusiastically of her life in the Philippines, insisting that she would be glad to go back. Her tribute to conditions in Manila was decidedly different from some reports that have come from other sources. "The one-time unsanitary conditions in the Philippines



GEORGE ADE

Whose "County Chairman" was realistically revived during the political conventions. He was "also mentioned" as a candidate for governor of Indiana

now seem like ancient history," she declared. Events have thrust themselves thick and fast into the pages of history since Dewey sailed into Manila harbor.

* * *

HONORABLE George Ade, Mentioned as Candidate for Governor of the State of Indiana" is the way it will read in history. The announcement occasioned so much excitement in the political arena of Hoosierdom that it was necessary for the sage of Brook, Indiana, to issue a proclamation and avert a stampede.

Mr. George Ade has a name whose spelling has occasioned him a great deal of trouble during his illustrious career. Some will insist that it is the name of the Red Cross organization, and suggest the elimination of George, who would become "First Ade." When he buys dry goods and tells the young lady his name he always has to come to the rescue while she writes "Aide," "Aid," but never thinks of making a combination of the three letters "A-d-e." Then there are some cold Anglo-Saxons in New England who have read his works, but have seen him not—sometimes in the cars you hear them saying—"Oh, have you read the latest by George Add?"

Since the days of the "rolling peanut automobile," innovated by Mr. Ade during the strenuous days when "The County Chairman" was being written, he has become known in turn as a globe-trotter, a man of leisure and a prosperous farmer. It does not seem so long ago that he first launched his book "Artie."

In order that the historical records may be accurately preserved among other official records, the announcement that Hon. George Ade is mentioned as a candidate for Governor is placed herewith on file, and if there are no objections will stand adoption.

I have no wish to be Governor of my beloved State. I have even less of a wish to be a candidate for Governor. At the same time, I have no earthly objection to being mentioned for the governorship.

During the present rainy spell, which has delayed planting of corn, we sit around and mention our friends for the governorship. It is our personal indoor sport. "Everybody's doin' it—doin' it—doin' it." Sometimes a man with a particularly keen insight into the possibilities of the autumn mentions an enemy.

The suggestion that I might under certain unforeseen conditions become a candidate has brought mirth and laughter into many homes, lately saddened by the internal dissensions of our party. It has caused no inconvenience to friends and has not alarmed others. It will permit the biographer to say in my obituary notice: "In 1912 he was mentioned for the governorship." Therefore, it is a good thing.

After all, I would rather be mentioned for the governorship than be elected governor and then keep on being mentioned. With this kind explanation I shall retire to the storm cellar.

(Signed) GEORGE ADE.

VETERAN and experienced Senators are fast passing from public life. Senator Cullom's retirement will mark the passing of the last of the senators of the seventies. One of the old door-keepers at the Capitol, growing reminiscent on the passing of the old regime, told of the day when the giant leaders of the old regime walked down the aisle proudly arrayed, wearing the formal cravat and Prince Albert coat. Now one notes the business-like attire; the short, snappy and colloquial talk; even the orations retain very little of the old rounded periods of early days. The routine of the Senate reflects the business spirit of the age. Even the attractive honors of the position seem less inspiring to young men of today. Political careers have undergone radical changes.

* * *

IT'S a very pretty quarrel," remarked the old sea-dog, trying to be casual, "this tilt over the right of the United States to let coastwise vessels carrying the American flag pass through the Panama Canal." He bit the end of his cigar savagely and there was a fiery glint in his eye as he warmed up to his subject. "No English vessel can compete in our coasting trade," he declared, "and the 'big ditch' for which Americans will pay at least three hundred millions, is certainly a part of the American coast-line, bought with our money, made traversable from the beginning by American life, genius, enterprise and money; redeemed from jungle isolation and the very shadow of death by American self-sacrifice and effort and defended by American arms from spoliation and anarchy.

"If we haven't a right to say that an American vessel may sail 'free gratis for nothing' from Passamaquoddy to Alaska, what right have we," he demanded, "in our Panama acquisition anyway, except to 'hold the bag' for a foreign, commercial marine, which already takes over \$160,000,000 yearly from the earnings of our people?"

"That a St. Stephens or St. John schooner should claim the same advantages that she now has over a competing Calais vessel in carrying freight to San Francisco or Seattle is upon its face unjust and

ridiculous, unless the usual policy of discouraging water transportation for the benefit of railroad and other interests is always to be continued.

"What would be thought of the man," he continued, with a Patrick Henry gesture, "who, having agreed that his neighbors should have equal rights at one and the same cost to his pasturage, should actually entertain their protest against the free use of the same land by his children?"

"Are we forever to consider the interest of other peoples in an altruistic light, and



SENATOR SHELBY M. CULLOM
Whose retirement marks the passing of the "Old Guard" in the Senate

exact every cent of tribute and taxation from our own? Neither England nor any European nation would dare to adopt a policy which from everlasting to everlasting condemns the owner of the transient freighter to pay tribute, because the country cannot subsidize every stray craft, whose owner is trying to make a living in competition with the gigantic steamship lines of today.

"No one knows what scheme of governmental intrigue through immigration, and eventual annexations may hereafter come to complicate our relations with Pacific territories and islands; or what merger

and combinations of the transcontinental lines of the New World and the gigantic growth of Oriental shipping and enterprise may nullify and destroy the benefits for which we have paid so freely, and labored so effectively. No, sir," he cried, bringing a well-tanned fist down upon the table, "this is all wrong. No quixotic spirit of *noblesse oblige* or cabal of banded interests must lessen our firm determination that American men and American shipping shall first and chiefly benefit by the Panama Canal." And he stalked off to the tobacco counter for another cigar.



OLD WASHINGTON FOREST GIANT
Recently cut down

"**WOODMAN**—spare that tree!" There was much regret among the older inhabitants at Washington when the old tulip or yellow poplar tree used as a signal station in the Civil War was cut down. Even the famous Washington elm was hardly more celebrated than this old tree, which stood in the outskirts of the national capital and was known because of its age and its historical associations. It was used as a signal station by Confederate soldiers under General Early during their attack on Washington July 11 and 12, 1864. It was also occupied by Confederate sharpshooters, and under it were

buried several Confederate soldiers killed in that two days' engagement.

Forestry bureau officials estimate the age of the tree at more than five hundred years, so that it was standing at least a century before Columbus touched the shores of America. Perhaps it might have stood another five centuries, but that the lightning recently struck to its heart. In diameter the trunk measured almost six feet, while the topmost branches were more than one hundred feet above the ground. The building shown in the accompanying illustration is one of those of the Walter Weed Army Hospital, about three miles north of the Capitol.

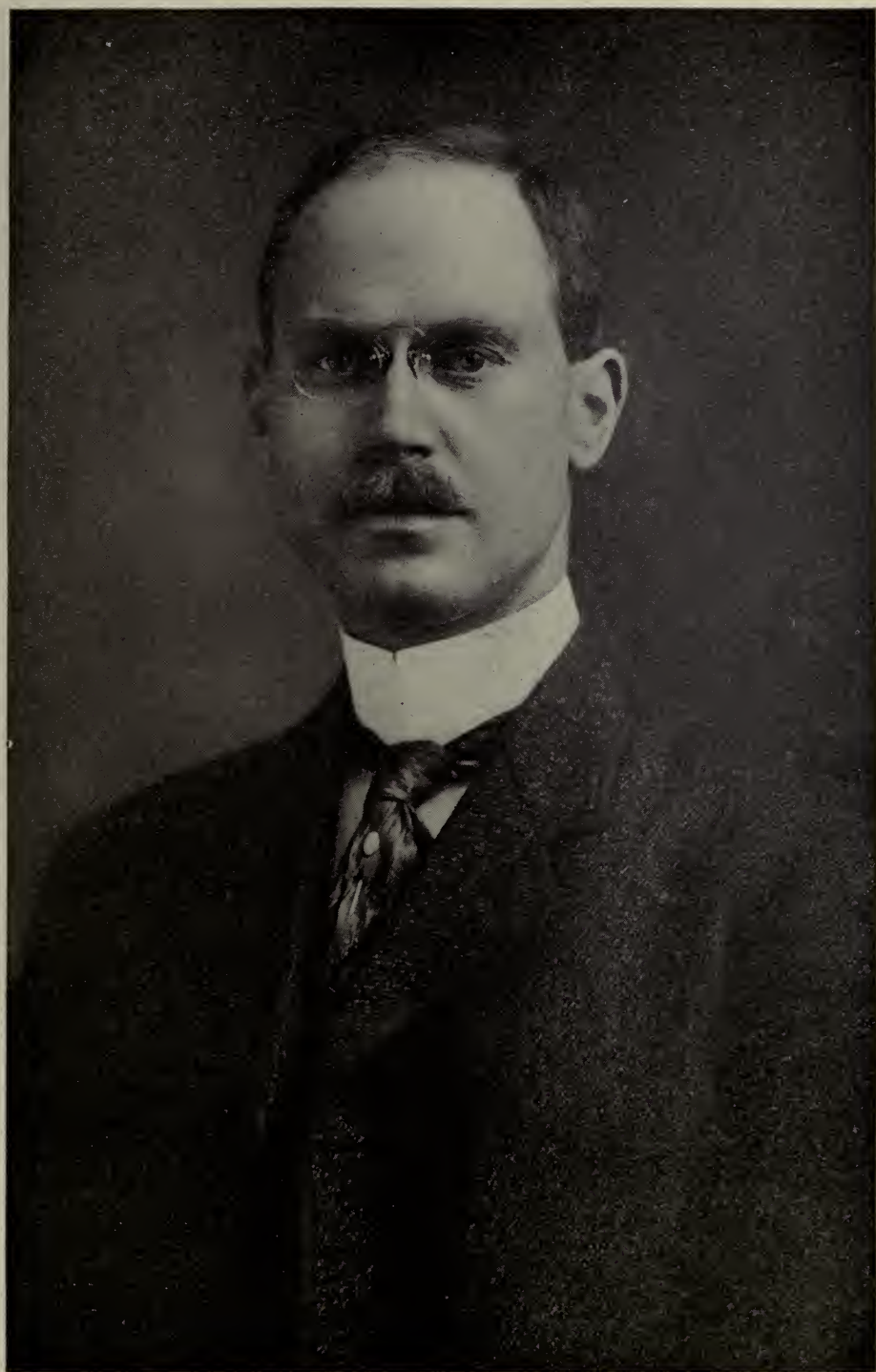
The big trunk of the old tree has been left standing and vines will be trained over it, so that tourists may still visit the historic spot and touch the gnarled trunk of the old forest giant.

* * *

DURING the days when the appropriation for the Consular Service was threatened with defeat in Congress, appreciation of the services of Mr. Wilbur J. Carr, Director of the Consular Service, was strongly emphasized by the thousands of letters which poured in from all parts of the country. The writers were determined to sustain a man who had done so much for the improvement and efficiency of the American Consular Service, placing it where it ranks today, far above that of many nations and rivalled only by Germany in building up foreign trade.

Mr. Carr has given his work thorough and careful study, and has commanded the enthusiastic and unanimous assistance of more than three hundred men who appreciate the fact that no one could be more fair and just than their chief.

But one idea has dominated Mr. Carr, and that is efficiency of service. Every phase and detail of the consular life in all parts of the world are familiar to this young man, who sits at his desk day after day, and often night after night, delving deeply into the many problems presented, some of which would baffle the most astute diplomat. Consular interest shifts with each day. It may be centered in Mexico, in China or in Cuba; for wherever trouble is brewing, the American consul is ex-



HON. WILBUR J. CARR
DIRECTOR OF THE CONSULAR SERVICE

pected to do his full duty and protect the lives and property of Americans resident or traveling in his district.

The regulations of the American Consular Service, especially during the past five or ten years, have been looked upon as models for other countries, and have worked wonders in the development of American trade. Every American consul finds it not only his duty but his pleasure

duties or immigration complications, it must be adjusted through the State Department.

For that reason the development of foreign trade has been considered of vital consequence in the Consular Bureau. The new policy which at one time seriously threatened the elimination of so important an office as the Director of the Consular Service was scarcely considered a measure of real retrenchment and economy, but looked as if tinged with political expediency in some direction or other.

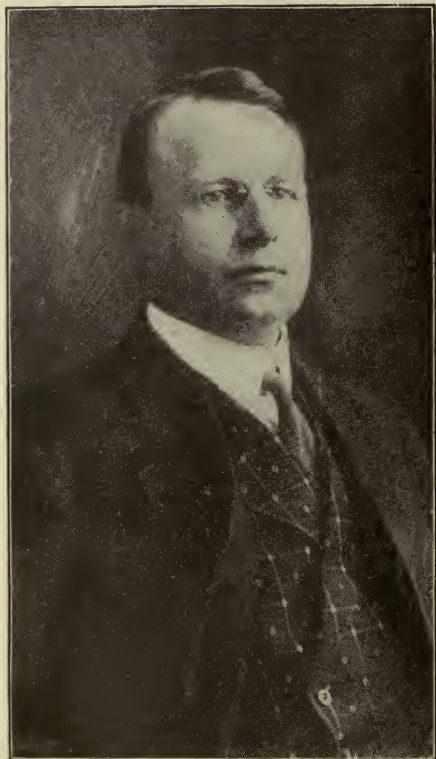
* * *

INDICATING something of the growth of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the fact is revealed that since 1904 the force has increased from two hundred and fifty to seven hundred clerks. The Commission leased 175 rooms, and the records grow at a tremendous rate. They include the tariffs issued by the railroads, the annual monthly reports, also the reports of expense every month. The Commission altogether has the aspect of a gigantic railroad office and its system of discipline is even more exemplary. Most of the clerks employed by the Commission have been recruited from railroad offices and are familiar with their tabular and tariff work. "I think they're the most wonderful people in Washington," declared the vivacious young daughter of a Western Congressman, "the way they work and work on dry as dust old columns of figures. They just never look up from their work, either. I should think they'd die of figuritis."

The Department has to keep pace with the vigorous and progressive business spirit of the times, and many a night, even in the vacation days, the lights are burning from Commission headquarters, as the expert workers assemble the figures which are the basis of important records of Twentieth Century methods and progress.

* * *

ONE of the strongest men in the present House of Representatives, and whose strength comes from his early associations with the practical activities of life is Representative Irvine L. Lenroot, repre-



CONGRESSMAN JAMES M. COX OF OHIO
A candidate for the governorship of the Buckeye State

to give all the valuable information he can secure to American manufacturers seeking foreign markets.

Many suggestions that have been of great profit to this country have originated in the consular service. The distinction between the Department of Commerce and Labor and the consular service has been marked in its development in the matter of foreign trade relations, for when any matter involves even a trade dispute between nations, such as excessive tariff

senting the Eleventh District of Wisconsin. He was born at Superior, in the district which he represents, and his father and mother were both natives of Sweden. His father was the first blacksmith in Superior and was long identified with the growth and development of the lively city at the head of Lake Superior.

Young Lenroot was educated in the public schools of Superior, took a course at a Duluth business college, and having served as a stenographer in a law office, became an official reporter and later was admitted to the bar. He was early identified with reform work in the State of Wisconsin, and at the early age of twenty-two was chairman of his County Committee. An earnest, logical, effective public speaker, he soon made headway. He became a member of the Wisconsin House of Representatives in 1901, and in 1903 was elected Speaker of the House. For the five years he served in the Wisconsin Legislature, Mr. Lenroot was in the forefront of the great political contests in that State. He also acted as special counsel for the State of Wisconsin in the litigation over state tax laws which involved more than two million dollars.

In 1908 Mr. Lenroot was elected to Congress, and he early won a distinguished prominence. His chief characteristic has been to remember the promises made to the people in his campaign, and he enjoys a peculiar confidence among his constituents. He takes the people of his district into his confidence whenever there is any great question at stake. No congressman more thoroughly understands and knows his constituency, yet there are few who have taken a more active part in shaping laws that concern the nation at large. He has been prominent among the progressives and was for many years known as the "right hand man" of Senator La Follette; but this firm, square-jawed man, with the right sense of ballast, was himself early marked as a leader to be reckoned with. As an orator, he speaks easily and rapidly, and stirs his audience by enthusiasm and a strong conviction; he believes in working with men to accomplish definite results. There are few more popular speakers in the Chautauqua Circuit than Mr. Lenroot.

While a son of adopted citizens, coming from the north of Europe, yet Congressman Lenroot is in his life and training a stalwart example of the Lincoln type of statesman. Citizens of Northern Wisconsin take a great personal pride in the aggressive and alert representative who never seems to outgrow a hearty and appreciative interest in the people whom he so well serves and represents.

In the summer Congressman Lenroot delights in retiring to his little cottage on



HON. IRVINE L. LENROOT
Representative of the Eleventh District of Wisconsin

the Brule, where he enjoys with his family and friends a charming home life on the banks of the most picturesque stream in his well-loved state.

* * *

GR^EAT events in a life's career seldom come at so peaceful a moment as did the news of President Taft's nomination. It was a quiet Saturday evening and the President, Mrs. Taft and the family were on the back veranda of the White House when the news was flashed at half-past eleven, eastern time, of the nomination at

Chicago. It did not seem to occasion any wild demonstration in the little family gathering, but a suppressed thrill ran through the little group when the word was announced.

The young Tafts were looking upon the lawn below, where their father and mother had celebrated their twenty-fifth anniversary a year ago, and the few friends who had dropped in all wondered if there was any honor or distinction that could add luster to this scene of domesticity, which the American people so admire in public servants.



CONGRESSMAN W. A. OLDFIELD
Of the Second District of Arkansas

AMONG the most important and far-reaching hearings held during the present session of Congress were those given to the investigation of patent laws and procedure dealing with some of the most vital problems of the business world. Congressman W. A. Oldfield, who succeeded Congressman F. D. Currier of New Hampshire as chairman of the Patent Committee, has been a leader in this work on problems of nation-wide importance.

One of the most significant points in the investigation, which concerns nearly all large manufacturers, was the maintenance of prices. The Oldfield revision and codifica-

tion of patents is wide-sweeping, and the changed economic conditions in business methods were most impressively brought out in the testimony. The sub-committee, consisting of Congressmen Edwin Y. Webb of North Carolina, Joshua W. Alexander of Missouri, Samuel A. Witherspoon of Mississippi, William W. Wilson of Illinois and I. L. Lenroot of Wisconsin, spent day after day making most comprehensive studies of the facts. Interested inventors and patentees who appeared before them held that the basic rights of patentees might be swept aside. In the testimony the rights to literary production in the mechanical arts and in all the sciences were quoted, including Kipling's story of "Todd's Amendment," a change suggested by a child in the findings of a committee of Englishmen sent to India to codify Indian land laws.

In all the congressional hearings there are none more replete with vitally interesting material than those connected with the Patent Office. The testimony brought before Chairman Oldfield covered not only a wide range, but was a revelation of the uses as well as some of the abuses of the patent law. There was no sensationalism or calling of names; Mr. Oldfield kept the artillery of his committee trained wholly upon facts.

The points involved showed how greatly the patent laws had been extended to meet modern conditions, and in some cases abused and taken advantage of, clearly in opposition to the law. Among those who appeared interested and whose testimony seemed to impress the committee with its fairness and comprehensiveness was Mr. William H. Ingersoll, of Robert H. Ingersoll & Brother, New York City. Mr. Ingersoll frankly went into all details of how necessary it was to maintain a price in selling goods, in order to insure a uniform standard of production, for he insisted that if the patent did not carry with it the right to maintain a price, its primary value was virtually nullified, since this has a very far-reaching effect in the interest of the retailer in affording stability to his business. There were attorneys and manufacturers present from all parts of the country, each realizing that any radical change might disturb business. The

testimony of Mr. Johnson concerning the flatiron business was a revelation in itself. Louis D. Brandeis of Boston was on hand, and insisted that the fixing of prices did not tend to repress trade. As one visitor remarked, the committee rooms seemed like a veritable industrial center during the hearings. Hundreds of people called to secure copies of the records, while many more requested them by mail. Congressman Oldfield is a smooth-faced, genial-looking man, who, as everyone knows, comes from Arkansas. He knows how to work—in fact, work is second nature to him. His constituency is naturally proud of the splendid record he has made and feel that he is equal to the problem of adjusting the patent laws in a manner best suited to the interests of the people and all concerned.

* * *

HOW refreshing it is to drift away from current political affairs for a time and enjoy a real historical reminiscence. This pleasure was enjoyed one day recently in the office of Secretary George von L. Meyer, of the Navy Department. Here were found many interesting relics, including the sword of John Paul Jones and a bust of Christopher Columbus, taken from a Spanish vessel. Over in one corner was the silver loving cup presented to Commodore Isaac Hull by citizens of Philadelphia, besides a handsomely engraved brace of duelling pistols. These historical objects rivet the attention of the visitor quite as much as the model of the new dreadnought, which is considered the last word in naval construction.

In our brief historical survey, the biography of Commodore Isaac Hull, who served in the navy from 1798 until his death in 1843, was taken up. Hull was considered one of the best seamen who ever trod the deck of a ship, and the story of his adventures, one hundred years ago this 1912, read like a romance.

Sailing from New York in the Constitution in July, 1812, Hull was pursued by five British men-of-war and by virtue of his superior seamanship miraculously escaped after a three days' chase, although he modestly gave the credit to his officers and crew.

On August 19, 1812, the Constitution fell in with a British vessel. After maneuvering, the Constitution opened fire at short range, and in thirty minutes the enemy's ship had surrendered. On sending aboard the captured vessel she was found to be H. B. M. S. Guerriere under Captain Dacres, who before the war had wagered a hat with Hull on the result of a battle if the Guerriere should ever fight the Constitution. As Dacres came up the side ladder, his captor, Hull, remarked, "Dacres, give me your hand. I know you are



Photo by Otto Lippincott

MR. WILLIAM H. INGERSOLL

Author of "Standardizing Prices Through the Patent Grant"

hurt." When Dacres offered his sword Hull said, "No, no, I will not take a sword from one who knows so well how to use it—but—I'll trouble you for that hat."

The Guerriere was so badly shattered that she was burned. Hull secured from the wreck Dacres' Bible—the gift of his mother—and two oil paintings.

This victory aroused the wildest enthusiasm, as it was the first of the war. A grand banquet was given to Hull in Faneuil Hall. Legislatures voted thanks; the freedom of several cities was presented;

New York ordered a full-length portrait by J. W. Jarvis, a celebrated portrait painter; Congress gave the unassuming hero a gold medal, and voted \$50,000 prize money for the crew. The state of

graved a tribute to Hull's gallantry and conduct, glorifying his action with the *Guerriere*.

These trophies were deposited in the State Department until last year, when



WALTER AND TALCOTT WILLIAMS

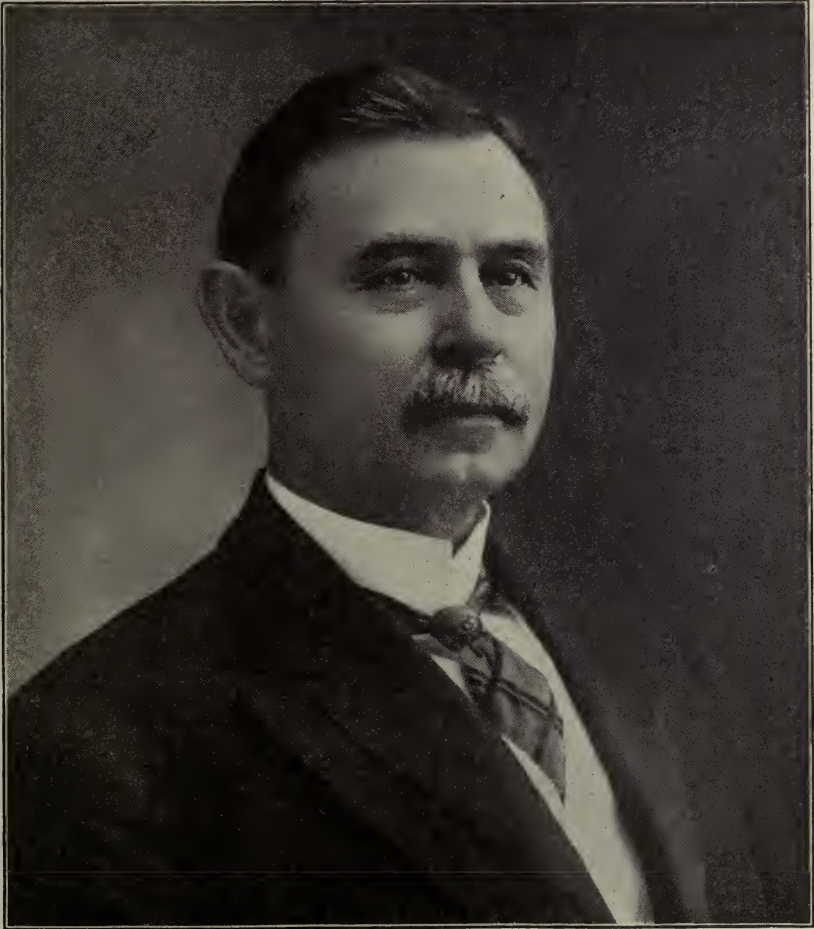
Deans of Schools of Journalism at Columbia University of Missouri, Columbia, Missouri

Connecticut gave a gold-mounted sword and a pair of gold-mounted duelling pistols of the finest quality. The inscriptions on the pistols eloquently outlined Hull's career. Citizens of Philadelphia presented a handsome silver urn on which was en-

they were transferred to the Navy Department by Mr. Isaac Hull Platt, grandnephew of the famous sea fighter. A few years previous Mr. Platt had presented to the Department the oil panel paintings taken from the *Guerriere* in 1812.

AS the leading Democratic Senator in directing tariff legislation, Senator F. M. Simmons of North Carolina has distinctly made good. His management has been resourceful, tactful and successful. Those statesmen who have for many months confidently declared that Congress

The regular and progressive Republicans co-operating had placed upon the House Bills amendments which would have made it difficult to bring about an agreement upon these measures in conference, and the regulars, taking advantage of this situation, had arranged among



F. M. SIMMONS, SENIOR SENATOR FROM NORTH CAROLINA

would adjourn without enacting any tariff legislation, discovered that Senator Simmons had a few surprises in store for them, and there was consternation in many quarters inside and outside of Congress, when in his capacity of Democratic leader he disclosed the fact that he had secured a working arrangement with the Republican progressives of the Senate on these measures.

themselves to tie them up in conference or to allow them, or some of them, to be presented to the President in such shape as would insure his veto. Senator Simmons, in alliance with the progressive Republicans, provided for the removal of these obstacles so that these measures could go up to the President in a form that would make a veto less probable.

Senator Simmons' activity in bringing

about joint action between the Democrats and insurgents in behalf of these tariff reform bills began in the special session of 1911, and his success has renewed and broadened the scope of the co-operation between these reform forces which had been temporarily suspended.

Among the Democratic Senators he stood almost alone in opposition to the Canadian Reciprocity agreement, taking the stand that the provisions of that measure were unfair to the farmers, and would bring no relief to consumers in the way of reducing the cost of living.

Indeed, Mr. Simmons is a man who thinks for himself and has a long head. He comprehends present conditions and is not deterred from advocating measures that promise improvement because they might require readjustment.

In 1898 he led in the great political contest in his state, overthrowing the fusion between the Populists and Republicans, and two years later he procured the adoption of a suffrage amendment which ushered in a new era in North Carolina of educational, industrial and social advancement; agriculture as well as manufacturing having been greatly improved, while social conditions have undergone a notable revolution.

In the Senate Mr. Simmons has been the pronounced advocate of new things that he believed would be to the advantage of the country, and has advocated the regulation of transportation, the improvement of waterways, the extension of the rural delivery, the new features engrafted on the work of the Department of Agriculture, the parcel post, the restriction of immigration to those who can read, and the improvement by federal aid of the country highways used by the government in the transportation of the mails.

His work for waterways has culminated in a provision for an inland protected route along the coast by means of ship canals, and he has pressed the deepening of the river channels and bars of North Carolina until satisfactory results have been obtained. Also he has brought forward a plan to create a safe harbor of refuge at Cape Lookout, thus affording protection against the terrific storms of dreaded Cape Hatteras.

He has given particular attention to the conservation of our natural resources and has been prominent in setting on foot measures that will tend to preserve the forests of the Blue Ridge and Alleghany mountains, maintaining a normal rainfall, equalizing the flow of the streams and preserving the valuable water powers of the Piedmont section. His efforts to establish the Appalachian Park in the mountains of the South Atlantic States were successful, and the government has already secured many thousand acres of mountain land for that desirable purpose.

While Mr. Simmons has laid particular emphasis on such measures as affect the material well-being of the people in their homes, he has likewise been progressive in his advocacy of legislation against corrupt practices in elections, and has advocated and voted for the election of Senators by the people, publicity and limitation of campaign expenditures, and for an income tax.

Mr. Simmons is a born farmer, and all of his interests and aspirations are with the agricultural classes. He thoroughly understands the needs of agriculture and nothing affords him more genuine pleasure than to advocate measures for its improvement. But he is also a lawyer, taking rank among the foremost in his state, and thus in the Senate he easily holds his own in hot debate with the most practiced of his adversaries.

Among his most notable speeches that have attracted wide attention are those on "High Cost of Living," on the obligations of the government to aid in maintaining "good roads," on the application of the literacy test to immigrants, and on the metal and wool schedules at the present session.

* * *

THE summer home of Secretary Philander C. Knox is his farmstead at Valley Forge, Pennsylvania. Among these historic hills and valleys many of the old roads and farmhouses of Revolutionary days are still in existence. Before he entered the State Department the Secretary was wont to spend his summers at Valley Forge, but now he has only a day or two at a

time "up at the farm." Here he carries his big portfolio of papers, and the duties of the Secretary of State go on over the week-end holiday.

Attired in a white suit, Secretary Knox may be seen busily working on his broad veranda, just as he worked incessantly even while on his notable journey through



HON. PHILANDER C. KNOX
Secretary of State

the South American republics. The American people little realize how many intricate problems are solved by the State Department, wherein all matters connected with foreign countries must be decided upon.

As we sat talking that evening, appointments with the Italian ambassador and representatives of other nations were made for the morrow at Washington, there to discuss and talk over many important matters that are never or rarely made public.

In his adjustment of difficulties Secretary Knox brings into play the spirit of modern diplomacy and the tendency toward arbitration that characterizes the policy of almost every nation today, but he is firm in the repression of the recalci-

trant, habitual revolutionists, who are ready to invoke war to secure office or be bought off through fear or policy. There has been a marvellous change in diplomacy during the last half century. The old-fashioned intrigue and suspicion once popularly associated with the foreign department has been supplanted with the open frankness that characterizes every large business operation, and there is something especially appropriate in the transference of Mr. Knox from the Department of Justice to the State Department.

* * *

NOW and then a word will appear in Congressional proceedings that occasions outside discussion. Representative Sherwood was discussing the dollar a day pension measure and insisted that should it be signed by President Taft, it would increase the pension rolls by about \$30,000,000 a year.

Speaker Champ Clark, with all the gravity of his position, stated casually, "I have it *aliunde* that President Taft will sign this bill if we get it to him today." The ubiquitous and curious Representative Murdock quickly came to his feet. "What does 'alley undee' mean?" he inquired. "Is it Latin or Greek or what is it?" The Speaker smiled and replied calmly that *aliunde* was Latin, and he looked sympathetically toward the distinguished Kansan as he explained, "It means 'outside of the record.' You see, I learned in a roundabout way that President Taft is going to leave the city, and that he was waiting to sign this bill before he goes. If he doesn't sign it, four or five hundred old soldiers may die before he is back in the city again."

"In Missouri language," suggested Mr. Murdock, "this word you employ mean. 'grapevine'?"

"Exactly," said the Speaker, trying to look grave.

But the House chorus refused to let the incident pass. "*Aliunde, aliunde*, it rhymes with Solomon Grundy," they sang; and the scholastic penumbra of the Latin tongue, now almost disused, though it was once a common element of oratory, rested for a brief moment upon the Congressional assemblage.

The Taft Campaign Manager

By FRANCIS B. GESSNER



AFTER all, there is little wonder that Charles Dewey Hilles, the new Chairman of the Republican National Committee, has had a rapid rise in politics. He was born during the stormy season of Grant's first term and in a Congressional district where, as Mark Hanna remarked in another connection: "Politics was business, and business was politics." Captain Samuel Hilles, the father of the new political manager, fought in the Civil War at the head of his company and in an Ohio regiment noted for bravery and casualties. Two other members of the Hilles family were participants in the war, one of whom, Lieutenant Hilles, was killed in the Battle of the Wilderness. Captain Hilles came home at the close of the war shattered by Southern bullets, but wonderfully alert for the Republican party, which to him was the real savior of the nation, aided by Lincoln. Alas, that the elder Hilles went to his grave ahead of time from the effect of wounds received in battle, and before he had seen the later achievements of the son! He lived in the town of Barnesville, in Belmont County, and not the county seat but always reliable when a big Republican majority was needed.

John A. Bingham was the member of Congress, and a famous figure at Washington, ranking with the greatest of Republicans who served through the war period, and had been especially close to Lincoln, also more than bitter toward Andrew Johnson. The district let go of Bingham during the childhood of Charles Dewey Hilles, and Captain Lorenzo Dan-

ford of Belmont County, a rugged soldier who was a tent-mate of Hilles during the war, was sent to Congress for three terms, while Bingham became the Minister to Japan and served a dozen years with great honor. During the Danford dominance in the famous old district, he was backed by Captain Hilles, and the son grew up hearing how Bingham and Danford had brought honor to Eastern Ohio and led in the battles of the Republican party. It was a political atmosphere that enveloped the younger Hilles, even in the small town of Barnesville, which had contributed far beyond its quota of soldiers for the war, and each soldier who returned was more or less eager to be active in the political ranks. What wonder the lad Hilles grew up feeling that his future career ought to be in politics. Oddly enough he was not given a political name or one of a warrior, with all of his father's fondness for politics and admiration for Union generals. Instead the lad was named for Chauncey Dewey, an eminent lawyer of Cadiz, capital of another county in the district. Dewey was able as a lawyer, and had been the law partner of Edwin M. Stanton. He had a crafty way of gathering in the shekels so that he was the richest man of the region round about, and powerful both in politics and in operations requiring capital.

Lacking the name of a political leader did not deter the lad, Dewey Hilles, from giving attention to politics, when in 1885, he aided in the election of his father to the legislature. That was the year of Foraker's first election as Governor, and the legislative session was a famous one with contests and conflicts to the limit. The boy had a hankering for journalism

which has never been quite satisfied, owing to a crowding aside by actual and pressing political appointments. After his service at Columbus, the father continued industrious on a Barnesville garden spot. Now Barnesville had long been famous the country over for its strawberries, and Captain Hilles harvested the finest each spring, and sent them to the best market.

The new Chairman of the Republican National Committee can tell how he has helped raise and ship millions of strawberries. But the strawberry season is short in Belmont County as in other regions, and the lad Hilles had ample time for the other thriving and all the year round industry—that of politics. His father and comrades had political power, and Dewey Hilles, after graduation from high school and a short season of Academy schooling, took a modest clerkship with the head of The Boys' Industrial School, a State reformatory institution near Lancaster, Ohio. The salary was something like fifty dollars a month "and found," but the "and found" part of it meant a good home and activity in doing a man's share toward making several bad boys good.

There is Quaker stock in the Hilles family even if Sam Hilles forgot it when he went to war, so that in the Lancaster Reformatory Institution, Dewey Hilles, the son, became an apostle for peace and a general uplift of the human race by the kind words and brotherly sympathy method. Yet, with all this display of Christian and Quaker spirit, the lad from Belmont County did not forget politics. His Institution was all else but free from political influence in those days. Up at Columbus, thirty miles away, a Governor appointing trustees or following his own inclinations could work distress for the Executive Staff of the school over night, so that with a Democratic Governor coming in there would be an evacuation by those under whom Hilles worked, with Hilles going along with the others. So the lad joined in the general political activity and anxiety without losing any fervor in the work of making boys into good men.

If Belmont County was a hotbed for primary political education, Lancaster in old Fairfield County was a combination of

political hotbed, conservatory and cut flowers on display. In Lancaster had lived Thomas Ewing, a great Senator at Washington in the days of Clay, Webster and Calhoun. The Shermans, both John the Senator, financier and presidential candidate, and William Tecumseh, the great general, were both born and reared in Lancaster with their cousins, the Ewings. As a young man, James G. Blaine, also a cousin of the Shermans and Ewings, had lived in Lancaster for a time, and learned his first political lessons with the elder Ewing and those who followed his leadership. Then there had been William Medill, who was Governor of Ohio, and other leaders of both great parties, all proud to call Lancaster their home. Verily the atmosphere of Lancaster has ever been political, and Dewey Hilles found enough modern politics to keep him busy and thoughtful while in a modest official place. Then came a Democratic administration at Columbus, and Hilles had to step out for two years. Under Governor McKinley he became financial officer of the Institution with a salary more than doubled and power greatly extended. He indicated his good judgment by marrying Miss Whiley, daughter of a rich and eminent citizen, and a charming girl on her own account.

The lapse from political place gave Hilles the long-deferred chance to enter journalism, but he was recalled to the Industrial school as its financial officer, and later was made Superintendent when George K. Nash became governor.

During the few years he was head of the Institution, Dewey Hilles learned to know every powerful or worth while Republican leader in Ohio, and attended all conventions, carefully keeping out of factional troubles, but was always lucky in lining up with the dominant ones as the party continued in power. The managers of the New York Juvenile Asylum were planning a new institution farther uptown and had visited the best Reformatories in the country. They invited Hilles to visit New York and give them ideas. Then they invited him to design and construct a new cottage institution on a large tract of land on the banks of the Hudson River, near Dobbs Ferry. It offered permanent tenure and an opportunity to

create a model school for unfortunate boys. He organized the new school with spirit and enthusiasm, but he could not forget politics.

First of all, as a loyal son of Ohio he joined the Ohio Society, of which Henry W. Taft became president. Later on, when the nomination of William H. Taft for President was planned, Dewey Hilles became an aggressive supporter of the Secretary of War and was active at the Chicago convention of 1908. Then there was careful activity throughout the campaign by Hilles, and it is not overlooked that Arthur Vorys, the original Taft manager, lived at Lancaster and appreciated the usefulness of the Belmont County lad in the earlier operations of the Taft campaign. With the inauguration of President Taft, the young man who had begun so humbly as a clerk at Lancaster a dozen years before, was made an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury.

Acceptance of this appointment meant a financial loss, but the young man planned two years of Washington experience and a business career that would make provision for a family without political worry.

About the time he was really packed to leave Washington Charles Dewey Hilles was asked to become secretary to the President. He hesitated and his wife hesitated even more, but political advice, promises and much else made Hilles accept, and he was assured that if other secretaries to Presidents, like Lamont and Cortelyou, had done well, he would do equally well after leaving and possibly better. So he accepted and in a single year has become not only famous as a secretary, but has achieved the honor given Cortelyou—the Chairmanship of the Republican National Committee, an honor too, which only a few years ago was given to Mark Hanna. It is apparent that the management of this campaign promises more hard work and greater honor if a victory is won than any campaign for many years. Charles Dewey Hilles takes hold, well aware of what is expected both in the way of work and opposition in his own party, but those who have noted his wonderful luck and calm meeting with troublesome situations have no worry about his doing his part well, whatever may be the outcome in November.

A PRAYER

O THOU, whose face no man can ever limn,
 "Whose youth beyond Time's reach forever lies,
 "Whose majesty no mist of doubt can dim,
 "Whose beauty is too bright for mortal eyes,—
 "Grant us one friendly light which we may mark,
 "That stronger grows with each succeeding hour,
 "And burns serene beyond Time's blighting breath,
 "Defeating every danger of the dark!
 "Grant us one song of soul-redeeming power
 "To lift us through the mystery of death!"

—Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy."



"Niagara, thy like is to be found only in the picture galleries of the gods"

Niagara— *the "Mighty Thunderer"*

by Garnault Agassiz

SOME THREE centuries ago a man, whether humble trapper, truculent soldier of fortune, or intrepid missionary, history does not record, stood at the base

of the mighty Niagara cataract and viewed, as the first representative of the Caucasian peoples, the great natural phenomenon that in awe-inspiring magnitude, overpowering immensity and scenic grandeur towers above the Seven Wonders of the world, the Leaning Tower of Pisa, the man-conceived cathedrals of Europe, the Temple of Solomon, and all the mythical institutions of legendary.

How many people from every land have journeyed to the abiding place of the "Mighty Thunderer" since that day is beyond the ken of man to tell; but of all the wonder spots of the earth, no one, perhaps, has prompted a greater pilgrimage, no one received a wider homage, than this, the mightiest waterfall of the earth.

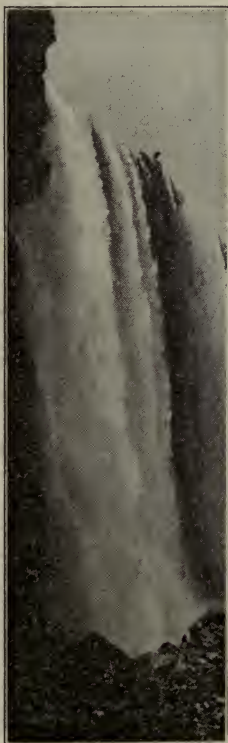
In America, at least, there is hardly a child who does not grow up with an absorbing passion to one day see Niagara Falls, to one day hear for himself the voice of the "Mighty Thunderer." Therein lies Niagara's fame as a rendezvous for the newly wed, for to many a man and to

many a woman the wedding tour is frequently the one important journey of a lifetime; the logical journey for the realization of this childhood dream. It would be interesting to know what psycho-

logical effect this titanic monument of nature has exercised on the marital life of the nation.

Needless to say that effect has been for the good. For thou, Niagara, art so magnificent, so stupendous, so all-overpowering in thy majesty, so colossal in contradistinction to man and his works, so suggestive of the power and divinity of the Great Architect, that thou must, perforce, inspire the poet and artist, compel music from the lips of the songster, touch the soul strings of even the most mundane. O "Mighty Thunderer" who can gaze upon thee and not look up? To view thee is as a privilege of the gods!

As we stand at the foot of the mighty cataract we are indeed inspired and awed—awed at its terrible potency, inspired by the lesson it seems to convey. Strange and conflicting are our emotions. Reason seems to desert us. Man-prescribed laws, geographical axioms and scientific wherefores are as naught. Evolution has no place in our mental vision. All we can



see is Niagara the awful, carrying on his perpetual warfare; all we can hear is the voice of the "Mighty Thunderer."

The sun is momentarily obscured, the waters lose for a trice the glorious colors his light bestows; we see and hear nothing but the relentless falling of the waters—the waters that hurl themselves across the yawning chasm with a power omnipotent, a force not to be assuaged.

But of a sudden the sun bursts forth in all the glory of a summer afternoon, and the whole aspect of the scene is changed.

burnt offering, crowning the "Mighty Thunderer" with a glorious double rainbow, emblematic of victory and peace, the waters themselves glide off down the river, clear as crystal, yet verdant as the meadowland, smooth as glass, yet turbulent as the mighty torrent that impels them—glide off down the river in the besetting peacefulness that marks the period of calm that precedes the storm—off down the narrowing gorge to be lost in the vortex of the rapids.

We look into the face of the abyss,



"Glide off down the river in besetting peacefulness—

Gloom and despair are overridden by a boundless joy, the all-dispelling joy of nature. True, the waters still hurl themselves headlong to the awful depths below; true, the terrible chasm still yawns for its lawful prey; true, the voice of the "Mighty Thunderer" still echoes from the untold depths; but those waters seem now to scintillate with a thousand crystals, to reflect strange colors and weird phantom shapes—to dance with a new-born impetus; that chasm seems to yawn less terribly; the voice of the "Mighty Thunderer" to speak with a cadence strikingly musical, and as the mist created by the fall rises snow-like to the sky, a veritable

observe the mighty onrushing of the waters, and watch them in their terrible leap, and we, too, like the untutored Indian of centuries gone by, seem to discover the "Spirit of Niagara," seem to hear the voice of the "Mighty Thunderer"—the "Mighty Thunderer" that gives no truce, brooks no armistice, in his relentless war of annihilation against the rocks of time.

We are as one entranced. We are held mute as in the presence of one unseen. We are as one standing on forbidden ground. The majesty of the mighty cataract overpowers us. The shades of the Great Spirit seem to hold us in their embrace. We are as one with the poor

red man. Instinctively we see in silhouette the lone Indian maiden in her flower-bedecked canoe approach the apex of the Falls—her body erect, her demeanor courageous, her face to the sky; approach the apex, then go over, crowned with a celestial glory, a willing sacrifice to the "Mighty Thunderer."

And then we experience a sudden transition, a transition that reveals to us the growing divinity of man. The Indian maiden and her flower-bedecked canoe are no more; her sacrifice is but a fantastic

is the "Spirit of Niagara," ominous no longer his voice. Where stood the Indian maid we now see in phantom a thousand temples of industry; where rode the mist, a cloud as of smoke wafted toward the setting sun; where rested the rainbow, the bridge that points man across the great divide. The "Mighty Thunderer" that for untold centuries has run his relentless way, checked only by the martial legions of King Winter, still hurls his troubled waters down the awful abyss; his voice still speaks forth from the un-



To be lost in the vortex of the rapids"

picture on the horizon of yesterday. The hunting grounds of her fathers are peopled by a new race of strong, virile men. Masterly and purposeful they are, and, secure in their creed of divine right they know no fear, bow only to God. To them the earth is their destiny, the things of the earth their heritage—this wonderful phenomenon but a potent natural force to be brought under human control.

And then again a change. Man and the hour have met, and in the meeting man has justified his faith.

Gone is the Indian's superstition, the red man's impotency—terrible no more

fathomable depths; his relentless spirit is still unassuaged, his pristine omnipotence still unchallenged; but those waters have been trained to another task, that voice finds echo in the whirr of myriad wheels, that power is reflected in a million ways; the "unconquerable one" is still unconquered—he has become a mighty ally in the upbuilding of civilization.

And what a powerful ally he is. Think of an army of more than 150,000 workmen mining a hundred million tons of coal a year—or one-fifth of the total bituminous coal production of the United States—and of another army of much larger dimen-



"We look into the face of the abyss, observe the onrushing of the waters, and watch them in their terrible leap"

sions generating that coal into steam—or picture seventeen million draft horses, each doing the work of ten able-bodied men, and you have some faint idea of his mighty potentialities—potentialities that utilized would be sufficient to operate all the spinning wheels in the United States, to turn the wheels of its three greatest industries, to run all of its trains, conduct its telephone and telegraph ser-

Under a treaty entered into between the United States and Canada the total aggregate diversion of water from the Niagara River for power purposes at the present time has been placed at 56,000 cubic feet a second, of which Canada is permitted to divert 36,000 and the United States 20,000 cubic feet.

Even this amount of water, which in the opinion of the greatest engineers of the



"Niagara, thou art indeed the most sublime of all Nature's handiworks"

vices, and light every town and village at the same time.

But the total power potentialities of the "Mighty Thunderer" will not be available for man's use for many generations to come, for conservative legislation on the part of the governments of Great Britain and the United States will hold in reserve so much of it as competent engineers deem essential to preserve the scenic beauty of the cataract until such time as its development shall have become an economic necessity of the hour.

day can exercise no appreciable effect upon the flow or the beauty of the cataract, however, is sufficient in itself to produce an electrical energy of 790,200 horsepower, the theoretical fuel value of over fourteen million tons of coal, or an amount equal to the present coal production of the State of Alabama, in the mining of which some thirty thousand miners find constant employment.

The power potentialities of Niagara have been recognized from almost the first day the white man set foot in the New

World, but it is only within the past twenty-five years that any practical plan for their development has been devised. As far back as 1704 a primitive saw mill was operated by water power at Niagara Falls, and in the middle of the same century the French occupants were utilizing the upper rapids in an inconsequential way. In 1805 a grist mill and blacksmith shop were erected, and between that

Day, and made a commercial success through the foresight and energy of Jacob F. Schoellkopf, who, acquiring it when it was conceded to be a deplorable failure, widened and deepened it, and converted it from a purely hydraulic to a hydro-electric development. The first electricity from this canal was generated in 1881. Since that time it has been gradually enlarged, until now it develops some 120,000 horse-



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"We, too, like the untutored Indian . . . seem to discover the "Spirit of Niagara"

time and Civil War days various other establishments were constructed along the upper bank of the Niagara River.

It was not until 1875, however—the year that gave birth to the hydraulic canal—that any really serious attempt to utilize the wonderful power of the cataract was made. The Niagara power canal saw its genesis in the mind of Augustus Porter, a representative of a family that through succeeding generations has done much to conserve the beauty of the Niagara frontier, was built by Horace H.

power, a figure which but for the Burton Act restricting the diversion of the water from the Niagara River could be materially increased.

But it is the year 1886 that will forever commemorate the harnessing of Niagara, for in that year New York State granted a group of capitalists a charter for the construction of a diversion tunnel to develop 120,000 electrical horse-power. This was truly a gigantic undertaking, and one that required real courage on the part of the investor. For hydro-electrical

engineering was then practically a new science, and the success of any venture, no matter how important, could be at best only hypothetical. But as every field of endeavor finds its pioneers, so the stupendous task of harnessing the "Mighty Thunderer" found its coterie of men who were willing to justify their convictions at personal risk. The ground was broken for the construction of the tunnel on October 4, 1890, and for over two years

Since that time other companies have been established, until now the total development of power from the Niagara River exceeds 400,000 horse-power.

This does not represent by any means the aggregate amount of power that can be developed under the international treaty, but it must be remembered that not more than 350,000 horse-power can be made available on the American side of the river under the Burton Act, which



"Man and the hour have met and in the meeting man has justified his faith"

more than twelve hundred men were employed in removing the three hundred thousand tons of solid rock through which the tunnel was driven and in the laying of the sixteen million odd brick with which it is lined. This tunnel, by the way, is the largest of its character in existence, being 7,481 feet long, twenty-one feet high and eighteen feet in diameter. Five years were required to finish the work of construction and installation, and it was not until August 26, 1896, that power was actually delivered and success assured.

reduces the diversion permitted on the American side under the treaty by 4,400 cubic feet per second, or 90,000 horse-power, and limits the amount of power that can be brought into the United States from Canada to 160,000 horse-power.

This bill can exercise little influence in preserving the beauty of Niagara, for the diversion of an additional 4,400 feet would reduce the flow of water over the American Falls less than one-tenth of an inch, and the limiting of the power that can be transmitted to the United States from



"His relentless spirit is still unassuaged—"

Canada can have only a temporary effect in controlling the Canadian developments. On the other hand, its continuance must be of necessity inimical to the United States, for every commodity will find a market eventually, and if the Canadian power producers cannot sell their output on this side of the boundary, then backed by the Ontario Government they will create a market for it at home, which will result in the establishment of many industries in Canada that in the natural sequence of things would have been established on the American frontier.

Already, it might be said, the people of Ontario, with peculiar acumen and foresight, have created, in what is officially known as the Hydroelectric Power Commission, a government-controlled body, whose purpose is to distribute Niagara-developed power throughout the Province at cost, thus superinducing her industrial upbuilding.

This commission already has constructed

565 miles of transmission lines, to what effect can be best seen by a study of the wonderful manufacturing growth of Western Ontario in the past five years. Such thriving communities as Toronto, Hamilton, London, Guelph, St. Thomas, Woodstock, Brantford, and Stratford have made really marvelous progress in the few short years that they have been no longer dependent on American-mined coal as their one source of fuel supply, while the city of Welland alone has grown from 1,800 to 6,000 in the past three years, a record only excelled by Niagara Falls, New York, which has increased its population in the past decade from 20,000 to about 35,000 people.

The industrial growth of Canada, consequent to some extent at least on the Burton Act, is well illustrated by the fact that in 1907 Canada was taking less than one per cent of the power generated on the Canadian side, while today she is consuming almost as much as is the United States.

Few questions are fraught with more importance to the nation than the one involved in the industrial upbuilding of the Niagara frontier, which should become one day the greatest manufacturing region of the world. It is an economic problem that statesmen will have to work out with great care and conservatism.

At present the tariff keeps a great many industries on the American side that but for it would move across the border, where power is cheaper and available in larger quantities. But there is a popular movement—a movement confined to no party—for not only a tariff revision downward, but an abolition of all protection on raw materials, and as raw materials are the chief products of this region there would seem to be some reason to fear a near future of serious industrial retrogression for all the manufacturing communities that depend on Niagara power for fuel should the restrictions of this act be permitted to remain in force.

Whichever way considered, however, the question of diversion is an open one. The best engineers in the country have testified that the utilization of all the water permitted under the International Treaty would not be noticeable to the lay



"The 'Mighty Thunderer' that gives no truce, brooks no armistice, in his relentless war of annihilation against the rocks of time."

eye. It was claimed that the great ice jam which formed last winter at the Falls was a direct result of this development, but ice jams have been quite common in the history of the cataract, in 1887 the Falls having run practically dry from this cause.

On the other hand, the power companies have immeasurably improved conditions at Niagara, the directors of the various companies having insisted on a policy of development that would both preserve

hundreds of thousands of dollars in the same way, while the Hydraulic Power Company built at enormous cost a gigantic wall to conceal the penstocks that for so many years had been an eyesore to the American side Gorge and in other ways beautified the surroundings of its plant. And it must be remembered that the Queen Victoria Park on the Canadian side is maintained wholly from money derived from power company franchises.



"The Queen Victoria Park is maintained wholly from power company franchises"

and develop Niagara's scenic features. The Niagara Falls Power Company located its power houses—beautiful types of architecture—a mile above the Falls, necessitating an elaborate tailrace tunnel and an enormously increased cost of construction. The Ontario Power Company expended at least a million dollars more than was called for in its engineering plans in the construction of artistic buildings that would conform to the landscape and in the improvement of their grounds, and the Canadian Niagara Power Company and the Toronto Power Company spent

Anomalous as it may seem, the hydro-electric development of Niagara Falls constitutes in itself one of the most remarkable chapters in the history of American conservation, aside altogether from the direct saving of fuel the utilization of this wonderful store of natural energy, effects. For out of it has been evolved the modern electric furnace, which, with its products entering into every field of human endeavor, is now playing such an all-important role in the industrial upbuilding of the world.

Without Niagara and the electric fur-

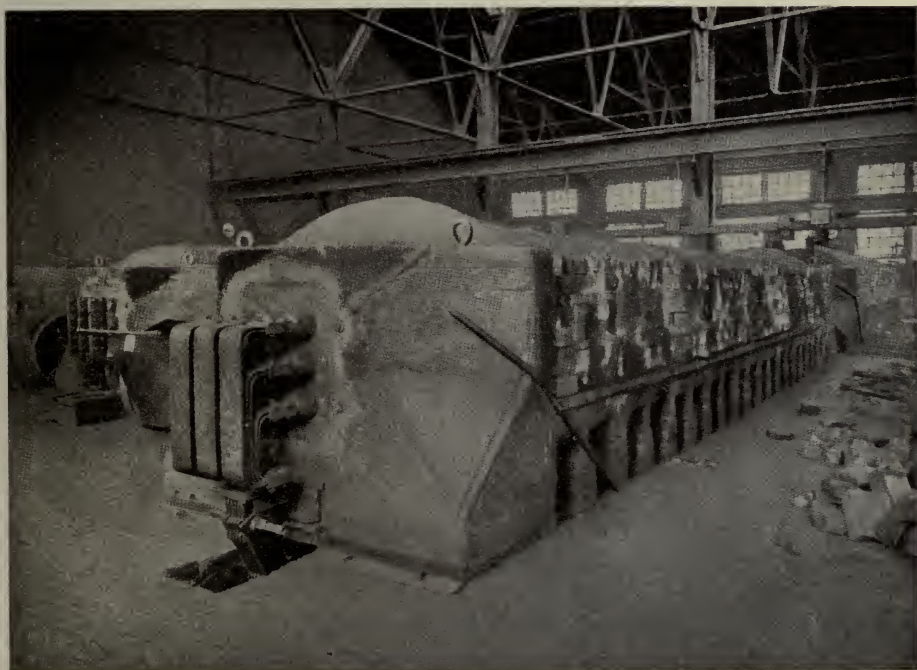
nace, indeed, the really marvelous progress that has been made in the arts and sciences in the past two decades would have been well-nigh impossible.

Where would the present-day automobile be without its aluminum parts and the modern grinding wheel? Where electro-chemistry without Niagara power?

Where the electro-chemist without the graphite electrode? Where the field of illumination without acetylene? Where practically every industry without the ar-

scientist, with a scientist's faculty for delving into the regions of the unknown, laboring night and day with an electric furnace that was little more than a tin pot, trying to create an abrasive that would enable the manufacturer to meet the exacting requirements of an inventive age. That scientist was Dr. Edward Goodrich Acheson.

After what seemed to Dr. Acheson an eternity, his dream was realized—he had invented a substance second only to the



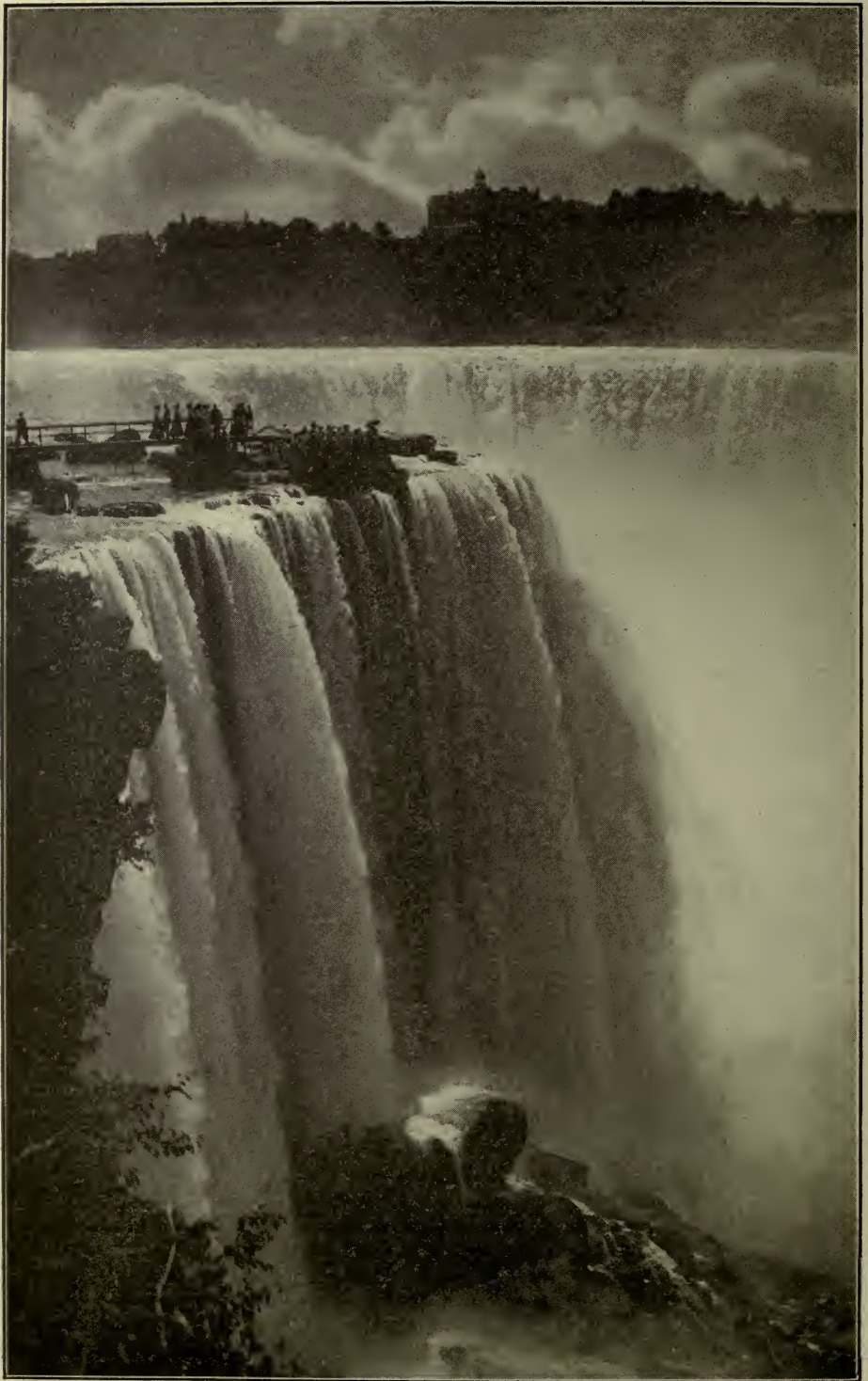
“For out of it has been evolved the modern electric furnace”

tificial abrasive? And so on, ad infinitum. Of all the products of the Niagara electric furnace, the abrasives, Carborundum, Alundum, Crystalon and Aloxite may be said to have entered most intimately into the national life, for they find an important sphere in every manufacturing industry in the land; are, in fact, an elementary principle in manufacturing.

The first of these abrasives to be a commercial success was Carborundum. To see the genesis of Carborundum one must hark back a quarter century to Monongahela, Pennsylvania, and see a

diamond in point of hardness, and so superior to any known abrasive as to make comparison impossible, and all from such simple substances as sand, salt, coke and sawdust and that unknown quantity, electricity.

Named Carborundum because its inventor believed it to contain carbon and corundum, this new substance was crystal in form and beautiful in coloring, and so hard that it could cut the face off a finished diamond. But its manufacture was a slow and a tedious operation, and it was two months before Dr. Acheson had manu-



"The waters still hurl themselves headlong to the awful depths below"

factured enough of the crystals to fill a three-eighths-of-an-inch vial. But with this vial in his vest pocket he started courageously for New York to convince the world of the utility of his product. This in itself was a difficult task, and it was some time before he succeeded in selling his small supply to a diamond cutter at thirty cents a karat or \$432 a pound—a princely sum, indeed, but it must be remembered that the lapidary depended wholly at that time on diamond dust to polish his stone, and diamond dust was worth a minimum of forty cents a karat, or \$576 a pound. If the initial price of Carborundum could have been maintained last year's output would have been valued at the astounding sum of \$82,944,000,000—a figure equal to nearly forty times the aggregate gross earnings of all the railroads in the United States.

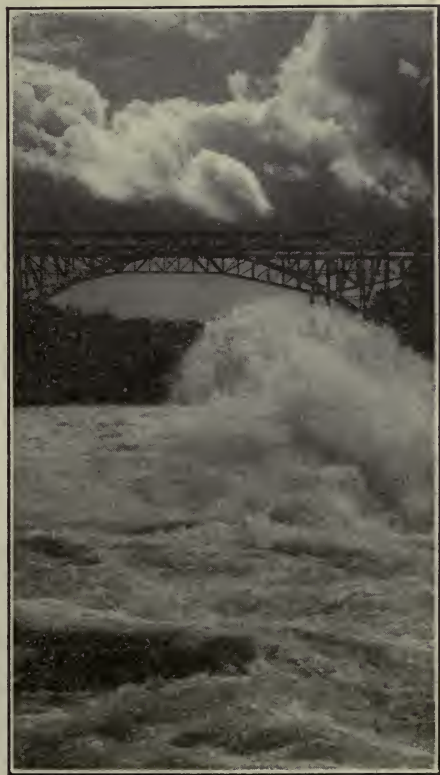
For a time the development of the Carborundum industry was necessarily slow. Its cost was almost prohibitive, and the demand so limited that the sale of the product of a 135 horse power furnace was accomplished only with great difficulty. Then came the news of the successful harnessing of the Niagara cataract, and Dr. Acheson saw in it the great opportunity of a lifetime. Cheap electricity spelt cheap Carborundum, and cheap Carborundum, the attainment of real success.

He would transfer his plant to Niagara Falls and commence the operation of a thousand horse power furnace. He laid the proposition before his board of directors—they resigned in a body. Operate a thousand horse power furnace and unable to sell the output of one a little more than an eighth its size—surely a fool was born every minute! Fortunately for the future of Carborundum, however, its inventor not only had the courage of his convictions, but controlled the destinies of the company. He moved to Niagara as he had planned, contracting for his thousand horse power before the power company could guarantee its delivery. From that time the business grew gradually until now under conservative and intelligent management it utilizes 12,000 horse power and produces a million pounds of this wonderful substance a month,

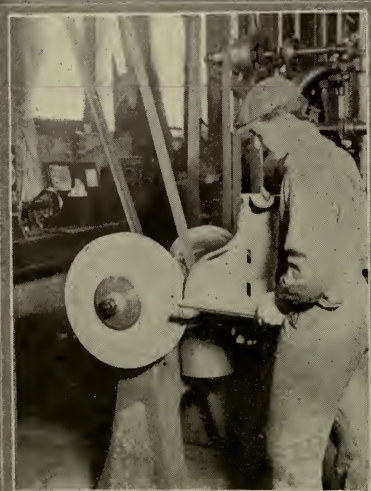
and producing it at a mean temperature of 7,000 degrees fahrenheit.

When Carborundum was introduced, the only abrasives known to commerce were the old-fashioned grind—or sand—stone, the wholly inadequate emery wheel, and an inefficient wheel manufactured from corundum. Since that time, however, there has been produced, with the aid of the Niagara electric furnace, two abrasives, known respectively as Alundum and Aloxite, that find just as wide a field. Both of these substances are manufactured from bauxite, the mineral of the metal aluminum. Their chemical composition is precisely the same as that of corundum, but they are infinitely harder and more lasting. Crystalon, which is manufactured from a somewhat similar formula as Carborundum, is another abrasive that is finding a wide field.

As with all innovations, it was difficult at first to educate the world to the tre-



"His pristine omnipotence still unchallenged"



"The Niagara electric furnace abrasive is used in the manufacture of shoes, pearl buttons, cut glass, tools, castings and parts"

mendous superiority of the electric furnace abrasive over the natural and emery products, it taking years to convince the editor of one of the most influential machinery journals in the country of its far-reaching effectiveness in shop practice requiring the use of abrasives, but once introduced its growth was rapid and sustained until now it enters into every field of human endeavor.

What Niagara Falls' power has accomplished for man's upbuilding through the electric furnace abrasive, is so stupendous

from a pin's head to six feet in diameter.

The uses of modern abrasives are so multitudinous, in fact, as to defy enumeration. They are used in the sharpening of saws and knives in the lumber industry; in the manufacture of porcelain, cut glass, agate ware, fine lenses, tumblers, boots and shoes, car wheels, and steel rails; wagons, plows, harvesters and other farm implements; radiators, tools of every character; phonograph and graphophone needles; paper pulp; fountain pens and combs; surgical instruments; typewriter rolls; leather



"And all from such simple substances as sand, salt, coke and sawdust"

as to be almost unbelievable. The remarkable development of metallurgy in recent years has been made possible only by the modern grinding wheel, this being especially true of the copper, bronze, brass and aluminum industries. The automobile industry also has been greatly benefitted by it, for the cranks, shafts, special alloy steels and the roller and ball bearings for this intricate latter-day invention could never have been perfected without it. In dentistry it has been a wonderful factor, having made filling a comparatively easy art. Its importance will be realized when it is stated that it is now manufactured in sizes ranging

goods; German silver, rubber, celluloid and mother-of-pearl articles; in the polishing of granite, marble, onyx and terrazzo; in the cutting of carbon and graphite; in the hulling of rice; in the grinding of rollers for the manufacture of the best qualities of chocolate and cereal foods; in the tanning trades; in smoothing concrete and cleaning cement; in the finishing of automobile tires, and in a myriad other ways.

The electric furnace grinding wheel, too, is fast superseding the old sandstone in the cutlery trades, practically eliminating the disease- and death-carrying dust that for centuries has been the bane of this branch of industry. The rate of mortality

in establishments using the old-fashioned sandstone is said to run as high as forty-seven per thousand, while it is not uncommon for at least a third of the operatives to be suffering from tubercular ailments directly attributable to sandstone dust. In a modern American factory, on the contrary—a factory that uses the electric furnace abrasive wheel—only two per cent of the employes were found to be afflicted with tubercular diseases, and these

electric furnace is calcium carbide, the source of acetylene.

Nearly a quarter of a million schools, churches, public buildings and homes in every state in the union are now lighted by Niagara power in the form of acetylene, saving millions of gallons of crude oil annually and giving the people in the remotest regions of the land a brilliant artificial light. More than 500,000 miners now carry the acetylene lamp—the greatest



"And as the mist rises to the sky, a veritable burnt offering"

were directly traceable to hereditary causes, while the death rate was found to be in no way inconsistent with the normal death rate of the community.

Niagara electric furnace abrasives are used also in the manufacture of razor strops and hones, this material being found especially adapted to this purpose. Hones of this character are inestimably superior to any others and are rapidly replacing other hones in the barber shops of the land.

Another great product of the Niagara

mining illumination innovation in two centuries—greatly minimizing the danger from overhead collapse, and incalculably increasing his working efficiency. Practically every automobile in the country is also lighted by acetylene, as well as thousands of locomotives and steamships. Nor does the usefulness of Niagara-developed acetylene end with the land. Far out at sea, guarding the coastline, warning the ships and those who go down to sea, are to be found innumerable beacon lights and buoys, all lighted by acetylene.

These lights need no attention, lighting and extinguishing themselves automatically, and at the right moment. A good many of these buoys have a record of fifteen months' constant service without having once required attention. What a boon this has been to the almost inaccessible points of the coast can be readily imagined. Surely the power of the "Mighty Thunderer" is reflected to the four corners of the earth!

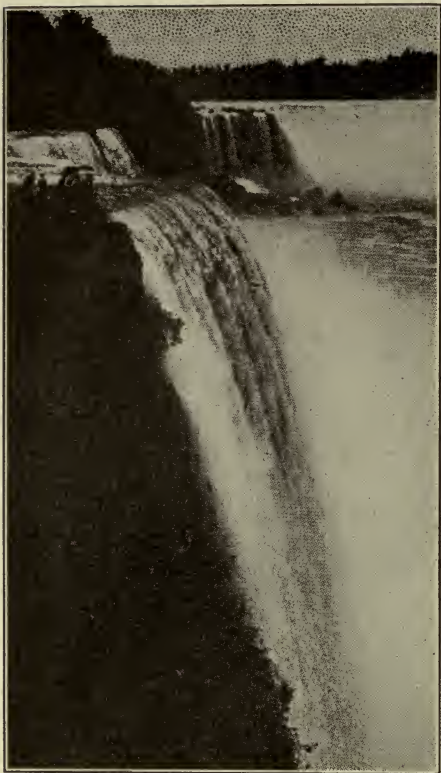
is bound to revolutionize the metal industry of the world, for aluminum, cast iron and other metals that formerly had to be recast can now be welded at slight cost and in little time. Its value at sea also will be tremendous. So powerful that it will cut an eight-inch square block of armor plate in two in a minute, it will be a vital factor in repairing broken plates and masts and in clearing away wreckage. Only recently a fourteen-inch pro-



"Ice jams have been quite common in Niagara history"

Acetylene is used also in conjunction with oxygen to produce a flame of 6,300 degrees Fahrenheit, the highest flame temperature known to chemistry. This flame is so powerful that it will cut the hardest armorplate with little difficulty, the wrecked Maine having been cut in two by it, saving the government many thousands of dollars. Besides cutting metals, this flame will also weld them together so perfectly that they are literally fused, and betray no evidence of having ever been joined. This new process

pellor in a French war vessel broke in two and was welded perfectly in thirty-six hours by this process, where formerly the ship would have had to be dry-docked and a new shaft substituted, a proceeding that would consume at least six weeks. Locomotive boilers are also being repaired by this wonderful flame, saving the engines from a long tie-up in the shops. There would seem to be no doubt that this new welding process will within the decade be in use in every blacksmith shop in the civilized world.



"Thy power only is immutable—"

Then we have aluminum. While Niagara Falls power was not directly responsible for the birth of this, the most wonderful of all the electrolytic industries, it has been the chief contributing factor to its remarkable growth, for when in 1886 Charles M. Hall, then a student at Oberlin College, discovered the process by which aluminum is produced the only method of obtaining the necessary electric current was the steam-driven generator. This made aluminum an expensive substance and limited its use to a few unimportant practices, and it was only with the hydro-electric development of Niagara, with its resultant production of vast quantities of cheap power, that the reduction of aluminum became an economical operation and aluminum itself a commercial metal like copper and tin. Since then the growth of the industry has been one of the really remarkable developments of the age, the consumption having increased from practically nothing to sixty million

pounds a year, and the price decreased from five dollars to twenty cents a pound.

Aluminum is the most widely distributed and the most plentiful of all the world's metals, being found in practically every clay formation, but its commercial production is limited entirely to a mineral called bauxite, named from the little town of Baux, in southern France, where it was first discovered. The chief commercial deposits of bauxite occur in Arkansas, Georgia and Alabama, in this country, and in France, Germany, Austria and Ireland in Europe.

In producing aluminum electrolytically, the bauxite is first freed from its water content by evaporation, then it is treated with a caustic solution for the removal of silica, iron and other impurities, after which it is dissolved in a cryolite bath, the aluminum being deposited electrolytically at the bottom of the furnace and drawn off once in every twenty-four hours.

No industry in the United States, or for that matter in the world, has enjoyed such a remarkable growth as has this wonderful child of the Niagara electric furnace. Like Carborundum, from a laboratory curiosity aluminum has become a commercial commodity that enters into almost every field of industry. One of its important provinces is in the improvement of the quality of steel, vanadium steel, for instance, the hardest steel known to commerce, having been made possible only by a process of manufacture which employs aluminum as its chief oxidizing agent. Electrical conductors and power transmission wires are now being built almost wholly of aluminum, which has been found equally as efficient as copper. Automobile bodies and parts are made from this comparatively new metal, as are cooking utensils, novelties and a thousand other commodities of everyday life.

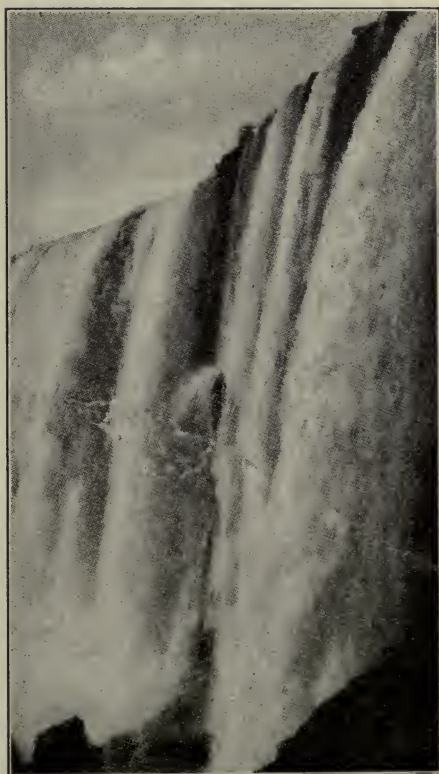
The growth of this wonderful industry is well illustrated by the growth of the aluminum plant at Niagara Falls, which now employs over a thousand men and covers a larger area than any other plant on the Niagara frontier. In this connection it might be said that this plant has the only electrically-driven sheet mill in the world, a condition made possible solely on account of the enormous amount of electrical power available.

Another important product of the Niagara electric furnace, and one that is doing much to revolutionize all electro-chemical processes, is Acheson-graphite, another child of Dr. Acheson's fertile brain. Acheson-graphite is the only man-made graphite in the world, and is far superior to the natural product, which contains a certain percentage of impurities. It is manufactured from anthracite coal and petroleum coke, all foreign matter being volatilized at a temperature of over 7,500 degrees Fahrenheit, the highest temperature used on earth commercially. It finds its chief uses in the manufacture of electrodes, lead pencils and as a powder for dry batteries, paint pigment and lubricants.

In many of the electrolytic and electro-thermal processes the Acheson-graphite electrode has almost entirely superseded the ordinary carbon electrode and has largely replaced the more expensive platinum article, being found to be cheaper and more efficient than the latter and to have a life of from eighteen months to two years compared with a life of six to eight weeks for the former. It has been a vital agent in increasing the number of electrolytic processes both here and in Europe, it being a recognized fact that without it a number of electro-chemical methods would have been rendered impossible. It has made caustic soda and bleaching powder both cheaper and purer, and had the effect of reducing the cost of innumerable chemicals. In the recovering of gold, iron, nickel, zinc, tin and copper it is also proving a remarkable agent, extracting practically a hundred per cent of the metal from these ores, where formerly they were only partly refined, and doing it at less cost than under the old methods. Powdered Acheson-graphite is now used in nearly all dry batteries, it being found to lower the cell resistance and increase the current. By the process of deflocculation Acheson-graphite is made so fine as to be in a molecular condition and although heavier than water to defy gravitation. So small are these particles, indeed, that it requires 338,704 of them lying side by side to cover a line one lineal inch in extent, whereas only 338 particles of the finest flour can be placed in the same space.

Lubricants made from Niagara-produced graphite are daily gaining a wider field not only in this country but throughout the world, being found to be more economical and more effective. It is said that the Interborough Rapid Transit Company, which operates the New York subway, has reduced its oil bill at least sixty per cent through the use of Niagara electric-furnace lubricants, while a prominent geologist claims that if these lubricants were used in connection with all lubricating oils the life of the American oil fields would be at least doubled.

But it is in the saving of power more than in the saving of oil that these new lubricants are destined to play an important role. It is a recognized fact that at least sixty per cent of all direct power is lost in friction. Leonard Archbutt, Chief Chemist to the Midland Railway Company of England, and a world authority on lubrication, claims that of the



Thy voice, O 'Mighty Thunderer'!



"Checked only by the martial legions of King Winter"

10,000,000 horse power generated by steam engines in the United Kingdom more than half was utilized in overcoming friction, and he points to more scientific lubrication as one of the chief roads to real conservation. It is claimed for the Niagara graphite lubricant that it will save at least a quarter of this wasted energy, which would mean one-eighth of the total coal consumption. In other words the present available power of the country could be increased 4,670,000 horse power a year or the coal consumption decreased some eighty million tons in the same period.

Ferrochrome for hardening armor plates and steel projectiles is also manufactured by the Niagara electric furnace almost exclusively, and as ferrochrome is a contraband of war Niagara Falls' electric power may be said to be playing some part in the national defence.

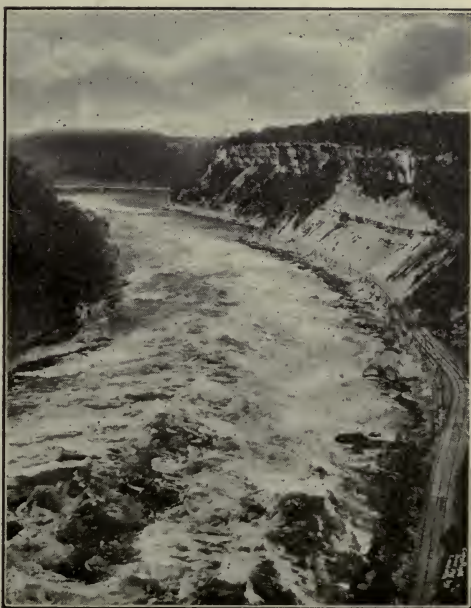
Metallic silicon, which is used in iron and steel foundries to remove all gases from the metal, a process which enables the founder to derive at least forty per cent more perfect castings from each melt, and increases the efficiency of the finished product at least twenty per cent, is yet another tremendously valuable electro-thermal creation of the Niagara Falls electric furnace, as is ferro-tungsten, a very rare metal that is said to double the life of steel rails. Ten years ago, when the present electro-furnace method of producing it was invented by Frank J. Tone, of Niagara Falls, New York, ferro-silicon was a very rare metal indeed, selling at over four dollars a pound as against less than a cent a pound today. Only recently, in fact, an eminent English scientist, on a trip to Niagara Falls, was dumbfounded when he saw this metal in such vast quantities, stating that he had a single piece of it in his laboratory at home that he had numbered up to that time as one of his most priceless possessions.

The horizon of electrical development has been also immeasurably broadened through the development of hydroelectric power at Niagara, having made possible the production of cheaper and more efficient carbon electrodes, storage batteries, and various other appliances.

Carbon electrodes, which have played such an important role in the upbuilding

of practically every electrolytic and electrothermal industry on the Niagara Frontier, are not, of course, dependent on Niagara Falls' power, as power is relatively a small factor in their manufacture, but they enter so intimately into the very life of Niagara industry, as to be a part and portion of it.

The influence of Niagara Falls' power on the production and price of electric storage batteries is too well known to need repetition, the price notwithstanding the enormously increased demand having decreased twenty-five per cent in the last five years. At Niagara Falls, indeed, is located the largest electric storage battery in the world. Four years ago this plant was one of the smallest in the country—what more striking evidence of the part Niagara power is playing in conserving the natural wealth of the nation? This plant also manufactures the equipment for seventy-five per cent of all the electrically-lighted trains in the United States, this being accomplished through the axle generator and storage battery, the car being lighted from the latter when not in motion. When the train attains a speed of sixteen miles an hour the switch is automatically closed and



"By time, the master sculptor"

the generator lights the car and recharges the battery. Niagara batteries enter into almost every conceivable field. They are used as reserve power by street railroads and electric lighting companies, for operating signal devices, automobiles, motor boats, submarines, telephone and telegraph systems, for lighting country residences, and in devious other ways. This plant is also manufacturing an automobile starter that does away with the fly wheel entirely, as the armature performs its work. Twenty thousand of these starters are said to be in use already, and there would seem to be little doubt that their use will be universal. What an enormous saving of "human energy" this single development of Niagara power will represent in its consummation will be appreciated readily by any man who has had occasion to act as his own chauffeur.

But it is in the field of electro-chemistry that Niagara hydro-electric power seems destined to find its most important province. Electro-chemistry is essentially a

child of Niagara. Fifteen years ago this rapidly developing branch of science was in the laboratory stage, its possibilities unrealized, its potentialities practically unconceived, and it was only when Niagara endowed the electrochemist with the power that permitted him to put to practical test the experiments of the laboratory that any real progress was made.

What has been accomplished in the last decade in the field of electro-chemistry belongs really to the category of the marvelous. Ten years ago the United States depended for its supply of chemicals wholly on foreign importations. Today things have changed. Such important chemicals as chlorate of potash, caustic potash, bichromate of soda, muriatic acid, liquid chlorine, carbon tetrachloride, tin tetrachloride, bleaching powder, phosphorus, caustic alkali, metallic sodium, and cyanamid, are now manufactured either in whole or in part through electrolytic processes, increasing the efficiency of the product and very materially decreasing the price.

What the future of electro-chemistry no one can foretell. Its horizon cannot be defined, for every day sees an extension of its field. Take cyanamid, for instance. It is a known fact that every country in the world has had to depend on Chili and Peru for their supply of saltpetre, which plays such an important part in all agricultural industries. Cyanamid is the great nitrogenous substitute for saltpetre, and can be produced only by an electrolytic process of fixing the nitrogen in the air. The importance of this industry will be apparent when it is remembered that more nitrogen is superposed over every three acres of land than is contained in the four hundred thousand tons of saltpetre that are imported annually into the United States.

There is apparently no limit to the possibilities of Niagara-developed power. It has been shown that paper can be manufactured at Niagara Falls more economically than anywhere, because Niagara



"The majesty of the mighty cataract"

paper mills are never affected by water drought, a condition foreign to any other locality in the world. In the firing of china the Niagara electric furnace should also have a considerable future, for it has been demonstrated that with it china can be fired in as many hours as it now takes days, and the electric furnace has none of the discoloring qualities of coal.

Niagara is indeed the greatest of all conservators; and in serious contemplation must we not ask ourselves—Was this

Niagara River itself has a charm equally appealing, a beauty just as distinctive, a grandeur no less marked.

As one of the wonders of nature, indeed, the Niagara River is unique. Less than thirty-six miles in length, it is insignificant among the rivers of the world, but bearing upon its bosom the waters of four of the great lakes, helping to drain an enormous area of country, it becomes, *ipse facto*, a stream to be conjured with, a river to be revered and respected, a



"All we can feel is the 'Spirit of Niagara'; all we can hear is the voice of the 'Mighty Thunderer'"

wonderful storehouse of natural energy placed here merely as a tribute to the omnipotence of the Creator, or as a vital factor in the upbuilding of civilization? If the former, then we stand with the Indian and prehistoric man; if the latter, then we have a bounden duty as a nation to utilize this God-given gift.

But it is not alone the Falls that should claim the attention of the tourist, that should receive the undivided homage of the nature lover. For mighty as are the Falls, omnipotent as is their power, grand their scenery, awful their voice, the

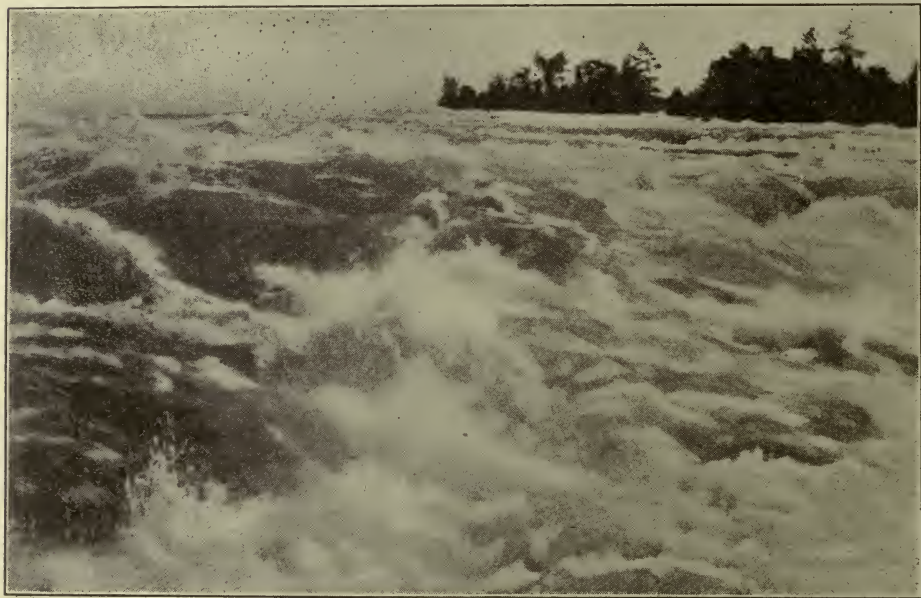
mighty factor in the geography of a continent.

With the breadth of the lordly Hudson, the swiftness of the Tiber, the peacefulness of the Thames, the beauty of a hundred streams, the Niagara River stands alone among the waterways of the earth. It is, indeed, a stream of extraordinary divergency of character. When it leaves Lake Erie it is only three-quarters of a mile wide and its currents are quite swift. Then it broadens out to more than two miles and a half, embracing in its course Grand Isle and a number of smaller

islands, flowing as peacefully as a Louisiana bayou until within two miles of the Falls, where it begins to feel the effects of the cataract. A little less than a mile above the Falls it narrows perceptibly, forming the Upper Rapids. From here it becomes the turbulent river that has made it famous throughout the world, dropping fifty-two feet to the mile before making its headlong plunge of 165 and 159 feet over the American and Canadian Falls respectively, narrowing again to form the Lower and Whirlpool Rapids, and then

the stately pines that stand sentinel along its banks, its ever-changing and vari-colored waters, its surging rapids, its broken rocks, the quaint old fishing traps that peep out intermittently along its shores—they must, once seen, forever silhouette themselves on the horizon of memory, a picture too realistic to be erased.

Niagara, thou art, indeed, the most sublime of all Nature's handiworks. Such haughty grandeur, such riot of coloring, such compelling beauty, such strength of



"To some the rapids are even a grander spectacle"

continuing on a fairly even course through the famous Gorge that has played such an important role in frontier history to Lewiston and Lake Ontario.

The Niagara Gorge is one of the most magnificent examples of erosion to be found in America, and in its diversification of characteristics is unquestionably the grandest canyon on earth. Its almost perpendicular palisades, cut from the solid rock by time, the master sculptor,

character, thy like is to be found only in the picture galleries of the gods. To depict thee perfectly would be to scale the heights of omnipotence; to usurp the powers of the Divine. For thou, Niagara, art a creature of a thousand moods. Thy temperament is an ever-changing one. The glory of thy face radiates from every point of the compass in a different way. Thy power only is immutable—thy voice, O "Mighty Thunderer"!

NOTE:—The photograph from which this month's magnificent cover was made, as well as all the photographs of scenic Niagara in this article, except where otherwise stated, were made by Landreth, of Niagara Falls, N. Y., unquestionably the greatest living exponent of Niagara in photography, and are held under copyright by him.

CASIMIR-JACQUES

A STORY OF THE GULF COAST

By

ANNE BOZEMAN LYON

 CASIMIR-JACQUES walked through the awesome pines; some massive and bronze of trunk, others slim and gray as he neared the coast. Since leaving Mon Louis Island on Mobile Bay he had made a wide sweep to reach Mississippi Sound, and was worn and spent. But whenever the way parted a black-gum thicket, or clump of bay trees, he cooled his feet in limpid rills; for the sand was hot, the palmetto sharper than daggers, and the wire-grass rasped his flesh. In the open spaces, sarracenia grew in blotches of scintillant color that hurt his eyes.

He paused often, strengthening his lungs with the resinous odors. Once he ate of the loaf and drank from the flask of *bouilles** cordial in the bundle slung across his back; then went on till he reached Bayou Coq d'Inde †. Deep and cold, it flowed between broad marshes to the Sound. At its mouth he gazed seaward, then up and down the shore—finally he turned eastward round a bend where low, gnarled oaks dipped swaying moss into the water. A span of straight path, crowned with twisted trees, and he halted again. There, between two slanting cedars that swept a lagoon, formed by the beach and an outlying marsh, a Cadjien hammered on a lugger. A girl sat near mending a net. Their house, faded to a pale drab, stood back from the beach.

"Where do you go, brother?" called the Cadjien in a voice rich with welcome.

His daughter looked up, surprised that

anyone should break the quiet of their day. The dull Pompeian tint of the shrimp net fell over her faded blue frock.

"No farther, if there be room for me here." Casimir-Jacques flung his bundle on the ground.

The girl slipped her wooden needle through a broken mesh and said: "There's none between us and yonder—" she pointed toward the east beyond where Bayou Coquille split the land not far from them—"but up on Coq d'Inde live some gentlemen. Their *adobe* house is finer than ours; we've but one glass window, and that's in my room so I may see the water when I wake. *Puf*, it's dark and close in our *cabane* while it rains and we fasten the heavy shutters. In the winter-time, though, the scent of the nets on the wall and the pine fire is good." She tied a knot in the cord as she added, "Around Bayou la Batré and in the woods are more of our people—the Cadjiens. We have company—yes."

"A mile west of Coq d'Inde," supplemented her father, "you'll find a cabin. Its owner—I can't call his name, the English is too hard for my tongue—was drowned last summer. He had no kin in these parts, and, since it's believed he haunts the place, none will live in it. His old neighbors, Grélot and Baptiste, go round it whenever they drive to Bayou la Batré to hear mass and drink coffee with their friends."

"You can catch the good fish near there," the daughter further told Casimir-Jacques.

"Zélis is right," asserted the Cadjien. "But eat and sleep in my cabin tonight,

* *Bouilles*.—A coarse wild grape. † *Coq d'Inde*.—Wild Turkey. The place is now called Coden.



Between two standing cedars that swept a lagoon, formed by the beach and an outlying marsh, a Cadjien hammered on a lugger. A girl sat near, mending a net

ami. We haven't much—shrimp simmered in oil and garlic, and coffee so strong 'twill make your head whirl!"

Casimir-Jacques bowed. "*Merçi*; I must go on."

Here the other informed him: "I am Ubalde Ouellette; and you?"

"Casimir-Jacques—Baurrien is my last name," was the reply.

"How will you cross the Bayou?" Zélis asked.

"Coq d'Inde is still as milk."

"You'd swim?" The astonishment upon Ouellette's face was profound. "Me, I'd lend you my *bateau*, but she has a hole in her, the lugger is as you see."

Casimir-Jacques confirmed his former statement: "I can swim two miles in a high wind."

Ouellette had nothing to say to one so strong, though he scanned him with blue, wondering eyes. Zélis murmured a low adieu even while her glance begged him not to go. He was something from beyond the mystery of waving, sighing pines that, on one side, bound her world, and she would have listened to his talk of matters different, perhaps, to those of her daily life.

Casimir-Jacques accepted Ubalde's invitation to come when he could sit on the front gallery and drink coffee. He liked the Cadjen's kindly way, and he thought Zélis more beautiful than the wives of the American merchants in Mobile; for her hair was long and brown with yellowish lights, her eyes a bright, warm blue, and her skin as fair as the yucca blooms that sprang from the guarding daggers of their foliage on each side of the gate.

II

The cabin was as its master left it when he went forth to catch the great silvery tarpon, and was drowned in the Gulf, south of Dauphin Island. His nets were on the wall; his gun stood in the corner, and his clothes lay in the cedar press. So—there being no one to claim the good coats and breeches and cloak—Casimir-Jacques stayed. His nearest neighbors, who lived just across the short stream that cleft its way through the dead man's land, were glad he had come to drive off the ghost. Simple as their ancestors when expelled from Acadia, they thought if a

creature had the bad manners to leave a haunting soul behind, why, his holding to him with the courage to seize it. Besides, the drowned man had been of the hated English-speaking race, and they would not have touched his belongings for many arpents of the richest land.

Nevertheless, cordial though Grélot and Baptiste were when they called, bringing baskets of scuppernongs and late figs, he said very little. He let them do most of the talking; they told him of their numerous progeny, the good and bad oyster seasons, the sweetly mysterious music that stole up from the depths of the Sound, and of the quaint pieces of pottery and implements found in the shell-banks along the shore.

With due formality he returned their call. He drank of their coffee and ate of their bread—to refuse would have been a bitter insult—and paid them many compliments upon the beauty and size of their children. Ere he departed he gave each of his hosts a noble red-fish, caught off the mouth of Bayou la Batré where the waters begin to deepen into a cobalt blue.

Always he went alone to the fishing, unless Grélot and Baptiste, self-invited, accompanied him. Once he voyaged with them across to Isle aux Herbes where terrapin and *poules d'eaux* sheltered; but he declined to partake of the supper which the comrades were to give that night.

After these amenities his intercourse with his neighbors was chiefly a word of greeting as they came in from fishing, or sat mending their nets on the front gallery of Grélot's house. And when the latter played the fiddle, and his children sang old airs of Canada and France, Casimir-Jacques would sit in his doorway listening until the tears gleamed on his thick lashes, and he bit hard on his lower lip to keep back a cry of grief.

III

One Sunday the clank of bells, as the cows trailed to the shore from their grazing beneath the pines, fell drearily upon his ears; the scent of milk oozing from overfull udders, mingling with the salty air, weighed on his lungs. The sound of Grélot's fiddle and the echo of

young laughter deepened his depression. Stifled for a breath of winds, untainted by odors of the land, he started for a row, but—it was not many minutes before he found himself nearing the mouth of Coq d'Inde. Against his own will, it seemed, the *bateau* headed for the lagoon where Ouellette's lugger, caulked and freshly painted, lay at anchor.

At that desolate spot Casimir-Jacques heard but the lapping of waves and piping of marsh hens, and saw vacuous-eyed blue heron mincing along the sand. In the west, as if leaping from the sparse growth of Pointe aux Pins, the sky was like the falling walls of a splendid, burning city.

Zélis, in a white frock, stood at her gate. A small basket, half-filled with scarlet bird's-eye peppers, was in her hand. Her feet, slim and tanned, were bare, though she wore her best jaconet gown and her great-grandmother's heavy gold beads. She was fine today, since Padre Genin, the parish priest of Mobile, accompanied by his assistant, had taken *déjeuner* with her father, then gone on to celebrate mass in the chapel at Bayou la Batré. She and Ouellette could not both go, because a new calf had hurt its leg, and some aromatic weed must be bound upon the wound every few hours.

"*Comment ça va?*" called Casimir-Jacques, as he passed under the cedars.

"Do you want my father?" She watched him spring ashore and fasten his boat to a twisted root.

"'Tis lonely at the *cabane*,' was all he said.

"You have, perhaps, left your mother and sisters?"

"*Moi*, I have no kin," he sighed.

"A wife then who grieves for you?" she persisted with a catch in her breath.

"Mam'zelle," he replied, "no one wakes me in the morning with the strong black coffee; no one mends my clothes and prays for me when I sail through Pass aux Huitres to the Big Reef to tong the fat oysters."

She turned, saying, though there was a gleam of relief in her eyes, "It's bad to tell such a word to me."

"But why?"

"Because—"

"Zélis, Zélis, *ma fille*, come quick," her father called.

She sped to the house. Casimir-Jacques followed more slowly.

He paused on the threshold of a room, where in one corner stood a huge four-post bed, with great ruffled pillows and a blue and white damask counterpane. Through the open door he saw into the little kitchen. Ubalde Ouellette stooped over the fire; a covered skillet and saucepan were on the hearth; on the back gallery their guest could see a table set for supper. Its coarse linen was shaded by the swaying fans of ruby-tinted palma Christi.

"So, neighbor," cried Ouellette, as he espied Casimir-Jacques, "you come in good time, but Zélis has loitered. I promise you I thought she forgot my peppers. I eat fresh ones every night. For why? They keep the neuralgia from my head—I don't have it—no, yet it is as well to keep it from me. All the old ones say that; and who know better?"

Zélis protested, giving Casimir-Jacques no time to admit the wisdom of Ouellette's caution, "Father, I only stepped to the gate to look at the water when I saw—him."

"'Tis always like that; eh, friend? A fine fellow comes by, the old *père* is forgot, and the food goes to cinders in the pan!"

Casimir-Jacques smiled. Zélis twisted her lips and glanced at him with a coquettish drooping of her brown lashes. He was tall and handsome, his eyes so large and sorrowful that her heart stirred with pity. But she went, as she said, to fetch a bowl for the peppers.

She returned empty-handed. Ubalde shrugged his shoulders; she had put on a pair of snowy clocked stockings and little kid slippers tied with lutestrings ribbon, crossed over the insteps and brought about her ankles. Somehow she could not bear that the stranger should see her with bare feet. Besides, her heavy copper-toed shoes were too coarse for her tucked frock.

"Where is the bowl, Zélis? You forget that, *hein?*"

Then, as she did not answer, only hung her head and blushed, he brought forth a bottle of wine and bade his guest be seated.

"France herself can give no better," he declared, placing it upon the table, "even though the grapes grew on my own arbors."

"For true, we have the biggest *socos** on the coast," affirmed Zélis.

She went to the cupboard, took down a small lustre bowl and poured the peppers into it, then set it beside her father's plate.

Casimir-Jacques hesitated; he looked toward the lagoon where his *bateau* lay, then at the cool shadows of the palmar-Christi. The coffee was hot and fragrant, the fish crisp, and the *filêt* Zélis sprinkled upon the *jambalaya* was strong with the scent of sassafras thickets in springtime. It was good to be there—the homely comfort and yellow wine were sweet to one as lonely as he, for the fisherman's cabin was stiller than death.

IV

Aroused by a deep roar, Casimir-Jacques muttered: "The surf beats hard on Dauphin Island tonight; there is a storm in the gulf."

The next morning the sky was richly blue, though upturn sea-cabbage floated in the clear depths of the tide. Some schooners, driven before a southeast breeze, sought a safe harbor in Bayou la Batré. Yet all that day the sun shone white.

At dusk the sky darkened and swift gusts of rain chilled the air. Flocks of pigeons, too small to fly against a gale, hurried to the land. Above the drumming of waves, scream of gulls and swirl of tattered leaves, the surf boomed louder. But Casimir-Jacques sat smoking before a driftwood fire—a flurry of wind was no more to him than a toss of wine.

Nevertheless, he slept in his chair.

At daybreak he looked out. The leaden billows seemed leaping to the low, woolly sky. Matted seaweed was strewn high upon the shore, also huge logs and the fragments of his boat. Under the blurred pines the frightened cattle huddled.

He breathed quickly, drew his knitted jacket tight, and started toward Coq d'Inde. As he plunged eastward his neighbor, Grélot, called across the widening stream between their places:

"Come, go with Baptiste and me to

the woods. My cousin lives back two miles—we'll be safe there."

"No, no," shouted Casimir-Jacques, "I've other things to do. *Adieu*," he called as Grélot turned toward his house. On the gallery were crowded his children, from the youngest in its mother's arms to the eldest, a tall handsome girl.

Baptiste and his brood, with uplifted skirts and rolled breeches, were wading to Grélot's to take the boats, secured to the back railing. Despite the tragic possibilities of lowering sky and tumbling waves the children called to one another as carelessly as if embarking upon the voyage of a balmy day to some surf-bound isle.

V

Zélis crouched before the fire in her own room. The light fell dimly through the one glazed window in the front wall; the others, heavily shuttered, were fastened tight. As she threw a pine-knot on the blaze she heard her name in a voice hoarser than a *grosbec*'s cry.

"Zélis, Zélis, are you dead that you say nothing?" was hurled at her through the sough.

Flinging the door wide, she exclaimed: "Father, is it you?"

Casimir-Jacques entered the room. The firelight showed him pale and cold, his hair and garments soaked. "Where is Ubalde Ouellette?" he asked.

"He sailed to Cat Island yesterday—Tuesday."

Casimir-Jacques said nothing, merely looked at her as one gazes at a child whose mother has just died.

"He is safe, quite safe," she declared.

"Since you fear nothing for him give me clothes and coffee."

She pointed to her father's room. "The clothes are there."

When he was clad afresh she gave him food and drink. He ate slowly; his heart was heavy because of Ubalde Ouellette.

"How did you stand the long pull?" she questioned.

"My boat went to pieces last night. I swam across Coq d'Inde."

"*Dieu des dieux!*" she threw up her hands in horror.

He bent toward her as he replied: "It's better to face the storm together than alone."

* Scuppernongs. † Powdered sassafras leaves.

VI

The day wore on. The wind lulled to rise and clutch at the house in fiercer gusts. For a time the rain ceased, then fell in stinging showers; the waves ran higher, whirling their mists far inland; the clouds dropped close to sea and earth in thicker masses. Long strands of Spanish moss were torn from creaking branches to fall in curdled heaps on the gallery, and the riven pines scattered limp shreds about. A schooner, with splintered masts, wallowed where Ubalde's lugger was wont to anchor.

Once Casimir-Jacques turned from the glazed window and asked: "How deep is the piling of this house?"

"My father cut the biggest pines he could find. Seven feet down they go—the house is three feet above ground."

"That is good." He raised the window and, leaning out, strained his eyes to see whence the schooner veered—he feared it might be driven against the cabin. At last, with a sigh of relief, he drew down the sash; a mighty wave had lifted the battered hulk and left her stranded beyond the boundary of Ouellette's place.

A madder burst of wind and sea—the white-caps tumbled over the shattered fence and rolled into the yard. It grew darker. Finally, night fell upon the tumult.

"Zélis," he said, "go to the attic. Take food, a lantern and blankets. I'll come later with the furnace and charcoal."

Silently she gathered the various articles and toiled up and down the narrow stairs several times. At last she unhooked from a nail beneath her *bénitier* a little picture in colored crayons of her mother, dead since Zélis was a baby. Her eyes were dark and wide as she dipped her hand in the holy water and crossed herself, then, with face whiter than the merino *camisole* she wore over her frock, she went again to the long, low chamber under the roof.

He stepped out on the gallery to look seaward. Huge billows surged ghastly under the brooding sky; above their din swelled the pounding of surf against the south beach of Dauphin Island, and the moan of pines. Ten minutes later he watched the water dash nearer, ever

nearer, until—with a gesture of despair he ran inside and brought forth an axe.

Springing down the steps he sped to a corner of the house. In frenzy he ripped off a plank at the floor-line, then another and another. Around the entire structure he hacked and hewed till a wide gap threw a swath of light over the heaving flood. His hands were blistered, but he worked on until there was full space for the water to flow through the rooms. His heart throbbed in his throat as he felt the icy tide beat against his knees.

Awestruck, he hurried in and crept to the loft. Beside the open window at the farthest end gleamed the lantern. Zélis sat on the floor, her arms rested on the sill, and her face was lifted to the cold, wet wind. Her hair, partly loose, streamed down the length of her blue *colonade*, its yellow light quenched by the dampness. Above her head, quite close to the window, she had hung the *bénitier*; the little coarsely colored portrait was beneath it.

"How goes it?" she asked.

"The saints," he answered evasively, "know better than any man."

"What made you trouble to let the water run through the house?"

"'Twas nothing." His deprecation of his heroic task stirred her heart so that she laid her lips against his torn hand.

"I love you, me," she murmured.

"No, no," he cried, drawing away, "you must not do that."

"You have no wife," was all she said.

"It's not wise for a young girl to say such words to a man. He must tell that to her." A shiver ran down his body.

"But you don't say nothing," she sobbed.

Throwing his arms upward he exclaimed: "I don't say nothing? I can't, *bebée*, I can't. Here," he struck his breast, "is something that keeps my tongue still."

Her eyes darkened. "Have you killed a man?"

"No creature lies dead because of me," he told her.

Relieved, she whispered so low that he scarcely heard her for the trumpeting of winds: "Then what is it?"

"Ask me not." Such sternness settled on his face that Zélis broke into piteous weeping.

In a short while he made a fire in the furnace, which he carried to the window at the other end of the attic. After the charcoal ignited he boiled milk and made a pot of chocolate, a dainty Ouellette had bought in Mobile for his daughter. Warming some black coffee for himself he persuaded Zélis to eat and drink.

Presently, with the comforted sensation of a newly-fed child she sank among her blankets and slept. Once he stretched forth his hand as if to touch her slim fingers, but sank back among the shadows. All night he kept watch beside the window, where the charcoal glowed like a blood-stone; he listened to the water gurgle through the house. Higher and higher it surged as it slapped against the sturdy walls. He feared destruction, yet they stood firm.

VII

Casimir-Jacques was clearing away the drift from the path between the house and the shattered fence; the gate had been swept down the beach with a mass of rubbish.

Zélis sat on the gallery. She looked for a sign of her father, for the storm had ceased two days ago and he had not come. "Is he dead?" she had asked so often that Casimir-Jacques' heart ached.

The afternoon waned. Blue shadows stole about the pines. Through the dappled marsh the incoming tide shone in rosy disks. Herds of cattle crowded shoreward, eager to drink from the shallow pools. The sky was a soft pink, the Sound a foam-touched stretch of olive brightened toward the west to aquamarine.

Casimir-Jacques, pausing to look at the wing-shaped clouds that floated over the low mass of Isle aux Herbes, espied a sail.

"See, Zélis," he said, "perhaps it brings news of your father."

"Where, where?" she cried excitedly.

He pointed to an incoming schooner, which was soon at anchor outside the lagoon.

When the skiff was brought to, Zélis saw her father drop into the stern. There was a crowding of men in the little craft and dipping of oars.

Casimir-Jacques stood still. His face grew cold; he shook like a beaten dog and wound his fingers together, then crossed

himself and walked to the landing place under the twisted cedars.

"Father," called Zélis, "I thought death called you."

"The saints want no man when evil threatens his child." Ubalde's voice twanged like a tuneless fiddle.

Instinctively she drew nearer to Casimir-Jacques.

"Zélis, who was with you while it stormed?"

"No need to ask, Ouellette." Casimir-Jacques looked defiantly at the five grim faces behind Ubalde. "Since you saw fit to sail away when any child knew a storm was brewing I came to her."

The surliest of the men snarled: "Pray for the girl, brother, pray that she may be as when you left her."

"Natole Dufey, keep your tongue lest I be tempted to hurt you." Casimir-Jacques swung nearer the speaker.

"Listen, father," pleaded Zélis, "he swam Coq d'Inde while the storm raged; he stripped the planks off the house so the water might flow through; he watched beside me—he has been good, good, like my own brother."

"La 'tite begs for him," sneered Dufey.

Ubalde, unmindful of the bravery of Casimir-Jacques, said to 'Natole Dufey.

"Say to his face what you told me as we waited on Cat Island for the wind to lull."

Casimir-Jacques' chest heaved and his eyes flashed like those of a goaded bull.

"Natole Dufey, Cher Vautrot and you, Pepito Alvarez, Maxime Deslonde and Sieur Malachi de Damoan, have no cause to shame me before this girl. Zélis," his voice fell, "that other night I said it was not wise for you to touch my hand. You asked if I had killed a man. I told you that no one lay dead because of me.

"No one," he iterated. "I told you, too, that this," he struck his breast, "held my tongue. Now, since your father bids 'Natole speak it's best for me to say the truth."

"Hush, I want no word like that," she declared.

Striking his breast again, Casimir-Jacques gasped: "Look, Zélis."

"I see nothing; what is it?" she faltered.

"There is nothing to see—yet, I mean look at me, look well."

She gazed, terrified, at his livid face and burning eyes.

"I—" he breathed heavily—"my father—was—a leper, so he said."

She turned to flee, but, impelled by tenderest love, asserted: "'Tis no more to me than a pin scratch."

Simple though she was, she knew the horror that the people of old had had for lepers, but it seemed to her that her love must serve as a shield between him and his persecutors. And no matter what ailed him, no matter were he to fall before her eyes stricken with *vomito*, she must not let him know that she had any fear of him. Surely, everyone knew nothing was so terrible as the fever that turned one yellow and caused the black blood to spurt up from one's vitals. Her father had told her about it, and, thankful that Casimir-Jacques had nothing so bad, she started to lay her hand on his. Ubalde snatched her away.

"Take him, take him to Pétit Bois to tend your cattle, 'Natole Dufey," shrieked Ubalde.

"You stole away," Dufey said to Casimir-Jacques, "from Mon Louis Island, not knowing we'd follow you; nor that we'd ever know why you dwelt alone this past year since your father died; but on Cat Island, where we sought shelter from the storm, we fell in with Ubalde Ouellette. We knew him not, for we stick to our own grant, raising oranges, and are not ones to sail about this coast, yet he told us his name. He told us, too, that a stranger had come among his people. We asked who he was; when he said 'twas you we let out all we knew. And how did we know? I, myself, put my ear to the crack of your side shutter when your father lay dying and heard all he said. *Diable*, if we'd known sooner what ailed him, his days on the island would have been shorter. An open boat and a rough sea would have been his death-bed. Leper, beast, do you think we'll let you go about tainting the air, even if there be no sign of the horror on you? 'Tis in your blood, and will show itself ere long. Come."

He looked at his three comrades and the *Sieur de Damoan*. The latter moaned and twisted his lips.

"Come, I say," repeated 'Natole, "let's

be off to Pétit Bois. The wind is fair; we can make the island before dawn."

Whiter than the foam, Zélis fell at Dufey's feet. "Oh, God, he harms no living thing. Take him not to that lonely island between the Gulf and Sound."

"Silence," commanded Ubalde, dragging her to her feet. For the first time in his life he wanted to strike her. His mind was torn with anger that she should reveal her love to these strangers; according to his racial code it was sinful for a girl to lift her eyes to a man's until he asked her parents for her. And Zélis had done worse; she had openly avowed her preference for one apart from his fellows; she had but this moment pleaded for him as boldly as though maidenhood had set no seal of reticence upon her lips. For himself, he thanked every saint in the calendar that none of his own people—the *Acadians*—were there to see his shame. Zélis had ever borne herself with modesty. He hoped this lapse would not be known. If it were to become the gossip of the coast she should join the ranks of *les vieilles vierges*; he would sail to New Orleans and put her with the Ursuline nuns.

Here the man *Cher Vautrot*, being newly married and so responsive to the moods of others, cut short his gloomy thoughts, saying:

"'Tis a shame to take him to Pétit Bois; for there only the square land crabs rattle across the sand and the cattle rove. True, the surf rolls high and the wild oats are yellow and full, but the long days will madden him. Before the saints, some blight will fall upon us if we do this thing. Besides, who nursed your brother, 'Natole Dufey, when the fever scorched him so that he lay hotter than a brick on a loaf? Who pulled you out of *Pass aux Huitres*, *Maxime*, when your boat overturned? Who sucked the poison from your boy's leg, *Pepito*, when the snake bit him? None, save Casimir-Jacques. And for me? Who walked across the *Narrows* from *Mon Louis Island* to the mainland, all the way to *Mobile*, to fetch the priest when my *gran-mère* lay dying? He did it—that, and more. Myself, I grieve to think I joined in this evil against him."

"Do we know aught of his people?"

asked 'Natole. "Nothing, except that his father, old Baurrien, died of leprosy. You remember no one was allowed to view the corpse. Casimir-Jacques acted like a pig of an Englishman—he did not even set out coffee and wine; he let nobody watch with him, and put his *père* in the coffin as quick as the Creole brothers Rosier got it hammered together, then shut it like that—" he snapped his thumb and finger. "Perhaps there was some strange blood that gave him the evil—*nègre*—"

Casimir-Jacques lifted his hand, but dropped it to say with dignity:

"There is no African blood in me, 'Natole. My people are pure French. My grandmother was a great lady, so my father told me. In France my ancestors sat with the king, when yours were toiling in the fields."

Here Pepito spoke. "It would be bad to put him on the island, yes; what say you, Maxime?"

Thus appealed to Maxime muttered, with a furtive glance at Ubalde and 'Natole,

"Pass aux Huitres is the devil's trap for those who fall in it."

"Good, we'll not sail to Pétit Bois today," Cher Vautrot triumphed. "Pepito and Maxime think like me."

'Natole shook his head, his hoop earrings twinkling in the light as he sought to conquer his bitter nature. The old man, Sieur de Damoan, said nothing. He stood apart with lowered eyes and tightened lips.

But Ubalde growled:

"Since he is too fine to herd the wild cattle he shan't live at Coq d'Inde. Take him with you to Mon Louis, lest some day he might want to marry my girl; then? Ah, *Dieu*, I'd put a knife in him. True, he may never have leprosy, but I'll have none of him here."

Sieur de Damoan lifted his lids to disclose gleaming, yellow eyes that held a conflict in their depths. Still he said nothing.

"Have no fear, Ubalde," said Casimir-Jacques. "Although I've but to say 'Come,' and Zélis will go with me to the priest, I'll be still. In my father's last days he talked much." His voice broke in a sob. "I stole away from Mon Louis,

because I feared to stay. I am not thirty years, and I know that those with the leper's taint are sent far from men." He halted in his speech.

Pepito, Cher Vautrot and Maxime gazed at him, awed by the courage that could renounce the joys of life.

And old 'Natole, moved to tears, said: "I was more scared of you than if a mad dog ran loose, but now I know the goodness of the saints is in your soul. Let my cattle go wild. What matters it?—There you would see no human face. Come back to Mon Louis. You can dwell at the farthest end of the island where the winds blow salt and strong; none can be harmed by you. Another thing, say nothing of what ails you to the Creoles that live at the end—near east Fowl River—should they chance that way to shoot *poules d'eaux*. We here," he glanced at his three comrades and Ouellette, "can keep a secret. You," he hung his head in shame of his own generosity, "have been too good for us to tell that the leprosy lies in your blood and may one day eat your flesh."

Sieur de Damoan moved farther from the group; a moisture shone upon his brow—his brilliant eyes opened wide, and he plucked at his rings with the manner of a man in agony.

Casimir-Jacques looked at 'Natole in such dumb gratitude that Ubalde felt something sting his eyes and he hastened to say:

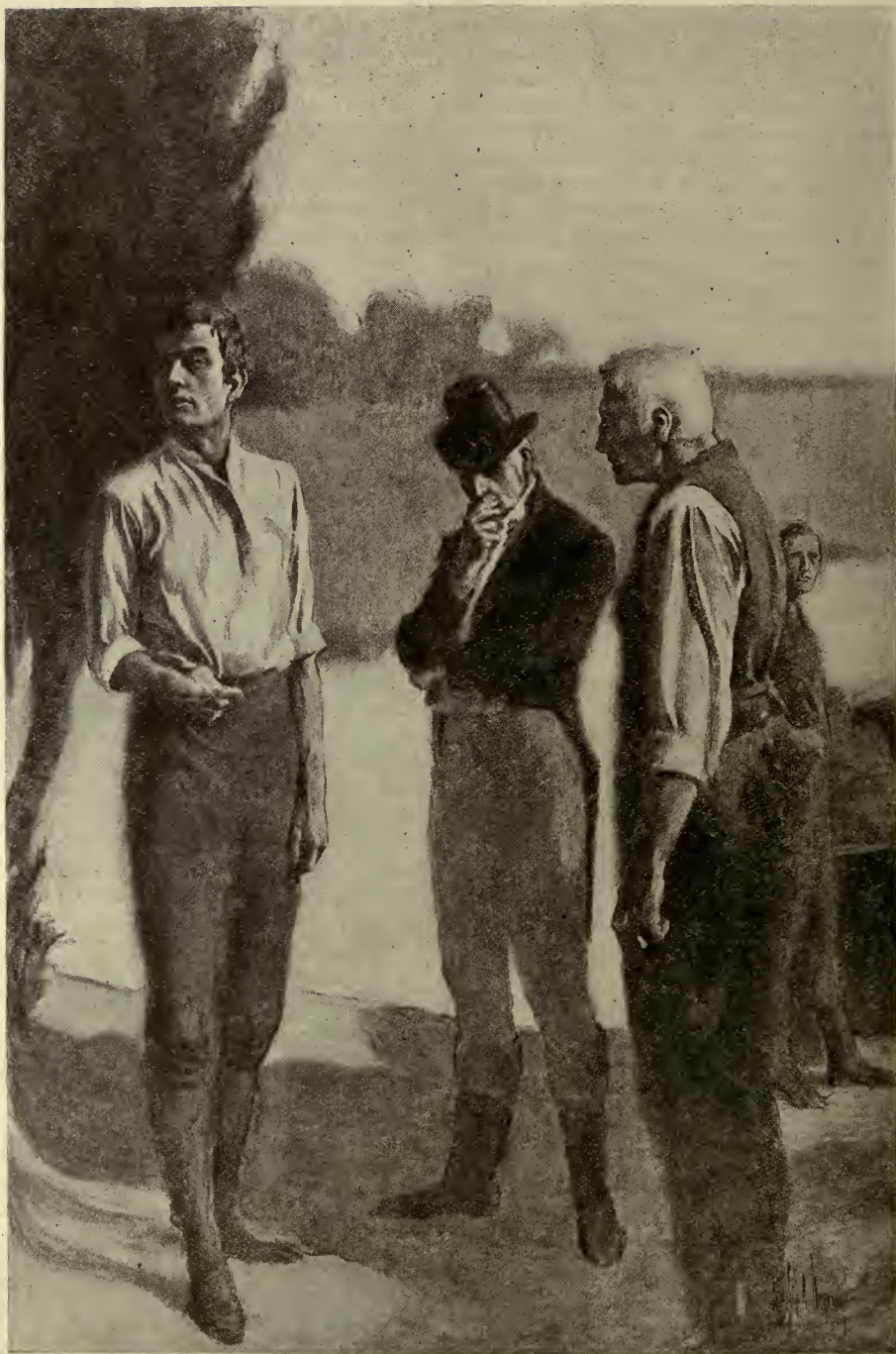
"I can keep my tongue, too, *mes garçons*; as for Zélis—"

She stayed him with a gesture, gazing at Casimir-Jacques as if he were dead. Nevertheless, she said with unconscious subtlety, "'Twill be no sin to ask the Blessed Mother to let him die before he is old."

Then Cher Vautrot loosed the *bateau* from the cedar where she had sat that first day Casimir-Jacques saw her—she laid her hands over her eyes and groped her way to the house.

Cher Vautrot rose and, flinging the rope into the boat, said: "The wind grows fresh."

With a long look at the browning marshes Casimir-Jacques flicked the tears from his lashes. Slowly he turned and



Slowly he turned and looked at the gray cabin, then followed the men toward the boat

looked at the gray cabin, then followed the men toward the boat. Ubalde stared at him as though he saw some creature suddenly uplifted to immortality. Sieur de Damoan shuddered—two tears rolled down his cheeks, and he clutched Casimir-Jacques with delicate, pallid hands.

"Not so," he cried.

"What is it you say, *monsieur*?" asked Casimir-Jacques.

Ere Sieur de Damoan could answer, 'Natole spoke, pointing to the water, "*Pardon, monsieur*; the time goes."

But the other swept him with a haughty stare, then turned to Casimir-Jacques with thickened breath.

"You—you—are no leper."

"You know naught of me," asserted Casimir-Jacques. "I have scarce said a dozen words to you, and—"

Sieur de Damoan's eyes had the radiance of a topaz. "Does not a man know his own?" he queried.

The other fell back a pace, so amazed that he could only stare at the wrinkled face before him.

There was a pause, then Sieur de Damoan went on:

"I have said it; you are my son. Your mother was a beautiful lady; her mother was of the *haute noblesse*. I loved madam, my wife; she loathed me. There lived in my house my cousin, a mere lad, but of so marvelous a beauty and wit that he won her very soul. She fled with him when you were but a babe. Then—my love for her and him, my kinsman, turned to blackest hate. I gave you to my servant Baurrien. No leper's taint was in his blood. I bade him tell you that, to set you apart from the loves and joys of life. Old Baurrien died of a terrible consumption—the kind that eats into the bones and makes men hideous to see. I had saved him from the guillotine. I was in France during the red time of the Terror, and he gave his life into my hands. Once a year

I journeyed from my home in Mobile to Mon Louis to take him money and see that you were kept as simple as the *habitants* of the island. Yesterday when I reached Mon Louis you had fled. 'Natole Dufey said that he, with others, meant to track you and bear you forth, an exile from the place of men. I came with them to look on the end, but—" Sieur de Damoan's eyes were soft with tenderest thoughts—"your heart called to mine and held me from a monstrous crime."

He paused. Cher Vautrot threw his arms about Casimir-Jacques and sobbed out his joy. 'Natole, Pepito Alvarez and Maxime Deslonde shouted aloud, for they loved him also.

For him, he stood silent, then, stretching out his hand, he said in a smothered voice: "Since the blessed saints moved you to speak, I—I—must not hold anger in my soul, but—" he threw his arms upward in despair—"the horror it has been since Baurrien told me of the taint."

* * *

Quietly the four men rowed to the schooner. A lilac mist edged the sea as they sailed away. Through the browning marshes the pools of the incoming tide darkened to onyx. Behind Pointe aux Pins the last splash of the afterglow died to purplish umber; the great stars shone like blossoms of light.

Out on the cool gallery, close to the silken fans of the palma Christi, Ubalde sat at supper and filled the glasses of Sieur de Damoan, Zélis and Casimir-Jacques with yellow wine. He laughed when he thought of how he would sail down to Grélot and bid him tune his fiddle well, for his—Ubalde Ouellette's—daughter was to marry a man whose father dwelt in a brick *chateau*; whose mother's people sat with the king. So—there must be fine music for the wedding guests to dance.



The Nation's Panama Exposition

by *Hamilton Wright*

Illustrated with photographs from drawings of architects' plans by Joseph Pennell, the celebrated English illustrator

THE announcement of the general architectural plans for the Panama-Pacific International Exposition follows almost two years of deliberation as to the manner in which the arrangement of the buildings might best conform to the exposition site and most effectively carry out the purpose of the exposition as the celebration of a great maritime event. With more than twenty months before its opening, upon February 20, 1915, the Panama-Pacific Exposition, in the opinion of Dr. Frederick J. V. Skiff, Director of Foreign and Domestic Participation, is further advanced in general development by a year and in physical development by six months over the great world's fairs with which he has been connected. The general architectural plan of the exposition has been outlined; thirty-two commonwealths and ten foreign nations have already officially accepted the invitation of the United States to take part. A season of festivities and entertainments to last without cessation until the exposition closes, December 4, 1915, has begun, and for

the next two and a half years the attention of the management will be devoted to carrying out the plans already outlined rather than in evolving new plans. While final plans for the architecture of the exposition as a whole have been outlined, the plans for the individual structures will not be made known until after the meeting of the general architectural commission in August.

The site of the exposition, at Harbor View, lies within the city limits and is close to the most populous section of San Francisco. One will easily reach the exposition in twenty minutes from the Ferry building. All told, the site comprises six hundred

and twenty-five acres. On the south and southeast the site is embraced by the hills of the city, thickly covered with dwellings and with the streets describing little canyons in silhouette upon the summit of the hills. On the west and southwest it is embraced by the Presidio military reservation, dark with cypress and eucalyptus and interspersed with green vistas. The panorama from Harbor View suggests the bay of Naples in the neighborhood of Sorrento. Across



CHARLES C. MOORE
President Panama-Pacific International Exposition

the harbor four or five miles distant the hills of Marin County rise steeply into the hundreds and even into the thousands of feet, and on a clear day it seems as if one may almost reach out and touch them. Mount Tamalpais, the background of the setting, is the loftiest summit of all; often its peak is enshrouded with a huge turban of fog upon which the sun shines as against a vast bank of snow. From the western portion of the site one may look out through the

entering the Golden Gate. As one looks toward the city from a ship in exposition days it will be seen that three main groups of buildings comprise the exposition city. The centre group will include the buildings to be devoted to general exhibits expounding the advance of the world. The group on the left hand side, as one faces the exposition grounds, will consist of the amusement concessions, while the right hand group on the Presidio, nearest the Golden Gate, will include the buildings



LOOKING THROUGH THE PERISTYLE

From the easterly court towards the bay, with Mount Tamalpais in the distance, and with two of the principal exhibit palaces at either hand

mile and one quarter wide rim of the Golden Gate, beyond to the Pacific. In front of the grounds lies Alcatraz Island, the location of a military prison whose white walls are reflected in the waters of the harbor. Thus will the exposition lie as upon the floor of a vast amphitheatre, opening to the north upon San Francisco harbor and with the axis of the exposition palaces paralleling the ocean traffic that passes through the western gate of the United States.

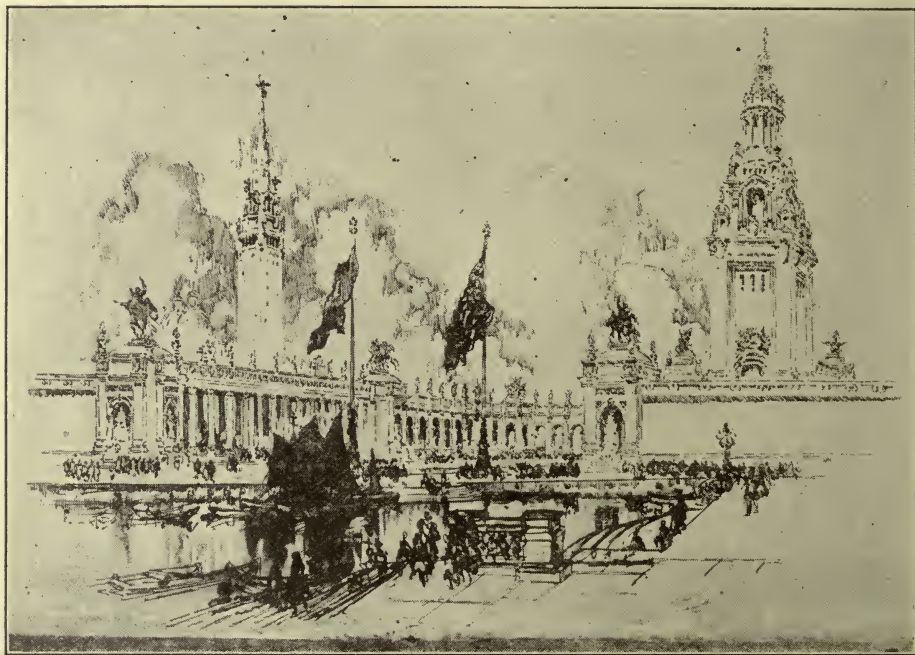
The exposition palaces will be spread in a panorama before passengers on ships

of the States, of the foreign governments, as well as those to be devoted to displays of the United States government.

The main exposition group will lie between two great garden boulevards, an esplanade—the marine—upon the shores of San Francisco bay on the north, and upon the south a wonderful transplanted tropical garden—the Alameda—eighteen hundred feet in length and three hundred feet long. From afar the main exposition group, comprising eight of the principal structures devoted to general exhibits and adjoined by five lesser structures,

will present the effect of an almost single exposition palace fronting upon the bay for a mile and surmounted in its centre from east to west by a huge commemorative tower; nearer at hand it will be seen that the buildings are interspersed with great open courts extending from the boulevard on the south to the esplanade upon the north and joining lateral courts that run east and west. Like the palaces of the Far East, this huge palace will conceal within its courts great pools and

which will form the dominating point of the entire architectural composition of the main group. Visitors will pass directly from the Alameda, or tropically adorned boulevard on the south, beneath the triumphal arcades of the great tower to the central court. From the tower passages and continuous avenues of circulation will lead to all points of the main group of exposition buildings. The main court will open directly upon the esplanade without the intervention of peristyles,



LOOKING FROM THE PERISTYLE INWARD

From the bay toward the main court of honor, with the bower at main entrance to building quadrangles in the distance, at the right

fountains, lagoons and statuary, and semi-tropical growths. The buildings will be set in quadrangles about the courts which will be like the widened streets of a great city. Each of the courts, although part of a continuous avenue from north to south or from east to west, will be set apart by itself by peristyles, arcades and arches between the buildings.

The largest of the three main courts, extending from north to south, will be the huge central court, 500 by 900 feet square. This court will be dominated upon its south side by a great tower,

but the other two courts will be cut off by peristyles through which, however, the visitor may obtain flashes of the waters of the harbor.

The palaces of the exposition city will, as it were, be set among gardens. The esplanade or Marina (villa gardens) along the harbor's edge, will be set off by cypress, pine and acacia and hardy trees and shrubs. Grouped about the main court will be seven minor courts, each presenting a massing of semi-tropical growths combined with water effects. The courts will be seen to be inter-connected east and west,

and they open in each case to the north garden or Marina and consequently to the water.

To the left of the main group of buildings, as one will look from the bay, will be seen the gilded domes of the amusement and concession centre to occupy forty-five acres. The amusement center will open out directly upon Van Ness Avenue, one of the principal streets of San Francisco, and will be one of the first points in the exposition to be reached; to the right as one looks from the bay there will be seen upon the Presidio reservation and nearest the Golden Gate the buildings of the states, of the foreign nations and the pavilions of the United



MAIN ENTRANCE OF MACHINERY BUILDING
From the eastern court

States government rising in terraces, tier upon tier, from the harbor and standing against the background of the hills.

The Panama-Pacific International Exposition will be the first of the great world's fairs to celebrate a contemporaneous event, and for this reason commercial exhibits manufactured prior to 1905 will not be received for award. The exposition will look to the future, to the world's trade and the commerce that will develop

through the channel between the oceans. More than this it is felt that the opening of the Panama Canal will have a sociological value, bringing the people of the world closer together and that its advantages in advancing the progress of civilization can scarcely be estimated.

In consonance with the spirit of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition



LOOKING THROUGH THE WESTERN COURT
With arch between the Liberal Arts and Education
buildings in the background

to celebrate a world event and one in which the nations of the world have vital interest, and in which each has an open field of opportunity, it is planned to hold a series of functions and festivals in which all nations will be invited to participate. Owing to the long term of the exposition, more than nine months, the opportunity is given for a number of festivals to extend in succession over the period of the exposition. Six months before the opening of the exposition a calendar describing the events will be published. The events will come in cycles, consisting of the major and more spectacular events at intervals of two months apart and with the less spectacular but none the less important events interspersed.

The first feature of this calendar will

be the big international event which will formally open the exposition, nothing less than the assemblage of a fleet of battleships of the world. Upon invitation of the United States the foreign vessels will first assemble at Hampton Roads where, joined by the vessels of the American navy, the combined fleets will be reviewed by the President of the United States and by foreign dignitaries; then this international fleet, the largest and most cosmopolitan ever brought together, will proceed through the Panamá Canal to the Golden

will be indulged in; the largest submarines will be shown and the crack oarsmen of the world will contest for trophies and great cash prizes. It is planned that the American cup defenders and their European challengers shall be assembled in the harbor at this time. Japan will be represented with its fishing boats and sampans, as well as by its more modern fighting craft.

Two months later will come an international sports meet, fostered by the sports societies of the world. Automobile



THE PRESIDIO

A military reservation of United States government on the Golden Gate, San Francisco, California

Gate, arriving at the time that the exposition opens. From across the Pacific will come squadrons from China and Japan, and the Chinese merchants of San Francisco are planning on a fleet of gaily decorated war junks at this time. From unofficial advices it is anticipated that more than one hundred warships, besides those of the American navy, will participate in the demonstrations.

Two months after the battleship parade will come the next event in the calendar, an aquatic festival. The speediest motorboats of the world will contest for prizes; regattas and all sorts of marine contests

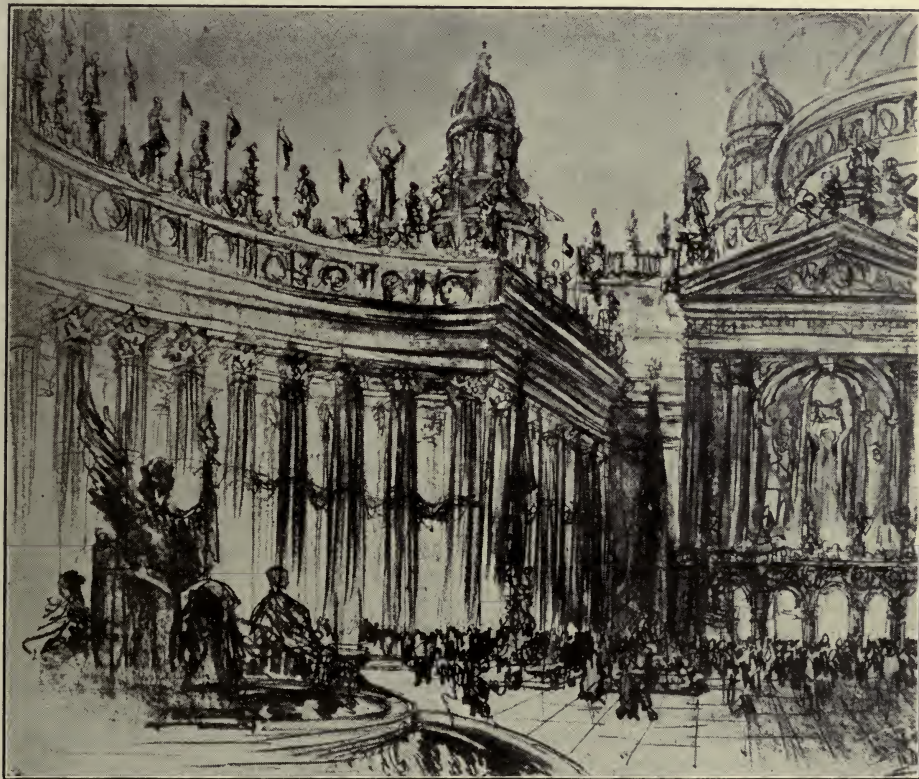
racers, olympic games, intercollegiate meets, military drills and maneuvers, aviation, and other features will have a prominent part. The crack cavalry and infantry of America, Europe and the Oriental nations will participate in the series of friendly contests at the great parade grounds to be built upon the Presidio.

An international live stock show in which the pedigreed stock of Europe and America will be exhibited will be among the other events. The exposition directorate has voted the sum of \$175,000 for premiums and cash prizes for live stock. Horse races will be a feature, and

a single western horsemen's association has guaranteed a purse of \$25,000 for a two-year-old sweepstakes, as a starter. With \$200,000 in prizes guaranteed at this early date it is anticipated that the international live stock show will be one of the greatest, if not the greatest, ever held.

In October, 1915, will come the most spectacular event in all the calendar—a ten days' fiesta of the nations of the

In the concluding days of the exposition will be a week of western fiesta, in which the picturesque days of '94, the Lewis and Clark expedition, the mission era of the Franciscan padres in California, and other kindred topics of an historical interest will be revived. Every county in California and every state in the West will participate in the demonstration. The State of California has passed an act permitting the boards of supervisors



- A CORNER OF THE EASTERN COURT

Orient and of all the countries within the sweep of both shores of the Pacific Ocean. A series of pageants will mark the festival. Down the streets of San Francisco will pass parades for miles in length, startling the Occidental mind with the most bizarre effects that the Orient can produce. At the exposition will be gathered the greatest assemblage of strange tribes and peoples of Pacific Ocean countries ever brought together, and members of these tribes will participate in the pageants.

of the various counties to levy a tax for exposition purposes. More than \$4,000,000 is being raised as a result of this enactment.

The new San Francisco will be one of the features of the exposition. More than \$100,000,000 of public moneys will have been expended upon various civic improvements by 1915. The streets, parks, the waterfront, and boulevards leading through the parks and connecting with the streets will be improved and



ARCHITECTS' DIAGRAM OF THE GENERAL PLAN OF THE EXPOSITION

In the center is the main group of buildings with their interior courts; to the right, nearest the Golden Gate, will be the State and Foreign buildings; to the left will be the other group, comprising the concessions and amusements

adorned upon a scale which will express the hope of restoration that San Francisco entertained after the fire. The State of California has issued bonds for the improvement of the waterfront at a cost of \$9,000,000. The Ferry building, the principal entrance to San Francisco, will be the official entrance to the adorned city with a grand court of honor. The Board of Harbor Commissioners has already initiated plans for the construction of this court, which will be in classical style.

Near the junction of Market Street and Van Ness Avenue will be established a Peoples' Center, of which a new city hall to replace the one destroyed in 1906 will be the nucleus. Mayor Rolph has promised that the city hall will be completed by March 1, 1915. The municipality has voted the sum of \$8,800,000 bonds for the Peoples' Center project. The city hall will require \$4,500,000 of this amount. The exposition committee has appropriated the sum of \$1,000,000 for the construction of a great auditorium

on ground to be furnished by the city for the housing of conventions during the exposition. A museum, a hall of records, a California State building, and an opera house to be built by private capital, will add to the grouping, which will embrace about twelve city blocks surrounding a typically Californian plaza with semi-tropical trees and flowers, with fountains and statuary. Telegraph Hill will be terraced and surmounted with the tallest wireless tower that can be constructed. From this tower messages will be flashed to ships passing through the canal.

The exposition is as much a test for San Francisco as was the rebuilding of the city; even more, perhaps, for the work is a public one. Every sentiment of the people will be expressed at the jubilee in 1915. The work of the management is unselfish; President Moore, for instance, is serving without salary, and San Francisco sincerely hopes to entertain the world with the most wonderful celebration in history.



THE MARINA OF THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION

Looking from Fort Mason towards Fort Point; Golden Gate in distance and decorations of esplanade in foreground

A Happy Couple of Literary Workers

RICHARD TULLY AND ELEANOR GATES TULLY

62

George Wharton James



ONE of the happiest literary partnerships is that existing between Richard Walton Tully and Eleanor Gates. And these two people ought to be happy, because on January 26, 1901, Miss Gates became Mrs. Tully. They met in their

college work at the University of California and, both having literary aspirations, found in that a common chord which ultimately eventuated in their forming this partnership for life.

And a happy partnership it is. They have jogged together now for ten years and have broken each other pretty well to double harness, and have now settled down to a regular, steady pace, pulling together far better than many of those who at the beginning of their romance prophesied that they were not fitted to be a matched team.

The reason for this "horsey" introduction is apparent to all who know Mr. and Mrs. Tully, for on their beautiful home place of El Rancho de las Rosas are to be found ten full-blooded Arabian stock, which is enough in any country to make anyone famous. The possession of these beautiful animals in itself reveals perhaps better than anything I could say the romantic quality of the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Tully. While the horse idea is really Mrs. Tully's, her husband is so fully in sympathy with it that no one could possibly suppose that it was not his romance as much as hers.

It came about in this way: When Eleanor Gates began her study of California life and conditions, she was charmed and carried away with the description given by different writers of the fine horses and exquisite horsemanship of early-day Californians. When, after her college days, she and her husband together gained a certain degree of fame and fortune, and having bought for themselves the beautiful ranch which is now their home, the idea which had leaped into her mind in those early-day readings gradually assumed more tangible shape and became more feasible, until at last she determined to make it a reality. This was no other than the ambitious idea to purchase several first-class Arabian stallions and a number of pure-blood brood mares, and revive the breeding in California of a horse that had once been one of the chief features of its early-day romantic life.

With a clear-headed, determined woman like Eleanor Gates, to see the feasibility of a thing is rapidly to bring about its accomplishment. The horses were found at Homer Davenport's celebrated farm at Morris Plains, New Jersey. And arrangements were made for their transfer to California, where now for over two years they have proven a tremendous source of interest and attraction to all who love good horses, as well as to those who are interested in this experiment of a woman writer determined to make a successful business venture out of what, to many people, would be a purely romantic idea.

But when one says it is Mrs. Tully's idea he certainly would be set to it to prove the statement to those who have watched

the keen interest, knowledge and enthusiasm displayed by her husband when the subject of the horse comes uppermost. He is as much in love with them as is his wife, and takes just as much interest in displaying their good points.

And, indeed, no young couple with a brood of precocious youngsters of their own rearing could be more happy and proud to show off their offspring than are Mr. and Mrs. Tully in showing their beautiful horses and their colts to the many people who, during the summer months, through their ranch to see them.

It is a delight to see romance and practicality so intermingled as it is in the life of this young couple. And it is equally delightful to see them so happy together. In their literary labors not only do they work separately, but each views the work of the other from an independent standpoint, freely criticizing and suggesting as good comrades or chums might do, but neither seeking to control nor influence the other.

Living as they do a large part of the year on their beautiful California ranch, they have room to plan their literary workshops very differently from what they would have to do were they housed in a city. Let me try to give you a picture of this sun-kissed, tree-clad ranch where they live.

On the line of the Southern Pacific, which crosses the Santa Cruz mountains so vividly described by Bret Harte, is the little town of Los Gatos. Here the trains enter a picturesque canyon, and in about three miles reach the small town of Alma. Two miles beyond this, branching off from the railroad track to the east, is a canyon up which one walks or drives under a perfect arbor of varying foliage of live-oak, laurel, mountain mahogany, sycamore and alders, where brakes, ferns, mosses, liverwort and a thousand and one dainty flowers peep out from the underbrush, and through which runs a merry babbling brook.

If one follows this road for a half a mile, the canyon widens out a little, and here the home nest of the Tullys is located. On the left side of the creek, looking toward the mountain, is the cottage, in one large room of which Mr. Tully does his

work. A hundred yards or more higher up is the stable, where the stallions and some of the mares and colts are kept. On the other side of the brook, perfectly embowered in the trees and under the shelter of the steep mountain side a snug work-den has been built with a big boulder, open fireplace. And here Mrs. Tully occupies the field, surrounded by the books and pictures she and her husband have accumulated for their work.

They put on no airs and have no pretences. The result is that the atmosphere of the place is as delightfully "homey" as it is possible to conceive. They are hospitality itself, and with a good Japanese cook, Massa, are always willing to put the extra plate on the table for the strolling wayfarer who may happen in at about lunch or any other meal time. As like as not it will be a sandwich lunch, garnished with salads grown in their own gardens, and eaten to the accompaniment of witty and bright conversation down by the creek under the trees.

Naturally there is a great deal of horse in the talk and atmosphere. The stables are looked after by an Englishman, who is as much in love with his charges as are their owners.

Several thoroughbred colts, of ages ranging from six weeks to two or three years, are given the freedom of the place. And as an illustration of the proof of the confidence that exists between the horses and their human friends, let me tell what occurred as we sat or lounged on the high porch one afternoon, chatting about the many things that came uppermost in our minds.

There were just ten of us—one or two sitting in chairs, others lounging on pillows on the floor. Suddenly two of the colts appeared at the end of the porch around the corner of the house, and seeing us assembled there, it seemed to them the most natural thing in the world that they should come and join in the conversation.

Rags, the shaggy Russian terrier, was stretched out at full length by my side, while walking to and fro, showing her friendliness to each one in turn, was Flossie, the young collie. As much at home as if they were children, the two colts came and stood as if they belonged to the crowd.

With their soft, gentle muzzles they nuzzled the hands outstretched to them. First one and then another was the recipient of their gentle caress. To their master and mistress especially they were attentive, and showed that they fully recognized in them their true and constant friends.

For an hour or more, without in any way being a nuisance, they moved back and forth, or stood by our sides, altogether unconscious that their actions were different from those of any other colts; perfectly gentle in their movements, and as much at home as if they belonged there. It was a pretty picture, and one, once seen, never to be forgotten.

Neither do they always keep themselves to the outside of the porch. If the door into the sitting-room happens to be open, they are just as likely as not to walk in and make themselves at home there.

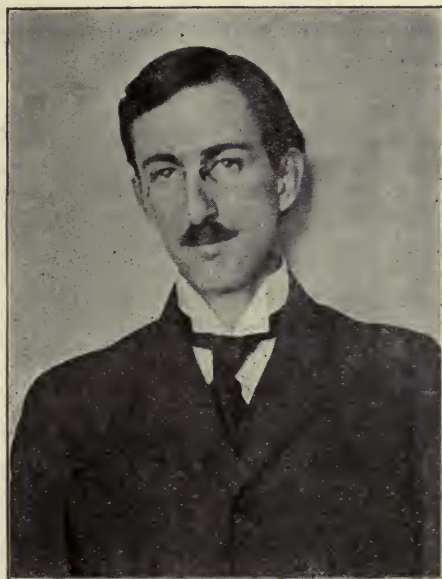
Two or three times while they were being particularly petted by someone, one of the dogs would show a little jealousy by making a sudden snap at the colt, clearly signifying disapproval at so much attention being bestowed upon the horse visitor. And then we learned the interesting fact that the colts are the masters of the dogs, and drive them away instead of being driven. From the hour of their birth the Arabs seem to show no signs of fear of either dog or man. But once fear is implanted by cruel treatment, this attitude of mind is preserved so long as they live.

The stable is two hundred yards or so from the house on a small, level spot in a slight declivity, which practically hides it from the house. Here the beautiful creatures live, each in its individual box stall.

To attempt to describe each of these animals would require a full page of this magazine. Each has his own points of beauty and excellency. As they are led forth, you hardly know which one you are attracted to most.

Obeysan I, flea-bitten gray in color, and thirty-two years old, is as full of life, activity and spirit as if he were a colt but three years of age.* Obeysan II, his son, is six years old, and while you feel in looking at Obeysan I that no animal could attract you more, it must be confessed

that in the younger horse there is a compactness and roundness of form, a gracefulness of movement and an alertness that makes everyone immediately fall in love with him. Then there is Ibu Mahruss, of an entirely different strain and color; and the prince of them all, Nejdran. As these two are led forth into the sunlight their chestnut coats fairly glisten with an iridescence that is as subtly beautiful as a dove's breast. The one remarkable trait that impresses itself upon all who see them for the first time is their tremendous



RICHARD WALTER TULLY

Author of the popular plays, "The Rose of the Rancho" and "The Bird of Paradise"

virile activity, their alertness and spirit. And yet they are handled with a slender leading-line and without the slightest difficulty by Mrs. Tully, as well as by Mr. Tully or the groom.

The colts are beautiful and affectionate creatures, and when one has brought them up as the Tullys do their devotion is remarkable. They are most tractable and docile, and their intelligence is far beyond that of the ordinary horse. One day while I was enjoying a chat with Mr. Tully, there suddenly came down the road, as if she were the embodiment of the spirit of the wind, a beautiful bay filly, whinnying and calling as if she knew someone

* In June, 1911, Obeysan I "went to Allah," to "gallop over the deserts of the spirit land."

would be on the lookout for her. This exquisite creature, Yusanet, is the special pet of Mr. Tully, and the moment he heard her voice he was up and out, getting her a basin of grain and bran. No sooner had he appeared on the level below the porch when Yusanet dashed toward him. But the bowl was held behind his back.

"Park!" came the command. And immediately the beautiful and spirited creature began to throw out and raise each foreleg, one after the other, with a proud action that was as entrancing as it was dignified. After she had made a few steps she was duly caressed and given a handful of the feed that she evidently regarded as a just reward.

Then she was bidden "Up!" And immediately her forelegs were high in the air and she walked forward on her hind legs. Another caress and handful of feed.

And then her master stooped down and held a handful under her body near the ground and between her fore feet. And the tractable creature put her head down, spread out her forelegs, and almost stood on her head to eat the dainty handful that was given her. One could well understand the evident affection that existed between Yusanet and her master. And Mr. Tully assured me that these and other "stunts" that the horse performed were all taught in less than a week. One has but to watch them a short time to realize their perfect tractability.

Indeed, after spending a few hours in the presence of these Arabs, one can readily believe any of the apparently incredible stories told by the desert Bedouins of their intelligence, their fleetness, their tractability and their friendliness. And he also feels as he never did before when gazing on horses, the universality of the kinship that exists between human beings and the so-called lower animals.

I have dwelt thus fully on the horses that play so large a part in the life of Mr. and Mrs. Tully not only because of its general interest, but because it helps to reveal the spirit in which they are doing all their work. While they both have all the romance, fire, idealism, ambition and poetry of the literary aspirant, there is a humaneness and affection, a genuine love for humanity commingled with it.

Instead of showing the yellow streak that is so often thought to belong to the aspiring literary man or woman, and especially in the beginning of their career, these young people have deliberately fled the city with its artificial and demoralizing life, and have chosen the freedom of God's great out-of-doors with animals that compel their admiration and affection. And there in the hills, surrounded by scenes of charm and beauty that awaken the mind and ennoble the soul, they have determined to do their work and largely live their lives.

And what is the work that has enabled them so soon to gratify so expensive and at the same time so beneficial a hobby? As I have already stated, it was while they were students of the University of California that their romance began. Richard was one year ahead of Eleanor in the university course. He had already demonstrated considerable ability as a writer of farces and plays which had been put on the board by the students, one of his farces, "James Wobberts, Freshman," being an especial success. Yet he was not altogether an ideal student from the faculty standpoint. He was too essentially California, too ready to act on his own initiative, too ready to plan for his own career and determine what he wished to do in life to submit to the cut-and-dried, formal, pre-arranged methods of academic professors. He was a little too virile mentally to yield absolute and unquestioning obedience to all that was required of him, simply because it was a "professor" who issued the command, and the result was he was not in such high favor as the more complaisant and obedient student is.

Even the fact of his devoting so much time to the writing of plays told against him. Though he had decided to become a playwright, and begged to be allowed to present a play instead of the required essay in English, he was held to the rigid requirement of the college course, to the annoyance of all concerned.

It was on the 9th of December, 1899, that "James Wobberts" was produced as the Junior farce at the University of California. But Richard's activities were not confined to junior farces. A large-eyed, ambitious girl from the prairies of the

north had come down to Stanford, studied there one year, and then being awarded a Phoebe Hearst scholarship, had entered the University of California. Richard's attention was attracted to her. She did not object—though some of the busybodies did, for they thought she was too earnest a student, too ambitious a girl, to become entangled with a young fellow who was more interested in writing plays than the prescribed essays of his college course. The result was their engagement was announced December 26, 1900, and just one month later, January 26, 1901, they were married.

They had both gained a friend, however, whose eye was keen and observation sure. Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, whose name has become a synonym in California for munificent generosity, not only to the State University and many other public, semi-public, and even private institutions, but in her readiness to aid worthy students, had taken them under her sheltering wing. She had great faith in Richard, and quite as much faith in Eleanor, even though she had not yet completed her college course. And who can estimate the good such a noble and large-hearted woman can accomplish when with practical discernment she aids the man and woman who are full of high ambitions and ideals, and are willing to work hard to attain them. The Tullys proudly acknowledge that much aid has been given them by Mrs. Hearst, not only in a financial way, but because of her intelligent sympathy in their life-plans and her wise advice as to how to accomplish them.

The success of "James Wobberts" was so great and it made such a hit in university circles, that its fame spread to professional ears, and the manager of one of the Los Angeles theaters finally decided to produce it under the title, "A Strenuous Life." One of the honeymoon trips of the young couple was down to Los Angeles to forward the presentation of the play. It met with unqualified success on its first presentation, and was well received by both audience and critics. It had a successful run of several weeks. When it was put on again a little later, it was even more successful, and it is still being produced in various theaters of the United States.

Real life now opened up, so the young couple left college. Richard began work on a new play. It was afterward to become famous as "The Rose of the Rancho." In talking the matter of its inception over with me, he told of its history somewhat as follows:

"My father's relatives came across the plains, and several of his brothers married into the old Spanish families. As a boy I met these relatives and learned a great deal about Spanish ways and customs. It was my habit to spend a vacation now and then in Hollister, which is situated seven miles from the Mission of San Juan Bautista. I used to visit the old mission and play along its corridors. This was when I first met Padre Closa, the kind old father who has been there thirty-seven years. It was natural, therefore, that I should be fired with the romance and fascination of the "old Mission days" of California.

"In those boyhood days I was publishing (with my own printing press) a small monthly paper, *Happy Hours* by name, and I was going to write a mission story for this and publish it. But, unfortunately, before the story was completed, the paper was given up.

"However, the idea still stayed with me, and later at the University, when the success of my Junior farce determined me to be a playwright, I started on such a play.

"The material for this play was all original data—not only historical treatises, but I also made a large collection of books covering voyages, travels and experiences of the early Americans in California—Wise, Colton, Dana, Farnum, Humboldt and others. I not only read these, but I tried to saturate myself with the spirit of the early days. I visited the missions again, talked with the old Spaniards and Mexicans—and, by the way, I read and reread your book, 'In and out of the Old Missions of California,' until I almost knew it by heart, and then I wrote 'Juanita of San Juan.'

"The basic incident of the play is historical, as there was trouble between the Americans and Angel Castro because of insults to his daughter, Juanita. However, I tried to make the play broader—taking

in an ensemble picture of California of the time.

"When the play was finished I offered it for production to Mr. Harry Bishop, manager of Ye Liberty Theater, Oakland. And there it was produced February 13, 1906. The following week it was played at the Majestic Theater, San Francisco. Receiving a proposal to transfer it to Los Angeles, I did this, and the play was seen in the Southland at the Burbank Theater, owned and managed by Oliver Morosco. Here the people seemed to sympathize with the effort, and four capacity weeks were played. I went immediately to New York and took the manuscript to David Belasco. Within two weeks it was accepted on condition that another year be spent on the manuscript, revising and collaborating with him. The result of this year's work produced the present play known as 'The Rose of the Rancho,' which was produced in 1907 in Mr. Belasco's theater in New York."

The play is in three acts: The first act in the Mission Garden; the second, the patio of the Castro home; and the third, the azotea roof of the Hacienda just before dawn.

The plot of the play deals with the efforts of one Kincaid to jump the rancho of the Castro family because, in their pride and loyalty to the Mexican cause, they have delayed filing on the land under the United States system. However, through the love of a government agent named Kearney for the girl, Juanita, the Castro home is saved to the family.

Perhaps what gave the play such widespread success (for it ran two years in New York and has since been steadily played all over America) was the faithful drawing of Spanish characters and the pictures of early California life—the Mission Garden under the amber sun, the old padre, the Spanish caballero asleep under the palms and grape arbor, the confusion of flowers, the girl coming in with the water-jug to be filled at the fountain, the drone of the mass, and the ring of the Mission chimes—all these went to please the lover of the beautiful.

Besides, there was danced *Canistita de Flores* (The Little Basket of Flowers) as performed in the olden days. It was given

in full form with El Tecolero (the master of the dance). Juanita danced El Son, and there was also a battle of cascarnes.

The psychological interest of the play rests on the mixture of the two bloods in Juanita's veins. For a while the Spanish flirt is uppermost, then the blood of her father—an American—begins to tell, and she becomes the practical, ambitious, Anglo-Saxon woman. The constant struggle between these two elements furnishes some of the strongest scenes of the play.

The mother wishes her to marry the young Spaniard, Don Louis de la Torre; but after Kearney has saved her home (and her mother is still inflexible), Juanita leaves to become the Gringo's wife.

The costumes of the production were very carefully arranged, being true to the period, both in the case of the Spanish and Mexican inhabitants and also as to the Indian workers.

One of the most lovable characters in the play is that of Padre Antonio, modeled closely on Mr. Tully's remembrances of Padre Closa, the kind, gentle, hospitable father of the old school. In counter distinction there is Kincaid, the grasping Nebraskan, with "business" as his slogan. Another interesting character is the old, haughty, hospitable grandmother, Castilian to her finger tips. Also there are minor characters like the major-domo; Sunol, a loyal servant half insane over his master's death; vaqueros, etc.

At the same time some racial traits are brought out in the character of the Spaniards, such as the *mañana* ("tomorrow") of Don Luis, also the Spanish objection to that "nasty word 'business'"; in the case of the old grandmother who comes out to meet the invaders and says, "Senor, my house and everything in it is yours."

There is an historical foundation for all the incidents, and justice is done both to the Spaniard and the American in the matter. The play has been even more warmly praised by the Spanish people than by the American critics.

In the meantime, while Richard was busy with his plays, Eleanor was busy on her own account. She had already written several small stories which had met with success, and two or three sketches of a biographical nature dealing with her life

on the prairies of Dakota. These sketches were written with a quaint, delicate, sympathetic touch that at once appealed to the heart, and yet possessed a literary quality that was as alluring and unique as it was simple and fascinating.

With the same high ideals before her that her husband had, she determined to try for the highest goal at the beginning, and taking a manuscript with her on the first of their "playwright trips" to New York, she offered it to the *Century Magazine*, and it was at once accepted at a generous price and published with great

as her three big brothers needed a little sister."

Then with graphic power the author outlines the situation: "An icy blizzard, carrying in its teeth the blinding sleet that neither man nor animal could breast, was driving fiercely across the wide plains; and the red, frame dwelling and its near-lying buildings of sod, which only the previous morning had stood out bravely against the dreary, white waste, were wrapped and almost hidden in great banks that had been caught up from the river heights and hurled with piercing



ELEANOR GATES TULLY AND HER ARAB STALLION, IBU MAHRUSS

success. The opening chapter clearly reveals the secret of its popularity, and at the same time helps to account for Mrs. Tully's serious outlook upon life. The chapter is entitled "The Coming of the Stork," and it opens as follows: "It was always a puzzle to the little girl how the stork that brought her ever reached the lonely Dakota farmhouse on a December afternoon without being frozen; and it was another mystery, just as deep, how the strange bird, which her mother said was no larger than a blue crane, was able, on leaving, to carry her father away with him to some family a long, long distance off, that needed a grown-up man as badly

roars against them. . . . With darkness, the fury of the blizzard had redoubled, and the house had rocked fearfully as each fresh blast struck it, so that the nails in the sheathing had snapped from time to time and rung in the tense atmosphere like pistol shots. Momentary lulls—ominous breathing spells—had interrupted the blizzard, but they had served only to intensify it when it broke again. As it rose from the threatening silence to rending shrieks, the bellowing of the frightened cattle, tied in their narrow stalls, had mingled with it and added to its terrors."

Inside of the house a neighbor-woman

had come to keep company with the expectant mother. The day before the anxious husband had mounted his horse and started to get help from the army post, but he had been obliged to return, and had started again on snow shoes. The wife and neighbor-woman were both desperately anxious about his safety; upstairs in the attic three big brothers were huddled close about the warm stove-pipe that came up through the floor, with the dogs at their backs. As the storm increased in fury, one of the dogs, a St. Bernard, "separating himself from the pack, sprang at a bound to the boarded-up window and, raising his head, uttered long, dismal howls. The big brothers hastened to quiet him and spared neither foot nor fist; but the dog, eluding them, returned again and again to the window, and mourned, with his muzzle to the west." And it was just about this time that the stork alighted and the brothers heard from the open trap door a small, clear, hailing cry.

The chapter thus concludes: "When the neighbor woman came softly up and put her head above the trap-door, she had to call again and again into the gloom, through which the lines of frozen clothes waved faint and ghost-like, before the big brothers awoke and, rising from their cramped positions, groped their way slowly to the stairs and followed her down. As they reached the sitting-room and stood in a silent, waiting row by the stove, the dogs about them, the neighbor woman tiptoed to the canopied bed in the corner and took up a tiny bundle, which she brought back and laid in the arms of the biggest brother. Then she leaned back, all fat and smiling, as the big brothers bent over the bundle and looked into a wee, puckered, pink face. It was the little girl."

The second chapter is entitled "A Frontier Christening," and it tells of the eager search of the big brothers through the almanac, the World's Atlas, and the dictionary to find a name that they would like. But the mother gave little thought to the subject. She was wondering why the days brought no word from the loved husband who was supposed to be in safety at the fort, waiting for the blizzard to

subside. The boys tried to calm her fears, but when two weeks passed by and their father did not return, they became alarmed themselves and started forth toward the army post with the St. Bernard. They did not have far to go. "The dog led them unerringly to a nearby bluff, from which they returned a sad procession. And next day a mound rose on the southern slope of the carnelian bluff and was covered high with stones, to keep away the hungry prowlers of the plains. The storm that ushered in the new life had robbed the farmhouse of the old."

It is when one carefully reads such a book as this "Biography of a Prairie Girl" that he sees how much can be packed into the first fifteen or sixteen years of one life. Imagine the sensitive child, almost preternaturally so, made susceptible to every influence by the tragic circumstances of her birth, living in such an environment as that afforded by the vast, bleak, wild, desolate Dakota prairies. Take the picture she gives of the frontier christening and the harvest wedding and imagine her witnessing the quaint doings, herself a part of the childish games she so vividly describes. Then who can read without a quickening of his own feelings of sympathy the chapters devoted to her herding of the cattle, tied firmly onto the back of the pinto mare whose colt followed behind. Especially does one sympathize with the youngster when, in stooping to pull the sheepskin blanket over her bare legs, she unthinkingly let go of the bridle, and, the pinto putting her head down to graze, the short reins slipped along her mane until they rested just behind her ears—far out of reach. One could almost cry with her and share her rage as the herd slowly wandered into the corn, followed by the pinto, which the little herder was unable to guide, and tears well up into the eyes as we see her, the big elder brothers having discovered the miscreant cattle and gone forth in wrath to drive them away, returning home and leaving the poor child far off on the pinto's back, hidden from their sight in a grove of cottonwoods. When they arrived and found she was not there we can understand their hurried search for her with the aid of the great St. Bernard, who went directly

to the proper spot: "For there stood the blind black colt and the pinto with the bridle reins still swinging across her neck. And on her back lay the little girl, her arms hanging down on either side of the sheepskin saddle-blanket, her head pillowed in sleep against her horse's mane."

Then her pets—her badger, her blue mare and especially the cowbird that "picked the eldest brother's fiddle strings in two," and was "discovered digging holes in the newly-baked loaves of bread that had been set in a window to cool," and who "stole hot potatoes out of a kettle on the kitchen stove," and trod up and down in the pans of milk and destroyed the cream, though this was not found out for some time. All kinds of schemes were tried to find the culprit. Finally the elder brother "wrapped in a buffalo robe and a pair of blankets, sat on a bench behind the kitchen door, resolved to keep awake until morning in wait for the mysterious disturber" of the family milk pans. "The rest of the family prepared for bed, after providing him with the musket, powder and buck-shot and the clothes stick; and on looking in upon him before retiring, found him sitting grimly in his corner, the musket leaning against one shoulder, while upon the other perched the cowbird."

In the morning when the girl's mother and the family peeked in they found "the eldest brother stretched upon the bench—fast asleep."

Then for a time the milk pans were undisturbed, until at last the mother failed to cover them, and then the secret was out. "There on the edge of the shelf stood the cowbird, his head drooping and his wings half spread. But he was no longer black. From his crown to his legs he was covered with a coating of frozen milk that, hiding his glossy plumage, turned him into a woefully bedraggled white bird; while from the ends of his once glistening tail feathers hung little icicles that formed an icy fringe."

The little girl was now compelled to take a decisive step. On her pony, the cowbird on her shoulder, her ears still ringing with the pitiless command that was to drive the cowbird forth to the prairies again, she rode up the river.

"Once there, she got down carefully from her horse and, after placing her pet gently upon a stone, took from her pockets a crust, part of a shrivelled apple, a chunk of gingerbread and a cold boiled potato: These she placed in front of him on the ground. Then she took him up, parted her lips to let him peck her teeth once more, held him against her breast for a long, bitterly sad moment, and mounting, rode away."

In her chapter on "The Misfit Scholar" the author reveals two things very strongly, viz., that disregard for academic authority that led her to dare to offer her book to an eastern publisher before she had even taken a course in English in her university, and that self-will and initiative that have since asserted themselves so often in making her self-reliant, self-dependent and able to make her own decisions. There is also that keen sense of humor that led her later to write "Cupid, the Cowpunch," and that has been the saving grace in her life, keeping her from a too great seriousness and the danger of becoming a female prig.

Then there were experiences with Indians, one of whom sold her a sick mare, which she nursed back to life, broke, and discovered that she had been taught a trick. The Indian afterward stole the horse, and it was this trick that cost him his life. She had discovered that if she pinched the mare's croup, she would promptly lie down. The Indian, after stealing the animal, finding himself pursued, turned around to deride his pursuers, and in doing so leaned for an instant on the mare's croup. The horse obeyed the sign like a flash. . . . She stopped dead still and threw herself upon the ground, and Black Cloud, his face for once almost white, lunged forward, struck his head with crushing force against a boulder on the river's edge, and lay as motionless as the rock itself."

Then came the day when the patient and loving mother was called away, and the little girl began to teach. But the brothers had larger ideas for her than this and they decided that she was to go to school, and just as she was leaving home there came a mirage into the sky of a city "whose buildings, inverted and magnified,

loomed through the clear, crisp air in marble-like grandeur, and whose spires, keen-tipped and transparent, were thrust far down toward the earth. . . . Joy shone in her face, and into her eyes there came a light of comprehension, of determination, and of enduring hope—and it was the radiant light of womanhood. And the biggest brother, looking proudly at her, knew at that moment that she was no longer a little girl."

It is a great book, that one can well afford to read more than once.

A story is told about this book that may be true and may not be, but true or not, it is interesting and serves to point a moral. When Miss Gates sought to enter the English class of one of the universities, she was told that she could not be allowed to do so as she had failed to take the prescribed high school course in English. The professor who thus refused her admission to his class was a literary aspirant, and for years had bombarded the eastern magazines with his mental lubrications, but in vain. Imagine his feelings when, without the stimulating help of his academic instruction, Eleanor dared to offer her book to the highest and most exclusive magazine in the land—the *Century Magazine*—and they accepted it!

Her next book was a novel based on prairie life, "The Plow Woman." It was excellently conceived and carefully worked out. Then she allowed her humor to have free play in her creation of one of the most individualistic, lovable and picturesque "cowboys" of all literature. She wrote for one of the magazines a series of stories around the life of this man, Alec Lloyd, who, because of his irrepressible match-making, had been called "Cupid, the Cowpunch." In re-reading it over to make selections one is simply baffled with the difficulty of choice. First he decides on one bit, and as he reads, discards first choice for a second. But the second and third are no better than the first. The atmosphere, the speech, the action is genuine cowboy from beginning to end, and the only sensible plan is to get the book and read it from beginning to end.

The fourth book was one made up of short stories, taking for a name the title of the first: "The Justice of Gideon."

They are all good stories and reveal Mrs. Tully's versatile genius. Two of them especially deserve comment, one—"Agatha's Escort," for its genuine humor, and the other for its deep and touching pathos. It is entitled "Buenas Noches"—Good-night—and is only the story of a pet parrot, spoiled by one of two old Mission padres, and almost hated by the other because she would destroy his beloved roses. But both padres had a canary to which they were devotedly attached, and a cat. One day when the canary's cage was out in the garden the cat came, determined to take the canary for his prey. The parrot saw what was coming and deliberately put herself in the cat's way. "With a 'Ga-a-wk!' of defiance, she aimed her flight for the ground, took it in all but a somersault, and landed herself directly before the astonished Tomasso (the cat). Then once again she spread her wings and squared her rudder, making ready for a clash.

"Tomasso's eyes fell to her, he relaxed, body and tail, spitting resentfully.

"Quickly emboldened, she came a hand's breadth nearer him, snapping at the black tip of his nose.

"He retreated to his haunches, but directed a swift cuff her way."

The fight was now on, such as they had sometimes had in the kitchen, but this was fiercer and meant more. "It was over in a moment, when Tomasso fled, over path and grass, and into a dusky recess between the trunks of fir and pine. There he lay down, sulking and grumbling and licking his paws. But Loretta stayed where she was a little, holding her head sidewise in the attitude of a listener."

The reason for this is soon apparent. In the fight the cat had made her blind. When the padre came and engaged in conversation with her, he brought her a sweet biscuit which, however, she did not take.

"The parrot suddenly lowered her head toward him, and he saw that over the grey of her feathered face was a splash of scarlet, as if a vivid fuschia petal had fallen there.

"'Loretta!' he cried anxiously, 'Loretta! thine eyes!'

"She lifted her head until her beak

pointed past the giant crucifix and straight into the glaring sun.

"*'Buenos dias,'* he prompted tenderly, alarmed now at her unusual silence and the indifference shown his offering; '*Lo-retta, buenos dias.*'"

"But she was settling herself upon her cross—like a perch as if for the night. 'A-aw, To-o-ny! To-o-ny!' she returned with a little sleepy croak; '*buenas noches!* Good-night!'"

Mrs. Tully's new book, which is just about to be issued in New York, is, to my mind, by far the best thing she has yet written. It is entitled "*The Poor Little Rich Girl.*" It tells the story of a rich child, who had three persons to wait on her, a mansion to live in, an automobile to ride in, and every material thing needed to minister to her pleasure, and yet she was very unhappy. She longed for the intimate and sweet association that other children had with their fathers and mothers; she looked out of the windows and longed for freedom; she wanted to walk up and down the streets, unattended, as other children did; she wanted to go barefooted, and, in short, she longed for the natural and simple life of a child in place of the artificial, complex, wretchedly luxurious life the fates had forced upon her.

But there is another phase of the story, however, which is destined to make it famous. While it reminds one of "*Alice in Wonderland*" in its fantastic whimsicality, it is very different from that celebrated story, and strikes an equally new and novel note. Mrs. Tully has hit upon the fascinating idea of personifying and making concrete many of the everyday expressions that are exceedingly puzzling to children. For instance, "*Don't leave a stone unturned,*" "*you must pay the piper,*" "*she laughed in her sleeve,*" "*he was all ears,*" "*give him a tongue lashing,*" "*she danced attendance,*" "*he drops his aitches,*" "*he murders the king's English,*" "*she has sharp ears, sharp eyes, sharp tongue, etc.,*" "*a pig in a poke,*" etc. These peculiar expressions are handled with a whimsical fascination that reveals nothing short of genius.

In talking with Mrs. Tully about this, she said these expressions always used to

puzzle her when she was a small child, and that only recently, when she was chatting with the little daughter of Homer Davenport, the cartoonist, she said to her, "*Mildred, you have a level head.*" Instantly the child turned to the mirror, her hand to her head to see if it felt level.

The story as a whole is a sort of Cinderella turned backwards in that the poor little rich girl has too much and wants less. While it is humorous and whimsical, in reality it is full of intense pathos, strongly reminding one of Sarah Crewe's stories. In style it is very much like Mrs. Tully's own "*Biography of a Prairie Girl.*" Naturally it is somewhat satirical, and in places inclined to be socialistic. It will be a book that will appeal tremendously to children, but if any adult passes it by with a slighting idea that it is "*merely a fantastic story for children,*" he will reveal his own mental incapacity. The concluding chapters contain pretty direct thought and speech upon the lamentable deficiencies of some phases of our civilization, especially in the bringing up of the children of the *nouveaux riche*, and the remedies suggested are in line with the dicta of the world's greatest thinkers. Altogether it is a most interesting and unusual book, and I await with unusual interest to see how it will be received by the public.

Richard's latest work is a play entitled "*The Bird of Paradise.*" As far as I am aware, it is the first ambitious attempt to bring upon the dramatic stage the real life of the native Hawaiians. The drama is in three acts, which are laid at the time when the politics of Hawaii were being tampered with by Americans, and the United States flag was raised over the palace, only to be ordered down again by President Cleveland. The chief character is Luana, a beautiful Hawaiian maiden, who proves to be the last direct descendant of the great king, Kamehameha. The time that this news is being broken to her is at a feast which is being given in honor of her eighteenth birthday. The steamer, however, comes in at the time, and white visitors appear. Luana wishes to receive them with genuine old-time Hawaiian hospitality, but the old priest whom, up to now, she has regarded as her father, tries

to forbid it. One of the American strangers is Paul Wilson who, with the most noble ambition and intentions, has come directly from one of the great universities to give his life in self-sacrificing labors for the good of the lepers of Molokai. He has a young lady friend with him, Miss Diana Larned, and these two are profoundly interested in the simple life of the natives. While they are engaged in enjoying the hospitalities Luana insists upon offering them, a drunken white man appears who is called in derision by the natives "Ten Thousand Dollar Dean." He "butts in" to the conversation in rough and ready fashion, but is severely rebuked by the missionary and his wife, who have now appeared upon the scene. In his replies to the missionary Dean reveals the fact that he is well acquainted with the superstitions of the ancient Hawaiians, and this attracts Miss Larned to him, as she is engaged in the study of these subjects. She finds that he is a well-educated man, of much natural refinement, and becomes interested in him enough to urge him to pull himself together and be the man he is capable of becoming.

The chief working out of the plot may be said to lie in the change that comes over the two young men—Paul Wilson, the American who comes with such ambitions, and Dean, the drunkard. Wilson becomes enamoured of Luana, and ultimately he marries her, lured by this "Bird of Paradise" away from his promised field of self-sacrificing labor. On the other hand Dean, stimulated to new life by the words of Miss Larned, goes to Molokai and actually achieves the work that Wilson had hoped to do.

Another character that is introduced is Captain Hatch, a sugar planter and politician, who seeks to use Luana and Wilson for his own financial ends.

The second act is supposed to happen two years after the close of the first act, and during this time the great change in the degradation of Wilson has occurred, while at the same time Dean has transformed himself into a man. The former had yielded to the softness and sensuousness of Hawaiian life, and while Luana has been a good, true and loving wife, it has been from the standpoint of the

Hawaiian and not the American. The result, therefore, has been highly disastrous to Wilson, in that his moral fiber was not strong enough to hold himself to his purposes against her seductive allurements.

On the other hand, Dean, inspired by Diana Larned's faith in him, went into the mountainous region on the island, where the coldness of the snow helped to stimulate his enervated body, and there speedily won back his manhood and accomplished the work he had never deemed possible for himself.

The tragic pathos of the situation becomes most apparent in the first scene of act three. Here Captain Hatch is trying to use Luana and Wilson to further his own selfish ends. Luana's simplicity revolts at being thus used, but her husband, his moral fiber destroyed by the luxurious life he has lived, is willing to descend even to dishonor to win emolument from Hatch. In her love for her husband Luana is willing to do anything he requires, and her efforts to become a "lady" in the American style, while amusing, are pathetic in the extreme.

The second scene of act three, which is the final scene in the play, shows Luana won back to her own people, after having given up Wilson in loving self-abnegation, and she now makes a victim of herself, casting herself into the flaming lava in the hope of appeasing the anger of Pele, the fire goddess.

The drama had its initial performance in Los Angeles, and its effect upon the public was instantaneous and most gratifying. It was recognized immediately as a strong play, written with a hand that is growing to feel its power, arranged by a mind keenly observant of human nature in all its phases, and able to analyze and present these different phases in fascinating and powerful dramatic form. That Mr. Tully has large work before him as a dramatist there is no question, and having begun early and shown such remarkable ability in the beginning of his career, we can rest assured that he will achieve results that will bring him both fame and fortune, as well as leave a vivid impress upon the dramatic literature of the West.

Mr. and Mrs. Tully have certainly

solved the problem of life far better than most couples of twice or three times their age, even though they were "irresponsible youngsters," who dared to marry before their University terms had expired. To own a whole country hillside, covered with glorious trees, blazing in California sunshine, through which a clear mountain stream comes clattering and battering; "to have and to hold," in addition, a stable in which are housed priceless desert Arabian stud horses, mares and colts, the first of which are trained to bridle and saddle and to carry one up hill and down dale in tireless swiftness, as if on the wings of the wind, is something to have achieved. No great house, with its rooms filled with costly junk that means little or nothing, takes their energies to keep in order. A simple cottage, good enough to store their goods in, and to give them an eating place when they do not prefer to be outside, is all they claim or wish for at present. There is room for a friend, two, or a dozen, if necessary, and extra plates are always at hand. For bedroom they have the great out-of-doors of God, bay and laurel scented and shaded with giant oaks and pines, sycamores and cottonwoods. The cathedral stars—as Joaquin Miller somewhere calls them because of their great luminosity in this atmosphere—look down upon them, and comets and meteor moons blaze through the heavens and over the earth for their delectation and joy. Each has his, her, own study, Richard on one side of the creek, Eleanor on the other. Each works in his, her, own way, and each delights to bring the finished result to the other as a surprise, or after having fully consulted during the process of creation. Ah, happy youngsters, you are,

indeed, able to sing with our own Edwin Markham:

I ride on the mountain top, I ride,
I have found my life and am satisfied.

Richard has settled down to the most steady of workers and husbands. He adores the girl who had faith in him and would become his bride in spite of the croakers, and together they are going hand in hand through life, a joy to the hearts of all who love to see talent and genius happily mated and able to work out its power surrounded by sunshine and love.

POSTSCRIPT. Since the foregoing was written, important changes have taken place in the lives of the Tullys. The wonderful success of "The Bird of Paradise" led to their being called to New York, not only to see after the staging of the play in the metropolis, but in order that Richard might consult with a manager and star who were desirous of securing a new play from his pen. Eleanor, also, is dramatizing her "Poor Little Rich Girl," and arranging for its presentation in the East. Other circumstances, also, have arisen which show them the desirability for the present, at least, of living nearer to the great metropolis, which, after all, says much about what shall bring monetary returns to the literary creators of the day. Hence they are disposing of the ranch and selling the blooded stock. It is a great grief to them to see their Arabian pets scattered, but their life-work demands the sacrifice and they have made it unhesitatingly. The result is they will be able to devote themselves completely to their literary and dramatic work, and we are sincerely confident that the world will be the better and happier for their efforts.





*He could not put her out into the canyon. He could not let her remain alone with him.
He could not go away himself because of his own accursed poverty*

Two and a Pocket Handkerchief

(A Serial)

by Josephine Page Wright

CHAPTER I



FOR five days Wayne Harding had been riding toward California; for five days his heart had been turned toward New York, like the face of Lot's wife toward Sodom. He saw no flames of destruction falling upon the city of the east, only a halo of the glory of the life he loved and which was to be his no more.

He had never seen the West, had never felt its call, had very little curiosity concerning it. His thoughts during the long ride were busy with selfish retrospection and idle regret. Two weeks before he had been a young gentleman of social consequence and princely wealth. Today, he was a refugee from the sneers of his enemies and the contemptuous pity of those who had been his friends, speeding to the one earthly possession that remained to him, his mother's neglected legacy, a four-acre ranch somewhere in Southern California.

No hopes of retrieving his shattered fortune, no hopes of new interests in life were permitted to combat the luxury of his grief in present misfortunes. He lived over and over those last few days of hopeless struggle against financial ruin; he rehearsed almost continuously the hour in which he had seen an idol broken, that hour in which his betrothed had dispassionately argued that two young people, reared as they had been, could never face a life of poverty together.

At Needles the intense heat created a

physical discomfort that brought him for the moment out of his mental miseries. Walking up and down the platform of the station, he noted the bright colors worn by the squaws who hawked their wares. He realized, for the first time, that he was in the great West, and felt diverted in spite of himself. The efforts of a young buck to escape the kodak of an insistent tourist amused him and he laughed aloud.

That laugh, although Harding never knew, opened a door and offered egress to his imprisoned woes, so that, thereafter, they came and went no longer at his will, but at their own.

Just as his journey was drawing to its close, he stood on the deck of a little ferry boat and watched the bold outlines of Point Loma with the eyes of a frightened child.

"How could my mother have loved this place?" he wondered. "It is awe-inspiring and wonderful, a dwelling place for the gods. But for men and women of red blood—"

He shuddered, but kept his fascinated gaze upon the crest of the hill. At the ferry landing, he was disappointed at the failure of the caretaker of his ranch to meet him. Following the directions of a wharf lounge, he started up a canyon road alone.

Three months of drought had left the hills that rose on either side of him bare and brown. The pathway, that wound in and out and up beside the yawning crevices, was narrow and dusty. At one point

a long gopher snake was stretched across it like a rope, and the city-bred man waited cautiously until the thing had continued its deliberate way into the chasm beyond.

The steady pull up hill tired him. The unaccustomed burden of his hand bag irritated him. He was hungry and thirsty.

"I shall hate it," he promised himself with childish petulancy. "I shall hate it. I should have taken a clerkship in New York and let them laugh if they would. Anything, anything is better than this."

The path suddenly broadened into a wagon road. At one side a trim cypress hedge fenced in a small ranch that Wayne knew must be his own. He stopped abruptly and looked the property over with mild curiosity. The bungalow stood several hundred feet back from the gate. A gravel path, bordered with daisies, led to the steps of the low broad porch. On either side of the path were small gardens of flowers blocked out with large round stones. Back of the house stretched the vegetable gardens and poultry yards. There was a small orchard at the rear.

As the stranger gazed at the scene, the door of the house opened and a young woman came slowly down the steps. She was dressed very much as he had seen young women dressed for the golf links. Her blouse was turned in at the neck, and her arms were bare to the elbows. She carried what, at first glance, he supposed to be a golf stick. It was, however, a hoe, and with it over her shoulder, the girl walked rapidly to the potato patch near one corner of the hedge. As she did not appear to see Wayne, he entered the gate and walked toward her.

Before he reached her side, however, she had begun to work with short strong strokes. As he approached, she glanced up and advanced rapidly to meet him.

"Mr. Harding, isn't it? I was not expecting you until tomorrow. I have appeared very inhospitable."

"I telegraphed from Los Angeles," he explained, puzzling secretly over the identity of the young woman.

"A telegram?" she smiled. "Then I shall find a notice of it when I go for the mail tomorrow. Come into the house."

She led him into the house and into an attractive chamber in the northeast corner. Opening the casement, she drew back the white curtains.

"Here are the Mexican mountains. Yonder is the old table mountain. At night you can look from this window across the bay and see the lights in the city come out one by one like fairy lamps. They say it is like the Bay of Naples."

He watched the panorama politely for a moment, but was unable to share her evident enthusiasm.

"You are to have this bedroom," she offered with an air of gracious finality that amused Wayne, inasmuch as the house belonged to him.

There was more in the interior of the little chamber than in the landscape to attract the worldly eye and mind of the young New Yorker. The pictures upon the wall, the books above the writing desk interested him, and the plump, old-fashioned bed with its white counterpane invited him, wearied from long days of travel.

Nevertheless, the strange young woman who had taken possession of him, seemed to feel no inclination to let him rest.

"Put the bag and your topcoat here and come into the orchard. Father is trimming the lemon trees. He will be eager to see you. He is very proud of our work."

She led him out through the melon patch, making a detour to exhibit with pardonable pride her sweet potato vines.

"But I mustn't show you much," she interrupted herself. "Father will want to tell you all about everything himself."

Among the trees of the lower orchard they found Marion Alden, the caretaker. He greeted Wayne cordially but there was no suggestion of servility in his appearance or manner. He conducted the stranger about the place with all the pride of ownership.

"Your ranch, Mr. Harding, is self-supporting and more. I have proved to my own satisfaction, at least, the assertion which I made many times before I came west, that a man who owns several acres in Southern California may live a happy, wholesome life of independence with no other source of income."

"Several acres of land plus many days of hard work," supplemented Wayne.

"Hard work, of course, but work that brings greater than material reward. It has helped me to combat the progress of an incurable malady. Fifteen years ago my wife died. At the time I was a professor in a little college town. My orphaned girl was frail. My own bodily weakness was beginning to interfere with my class-room work. Broken in mind and body I came here at the suggestion of your father to look after this little place that had been your mother's home. See what the life has done for Marian."

The girl was on her way to the house to prepare the evening meal. The men glanced at the retreating figure and each noted the grace which comes with perfect strength and control.

"I wish it were in my power," said Wayne gratefully, "to repay you fully for what you have accomplished for me."

"On the contrary," was the reply, "I am still in debt to your father."

The supper which Marian set before them was unlike anything which Harding had ever seen or tasted. The floral centerpiece, the exquisite napery, the dainty china and the silver suggested the tea table of a fashionable drawing room. The food, however, was the fare of European peasantry. At the place of the young girl was arranged an old-fashioned tea service and a covered dish of hot buttered toast. The bread board held a coarse brown loaf, and near it stood a blue bowl of creamy cottage cheese. Smaller dishes of guava jelly and spiced figs tempted with their bright colors and pungent odor. Before each plate was a golden yellow omelet.

Mr. Alden and his daughter ate slowly but with frank enjoyment of their food. To Wayne returned the avidity of his youth, and his wonder thereat made him preoccupied.

That evening Mr. Alden and his daughter sat side by side on the door steps in the wonderful starlight of the southern skies and rehearsed for the newcomer the idyll of their lives.

In the hours of the early morning Wayne was awakened from his slumber by a frightened call of Marian's. He dressed quickly and opened the door to find her

staring at him from the dimly lighted hall with tearless eyes.

"My father—" she faltered.

Harding followed her to the bed chamber of Mr. Alden. As they entered the old gentleman smiled and stretched a trembling hand to each. "My stewardship is ended," were his last words.

CHAPTER II

Wayne was staring into the rose trees and debating his duty toward the little black-robed woman whom he had just brought away from her father's open grave. He could not put her out into the canyon. He could not let her remain alone with him. He could not go away himself because of his own accursed poverty.

The touch of light fingers upon his arm made him turn to confront the object of his concern.

"You are wondering what is to become of me," she accused. "Please do not worry. I have had three years in an Eastern college. I have had two years of work here with father. That should fit me to take my place anywhere in the whole world. I am packing now to go to the city. I shall soon find something to do."

"Are you glad to go?" he asked abruptly.

"That isn't a fair question," she reproached. "You cannot know all that the life here has meant to me; but you must know I love it. I am not a woman of many or great talents. Father said once that the only remarkable thing about me was that I was normal. I am afraid normalcy doesn't count for much in the city."

"How can you know anything of life in the city?" he challenged.

"One always sees more of a thing by standing just a little way off."

She returned to her own room and Wayne heard her moving about, opening drawers and closets, and he knew that she was continuing her preparation for travel. He pictured her as she journeyed to the city, carrying the burden of her recent bereavement. He saw her peddling her girlish talents to busy brusque men of affairs. A picture of her at work in a small office, stifled by tobacco smoke and annoyed by the familiar manner and coarse jests of employers rose in sharp

contrast to a review of her life amongst the flowers and fruits of the ranch. Her father would not have let her go.

"Miss Alden," he called sharply.

She reappeared in the doorway gowned in a becoming traveling costume of blue.

"The black is gone," he commented.

"I have no right to throw the shadow of my grief upon the lives of others. You wanted me, Mr. Harding?"

"I have been thinking of my own position," he lied glibly. "Have you thought that out here on this pocket handkerchief farm alone I am about as helpless as an infant?"

"I have thought of that," she acknowledged frankly, "and have been trying to think of someone to help you. If you get someone who knows more than you do, he is apt to take advantage of you. If you find someone who knows less—"

"I couldn't. But if I hire someone who knows as little, between us we shall make a pretty mess of things. Miss Alden, I want you to stay. Let me give you the protection of my name."

She did not pretend to misunderstand him, and if she felt shocked at his offer she permitted no evidence of it.

"You propose a step that is very serious for both of us."

"I realize that I am asking much of you, but I am asking less than you think. I offer you this home, my name. In exchange I ask only your help and instruction in my new duties. You shall live here as you would have lived had your father been with us. If the time comes when your heart calls you away from here, you are as free to go as though I did not exist."

She did not reply at once, and Wayne turned again to the window that she might not read from his face his own indifference in the matter. He had done his duty as he saw it. Personally, he had little to lose or gain by her decision.

When she spoke there was no uncertainty in her tone. "I have been trying to decide for us both. You, Mr. Harding, are in a careless mood. With a woman's intuition I have learned that financial loss alone has not driven you from your old life. You do not dread a loveless marriage, because any other would be impossible

for you now. As for me, from the plan you suggest I do not shrink because I trust you fully and because I do not want to go away. I cannot explain to you, and you could not understand if I did, why everything here calls to me. Perhaps I do not quite understand myself. But I am glad that you are going to let me stay."

Side by side, but unmindful of each other, they started on their bridal march. She was mourning for her dead father. He was grieving for his faithless love. The formality which united their lives in the eyes of men meant less to them than the signing of a deed.

After the ceremony, they rode home across the bay just at sunset. Dolphins played about the boat, and although the sight was new to Wayne, and held his attention for a time, he felt greater amusement in watching Marian's childish interest in them. A baby seal swam close to the ferry boat. Sea gulls and pelicans were all about them, diving for fish, skimming the water, or calling noisily for their mates.

As the sun sank behind Lomaland, they saw a little puff of smoke rise from Fort Rosecrans. A second later they heard the boom of the sunset gun. A thread of golden glory outlined the hills.

"It is the most beautiful place in the world," murmured Marian.

To Wayne the point of land looked like a great barren rock, too heroic for cheer or beauty. That he had permitted pique and a boyish chivalry to chain him to it he resented. Life in California from the hour of his arrival at his ranch had been strenuous and fatiguing. He wondered selfishly whether he would ever again have an hour of luxurious indolence.

And yet he had done nothing of actual work upon his property. During the season of bereavement, the neighboring ranchers, true to the spirit of the west, had taken possession of the place and had done all the chores. Tomorrow the new life would begin in earnest.

They were trudging up the canyon road, and, as if in answer to his thought, Marian spoke:

"I have some seeds that must go into the ground tomorrow. You shall take your first lesson with the hand-plow. The

sun is hot these days. We must be up and at our work early."

"Shall we breakfast at eight?" asked Wayne, hoping his suggestion in the matter might be accepted.

"Six," she corrected.

He was too indifferent to argue the matter, and neither spoke again until their home was reached. Their wedding supper they made from the cold and uninviting remnants of the funeral baked meats. Marian, overcome by her grief and the

conflicting emotions which the day had brought, withdrew into herself.

At nine o'clock in the evening, Wayne, after several futile attempts to interest himself in a book, retired unnoticed to his room. He was too weary in mind and body to rest, and for hours he tossed about the bed like a restless child. Toward morning he fell into a heavy sleep.

But at six his relentless mentor knocked upon his door. "Breakfast. Dress quickly. There's lots to be done today."

(To be continued)

OIL AND ACID

By WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

Author of

"Routledge Rides Alone," "Fate Knocks at the Door," etc.

The worker in the arts is apt to drive himself and his work, forgetting that the fuller artist is driven.

When a man pampers the body, following its fitful and imperious appetites, he surely stiffens the seal of the casket that incloses his Spirit.

The world needs souls that can thrive on dreams and denials.

It is stimulating to hear a man say, flat and unqualified, "I don't know."

A people glutted with what it wants is a stagnant people.

Old Mother Earth with her dead-souled moon—how she paints her devils for the eyes of big-souled boys; painting dawns above her mountains of dirt, and sunsets upon her drowning depths of sea; painting scarlet the lips of insatiable women, and roses in the heart of her devouring wines—always painting. Look to Burns and to Byron—who bravely sang her picture—and sank.

PER LESSON N^o 1

by

Minnie Barbour Adams



JOHN HAZZARD was lost in thought. His gnarled fingers were locked before him, and every line of his wary old face expressed deep concentration. Hoover, his confidential secretary, paused uncertainly on the threshold.

"I think, sir, you had better wait awhile," he whispered nervously to a young man in the hall behind him.

"When he thinks—"

"Oh, bother his thinks!" the stranger exclaimed impatiently, and, eluding the man's detaining hand, he entered the room.

"Mr.—ah!—Hazzard, I believe?" he interrogated pleasantly, thrusting a confident hand under the nose of the abstracted millionaire.

"Why—what in thunder! Why—Hoover! Here, Hoover!"

"There, there," soothed the young man, patting an imaginary back in the air, "I won't hurt you. I haven't a bomb, neither am I one—though I'll be blest if I don't look it," he added sorrowfully, glancing down at a pair of spotted, baggy trousers. "Twelve dollars shot to—that is, gone up the spout, all on account of the disgraceful condition of your parks. It's scarcely possible for a well-dressed man to sleep there without getting russed up," he ended accusingly.

"What the devil? Hoover!" gasped the astounded Hazzard.

"Don't blame Rover," the other begged earnestly, drawing up a chair and sitting down. "He growled and showed his teeth properly at the door, but I rushed him. Now, Mr. Hazzard," he continued briskly, taking a paper from his pocket and hitching his chair till his knees nearly touched those of the older man, "I see by the morning edition of—"

"Oh! You're Carmichael's new man. Hoover, get out and shut the door," Hazzard interrupted in a relieved voice, relaxing in his chair. "Why the devil didn't you say so? I've been waiting for you for an hour."

"So?" the visitor inquired pleasantly.

"Yes. And you hustle right back and tell Carmichael that there isn't a word of truth in that article." He indicated the newspaper wrathfully. "I haven't sold out, and I don't intend to. Instead, tell him to put all he can beg, borrow or steal

on copper, as I have done, for by the middle of the week—"

"Beg pardon," the stranger interrupted with an airy wave of the hand, "there's a mistake, but before I explain, I would like to ask a favor of you."

"Light?"

"Thanks, no. I have a match left. But, will you loan me fifty?"

"Humph! Did Carmichael tell you to borrow it?" the older man asked in surprise.

"Oh, no, I find myself a little short; that's all."



"Mr.—ah!—Hazzard, I believe"

"But why not get an advance from him?" Hazzard demanded with a puzzled frown.

"Can't do it, my dear sir; don't know him," the other returned, painstakingly scratching a spot from his trousers.

"Don't know him!" thundered the millionaire. "And you are using his name to get money out of me?"

"Not so fast! It was you who said I was Carmichael's man, and then roused in me a desire for copper that I have not the means of gratifying; and the thought came to me that likely you would be willing to put fifty on copper for me, and then take it out of my salary. See?" And he smiled disarmingly up into the face of the irate Hazzard, who had gotten heavily to his feet.

"Salary! What in thunder do you mean? Hoover, come here!"

"I'm here, sir," the man returned in a small, awed voice.

"Hoover, do you know anything about this lunatic?"

"Only that he asked if you had hired a chauffeur yet, and then dodged in here before I could stop him."

"Nice Rover," murmured the young man encouragingly.

Hazzard sat down again, eyeing the young man with mingled curiosity and anger. "Will you kindly state your business and get out?" he snapped.

"Thank you. Would have done it before—the stating, not the getting out, we will hope—had I found it possible without being actually 'rewd.'" He pronounced the last word with such a prim pursing of his lips and deprecating glance that the elder man smiled in spite of himself.

"If you will remember," he continued briskly, "I advanced fearlessly to your desk and attempted to state my errand, just as Lesson 39 of the correspondence school advises, but you interrupted me, and not having the leaflet handy—but there! I'll begin again." He rose, and bowing impressively, extended his hand, which the other took dazedly.

"Mr. Hazzard, I believe? My name is Wetherell; Dillingham Pickering Wetherell. Penny-dreadful, isn't it? Well, Mr. Hazzard, I see by this paper that you want

a chauffeur." He sat down again and crossed his legs. "No, don't interrupt, or I'll have to begin all over again. Now, my dear sir, I know an auto as I do my a b c's. I know her from her bonnet to her rubber heels, having had considerable experience with the sex, and I can coax more out of her than the next one. I have had five of my own," he explained deprecatingly, "and acted as wet nurse to at least a dozen others. Why, Jim says—but here! you can read for yourself." He hurriedly took a sheaf of envelopes from his pocket and ran over them, muttering, "Lawyer, collector, stenographer, bookkeeper, clerk, chauffeur—ah, here we are!" and he spread a rumpled and not over-clean sheet on the other's knee.

"Jim can't be beat when it comes to grinding out a set of valves," he remarked apologetically, "but he isn't exactly strong with the pen. I've advised a correspondence school—"

"Oh, hang your correspondence school," growled the other, glancing over the sheet.

"But, who is this Jim?"

"Owns the biggest and only garage in Chester, where I hail from, and it grieves me to admit that he still pronounces garage phonetically. But what's in a name?" he asked, sighing resignedly. "You will agree with me that the rest of the aphorism is peculiarly applicable in this case."

"The recommendation is all right," Hazzard admitted grudgingly, "but I—"

"Wait!" the young man interrupted peremptorily. "Those," indicating the sheaf of letters on the desk, "are vouchers of my ability. Didn't know what I'd run up against in New York, you see. These," and he extracted another bunch of letters from his pocket, "these set forth what a good boy Dilly really is. The others were specific; these are general." And he flung them, one by one, onto the desk.

"See here!" Hazzard cried testily, "I haven't time to read your biography; besides, I—"

"It is a waste of time when I'll soon demonstrate what I can do—and what I am," he appended modestly, dropping his eyes.

Hazzard laughed outright. "Of all the confounded assurance! Why, you blither-

ing idiot, you wouldn't last fifteen minutes with Louise."

"Your daughter?"

"Yes."

"Try me and see," suggested the petitioner soberly.

The older man opened his mouth to speak, paused, frowned; and then, drawing a sheet from one of the envelopes, glanced over it indifferently. At the signature, however, he gave a start of surprise. The watchful Hoover took it from him, replaced it in its envelope, and silently spread another before him. The third he waved away, and his eyes narrowed speculatively as he scanned the young man from head to foot.

The would-be chauffeur, aware of the inspection, snapped his six feet of muscular energy rigidly erect, folded his arms high on his swelling chest, tilted his handsome head at an imperious angle, and met the other's gaze with one of such ludicrous loftiness that the millionaire burst into laughter.

"You confounded monkey," he chuckled. "If you get a move on you can catch the five-thirty. Here's the address; but may the Lord be merciful when Louise gets hold of you."

Dillingham Pickering Wetherell reached the Hazzards' modest, twenty-room summer cottage as the clocks were striking nine. A white-capped maid, sitting on the steps of the piazza, took his card and ushered him into the reception hall and then disappeared into an adjoining room, from which emanated the sound of music, laughter and the rhythmical tap of dancing feet. Lost in thought, he did not hear the sound of approaching footsteps.

"Mr. Wetherell?" asked a clear, decisive voice at his elbow.

"Yes. Miss Hazzard, I presume," he returned with his affable smile, rising and extending a note, which she opened wonderingly.

"Dear Louise," it ran. "Do as you see fit with the bearer, but hang onto him till I come. He's one too many for your loving Dad."

"Dear Dad," she said smilingly, giving him her hand. "I wish he could have come up with you, Mr. Wetherell."

"Here, too," the young man agreed

promptly. "We were getting on capitally when I left."

"Is he well?" she asked, for want of something better to say.

"Fit as a gamecock, though I must say he appeared a little peeved early in the afternoon, as though his luncheon had not agreed with him. For some time he called alternately on his Maker and Hoover." He chuckled reminiscently.

"Poor father," laughed the girl. "He does get so exasperated. What was it this time?"

"Copper and Carmichael, I believe. Really, Miss Hazzard, you should counsel moderation," he added seriously, "or he'll be leaving by the apoplectic route one of these days."

"I know," she began, but stopped short and her eyes met his smilingly as voices augmented the orchestra, which was playing a popular waltz. "You will join us?" she asked graciously. "You are not too tired?"

"Never too tired for that," he returned with a nod toward the closed door. "But, do you really want me?" he asked bluntly, supposing, of course, that the note had explained his presence.

"Want you?" she repeated in surprise, and glanced at him keenly, much as her father had done.

"Do you want me?" he asked again, noticing her scrutiny. "I am yours to command."

"Yes, I want you," she returned decisively; but with a quick intake of breath like one suddenly awakened. "I need you," she added plaintively. "I have eleven girls and only six men in there."

"Dreadful!" Wetherell sighed. "If only I were hydra-armed."

"That wouldn't help your dancing, I fancy," laughed the girl.

"No, but I could do wonderful execution on the stairs and veranda," he returned.

"Mr. Wetherell!" she exclaimed in pretended alarm. "Now, I am really afraid for my precious eleven."

"Better keep me near you," he warned darkly.

"I will. There's a waltz—"

"Heaven forfend," he interrupted, aghast as she started toward the door. "Not in these clothes!"

"Why not?"

"Because I've been dragged through the subway, shot through the tunnel, and snailed along the elevated till they're in such a condition that I've been constrained to hang 'em on the fire escape at night for fear of spontaneous combustion."

"They don't look—" she began.

"Then I slept in the park, and that finished the color scheme that I suppose the little old town had had in her mind all the time. See?" And he wrathfully turned over a stained sleeve for her inspection. "The decorations from a toy balloon, I should judge."

"You fell asleep on the grass?" she asked wonderingly.

For a moment he regarded her askance. "And woke up on it, too, madam," he returned shortly. "But I was about to remark that there is even now a small object lying yonder in the moonlight that contains great possibilities."

"Perkins!" she called hesitatingly, "Perkins, get Mr. Wetherell's bag and take him to the room over father's den. I must return to my other guests now," she said to him, "but I will be waiting for you."

"You are very kind; but I require a further promise to make my happiness complete."

"And that is?" she asked graciously.

"The first waltz after my return." Then, emboldened by something he read in the glowing, upturned face, he continued quickly, "and the last one tonight."

"They are yours," she said softly; then seeming to realize that it was a stranger to whom she was speaking, albeit he had been sent by her cautious father, she added lightly, "I must safeguard the precious eleven as much as I can, you know."

"I'll assist you, never fear," he returned quickly, with a glance from his handsome eyes that drove her precipitously to the cool darkness of the piazza, instead of the ballroom.

"Dilly, my boy," Wetherell said a few minutes later to a most gratifying reflection that smiled at him from the mirror, "you certainly are the lucky one. Your checkered career—checkered, did I say? It's been more like a Highland plaid of generous dimensions and lurid coloring this past month; but it's over, effaced, blended into soft grays and pastoral greens." The eyes regarding him widened with sudden enlightenment. "And with cunning little true-lover's knots scattered plentifully over it, or this heart of mine has lost the power to read its symptoms aright." And he nodded his head prophetically in unison with the one in the glass before he turned away.

He enjoyed the evening immensely. Among the guests he found a number of acquaintances, and, to their mutual delight, the president of the college he had so reluctantly left at his father's death a year before. He felt a pleasant sense of responsibility after Louise's complaint at the dearth of men, and no thought of his incongruous position obtruded itself, for the name of Wetherell had, thus far, been one to conjure with. He danced laughter into the eyes of the precious eleven, replacing it with frank tears

when, later, he sang of the sailor lover who never came back.

He was a man of unbounded assurance, was Dillingham Pickering Wetherell, but it might have flattered even him to have known that he went down with the gallant bark eleven times—possibly twelve—that night, and that eleven—possibly twelve—pairs of eyes were brighter when, through the quickly dissipated mist, they saw him still at the piano with no hint of salt water or dank seaweed about his handsome blonde head.

"John Hazzard. Dear sir:" an astounded man in New York read the next night. "The Lord has had mercy, for the crucial fifteen minutes passed off blithely, and I am now a delighted and wellnigh



He continued quickly, "and the last one tonight"

indispensable adjunct to your charming family. Place, car, and daughter, as well as your hum—no, not on your life!—your honest servant all O. K. Dillingham Pickering Wetherell. (Per Lesson No. 72.)”

“Well, I’ll be damned!” muttered the millionaire dazedly. “Hoover! Here you, Hoover! Bring me a time-table! No-o, never mind,” he amended, and drew from a pigeon hole the packet of letters Wetherell had carelessly left on the desk. To each, however, had been added a second letter, a reply to one of inquiry from the cautious Hoover; and Hazzard, the newly-rich, read certain facts, incidentally mentioned, about the Wetherell tree that made his own carefully nurtured sapling a puny thing indeed. The eulogies on the man himself he scarcely noticed, his shrewd common sense having decided that before he sent him home.

“The train is late,” Wetherell announced to Louise. “Shall we wait here in the car?”

“Yes. Won’t father be surprised to see us here at this time of the night—and in this rain?” she asked.

“Undoubtedly. I have half a mind—” he turned in his seat and regarded her meditatively, “I have half a mind to give your father the surprise of his life tonight.”

“How?” she asked, anticipating some unusual nonsense.

“I would tell him that we love each other,” he returned calmly.

“Speak for yourself, John,” she retorted quickly, then asked:

“And what do you think father would say?”

“Either, ‘Here, Hoover,’ or ‘God bless you, my children.’”

“But why should he be surprised?” she asked, laughing. “That you should condescend to notice poor me, or that I should dare raise my eyes to so masterful a man?”

“Neither, but that we have done it so quickly,” he explained. “Really, I have half a mind to tell him tonight.”

“But I don’t love you, Mr. Wetherell,” she objected.

“Oh, yes, you do.” His tone was confident. “I surprised it in your eyes when I slapped the gardener for you the other day, and you’ve shown it in dozens of other ways all this week. Why, Wednesday when I herded Tommy Atkins out in the pasture till train time to keep him from proposing, and Thursday when you had a headache and I amused the crowd all day—”

“I was grateful, and I suppose I showed it,” she interrupted, avoiding his eyes, “but gratitude and love—”

“Louise!” he said suddenly, and she started at the sound of his voice. The gay audacity, the assurance, was gone; and she realized that, for the first time, she was face to face with the man himself. “Louise, I love you! Will you be my wife?”

“We scarcely know each other,” she faltered.

“There is no question of knowing in a love like ours, dear,” he told her solemnly. “I knew the moment I saw you; and you, Louise—”

“What?—Where?—” she began fearfully, as he rose.

“I’m coming back with you. The wind has changed, and—”

“Oh, don’t! You’ll get wet!” she cried distractedly.

He made no reply, but sitting down beside her, drew her from the corner where she had shrunk, half frightened, into his arms.

“I—oh! I think—oh! I never saw such a man!” she cried tremulously, making one last effort for the freedom she did not in the least want.

“Never, dearest?” he demanded exultantly when, at length, she lay quiet in his arms, her troubled face upturned to



*“It wasn’t Lesson No. 23, Sir,”
Wetherell returned quickly*

his. "Then tell me that you love me; that you will be my wife?"

"I can't! I—oh, I don't know," she said breathlessly, averting her face.

"You surely know," he urged.

"I don't; only—"

"Only what?"

"That I either love you or hate you awfully; I don't know which."

"You! Why, what the devil are you doing here, Louise?" Mr. Hazzard asked as he stepped into the car from a train whose lateness had not been decried by at least two of the trio.

"Promising things mostly, father," she returned brightly.

"But you might have caught cold in this beastly rain," he grumbled.

"Oh, no! I saw to it that she was warmly wrapped up," Wetherell assured him, with a glance at Louise. "Now we're off; that is, if you didn't check anything, grip, or Hoover, or—"

"No, confound you! the bag is all I brought," chuckled the older man.

"There's a little matter, Mr. Hazzard—" Wetherell began when he had deposited the bag on the hall seat. "No, don't begin to rumble. I've given Chris my old goggles to put up the car, and as I said, there's a little matter—"

"If it's about your week's wages, young man, it will wait till tomorrow," Hazzard interrupted, frowning.

"Wages?" Louise repeated wonderingly.

"Yes, he means my little fifteen per, dearest," Wetherell explained airily. Then to the astonished father, "No, it isn't wages, Mr. Hazzard; it's Louise. I'm going to marry her."

"Louise! Marry Louise?" cried the older man dazedly.

"Yes, sir," Wetherell assured him, slipping an arm about the girl.

"He is. We are," she affirmed, nodding and smiling at her father's evident bewilderment.

"But, Louise—oh, my Lord, girl," he blustered, "marry him, a chauffeur?"

"A chauffeur?" she repeated, bewildered in turn. "Why, your note said—" Turning quickly, still in Wetherell's arm, she took the note from a drawer of the secretary, her face expressing many and varied emotions.

The two men watched her silently, the younger with the confidence of ignorance, the older with a sudden, almost startling sense of pride and security as he thought of Louise and his millions in the shade of the sturdy Wetherell tree.

"Do as you see fit with the bearer * * * He's one too many for your loving Dad," Louise read aloud, the light of a new understanding dawning in her eyes. Then she turned and looked long and searchingly up into Wetherell's face, her own becoming very tender.

"What is it, dear?" he asked, surprised at her scrutiny.

"Nothing," she answered lightly. "I was only wondering if I had obeyed father's instructions."

"You have," her father admitted dryly. "I told you to hang onto him—"

"And to do with him as I saw fit," she supplemented.

"And all I want to know now," Hazzard added, sinking weakly into a chair, "is what lesson of your confounded correspondence school you found all this in?"

"It wasn't Lesson No. 23, sir," Wetherell returned quickly.

The older man stared at him for a moment. "I wish that confounded Hoover—" he began, then a slow smile crinkled his thin lips and he extended his hand.



OUR FORBEARS

By EDITH MINITER

OH, wondrous were the dishes
On which our forbears fed,
Ye gods and little fishes!
No wonder they be dead.

To make a Tureiner. Take a china bowl or pot
And at the bottom lay fresh butter—quite a lot—
Beefsteaks with bacon larded, and veal steaks from the leg,
Hack them and wash them over with milk and yolk of egg,
Then forc'd meat and young chickens, pigeons and rabbits, too,
Sweetbreads, lamb-stones, cock's combs and palates quite a few,
Pistachia nuts and barberries, with lemons sliced in halves,
Oysters and also tongues of either hogs or calves;
With salt and nutmegs season and sweet herbs cut up fine,
Put in a quart of gravy and bake from one to nine.

'Tis said, "This can't be beaten,
Within the mouth 'twill melt."
But when it all was eaten
I wonder how they felt?

To make it Ebulum. To a hogshead of strong ale
Take juniper berries and elderberries enough to fill a pail,
After it's boiled and ceased to work, add ginger, cloves and mace,
Eringo-root, citron, and all other Herbs o' Grace;
Nutmegs and candied orange, cinnamon gros'ly beat,
Drink with lumps o' double refined sugar to make it sweet.

Laws both dark and deeply blue
Need to be enacted;
When they had imbibed this brew
Wonder how they acted?

*To make a *Skirret Pye.* Your skirrets blanche and spice,
Lay in the pye with marrow bone and orange peel—a slice—
Toss over these some chestnuts with salt and grated bread
(I don't know what a skirret is when all is done and said!)
Let your caudle be of white wine, verjuice and butter-oil,
Thicken with sack and yolks of eggs—serve it on the boil.

If on such our forbears fed
At ev'ry house of call,
The wonder isn't that they're dead,
But that they lived at all.

* "Skirret"—A sweet tuberous root cultivated in Europe.—Ed.

The Nobility of The Trades

FIREARMS AND AMMUNITION, 1000-1800

By Charles Winslow Hall



A HEN or how man first began to use missile weapons is, of course, a sealed book. We know, however, that while the Arabs of the north coast of Africa make no use of the bow, they have long been singularly expert in throwing large stones, equalling if not excelling the skill of the best baseball pitchers. Indeed, in the palmy days of the Sallee corsairs, when their few harbors were almost impassable because of the shoaling of the bars, or closely blockaded by irate European cruisers, many vessels were taken by their big boats, manned by thirty or forty men, whose volleys of stones, thrown with terrible force and accuracy, soon cleared the decks of most of the small merchantmen of that era. As late as the twelfth century the Norse Vikings carried a supply of carefully selected "donicks" not only for ballast, but for ammunition, and they formed an important part of the munitions for the defence of besieged towns. The adoption of slings, generally made with two thongs of plaited leather, increased the range, accuracy and terrible effect of comparatively small missiles, in the armies of Asia, Southern Europe and Northern Africa. Sometimes, however, the sling had a tough, wooden handle and only one thong, and with it very large stones were thrown from high ramparts by powerful and expert slingers. The Grecians, Cretans and the people of the Balearic Isles were famous for many centuries as expert slingers, and in the regular service were furnished with leaden missiles, generally in the shape of an almond, and often bearing the device of the slinger or his leader, and sometimes a grim motto like "Take this."

The club was also a primeval weapon, and every boy knows how naturally it becomes a missile when no other is at hand. Few realize, however, its capacity for use as a whirling, flying weapon, which may be made to strike with the end or centre as the skilled marksman may decide, like the curved throw-stick with which the Egyptian sportsman killed the wild fowl of the Nile; the "cock-stick" with which the Irish peasant still "thraces" hares on the mountain sides in winter, and the wonderful boom-erangs of the Australian aborigines which no civilized race has ever originated and few civilized men have ever been able to use effectively. The spear, which in a certain sense may be said to have originally been a long club with a pointed head, became in most armies "the spearsman's twilight wood" which alone held the debatable point against fearful odds or carried all before it with an irresistible rush of phalanxed spearmen. The lance was, however, also a missile weapon, and among the Norsemen, and especially the Icelanders, seems almost always to have been launched through space at the enemy. The Jewish javelin, the Roman Pilum, and the Moorish *djerriidh*, like the Kaffir and Zulu assegai, were also missile weapons, as indeed were the mace and war-axe, the sharp-edged Marhatta war-quoit, the Gaucho bolas and even the knife and dagger.

At a very early date, the bow was adopted with which a man could more effectually use his bodily strength to give increased speed and range to the javelins which he had hitherto cast by hand.

Probably no engine of barbarian use and origin has ever utilized a single man's skill and power to such advantage. For there is no doubt that the best English archers of Crecy and Agincourt could de-

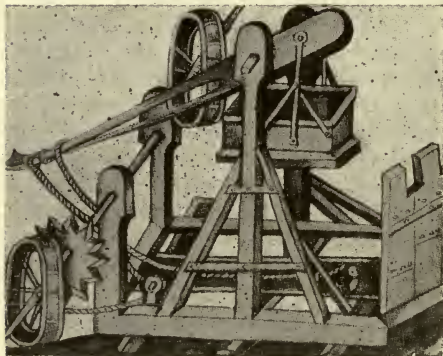
liver effective volleys at 240 yards, and seriously annoy a body of troops at 400. The extreme range to which a strong and especially skillful archer could send a clothyard shaft was probably somewhere about 600 yards. Indeed until well into the eighteenth century its claims to superiority were strongly advocated.

But such force and skill was only attainable by men trained from childhood to draw the bow, and in battle the labor was most exhausting, and the service exposed and dangerous. The arbalest, or cross-bow, which substituted a massive steel bow, bent by a powerful lever, or still more powerful windlass acting on an endless cord running through small iron sheaves, discharged its quarrels or short

of one of these big crossbows some years ago sent a four pound arrow eight hundred yards or nearly half a mile, as we learn from a communication made by Colonel Dufour of the Swiss army to the French Emperor Napoleon III. Other engines, made on the principle of the sling, rained upon besieged cities and fortresses arrows over twenty feet long, great beams of wood and boulders weighing several hundred pounds. Their greatest range with suitable projectiles is said to have exceeded 1,000 yards. Josephus relates that the great ballistas used by Vespasian in Judea crushed battlements, towers and whole ranks of men.

All these machines were styled in mediæval Latin *gunna*, a war engine; in Gaelic *gonna*, any engine projecting a weapon; and the old English word *gonne* is said to have had a like meaning before the invention of gun-powder, which invention indeed revolutionized the whole art of war, since it no longer required the exertion of great or acquired strength to give to missiles less bulky than the "almond" of the slinger a force that pierced the costliest armor; and to huge stone or iron spheres a range and impact that broke down the lofty turrets and imposing ramparts of hitherto impregnable castles.

When and where this simple but terrible chemical combination first came into being or use, it is impossible to decide. On the whole, it seems most likely that it originated among the people of India and China, where rockets and other fireworks have been in use from time immemorial. It is not unworthy of consideration that a powder of some propelling force can be made of certain proportions of saltpetre and charcoal alone, without any admixture of sulphur; and it will be found that both the Chinese and Japanese make certain cheap grades of fireworks with powder which is practically made of saltpetre and charcoal only. This admixture would be very likely to take place accidentally in the dry sections of Asia where the ground is rich in nitre, which in conjunction with the charcoal of an open fire would produce tiny explosions and a display of sparks and hissing flame which would certainly attract attention. Small bamboo sticks are still used in China for



BALLISTA WITH WEIGHT TORSION
(Fourteenth Century)

thick bolts with great force and accuracy. Almost any stout and intelligent recruit could become an efficient cross-bowman in a few weeks, and until some years after the settlement of Boston, the cross-bow was still considered an efficient weapon for certain purposes.

Upon principles embodied in the bow and sling were constructed huge and terrible machines for the reduction and defence of fortresses and walled cities. The smaller of these was a veritable cross-bow of wood or metal, or with a segmental bow whose two halves strained to their utmost tension a twisted mass of tough sinews or cordage, and discharged large arrows, heavy beams, great stones, and barrels of missiles and almost unquenchable fire. A comparatively small model

firework cases, and the reaction of the earlier fuses would suggest the rocket and the guiding rocket-stick, and the latter the spear-head in connection therewith which made up the Chinese war-rocket.

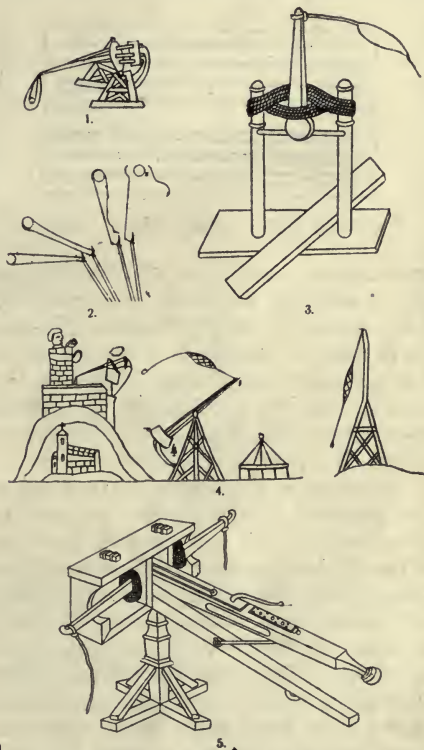
The "back-fire" from large rockets, and the use of tubes to divert the same, would necessitate the use of something like a breech to protect the operator from harm, and occasional explosions of imperfectly loaded rockets might suggest the use of powder in closed tubes to propel projectiles.

However this may be, it is reasonably certain that about A.D. 673, one Callinicus, an architect of Heliopolis, brought to the Greeks a knowledge of that mysterious "Greek fire" which was long the sole property of the Byzantine realm. Three ancient writers, Theophanus, Zonan and Diacre, say that Callinicus came from Baalbec, the Syrian Heliopolis; others say that On, the Egyptian "City of the Sun," was his birthplace; but it will be noted that in either case, the mystery of an Asiatic or African origin still hangs over this lethal invention, which became the sole property of the Byzantine Emperor Constantine II, in the fifteenth year of his reign. The Greek king, then besieged in his capital by the Arabs, fitted his fleet with the new artillery, and defeated it near Cyzicus, forcing the infidels to raise the siege.

So utterly was its composition kept secret that it was known by many names, among which we notice, "Sea-fire," "Liquid fire," "Artificial fire," "Roman fire," "Greek fire," "Medean fire," "Strenuous fire," etc. Several fiercely burning compositions, used at various times and by many peoples to destroy wooden defences and vessels, have been given this name, but were probably only simple combinations of asphalt or bitumen, tallow, resins, sulphur and possibly in some cases of crude petroleum or naptha. These mixtures, flung by the war-engines of the period and dropped from the masts of charging galleys (like the "stink-pots" of modern Chinese pirates) were undoubtedly used by the Byzantines, in connection with the real and secret preparation, which in the Tenth Century was solemnly confided by the Greek Emperor to the

control of his son and heir; and this adjuration was made a part of the Byzantine archives, and was closely observed until the decline of the Western Empire.

"Thou shalt of all things closely give thy care and attention to the liquid fire which launches itself by means of tubes; and if any presume to demand of thee (as has often happened to ourselves) the secret of its preparation, thou must repel and reject their request; answering

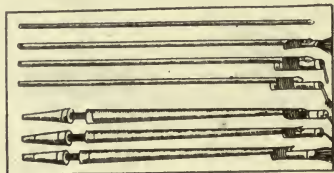


BALLISTA AND CATAPULT

- 1-Ballista weight torsion 2-How sling disengages
3-Ballista discharged 4-Ballistas in a siege
5-Crossbow catapult, both bow and rope torsion

that this fire was shown and revealed by an angel to the great and Holy First Emperor Constantine. By this message and by the angel himself, he was enjoined, according to the testimony of our fathers and their ancestors, never to prepare this fire except for the use of those Christians living in this imperial city and for no others whatsoever; and never to transmit it or give it away to any other people except this alone.

"The Great Emperor also had engraved on the holy table of the church of God, as a counsel and warning to his successors, his curse upon anyone who hereafter might dare to communicate to an alien people this supreme secret. He decreed that the traitor should be regarded as unworthy of the very name of Christian, of all position and all honor, and that he should be deprived of any to which he might have attained. He declared him anathema from



SPEARS WITH GREEK FIRE TUBES

generation to generation, whoever he might be, emperor or patriarch, prince or subject; should he essay to violate this law. He ordained in closing that all men having the fear and love of God in their hearts, should treat the oathbreaker as a public enemy, and condemn and deliver him up to the most terrible punishments.

"Formerly it had happened that one of the grandes of the empire, seduced by immense gifts, had made known the secret of this fire to a stranger, but God would not permit such an offence to go unpunished, and one day, just as the offender was about to enter into the holy church of the Lord, a fire descending from heaven had enveloped and devoured him, insomuch that all hearts were filled with terror, and none dared thereafter, however great his rank, even to project and still less to execute so great a crime."

The successors of Constantine faithfully followed his injunctions; and it is even said that the preparation of the material remained for centuries in the family of Callinicus; nor was the secret surprised even when Hugo Romanus, Emperor of the Western Empire, besought and received the aid of two thousand Byzantine galleys in his expedition against the Saracens of the Island of Crete. The Princess Anna Commena, daughter of the Emperor Alexis I. and the historian of his reign, has indeed declared that it was compounded of

"resin, sulphur and oil," but no chemist has ever been able to produce with these materials a pyrotechnical mixture which would answer to the terrible fire-weapons of the Byzantine galleys, and it is probable that the fair historian simply spoke of these ingredients because they were commonly used to set fire to the enemy's vessels and works, by other nations, and her statement would rather tend to conceal than to disclose the secret.

Even the appellation "liquid fire" used by Constantine II himself, was not improbably used to conceal its real nature, or perhaps to describe the deliquescence into molten lava of certain forms of the prepared fire when carried in cases on the points of lances against the rearing charges of enemy's cavalry; thrown in pots on the decks of hostile squadrons; cast in great "carcasses" into besieged cities, or filling with showers of sparks and suffocating smoke the mines and countermines of the enemy. No liquid mixture could have safely been carried to sea, and habitually used in naval conflicts by large numbers of rude seamen in the multitudinous galleys of the Grecian fleets, without doing about as much damage to friend as to foe.

Among other directions in a work on military and naval operations, by the Greek



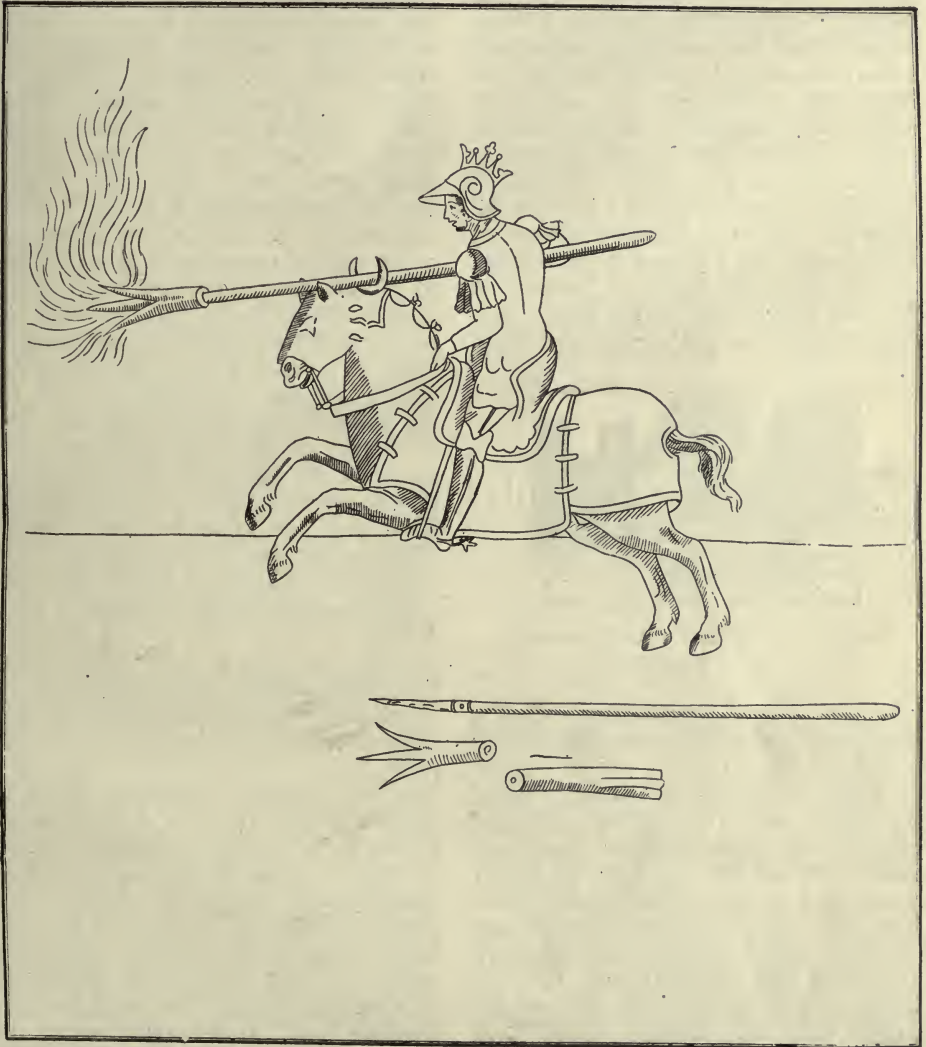
CAVALRY ROUTED BY GREEK FIRE TUBES

emperor Leon VI, he says: "There are still many other means of attack, some found anciently, others in our day by men skilled in the art of war. Among these is the Artificial Fire, which propels itself from tubes, and which, preceded by thunderings and smoke, overwhelms the vessels.

"There should always be, according to custom, at the prow of each ship a tube with which to discharge the Artificial Fire upon the enemy. The two last rowers who are stationed at the prow should furnish a man to operate it.

"The fire may also be served in another way, by means of little tubes which are thrown by the hand, and are carried by the soldiers behind their shields; these little tubes, carefully prepared during

Anna Commena, daughter of the Emperor Alexis, records that he being at war against the Pisans, who were very expert in maritime warfare, placed on the prow of each ship the heads of savage animals



ARMORED MAN AND HORSE WITH GREEK FIRE (TWELFTH CENTURY)

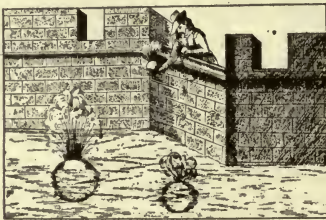
our reign, are called 'hand tubes'; they should be filled with the fire and thrown at the faces of the enemy.

"We also recommend above all that pots full of the Artificial Fire be thrown against the enemy, which taking fire of themselves, shall set fire to their ships."

with red open mouths and also gilded them in order to render their aspect still more terrible, through whose mouths he ordered that the fire should be discharged against the enemy, in order that it should appear to be vomited forth by the lions and other animals.

"The barbarians were astonished because of the fire discharged to which they were not accustomed, and which by its nature rising into the air, fell down again wherever they wished to direct it."

DeJoinville, a French writer and crusader, described the Greek Fire in a way which also seemed to negative the idea that it was a burning liquid, but was rather a rocket such as has been used in Indian and Chinese wars from time immemorial. He says: "It was thrown from the bottom of a machine called a petrary, and it came forward as large as a barrel of verjuice; with a tail of fire issuing from it as big as a great sword, making a noise in its passage like thunder, and seeming like a dragon flying through the air, and from the great quantity of fire that it threw out, giving such a light that one might see in the camp as if it had



INEXTINGUISHABLE GREEK SHELLS
(Fifteenth Century)

been day." Such was the terror that it occasioned among the crusaders under King Louis IX, A.D. 1249, that Sir Gautier de Cariel, a valiant commander, advised that whenever one was thrown, all should prostrate themselves on their elbows and knees, and petition the Lord to deliver them, since He alone could protect them. Not only was this counsel adopted and practiced, but the King himself, as often as he was told that the Greek Fire was thrown, raised himself in his bed and besought the Lord, saying: "Good Lord God, preserve my people!"

All the testimony tends to show that the Greek Fire contained in some shape the saltpetre, sulphur and charcoal which today forms what we call "gunpowder," and the secret of its preparation was either discovered by the Saracens independently of the Greeks, or, as has been said, was communicated to them by Alexis II in re-

turn for their alliance against the Princes of Nicaea, A.D. 1210. By the Saracens the secret was soon divulged, and in the thirteenth century, Furarius, a Spanish monk, wrote to one Anselm, a contemporary of Friar Bacon, a letter still preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, enclosing certain receipts translated from the Arabic, and among them the following: "To make Greek Fire, take XX pounds of Saltpetre, VI pounds of Sulphur Vivum, and V of Willow Charcoal, reduce them all similarly to powder, and of this powder, make what you please. For 'Flying Powder,' to compound the Nitrate Powder, take one part of Sulphur, two of Charcoal of the wood of the willow or lime-tree, and six of Saltpetre; to be very finely ground upon marble or porphyry, after which the powder is placed in a tube at your pleasure, either to be made to fly or to make thunder." . . . "And note, that the case for the rocket should be long and thin, and filled with the aforesaid powder and well crammed in; but the case for making thunder should be short and thick and half filled with the aforementioned powder, and carefully tied at each extremity with strong thread; and note that in each tube a small aperture should be made to make it flash."

It was less than a hundred years after the communication of the secret of the Greek Fire to the Sultan of Iconium that gunpowder became used under its present name.

In the wonderful collection loaned to the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, by the United States Cartridge Company of Lowell, Massachusetts, is a Chinese breech-loading cannon of wrought iron, made in China in 1373. It is five feet eight inches long, and the removable chamber is held exactly in place and line by a bar of iron, and a projection from the chamber itself. It was exhibited by the Indian Princes at the Chicago Exposition.

The Republic of Florence in 1326 appointed two officers to make iron shot and metallic cannon for the defense of the Republic, and in England in 1338 among the stores of the hulk "Christopher of the Tower of London," were three iron cannon with five chambers, and in the barge, "Marie de la Tour," one iron gun, with

two chambers, and another of brass with one chamber. The earliest French record is also of the same year; but while the extensive trade which the Italian states carried on with the Saracens, with whom most of the nations of Europe would hold no truce, accounts for their becoming acquainted with gunnery sometime before their northern neighbors, it is a somewhat peculiar fact that Spain, Italy, France, England and Germany preserve in their public documents entries whose dates scarcely differ from one another by ten years, which contain the first records relating to the use of cannon in the several countries.

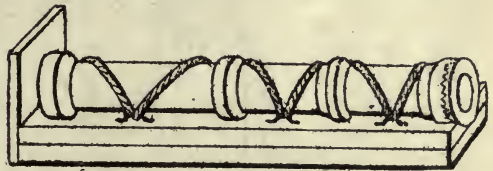
This probably arose from the manner in which the armies of the thirteenth century were raised and maintained. A certain portion consisted of the natives who were bound to do military service from time to time, or were regularly enlisted and paid; but the greater proportion of the armies of the more warlike countries were adventurers and mercenaries, attracted by the prospects of license, pay and plunder, and who, as they transferred their services from one country to another, carried with them the knowledge acquired in manufacturing arms or devising new methods of destruction.

This gradual and peculiar diffusion of the use of gunpowder is curiously exemplified by an entry in the archives of Tournay, which states that in 1346 A.D., the Town Council having heard that one Peter of Bruges knew how to make certain engines called "Connoilles" by means of which he could fire projectiles into a town, sent for him and ordered him to make one for their inspection. The sample was finished and taken outside the works and discharged, carrying a quarrel or bolt, having a leaden head weighing two pounds, by which a man was killed beyond the second line of ramparts. Peter of Bruges, naturally alarmed at this result of his experiment, took refuge in a church; but the town council, taking into consideration their own directions and his own innocence of malicious intent, granted him a free pardon.

The first weapon made was doubtless the "hand gun," a mere short tube of iron or bronze, fastened to the end of a

staff or a rude stock, firing a leaden ball with a very bulky charge of pulverized gunpowder. It was discharged by a match made of twisted tow soaked in a solution of saltpetre, which smouldered away slowly, and formed a hot coal. Later on the touch-hole was made in the side of the barrel and furnished with a pan to hold the priming.

Guns of this kind, called "Poitrinels," were carried by horsemen, and so termed because the short stock was pressed against the breast in firing. At a comparatively early date a cock, having a spring catch to hold, and a trigger to pull the adjusted match down on to the priming, was invented and for nearly two hundred years was the chief invention with the exception of the wheel-lock, which contained a wheel of steel wound up with a key, which when released, revolved rapidly against a piece

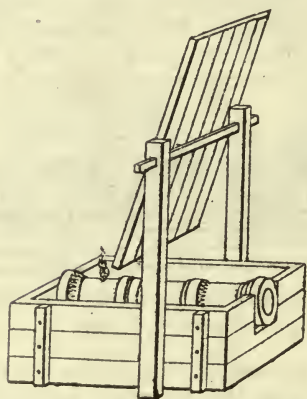


ANCIENT BOMBARDE LASHED TO FRAME
(Thirteenth Century)

of iron pyrites, sending a shower of sparks down upon the priming. Some of the later guns of this period were constructed with both locks so that if the wheel-lock failed, the slower match-lock could be used. The "snap-haunce" or flintlock invented in Germany in the middle of the Sixteenth Century did not supplant the matchlock until 1690.

Cannon also came into use at about the same time as the hand weapon, and are described by Arabian authors as early as 1312. Some were employed by the French in besieging castles as early as 1338, and it is said that the English, under Edward III, had five guns in action in 1340, at the battle of Crecy; but most of the guns of the so-called "Christian nations" were of small calibre, and largely made in two parts, having a chamber or breech-piece, which was separated from the gun while loading. The Arabs, however, constructed some enormous pieces of artillery in the fifteenth century, the most famous of

which seems to have been one cast at Adrianople by a Dane or Hungarian named Urban, who had deserted from the Greek Emperor Constantine Palaeologus, then besieged by Mahomet II, in his city of Constantinople. This enormous piece of artillery constructed in the year 1453 was thus described by Gibbon: "At the end of three months, a piece of brass ordnance was produced of stupendous and almost incredible magnitude; a measure of twelve palms is assigned to the bore, and the stone bullet weighed above six hundred pounds. A vacant place before the palace was chosen for the first experiment; but to prevent the sudden and mischievous effects of astonishment and fear, a proc-



BOMBARDE AND ARROW MANTELET
(Thirteenth Century)

lamation was issued that the cannon would be discharged on the ensuing day. The explosion was felt or heard in a circuit of one hundred furlongs; the ball, by the force of gunpowder, was driven above a mile, and on the spot where it fell, it buried itself a fathom deep in the ground. For the conveyance of this destructive engine, a frame or carriage of thirty wagons was linked together and drawn along by a team of sixty oxen; two hundred men on both sides were stationed to poise and support the rolling weight; 250 workmen marched before to smooth the way and prepare the bridges, and nearly two months were employed in a laborious journey of one hundred and fifty miles. The walls of Constantinople could not resist the impact of its stupendous projectiles, and although

what were considered large cannon were opposed to it, the result was unavoidable, and Constantinople fell into the hands of the Saracens.

A large proportion, however, of the iron guns of the earlier period were made of bars of iron arranged to form a tube, in the same way that staves form a barrel; they were not welded together, and were confined in place and strengthened by many iron rings or hoops. Indeed, cannon made of hard wood and even of leather were brought into use under different commanders in the early period of the use of artillery.

One reason for the slow progress made in the introduction of firearms in northern Europe was the scarcity and great cost of iron and brass in the fourteenth century, insomuch that under Edward III, it was provided that iron, whether made in England or imported, should not be exported except upon paying or forfeiting double value to the King, and even under those circumstances the amount of iron available was so small, that in his expedition against Calais, his engineer corps of 366 men numbered only six gunners. Furthermore, saltpetre and sulphur were also rare and expensive chemicals. Ten guns, five of iron and five of brass, made for him at Cambray, in 1339, at a cost of twenty-five pounds two shillings and seven pence, and weighing presumably less than fifty pounds to the gun, were delivered to him in October, yet it was not till December that the materials for powder were secured, and then only to the amount of eleven pounds, three shillings and three pence. Thomas de Ruldeston, keeper of the king's wardrobe at the Tower, receipted on the 4th of May, 1346, to John Cook, for only 912 pounds of saltpetre and 856 pounds of sulphur. In the month of November following, the king commanded that all saltpetre and sulphur that could be found in England should be sold to Ruldeston for the king's use, and yet only 750 pounds of saltpetre and 316 pounds of sulphur were secured. In the year following, de Ruldeston paid 167 pounds two shillings and two pence for 2,021 pounds of saltpetre and 466 pounds of sulphur, being one shilling and six pence per pound for saltpetre and

eight pence for sulphur, money being then worth about fifteen times as much as it is now.

In 1354, Berthold Schwartz is said to have discovered the granulation of gunpowder, and to have so increased its force that it became necessary to make stronger guns for the use of the new ammunition. King John of France was obliged to canvass his entire kingdom for brass to make new artillery and to prevent its being sold to other countries. As a result the great cannon of the Middle Ages were largely cast shortly after this discovery; but many failures were made by the brass-founders before they succeeded in making an alloy and such designs as would stand the increased strain of the explosion. Thus in 1415 Gerard Sprong petitioned Henry V to grant him a discharge for the metal of the brass piece "Messenger" weighing 4,480 pounds, which had burst at the siege of Aberystwith; of a cannon called "Kynges Daughter," burst at the siege of Harlech, and of a cannon which burst in proving. The "Messenger" threw stone-shot thirty pounds in weight, and the "Kynges Daughter" shot weighing forty-five pounds.

Other rulers were not less unfortunate in their experiences with these large pieces of brass and bronze, and experiments were made in making forged iron tubes strengthened with iron hoops and bands; but even this was very costly, as we find that Henry V paid to John Stevens of Bristol for the making of a great cannon and the iron, coal and timber and other expenses incurred by him 107 pounds, ten shillings and eight pence, equal to about one thousand pounds, nearly five thousand dollars of our money. Nevertheless, Henry V took to the French was three master gunners, twenty-five gunners, and fifty assistant gunners, forcing the French under Charles VII and Louis XI to organize a very powerful artillery force, which under Charles VIII completely carried all before it in his invasion of Italy. The French made use of bronze guns, carrying iron shot of comparatively small calibre, but of great penetrative force, which soon breached the tall and thin walls of the Italian fortified cities, and indeed, forced

the abandonment of the old methods of fortifying and castellating walled towns, substituting the comparatively low but massive forts and ramparts with which Vauban and other engineers replaced the ancient defences.

The talented and versatile Leonardo da Vinci about A. D. 1500 appears to have anticipated the famous steam-cannon of Mr. Winans of Baltimore, captured in 1861. He describes his machine as made of brass, containing a great fire of charcoal under a close vessel of boiling water, which when open had no force, but when closed discharged "iron shot with great noise and violence."

The care and ingenuity of our ancestors in preparing their gunpowder was by no means contemptible. They prepared their charcoal with the greatest care out of chosen soft woods, and sometimes even straw and linen rags; while they sublimed their brimstone and secured "flowers of sulphur." Their saltpetre was dissolved in a small proportion of boiling water and the other ingredients were added until thoroughly mingled in a thick paste. Sometimes vinegar, wine or brandy was added to the mixture and the mass dried again, it being considered that these more potent liquids added strength to the powder, a belief which was not wholly eradicated in England in the Nineteenth Century, when old sportsmen, besides carefully drying their powder on hot plates, used sometimes to flood a new supply with French brandy or full-proof alcohol and dry it out again. At first the mass when dried was literally reduced to powder, and such it continued to be for at least a century. The most ancient powder, such as was used in the old "bombardas," was made of equal parts of saltpetre, sulphur and charcoal. Evidently these proportions would give a powder scarcely fit to make squibs or rockets and yet perhaps even this was too powerful a mixture for the weak built-up bombards of that era. A later proportion was refined saltpetre, eighteen parts; sulphur, two parts; and charcoal, three parts, which approached more nearly the formulas of today, which in practice, for good service, black powder may be set at: saltpetre, seventy-eight; sulphur, ten;



FRENCH CANNON FOUNDRY (FIFTEENTH CENTURY)

and charcoal, twelve per cent. Such powder in 1860 was expected when new to stand the English service test; and with a charge of four drachms propel a steel ball quite through fifteen to sixteen half-inch, wet, elm planks, placed half an inch apart, the first being thirty feet from the muzzle of the barrel.

It is needless to say that even after the discovery of how to grain powder, by Berthold Schwartz, no such results were attained by the medieval chemist, and the soft-grained, imperfectly prepared powder fouled the barrel so quickly that the service bullet was purposely cast much smaller than the bore. In the early days of musketry from thirty to fifty yards was considered about the extreme range of infantry musketry fire. The long, heavy, clumsy barrels, straight stocks, and cumbrous locks of the regular musket were evidently especially adapted to the tactics of an age in which closely-ordered masses of ignorant men were opposed to each other at short range, to exchange volleys by the conventional method of bringing up the muskets breast high and firing in unison and without aim, and eventually ending the mutual carnage by a bayonet charge. Indeed so strongly was this idea implanted in the minds of the military men of Europe, that the English soldiers serving in America during the Revolution and War of 1812 complained bitterly of the unsoldierlike and murderous tactics of the Americans in taking aim at individuals, instead of taking a general average of the opposing force, and firing in exact unison and a soldierly attitude. Indeed the author has heard a veteran of the War of 1812 express the opinion that "the American way of taking aim was not civilized warfare, but murder," and tactics founded on these and collateral ideas cost both the Federal and Con-

federate armies myriads of men to no purpose in the Civil War.

There were of course exceptions to this senseless conventionality, in almost every age and country, but "arms of precision" and good marksmen were chiefly found among races whose mode of life demanded skill in hunting and the war of the desert and forest. Such were the Highlanders of England, the mountaineers of Germany, France, Spain, Albania, Montenegro, and the Cossack Land in Europe; the Caucasians, Kurds, Arabs and Afghans of Asia; the Moors and Arabs of Africa, and the Indians and frontiersmen of America, not forgetting in later years the Huguenot and Dutch Boers of South Africa, and among these people a long-barrelled and rather small-bored fowling-piece, or rifle, was the favorite weapon for hunting or war.

While the military authorities of nearly all these lands stuck fatuously to the clumsy, large calibre, smooth-bore musket and as a rule to the most archaic method of discharge as long as possible, there were, even in the earliest periods, inventors and marksmen who worked out problems, which we have largely adopted, and been able to perfect through our immense command of power, material and improved machinery.

With the adoption of the flint-lock, which took place in the latter part of the Sixteenth Century, a considerable number of very ingenious and effective weapons were made, including rifled, breech-loading, magazine, and many-barrelled and chambered arms. In the succeeding article, some of these will be described, and show that the minds of inventors do not vary so very greatly, and that the Eighteenth Century owes a great debt to the handicapped genius of preceding ages.



PADRE BERNARDO

by

Harold de Polo



PADRE BERNARDO, his round, weather-beaten face aglow with an ecstatic light, his arms folded peacefully over his breast, sat in front of his little church with the sun streaming down upon him, gazing off with far-seeing eyes at the surrounding country that rolled away in a countless stretch of hill and plain.

But today, he saw not the sunny plains, the soft green hills, nor the shimmering blue streams that in places cut their way through the greenness; nor even saw he the sky that was the color of a clear turquoise, nor the sun that looked like a golden ball filled with flames just ready to burst out in all their fury; he saw beyond these, far beyond, the long cherished dream of years—the City of Mexico.

Many times had he sat here, looking at the quiet landscape that was his delight spread out so gloriously before him, and always, beyond it, as in a vision, he had seen his dream; but now, as never before, all else seemed thrust from sight, and far away on the horizon, between hazy hills and hazy sky, balanced the City of Mexico, outshining all other things—for never had he been so close to it.

For over twenty years he had been Padre of this little white church on the top of the hill; for over twenty years he had preached his simple doctrine of fairness and honesty and kindness to the

inhabitants of La Cruz Blanca, whose adobe huts snuggled around the base of the hill below his church; for over twenty years he had cared for them, giving them wise and gentle counsel, pardoning their follies and setting them right, and helping them with every penny that he could possibly spare; and in his more than twenty years of service he had grown old; yes, his face bore the wrinkles of time, his eyes were becoming dim and creased with lines, his step was growing slower, and most of his hair had deserted him, leaving only a pure white ring around his head that somehow seemed like a halo bestowed upon him as his reward.

Ten years ago, when he had saved a little money, he had used the two weeks that were his vacation each year to go and see his aged mother in the further part of the State of Hidalgo; but now she was gone, and he had no other relations. And so his dream had been the city—the city where he had spent a few years of his youth—where he longed to spend just two more weeks before he died. In these last ten years he had saved, *centavo* by *centavo*, *real* by *real*, exactly ten *pesos* each year, and now, in his long, worn leather purse, he had one hun-



Padre Bernardo sat in front of his little church with the sun streaming down upon him

dred *pesos*. The amassing of this had taken much hard work, for sometimes it had been difficult to save when some of his children—for to him all were such—needed a pair of sandals, a *sombrero*, a *zerape*, or something to eat. But he rigorously held back these ten *pesos*, con-

soling himself that he gave his all except this, making his heavy cassock do treble its work by constant care and mending, and buying shoes of a cheap and coarse leather, that were very thick and lasted long, while his table and furnishings were of the most frugal.

He loved his children; he knew their ways, one and all, and was intimate with all their little and big concerns, and it was to him, always, that they would come when anything was wrong or some important thing had to be decided. And always, with his gentle smile and kind voice and deep-felt interest, he would give them counsel, or a few *reals*, or a way of earning some money, or tend them when they were sick. Ah, *Dios*, he loved them, and loved them more with the knowledge that they loved him. But generally, after each kind action, he would say to himself, "Ah, Bernardo, *Dios* will repay us, for some day we shall again behold the City of Mexico!"

And now, as he sat dreaming in his chair, the vision was nearer than ever, for in a few days Padre Bernardo expected to pay his visit to the city, and stay there just two whole glorious weeks. And then he thought of leaving his children. There was old Maria Uribe, just how old no one knew, that had been failing steadily this past year; would she hold out until he got back? Yes, yes, of course, he must not worry. And then there was Roberto Valdez and Rosalina Cortez! Ha, ha, very soon after he got back he would have a marriage in his little church—ah—Roberto and Rosalina, good children both, and much loved by him. Eh, it would be hard to leave his favorites for even two weeks.

But, come, come, he must not think of sad things, he must think of the city—of the great pleasure that awaited him. There was the *Paseo de la Reforma*, that grand avenue that was so wide and noble, and had such princely residences on either side, and bronze statues of famous Mexicans strung along at intervals, and the walk that ran through the very centre that was so deliciously shaded by trees, and then it was all so white—so strikingly white and green. There was the *Presidente's* park at *Chapultepec*, with its giant,

knotted trees, and the palace standing so regally on the big rock in the middle. And there was the *Calle San Francisco*, that street that ran for a good half mile through the heart of the city, that was so crowded and gay by day, and again so gay and light with electricity by night, with its steady surging masses of humanity, and its shops and restaurants, theatres—quite the largest and grandest street in the world, he believed. And then, off on a narrow side street from this, that was still and dark, there was a quiet, respectable little hotel whose clean white adobe walls rose up in the air four stories, where he could procure a cozy room and three wholesome meals a day, with wine at two of them, for only a *peso*—and he was not averse to wine, was Padre Bernardo; *Dios*, no, a little of it at one's meals was good, it gave a taste to things, so to speak, ah, yes, he would have liked to have it more often, but never mind, soon he would enjoy it for two whole weeks.

And then there was the museum where he could prowl around and examine all the old Aztec things; and the art gallery with the rare Spanish paintings; and maybe, just once or twice, as a great piece of extravagance, he could call a coach—one of these with the yellow stripe across it that only cost fifty *centavos* the hour—and ride through the streets as if he were truly an Archbishop. Then again there was the opera; he had heard that Maria Barrientos, that wonderful young Spanish woman that could go so high, was now in the city, and he would simply have to hear her just once, no matter what it cost. And what a time he would have in buying little presents for his children, simple things, but yet something that would show his love for them, and tell them that he had thought of them while he had been away. Ah, that would truly be as pleasant as anything else, more so, in fact; especially the little silver crucifix for Rosalina, and a new warm *zerape* for Roberto.

And the journey on the railroad both ways; that also was agreeable, for he was fond of travelling that way, it made one feel important, a person of the world; in fact, he knew not just why, but it was

extremely agreeable. Ah, yes! By all the saints above, he vowed that for once he would have a good time—a wonderful time—and do exactly as he wished.

Eh? What? *Dios* forgive him—Heavens—and the Cathedral—that grand cathedral at the *Plaza Zocalo* with its silver railing that was so famous, and its high domes and gorgeous paintings—he—it—it was almost improbable—but until now he had entirely forgotten it—the good *Dios* forgive him, but he would surely go there every morning and hear mass.

And the good Padre Bernardo was so worried about his forgetfulness that he came back to himself with a start which threatened to overturn his chair, and when that was safely balanced he immediately crossed himself and murmured a prayer. Then he turned in his chair and looked at the little church behind him. It lay low and narrow with its stocky steeple rising proudly in front, and its adobe walls were painted to a whiteness that was unsmirched and striking, and contrasted prettily with the sloping, red-tiled roof and the bright green grass that grew all around it.

Padre Bernardo sighed—a sigh of pleasure—for he loved his little church. Then his gaze wandered to the top of the steeple where the bell hung of which he was so proud, shining like burnished gold in the sunlight, and which he so dearly loved to pull to call his children to mass. Ah! *Dios* had been good to him. Then again he turned in his chair and looked down the hill that sloped away before him, and at the little adobe huts dotted along its base. Ah! Again he sighed happily, *Dios* had indeed been good to him. And here, beside having his church and children, he was going to pay a visit to the city—the long dreamed of City of Mexico, and with a great smile that creased his benevolent face into many wrinkles, he reached down his hand into the huge pocket of his cassock and fingered lovingly his long purse wherein reposed the hundred *pesos*.

Soon the good Padre's eyes descried a figure coming up the winding path, and he craned his neck to get a better view of it. Who could it be at this hour, when all were in the fields or at their respective work? Gradually it came closer. Eh, could it be? Yes, indeed, it was no other than Roberto Valdez, one of his most beloved children. But why was the young and hearty Roberto not at work, and why did he walk so laboriously, with such a stoop to his shoulders and his head hanging so low on his breast, and altogether with an air that was nothing less than despondent? Usually he walked with a light step and a whistle or a song on his lips.

Padre Bernardo wondered much—it was indeed odd—but soon the figure topped the hill, still with his head down, and the Padre cried out in his jovial voice, "Ah, Roberto, *mi hijo*, *buenos dias*! But why so sad when the sun is so bright?" And he forgot almost entirely his glorious dream as he saw one of his children in possible trouble.

Roberto slowly lifted his head, and plucked his straw *sombrero* from it. "Ah, Padre Bernardo, *buenos dias*. But for me the sun shines not," he said, and his strong voice was low and it shook, while his face was worn and haggard.

"What, what, what," chided the Padre cheerily, "you say that? The good *Dios* forgive you, but never was there seen a finer day!"

Roberto threw back his shoulders, and then let them come heavily forward again, while his breast rose and fell with a tremendous sigh—the action of a strong man against something hopeless. "No, *mi Padre*, for me the day is black!"

Padre Bernardo saw that it was serious, and his face showed his sympathy as he again spoke, softly and kindly, "Come, Roberto, tell me!"

Roberto came nearer, his fine form bowed, and spoke in a voice that was dull and mechanical and pain-ridden, "Padre Bernardo, you know that I have loved Rosalina Cortez long, and that she, in turn, loves me. I have only been waiting



Roberto slowly lifted his head

until I was making more money to ask her father for her hand. And now that I make an extra peso a week by working two hours in the evening at Pepe Rey's store, I this morning asked Rosalina's father for his consent." His voice grew stronger, and vibrant with anger, and his face became dark, "Padre—Padre—do you know what he said? He said that Ignacio Barra, that old villain that owns the *cantina*, had offered him one hundred pesos for his daughter's hand, and that if I could not produce an equal amount he should have her. You yourself know, Padre Bernardo, what a terrible old miser he is, and also what a vile creature that drunken Barra is."

Padre Bernardo had leaned far over in his chair, his face contracted with pity, and he did not even pause to admonish his child for using such unkind language about his fellow-creatures, but only emitted gently, "Yes, yes, go on!"

Roberto clenched his fist, and raised it above his head, "Ah, Padre, *Dios* help me, for I begged, I implored of him, for his daughter's sake only, to let me have her. And all he said was that if I gave him one hundred pesos, yes; if not, no, and Barra should have her. You know how Rosalina is, Padre, she will do nothing without her father's consent, she is so good. I told him that maybe in five or six years I could save the hundred pesos, if I worked very hard. But he laughed and said he wanted cash. And so, Padre, that is all, and before *Dios* I am a broken man—I shall die—for one hundred pesos—one hundred—" he broke off and laughed, harshly, at the hopelessness of it.

Padre Bernardo's round face had grown firm, a trifle thinner, it seemed. He loved Roberto; he loved Rosalina; they were both his devoted children, and to think of them being severed, of losing each other—ah—it almost severed his own heart. Then his brain whirled—Mexico City—his trip—the coach with the yellow stripe—the *Calle San Francisco*—the museum—the

park at *Chapultepec*—his little hotel—the presents for his children—all flashed before his eyes with kaleidoscopic rapidity and clearness—one hundred pesos—Roberto—Rosalina—he loved them—their trouble—but the city, his dream of years, the—*Dios*, no—he must think now only of being a *man*.

For just an instant, far away on the horizon, he saw the golden city of his dreams, the dream of long, hard years, but only for an instant. Then he rose from his chair, and at the first step he tottered slightly, but he quickly took in his breath and walked firmly over to Roberto, who stood staring at the ground.

Padre Bernardo clasped his shoulder. "Roberto," he said, and as the other looked dully up at him, he held out the purse, "Take it, Roberto—the hundred pesos—for Rosalina," and once more his brain whirled with his vision.

Roberto started back, surprised and trembling, and stood gaping at Padre Bernardo.

"Yes, Roberto," the Padre continued, "Take it—marry Rosalina!"

Roberto sprang forward, and took the purse that was offered him. Then he fell on his knees, the Padre's hand clasped tightly in his own, and kissed it and sobbed out his gladness, "*Dios*, Padre, I cannot speak. I am too full of happiness. I—I—you are as good as the good *Dios* himself. Oh, *Senor Padre*, I shall save my money and repay you as soon as I can. It is only a loan, dear Padre, thank you, thank you—" and his voice caught and he could only kiss the hand that had given him his happiness.

The Padre's eyes were dimmed with water that persisted in coming, and the city that was usually balanced on the hazy horizon was taken from his sight, and he stroked the head that was bowed before him, "No, Roberto, it is my little wedding gift, that is all. *Dios* bless you both!"

"What can I ever do to repay you—what can I do?" gasped Roberto gratefully.

Now some of the water trickled down the



Roberto dashed off down the hill, singing

Padre's nose, "Roberto, *mi hijo*, the best thing for you to do is to go and tell Rosalina about it." The young fellow sprang to his feet, his face wet, but glowing with happiness, "Ah, Padre, you are so good. May I? Oh, but no, I cannot leave you so soon—I have not thanked you—I—"

From his own wet eyes the Padre looked at him, and smiled lovingly, "Go, Roberto, go. That is what will please me most."

Roberto once more grasped the hand, showered kisses upon it, and with a wild scamper dashed off down the hill, singing, as was his wont, at the top of his strong, happy voice.

And then, slowly, the Padre made his way back to his chair. Once more he looked across the shimmering landscape; once more the gorgeous city of his dreams came before his view; but quickly he rubbed his hands over his eyes as if to shut out the sight; and then, as he peered down the hill, and saw the figure of Roberto getting smaller and smaller from the great pace at which he ran, Padre Bernardo leaned far back in his chair and raised his happy face to Heaven and closed his hands in prayer. "*Dios*," he said, with his voice full, "it is better thus, and I am far happier!"

THE FOCUS

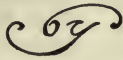
By RALPH M. THOMSON

THERE'S beauty in the limpid streams
 From famed Italian fountains—
 In lilting Nile
 That wakes to smile
 Some lotus-languid shore;
 There's rapture in the laughing rills
 That leap down Alpine mountains,
 But, oh, the brooks,
 About my cabin door!

There's grandeur in the crystal peaks
 That sail the Arctic ocean—
 In rocking palms,
 That whisper psalms,
 Despite Sahara's hate;
 There's majesty in alien blooms,
 That crag-winds waft to motion,
 But, ah, the dales,
 The sun-kissed vales,
 That grace my peerless state!

There's splendor in each ancient ruin
 That tells some Grecian story—
 In castled Rhine,
 Or Roman shrine,
 By master builders planned;
 But, oh, the blessings manifold,
 And their undying glory,
 That speak the love
 Of God above,
 For this, my native land!

THE GOLD GIRL



Nellie Cravey Gillmore

DOWN, sir! Down!" Kent paused, held his breath, his rifle poised tentatively in his left hand. The voice, now conciliatory, distinctly gentle, proceeded audibly from behind the clump of yupon just ahead.

"That's a good doggie. Here, boy. There!"

Lightly vaulting the low enclosure of jagged wire, the young huntsman cleared the intervening space in a half dozen strides and revealed his brown corduroy spick-and-spanness to a pair of sloe-black, astonished eyes.

Xerxes sat on his haunches, voraciously devouring bits of sandwich proffered him by slim, brown fingers.

"I beg your pardon for intruding," Kent prefaced apologetically, "but the animal there you're lunching so sumptuously is something of a fierce brute at times, and I was half afraid—" his glance fell suddenly on the girl's bare forearm—"By George!" he exclaimed indignantly, "he did attack you!"

Harriet Burke received his ejaculation with a quick, deprecatory smile. "It's nothing—just his paw. And it's only a scratch."

Without replying, Kent began to strip the leaves from a branch he had broken from the yupon. He scowled angrily at the cringing pointer, but with swift divination, Harriet laid a protecting hand on Xerxes' head.

"No, no," she protested, "you mustn't touch him. He—he was only hungry and wanted to share the lady's luncheon with her—eh, pups?"

Xerxes' master dropped the switch

and laughed. The girl's *naivete* caused him a curious sensation of pleasure. He'd been used to the other type so long that it refreshed him like a cold draught of water after a surfeit of intoxicating wines.

"If that's the case," he remarked easily, "we'll let it go. But he needn't have tried to eat you up, too."

"He didn't."

The retort was none the less pleasing in that it was unexpected. The palpable opening was politely ignored; Kent raised his brows the barest trifle and coolly threw himself on the grass at the girl's feet. His familiar action brought a quick look of surprise—disapproval—to her eyes. A sudden flash of peonies through the apricot tan of her cheeks lit her rather plain face into momentary, defiant beauty. But she said nothing.

Kent bade his dog lie down, settled himself composedly against the slender trunk of a yupon and calmly lighted a cigarette. "May I?" he inquired conventionally, transferring his gaze a moment from the girl's flaming face to the glowing end of the thin white cylinder between his fingers.

For answer, Harriet Burke rose abruptly, scattering the crumbs of her late repast in a brown and white shower over the grass. She stood there a second, uncertain, tall and slim and dark as a young Indian maid.

The other drew an involuntary breath of admiration. "Don't go!" he pleaded.

The girl's head went up with a touch of resentment. Unaccustomed as she was to the slogan of smart society—she had located Geoffrey Kent at a glance—nevertheless she felt she must say something, and the trite words sprang into her

mind: "This is neither the time nor the place—"

"But it is the girl," he interposed boldly.

Without a word, with a startled, angry glance, she turned and fled swiftly up the narrow, shrub-bordered path that led to a white-washed farmhouse in the distance.

* * *

Harriet betrayed no surprise when, at supper time, her uncle introduced the young man in the seat opposite her as "Mr. Geoffrey Kent, of New York."



HARRIET BURKE

Neither did she evince by word or sign that Geoffrey Kent was aught but an entire stranger to her. The little farmhouse among the Tennessee hills was a regular rendezvous for vacation seekers of Kent's type, and the sudden acquisition of him as a boarder was no occasion for a stir. However, men like Kent, individually, were *not* common. Most of those she had met were distinguished by a certain attitude of formal courtesy. They were polite—and distant. The former had assumed an instant air of interest amounting almost to intimacy.

Immediately after supper he followed her out on the broad, lantern-lit veranda and balanced himself on the banister in front of her chair.

"I hope you did not put me down as unwarrantably audacious this afternoon, Miss Burke. I beg your pardon if I offended you," he concluded with a slightly interrogatory inflection.

"You were—rather impertinent." The tone somewhat mitigated the abruptness of the reply and young Kent seemed satisfied to dismiss the subject with a smile.

"I'm down here for a couple of weeks' shooting," he explained after a moment, "but in between times, being something of an artist—or a dilettante—mayn't I depend upon you to show me about these woods a bit?"

Harriet laughed, with a faint touch of irony. "That is one of my regular jobs," she said, "showing the boarders about." Her face looked stern and defiant—a little bitter? In the flickering lantern light, the straight black hair, drawn loosely back from her forehead, made it appear very white, too.

Kent did a little thinking for himself. An orphan, a dependent—a—an encumbrance, perhaps. The owner of the house was her uncle. He had one sister and they made ends meet, respectively, by farming and taking in boarders. "You like it here?" he asked her suddenly.

The girl flashed him a half-quizzical glance; her lips tightened. She doubted the propriety of his question and her answer was non-committal. "Why not?" was all she said.

"There are much brighter, livelier places in the world, if *not* more beautiful from Mother Nature's viewpoint. Most women prefer gayety, dress, frivolity—*life*."

Harriet involuntarily glanced down at her plain white muslin frock. She shrugged a little interruption.

"Did you always live here, Miss Burke?" Kent had lighted another cigarette and was studying the girl's oddly intense face through the soft spirals of smoke.

"Except for six months. I attended a girls' boarding-school in Philadelphia dur-

ing that time, but was suddenly recalled to the farm to help build up the family exchequer. My uncle lost some money in—an investment." She stifled a sigh and hurriedly changed the subject: "You're from New York, Mr. Kent?"

"When I hibernate."

"And in summer?"

"Here, there and everywhere—always in quest of something new. At last I've found it." He looked straight into the girl's big, black, prematurely-weary eyes. But she purposely glanced past him and pointedly ignored his insinuation.

"You are not the first person who has found something novel in Rockville," she smiled whimsically, "there must be something to it—after all."

Kent's reply was aborted by the sudden appearance of Harriet Burke's uncle. "Your aunt wants you, Hattie," he said brusquely and compressed his bulky proportions into the rocker she instantly vacated.

Geoffrey Kent concealed his disappointment with characteristic tact and spent an hour talking, or rather listening, to the talk of his garrulous host. During that time he made several unsuccessful attempts to lead the conversation toward Harriet, and at ten o'clock took out his watch and announced his intention of retiring. At least there was tomorrow, many tomorrows, and had she not promised with her own lips to escort him on his journeys about the woods? It was midnight when he closed his eyes, and he woke and rose at dawn.

* * *

Three weeks went by, and still Geoffrey Kent said nothing of going away. But he was "good pay," always on time for meals, an ever-ready listener to old Peter Herndon's tiresome war tales, and so he was a very welcome guest at the little farmhouse. Thus the days slipped on. But not to Harriet Burke; to her, they simply flew. For the first week she dutifully piloted the stranger about to every known, or unknown point of interest about the Rockville hills. The next, she took to hunting with him, handling her Winchester with the ease and skill of a native Diana. The third was spent in sitting mostly on the river-bank—always in the

same place—as many hours out of the day as she could snatch from her regular round of domestic duties.

One day the river was swollen and angry from a recent downpour. "It's a terribly dangerous stream," said Harriet, "a man was drowned there, just at that point, last year. And he was a good swimmer, too."

Kent shook his head. "Then I'd be up against a proposition if I should happen to get mixed up in the currents—for I can't swim a lick."

"What if I should fall overboard?" Harriet inquired teasingly.

"Why, I'd go in after you, of course." He looked at her squarely. Through the bronze of his cheeks the color showed strong and clear for an instant. "Don't you know," he said tensely, "that there isn't anything under the sun I wouldn't risk—for you?"

In that moment the world changed forever for Harriet Burke. Her head drooped, roses flowered in her face, scattering their sacret petals from blue-veined temple to creamy throat.

Kent reached forward all at once and caught her hand. She did not draw it away . . . he kissed her.

* * *

The cloud that had all day lurked in Harriet's eyes broke suddenly in a gush of bitter tears when she read Geoffrey Kent's letter.

Dear little Girl:

I am going away in the morning. I suppose your uncle has already told you. I've tried to get a word with you all day, but without avail. I *must* see you once more—alone. Try to meet me at sundown, at the "tryst." I shall be there, waiting.

Hastily,

G. K.

Yes, her uncle *had* told her, admonishing her to have the room freshened up for the next arrival by the following afternoon. And the knowledge of what the future would be to her had sent her heart plunging fathoms deep in despair. The truth, heretofore vague, unaccepted, came to her in an illuminating flash. She loved him!

Going away! If her life had been lonely before, it would be desolate now. Where the homely little farmhouse had once been



In that moment the world changed forever for Harriet Burke

monotonous, it would forever, in the dark days to come, be hateful. She pressed her cold hands to her eyes and fiercely crushed back the tears. Then, when their aching had somewhat abated, she reopened the letter and read it again, more slowly. All at once her face lit with a sudden, wild, half-formed hope. "*I must see you once more, alone.*" What had he meant? What if . . . a burning flush swept over her face, then receded, leaving it deadly pale. Her heart throbbed till it almost hurt her, with its mingled sensations of joy and pain.

Would she be able to meet him? She asked herself the question twenty times—and a dozen more. It seemed as though her tasks would never cease; one thing after the other till she could have screamed aloud out of sheer nerves if she had been the hysterical sort.

At last she had a free hour; it was late and she hurried to her room and quickly changed her house dress for the white muslin. Then she ran lightly down the hollyhock path that led to the river. She met Geoffrey Kent coming back. The whiteness of the girl's face, the haunting shadows in her eyes, struck a sharp note of misgiving to Kent's heart. He was whistling a bar from some old opera, but broke off precipitately as she came upon him.

"Oh!" she cried, a bit breathlessly, but trying to laugh, "I'm late. I'm sorry, but—"

He interrupted her quickly, almost curtly it seemed to the girl's sensitive ears. "After all," he said, "it doesn't matter. I'm not going."

"Not going—ah!" There was surprise and relief and unconcealed gladness all blended together in the few, faltering words. The clouds vanished from her face; a tender, tremulous smile was suddenly borne to her parted lips.

Kent continued a trifle absently: "Yes, I mean—no. You see, the fact is, I've just had a note from a friend of mine in New York. She's coming down—she and her mother—for a little rest. A touch of neurasthenia, the doctor says, and orders perfect rest and quiet, relief from social excitement and country air for a tonic. When I first came down here

I wrote Betty about this place and she's suddenly decided to give it a try."

She. Harriet Burke's hands dropped to her sides. The little pronoun sounded a death-knell to her fond, foolish hopes. It caused every nerve in her body to tingle with mortification because of the thoughts she had had; it rose up boldly and called her a fool. Every line of her dark young face showed sharp and clear and troubled against the critical half-light that shortly precedes dusk.

"She—they're coming to—our house?" She tried to speak naturally, but the words grayed in her throat. She swallowed hard for self-control.

"Yes, Friday afternoon. They wrote your aunt and she wired an hour ago, receiving them for that time."

Harriet turned slowly and matched her step with Kent's. They walked still more slowly toward the house. Both were conspicuously silent, but for different reasons.

The following day, just before five, Harriet Burke sat by her bedroom window and stonily watched Kent making preparations in the yard below to go to meet his friends at the station. He had borrowed her uncle's surrey and was humming a gay little waltz as he harnessed the old chestnut mare to the ramshackle vehicle. Xerxes, scenting a ramble, frisked delightedly at his master's heels.

An hour later they arrived. Harriet, for some perverse reason, refused to make her appearance before the supper hour. Even then, she came in late, took her seat stiffly and kept her eyes on her plate after the first nod of recognition in response to Kent's introduction.

In the fleeting inventory she took of Betty Carruthers, one word gave expression to her verdict: dazzling. The little "hot-house" beauty was all gold; gold hair, eyes of the same gold-brown richness; a golden silk gown of fashionable cut and bewildering loveliness. There were broad gold bands on her dimpled wrists and jeweled circles of it flashing from her tapering fingers. A dull gold locket rose and fell on her bosom with each gentle well-bred respiration and her voice—that, too, was gold—and soft and sweet, like honey. She scarcely glanced at the older

woman except to note, transitorily, a preponderance of rustling black silk and flashy jet.

The girl laughed and talked a good deal with Geoffrey Kent and her aunt and uncle. Harriet thanked heaven from the bottom of her heart that she went practically unnoticed. She could not have talked tonight to save her life. In her unbecoming, poorly-made brown cloth dress she was plainer than she had ever been—and she gloried in it.

At the conclusion of the meal, Betty and Geoffrey Kent went out together on the veranda, the older folks tacitly retiring to the living-room. Harriet washed up the dishes in a dumb, mechanical sort of way, and when they were all put away and the table set for breakfast, she ran upstairs and locked herself in her room. She instinctively crossed to the mirror and regarded her pale, heavy-eyed face for a long minute. And suddenly she hated herself; she hated Geoffrey Kent, she hated the Gold Girl and the "Gold Girl's" mother; she hated everything. But most of all she hated Betty Carruthers.

With bungling fingers she tore off her clothes and dragged the pins from her long, heavy hair, releasing it in a shining black cascade over her shoulders. Presently she threw herself across the bed and spent a night of anguish.

* * *

The days that came and went at the farmhouse were but exaggerated replicas of the first night. Geoffrey Kent and the Gold Girl were inseparable. They walked together in the mornings, with Xerxes frolicking in attendance; in the afternoons they drove or played checkers under the big oaks in the yard. At night they sat on the old-fashioned, lantern-lit veranda till everyone else had gone to bed.

Harriet drew proudly into her old shell of reserve and busied herself absorbingly, either about the house or out in the garden near the place she had first met Geoffrey Kent. At first he made repeated efforts to speak to her, but she avoided him stubbornly and went about her daily routine with a calm exterior and a breaking heart. Her intercourse with Betty Carruthers was limited to mere nods of passing recognition or an occasional unavoidable word.

In the beginning, the Gold Girl had made overtures to her. But Harriet, super-sensitive, wounded to the core by her own humiliating self-knowledge, resented the little blonde's friendliness as condescension and shunned her accordingly.

One morning Kent and Betty started off after breakfast in quest of huckleberries. Harriet choked back the lump that rose to her throat and set her face heroically toward the day's work. At noon she took a basket on her arm and started down to the river to gather watercress for the dinner table. But the old buoyancy had gone from her step; she walked languidly, her eyes on the ground. She reached the river bank completely spent and dropped down on the grass to rest a moment—and think.

The sudden sound of voices, a girl's gay laughter mingling with deeper, masculine notes, sent the blood splurging to her face. For some morbid reason she had chosen the old tryst for her resting-place, and a sense of mortified pride smote her lest Geoffrey Kent should discover her there and place his own construction on her weakness. She rose hurriedly and stepped behind a high clump of shrubbery. And immediately they came into view, on the opposite side of the river.

"Good gracious!" Betty exclaimed, "here's the mischief to pay. It's either a half mile back to the bridge, or the foot-log!"

"The log is a good, substantial one. Shall we risk it? I'm tired and hungry, too." He looked laughingly down into the girl's puckered and sun-blistered face; "how about you?"

She made a little face at him, and as there was obviously nothing else to do, he deliberately took her in his arms and kissed the *moue* from her lips.

"Stop, silly. If you're tired, don't be tiresome. I'm hungry, too, hungry as a wolf, and all worn out, with nine huckleberries to show for our labors. We'll take the log, of course. I'm really quite an acrobat. I *have* walked a slack-rope—in my younger days." And without waiting for a reply, she tossed him her parasol and ran nimbly down the declivity to where the pinelog was stretched across the water. She balanced her slender figure

gracefully as she made the first half of the passage; then she held her breath, and finished. Safe on the ground she heaved a mammoth sigh as she turned and reviewed the dangers over which she had just triumphantly passed. The water below, varying from translucent shallow to murky deep, showed in alternate patches of amber and ink. The amber gave back myriads of gold lights to Betty's sparkling eyes as she clapped her hands with a little cry of "Bravo!" when Kent began his precarious journey.

She stood there, watching him breathlessly, the color coming and going fitfully in her soft cheeks. All of a sudden it went and did not return. Half-way across the log, Kent's assurance abruptly deserted him. The heel of his shoe caught in a bit of bark and in trying to dislodge it he lost his equilibrium, swayed. The next instant he had plunged headlong into the treacherous current.

Betty gave a little husky scream. She ran up and down the river bank, wringing her hands and moaning for help, her face pinched with agony and pallid with horror.

Suddenly Geoffrey Kent's face rose to the surface, white and tragic; it disappeared, rose again—unconscious.

And all at once, above the roaring in Betty's ears, there broke the sound of quick, strong footsteps crackling on dried twigs; a splash. Unerring, swift as an arrow, Harriet Burke's lithe, muscular figure shot into the whirlpool, beat downward with powerful arm-strokes against the eddies . . . was lost to view.

* * *

Dear Geoffrey:

Under separate cover I am returning to you your ring. We have made a mistake, and it can be better remedied now than after.

She loves you. She saved your life—and you belong to her; not *because* of this, but *because*—you love her, too! This thought came to me long before the incident of the river; that day I knew it.

I shall not see you again before I leave; a meeting would only be embarrassing, painful, to us both. Don't allow yourself to be animated by any quixotic notion of honor, and try to follow me. I am putting the sea between us and we shall not meet again, except, perhaps, casually.

After all, our engagement was merely a conventional arrangement of parents and circumstances, the former more worldly than wise in their aspirations for us.

If you had told me in the beginning of your love for Harriet Burke, believe me, I should have understood. But as you did not (because, I suppose, of a false sense of duty), and it was left for me to discover the truth through an accident, I still release you freely—for your happiness, and hers, and mine.

Dear Geof, I am very much in earnest in all this. Don't answer and don't try to stop me, but let this be our farewell.

Sincerely,

BETTY.

Harriet Burke crushed the paper fiercely in her hands. She bit her lips till the blood sprang through in dark, purple prints. But her self-control seemed gone. She was shaking like a leaf, and her voice trembled as she spoke.

"She—cared," she said in a low voice, smoothing out the crumpled paper with cold fingers, grown suddenly tender.

Geoffrey Kent was already pale; he turned a shade paler. "Yes," he said absently, "I—am afraid—she did."

The girl's lips settled into a straight, determined line. Her eyes burned suddenly bright. A vivid circle of color throbbed high up on either cheek-bone beneath them. "It is all wrong," she said, "you shouldn't have permitted her to go. You ought never to have—showed me this letter."

"But I wanted you to read it," he said, "it explains the situation better than anything I might say."

"You must go after her."

Kent shook his head. "Impossible. Besides, don't you see what she says about—"

Harriet made a deprecatory gesture; her tone was almost harsh:

"Oh, foolish man! Don't you know *anything*—about women?"

Geoffrey Kent lifted a haggard face. "I know one thing about *one* woman," he said hoarsely, "and that is—that I love her better than my life."

A long time Harriet sat with averted head, her trembling hands folded in her lap. Finally she spoke: "In derision," she said thoughtfully, "I used to call her 'The Gold Girl.' She seemed to me *all* gold; from the crown of her yellow head to the little russet boots she wore. There were times when I—thought perhaps—it was for the gold she *had* that you—

that you cared. Yes," she continued musingly, "she *was* a gold girl, she was and is—*true* gold!"

Kent reached over suddenly and gathered her hands in his. But she jerked them away sharply. The delicate cream of her face flamed to burning scarlet. "There is—can be—no road to happiness—over another's broken life. Go after her, Geoffrey. You cannot—we cannot let her do it."

Without a word he drew from his pocket a mussed bit of yellow paper. In silence he watched her open and read:

Your wire received. Sorry I cannot wait

to see you, but my husband has engaged passage on the "*Mauretania*," and we sail at three this afternoon.

BETTY BREWSTER.

"I telegraphed her the very day she left," he said. "This is her reply."

"She—is married."

"Yes, to Brewster. He's been crazy about her for years. He'll do everything any man can to make her happy."

There was a tense silence. Harriet half turned, and Kent held out his arms. A little sob broke in her throat, but with a quivering heart-throb he saw the warm tears of surrender lying in her eyes.

LOVE'S KNOCK

By FRANCES IRVIN

AT midnight, when my heart was sad,
I heard Love's knock upon my door;
So late that all my house was dark,
My watching I had given o'er.
Almost in fear his knock I heard,
Nor found a welcoming word.

But eagerly I laid a feast,
And decked my table o'er with flowers,
And donned a robe of fabric fair,
Woven in long and lonely hours—
A moonlight robe of silvery gleams,
Brodered with thread of dreams.

Soft lights I set about my house,
And strewed it all with flowers rare;
"And wait but yet, dear Love!" I cried,
And gathered roses for my hair,
Red roses wet with midnight dew,
That at my casement grew.

"Love, wait no more, but enter in!
Make me at last thine own!" I cried;
Drew back the heavy bolts and bars,
And flung the long-shut portals wide.
But to the dark my summons sped,—
Impatient Love had fled.

Standardizing Prices Through *the* Patent Grant

By WILLIAM H. INGERSOLL

EVERY man who has enjoyed the benefits which invention has given us in the form of the telephone, the railroad, the sewing machine, our agricultural implements and all the other insignia of civilization is concerned in the pending revision of our patent laws. It affects the prices he pays, his convenience in buying and the stimulation of future invention.

The Oldfield patent bill now under consideration at Washington undoubtedly expresses the best thought of a number of men who have studied the patent situation with a patriotic desire to serve the interests of the whole people.

They have had before them mainly two considerations which have seemed to them sufficient to demand a change in the present law.

One of these is the fact that sometimes patents which embody great improvements and would be of the utmost public benefit are bought up by corporations who lock them up because, to have others market goods made under them would be to make their own product obsolete, while to manufacture the improved article themselves would revolutionize a business in which they have made large investments in machinery, tools and equipment, the value of which would be vastly reduced if a later product requiring other equipment were offered to the public. So the cheapest way is to buy the patents and put them in the safe. The other consideration in their minds against the existing law is the right conferred by the patent grant permitting the patentee to name any condition he sees fit as to the use or sale of his patented invention.

The recent Dick-Henry decision by the United States Supreme Court illustrates an extreme example of this power enjoyed by the patentee or anyone who purchases his rights. The court upheld such a party in his practice of selling a patented printing machine on condition that only his ink and paper be used with it. The law unquestionably gives such a power, and Chief Justice White in his dissenting opinion pointed out that on this principle a man might sell his patented stove on condition that only certain food be cooked on it or with other unreasonable conditions attached. And this is true, but as a practical question nobody would have to buy it if the conditions were undesirable, and who would be the greater loser? Let us leave this for the present, however.

The framers of the Oldfield Bill see three or four great companies which dominate their several fields and employ the rights given them under their patents in a manner that seems dangerous to the public interest.

To the public at large the situation is fraught with two grave risks.

Are we not liable to fall into the time-honored mistake of attempting general legislation to reach particular instances? May not this legislation which touches not only the thousands upon thousands of manufacturers comprising the backbone of our industrial body, but also every retail merchant in the land as well as all future inventions, may not the changes involving so many greatly overbalance any results concerning the few who may offend?

Not that we are to overlook or sanction any abuses by the great and powerful corporations, but that we must analyze carefully to see whether the patent law

is really at fault or whether perchance the difficulty is the same that confronts us in the case of other great corporations dealing in oil and sugar and products on which no patents exist.

And let us examine, too, to see that the proposed changes in the law, while perhaps correcting some defects, do not at the same time let down the bars to other difficulties more oppressive. We must not cut off our nose to spite our face:

Most of all, let us be sure that we do not do anything which lessens the inducement to invention, for the greatness of our country, its rapid rise to supremacy and the high degree of comfort in which we live is unquestionably due more to the inventiveness which our patent law has fostered in our people than to any other single factor.

* * *

When we think of the injustice suffered by the people in the locking up of patents, we should also remember that the inventor has brought out some new and useful idea, or he couldn't get a patent. It is his property; he was under no compulsion to invent. Or having invented, he could have carried his idea to the grave without giving it to the people, and society would be the loser.

But as a matter of public policy we frame our laws so as to make it an inducement to men not only to invent, but to declare their inventions and make them public so that they may not be lost, and in consideration of this publication we grant a patent which gives the inventor the exclusive right to his discoveries for the brief space of seventeen years, after which they become public property which any one may use. He sells his patent in the best market if he has not the capital or the inclination to manufacture under it himself. The buyer has all the rights that he had. The patent may be used or not, as the owner sees fit. But this is only for a short time. If he doesn't use it, he gets no benefit from it, even if the public is not benefitted; it soon expires and is open to anyone to use and sell to the public. If now we change the law to say that if a patent is not used within a given time, the owner shall be compelled to let somebody else use it for a considera-

tion to be fixed by a court, we lessen the value of a patent. If it is to be sold the inventor cannot get so much for it. There will be less inducement to study out problems for the public welfare because when solved they will command a smaller reward. Then, too, the inventor with smaller capital will be sometimes compelled to sell the rights which are now exclusively his to large rivals with greater capital, who will swamp him in the market with his own invention.

A valuable patent is one of the strongest weapons which a small concern has in its competition with great ones. It keeps alive competition instead of concentrating business in a few hands and putting us all at the mercy of those who control the supply.

It usually takes five or ten years to get a patent successfully on to the market, and it is not right that years of study and work should be appropriated by others when success is in sight.

There is much doubt as to the wisdom of "compulsory license," as it is called, and we do not want a remedy that is worse than the disease.

Let us look now for a moment at the control over the sale which the owner of a patent enjoys. Is the public welfare threatened?

The fathers in framing our Constitution saw the need of fostering invention, and they said that among other things Congress should have the power to grant to inventors exclusive rights to their inventions for a limited time. "Exclusive" has been construed to mean all the rights, that is, the exclusive right to make, use, or to sell the product of the invention. And having these rights the inventor can part with all of them or such a portion as he sees fit. It is his property, just as land is his property if he owns it. If a man owns a piece of land he can sell all of it or part of it if he can find a purchaser. If he sells it he can do so outright or subject to restrictions. He can say how it shall be used if he wants to. No one need buy under the circumstances, and so no one is harmed by the exercise of this right. Yet no man has created any land, whereas the inventor has really created his invention; it is his property more really than

any other possession save, perhaps, the copyright property of the author. Hence it is not unreasonable to give the inventor entire control over his origination for a brief time, when we give men the permanent possession of other forms of property which they did not create and allow them to bequeath it to successors.

* * *

Now, how do patent owners make use of patent rights?

Principally they use them in three ways: They dispose of only part of their rights to make or use the things embodying their inventions by licensing certain parties to make the patented product only for certain purposes, giving to others the rights to make use of the same invention for other purposes. For instance, a certain invention may be useful in corsets and in suspenders. One party is licensed to use it in manufacturing the one and not in the other and vice-versa. This helps the inventor to get a good return without injuring anyone and is not objectionable to the public.

Similarly the patented articles are sold subject to restrictions. For example, the Dick printing machine is sold only on condition that the paper and ink, which are not patented, must be purchased from the maker of the machine. At first, at least, it looks as though this was unfair to the public, and to other makers of paper and ink, and that it was extending the patent to cover something it was not intended to cover, but let us think a moment before becoming inflamed with indignation at what seems an injustice.

Here is a man who has invented a machine doing very useful work. It writes letters in duplicate so cheaply that a boy in a few minutes can do what it would require ten stenographers a day to write, and for many purposes just as satisfactory. It reduces the cost of doing business and tends to cheapen goods sold to the public. Nobody would question the inventor's right to lease the machine to anybody who wanted it at any royalty that pleased him. Unless the rate was low enough to be advantageous to purchasers, the maker would have no business, and nobody but himself would be injured by the conditions, for others would do exactly

as they would have done if the invention had never been made, and when the patent expired they would get the machine on a competitive basis.

But instead of a royalty of so much per thousand letters printed, the maker of the machine says: "I will sell you the machine outright at actual cost to me except that you are to buy your materials from me at such and such a price." He figures that this will have three distinct advantages to him. First, it would be practically impossible for him to collect his royalties accurately otherwise, because he couldn't keep anyone watching each machine to see how much was printed on it. So he insists on selling his own paper, on which he makes so much per thousand sheets, in lieu of royalty.

It is a convenient and economical way of getting his pay in proportion as the machine is used. The price of supplies is agreed upon in advance, and no one buys unless it is to his advantage under the circumstances. Secondly, it insures satisfactory and suitable kind of materials being used so that the machine will perform as intended and its reputation and sale will be enhanced, which means that more people will be induced to partake of the benefits of the invention. Thirdly, it makes the first cost of the machine very small to users, so that many instead of few can afford the initial investment and get the advantage of the invention. His profit comes not on the original sale, but on the use which he shares in like proportion with the user.

The point may be raised that instead of dealing so fairly, he could abuse the power conveyed by the patent and entail a hardship upon the public. But again we must remember that the public is indebted to him for the creation of the machine, and he has no power to compel purchase except as he makes it an inducement to buyers to own the machine for their own benefit. His interests and those of the people are identical, and unless he makes it advantageous to them, they will not trade with him. Hence we have nothing to fear from oppression on his part.

* * *

Another and more general use of the power accompanying the patent grant is

the restriction as to the price at which the goods may be sold by dealers to consumers.

On unpatented commodities, when a merchant buys them he owns them and can sell them for whatever price he pleases. The maker has no control over the re-sale prices. But not so with the patented thing. Here the maker may impose such conditions as he pleases, for it carries his invention, which gives him control covering all phases of the sale and use of the goods during the life of the patent. In selling he parts not with his entire right to re-sell, but only with the right to re-sell at a stipulated amount. Thus the manufacturer of a patented watch may say to the dealer, "I will sell you this watch, but only on condition that you sell it to consumers at \$1.00. If you sell it at any other price, you are infringing my patent." Naturally the maker of the watch will impose no such condition unless it is to his advantage to do so, and in the long run it may be assumed that his interest is identical with that of the man who is to use the watch.

Now as a practical question, what would be the reasons for the watch manufacturer adopting such a restriction?

He wants his watch to have the largest possible sale. His invention has enabled him to produce something better than could otherwise be produced for the money.

But he cannot meet and convince each of the ninety million individuals in the country that such are the facts. He must adopt the means at hand to further the sale of his watch. He must spread them all over the country where people can see them in stores and can conveniently buy them. But dealers will not buy and show them in their windows and explain their merits to inquirers unless they are paid for doing it. It is a valuable service to the public to have merchants searching the markets and bringing new things to their doorsteps and keeping them in step with the progress of invention and the arts of the day. So the people must expect to pay for the service. Unless the dealers are assured a profit on any given article they won't handle it, and its sales will be minimized. If they ask too big a profit on it, the sale will be again reduced. If

somebody takes an article in one section and advertises it at a price that allows neither himself or others a profit on it, he will temporarily sell an increased quantity, if he really responds to the demand, and if the article is so well known that people recognize that it is being offered below its real and usual value. A few people will also profit by getting the thing for less than it is worth. But who stands the loss? Does the whole public profit in the long run? Has anyone a healthy motive in selling a staple, worthy article for less than it is worth?

The first effect is that when the goods are offered at a price allowing no profit to dealers, all the dealers stop selling it. The man who cuts the price really doesn't want to sell it because he makes nothing on it. He is looking for other trade that is attracted by the advertised thing. He sells as few as he can of the goods on which he makes nothing and "switches" the customer to something that is unknown on which he makes a big profit. So that the people of the community have no opportunity thereafter to get the article because it is not on sale for the reason that people have been led to believe that it is only worth what it is offered for by the man who sold it at a loss. They will not buy at a price affording a profit to the tradesman and so its sale is ruined, the channels of distributing it to the people are closed, and a useful thing is removed from the local market. But the effect is not only local, either. Papers containing the cut price announcement go broadcast. There is always some store in each city following the same practice. Traveling salesmen and competitors spread the story among the merchants, so that everywhere the same effect follows until between the consumer and the producer an obstacle is interposed by a certain element among middlemen stifling the sale of an article which it would be advantageous to the people to have, and it disappears from the market wholly or in part.

* * *

And so it goes with all articles whose worth is so recognized by the people that there is a temptation to dealers to capitalize their reputations for their private ends, really misleading the public. No one

can estimate how much the people are deprived of meritorious products because a few stores make it unprofitable for anyone to sell them. Neither can anyone estimate how much profitable labor is kept from employment or how much the general prosperity suffers from such unfair trade practices.

At least we may agree that patented products should be spared this blighting assault for two important public reasons:

First, because such articles always embody some advance over previous conditions, and people should have the opportunity of buying and using them if they want them.

Second, because it is vital to our progress to have invention carry us forward as it has in the past, and unless the market can be kept open for the profitable sale of invented things, the return to the inventor must be small, and invention itself will be discouraged.

If it be argued that the power to fix the resale price of patented goods will result in unreasonably high prices to the consumer, we may look both to the logic and the facts of the situation for our answer.

The price of the manufacturer to the dealer is not in question, of course, because anyone can put any price that he pleases upon anything that he owns, be it patented or not, and it rests solely with those who may wish to buy as to whether they will do so at the price named.

The question at issue is whether on patented goods the owner of the invention should have the power to determine how much profit the merchant shall make in selling it to others.

Naturally since his own profit is not at stake the patentee will have no object in securing an unreasonable profit to the next man in line because that would mean that the price would be so unnecessarily high that the consumer would not buy in the quantities that lower prices would induce. His interest, therefore, is in making the prices as low and the dealer's profits as small as he can and still have it worth while under average conditions for dealers to invest in and sell his wares. Logically it means the lowest feasible price to the people as a whole, for if the price is per-

manently fixed, it must be fixed low, or the makers of similar articles will be given the opportunity to undersell and ruin the sale.

Now as to the facts. An investigation of over two hundred items selling largely in retail stores in various lines throughout the country, selected indiscriminately, part of which are sold on the fixed re-sale plan and part on prices determined by each dealer, showed the dealer made a smaller profit on the manufacturer's prices than on his own.

And this is to be expected, because the manufacturer is less interested in the profit of the dealer than in the widest possible sale of his product. Hence dealers quite largely carry substitute articles on which they make bigger profits and employ their personal influence to sell them.

The fixed price is just as effective in preventing the dealer from overcharging as undercharging. He cannot get more than the standard price and so the public is doubly benefitted by the system.

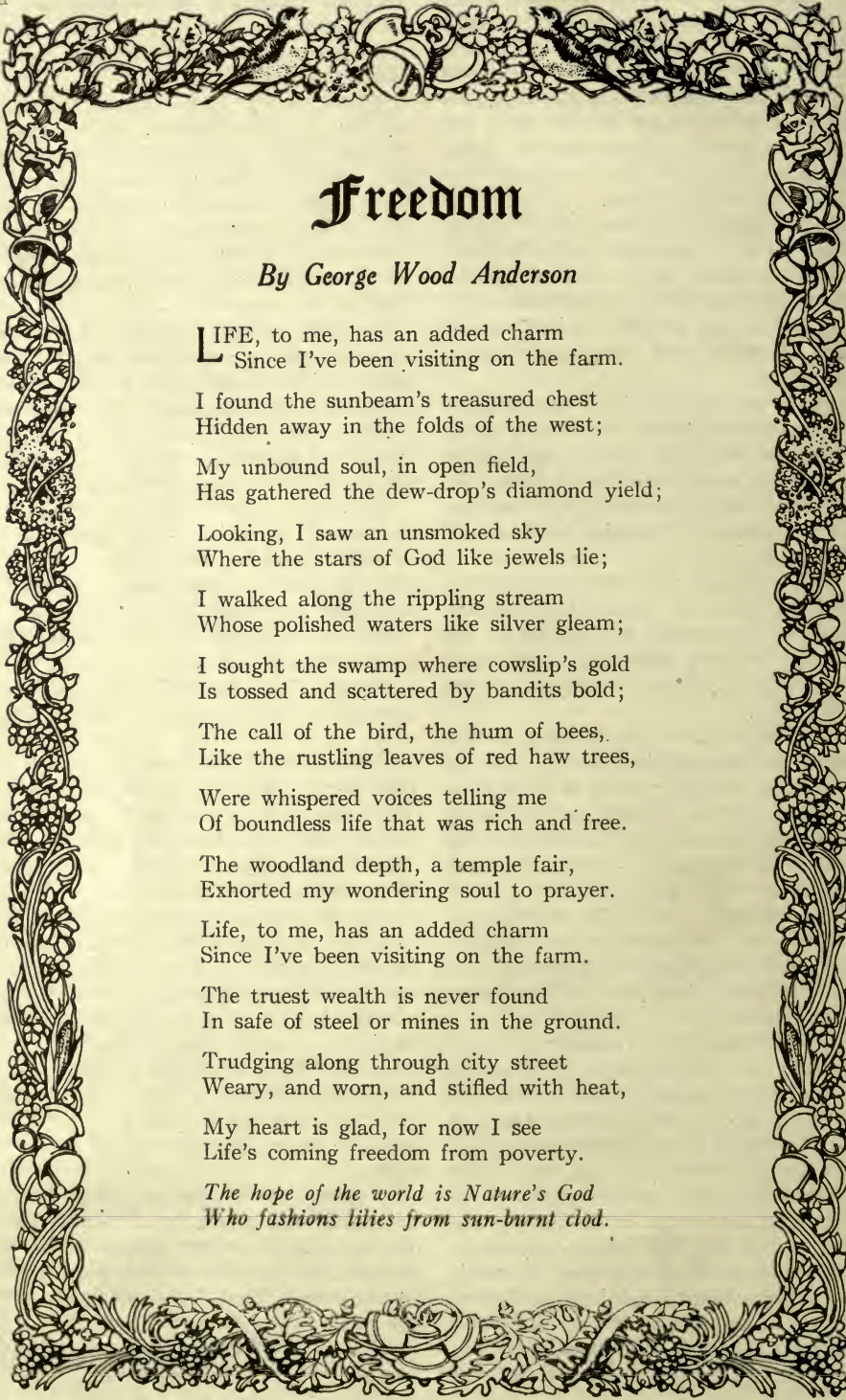
First, in being assured that people can permanently get the goods.

Second, that they know the price and can quickly and surely get just what they want.

There is no inducement to makers of unknown products to fix the re-sale price. This plan is only employed on articles which everybody knows, which have a standard of quality and value, a reputation and a demand that makes them sell. It is only in such instances that the product must be protected from the nefarious price cutter who offers goods below value, but doesn't want to sell them, and who selects "leaders" for the purpose of misleading customers and enticing trade on other and highly profitable goods.

No wonder that in a recent price-cutting suit Justice Holmes of the United States Supreme Court felt constrained to comment:

"I cannot believe that, in the long run, the public will profit by this court permitting knaves to cut reasonable prices for some ulterior purpose of their own, and thus to impair, if not to destroy, production and sale of articles which it is assumed to be desirable that the public should be able to get."



Freedom

By George Wood Anderson

LIFE, to me, has an added charm
Since I've been visiting on the farm.

I found the sunbeam's treasured chest
Hidden away in the folds of the west;

My unbound soul, in open field,
Has gathered the dew-drop's diamond yield;

Looking, I saw an unsmoked sky
Where the stars of God like jewels lie;

I walked along the rippling stream
Whose polished waters like silver gleam;

I sought the swamp where cowslip's gold
Is tossed and scattered by bandits bold;

The call of the bird, the hum of bees,
Like the rustling leaves of red haw trees,

Were whispered voices telling me
Of boundless life that was rich and free.

The woodland depth, a temple fair,
Exhorted my wondering soul to prayer.

Life, to me, has an added charm
Since I've been visiting on the farm.

The truest wealth is never found
In safe of steel or mines in the ground.

Trudging along through city street
Weary, and worn, and stifled with heat,

My heart is glad, for now I see
Life's coming freedom from poverty.

*The hope of the world is Nature's God
Who fashions lilies from sun-burnt clod.*

Wanted—A Young Man



Winifred L. Paddock

HE WAS the one discordant note in the bright spring morning, as he sat there, his chin thrust forward on his chest, his hands in his pockets, and his feet stretched out aimlessly before him, idly watching the squirrels play over the grass. Perhaps he realized it himself, after a fashion, for he suddenly shook himself a little and straightened up with a rueful little smile.

"Gee!" he burst forth. "It's great out this morning. Wish I was esthetic; maybe then, sunshine *a la June*, and bird songs *au Central Park* would fill me up so full that I wouldn't know there's a whole hotel full of bacon and eggs right over there. Guess I could be if I hadn't breakfasted and dined on Nature for two days. Lord, a steak would taste good!"

With a quick movement he turned his pockets inside out and shrugged his shoulders, with a little laugh, as no answering and welcome ring of coin sounded on the bench.

"You see?" he apostrophized the squirrels. "Plenty of steak, plenty of bacon and plenty of people like me—dead broke." Calmly he resumed his former position.

"Funny thing," he remarked, "descendant of the Mayflower bunched, graduate of Yale, called the most promising engineer in Tech, sitting here without even a Lincoln penny to my name. Let's see—what have I been, or tried to be, in the last two months? Engineer, no vacancies. Clerk in a grocery store—fired, slack season. At least they were decent in their reason for shipping me. Office boy—fired for incompetency. Bell-hop—same. Policeman—not Irish. Guess that's about all. There remains to be a white wing

or a butler, and I can't buy a paper to decide which is the larger field."

But Mercury, god of luck, never quite deserts his devotees. Down the path, blowing merrily along in the spring breeze, came the torn, battered half of a paper which had escaped the eye of the park guard. Instantly the man on the bench sprang up, all trace of laziness gone from his tall, well-knit figure, eager alertness in every detail of him as he raced after the fugitive journal.

"Heaven-send, it's today's want advertisement," he panted. "I'd hate to waste so much energy on the society column or the woman's page. You'll have to do better than this, my son, or you'll have your pains for your trouble."

Just as he started forward with his highest speed, the fickle breeze changed, turned, and blew the paper, flapping mockingly, about his feet.

"Now isn't that just my luck?" he asked ungratefully as he captured it. "If I had kept still on my bench, the wind would have brought it right to me."

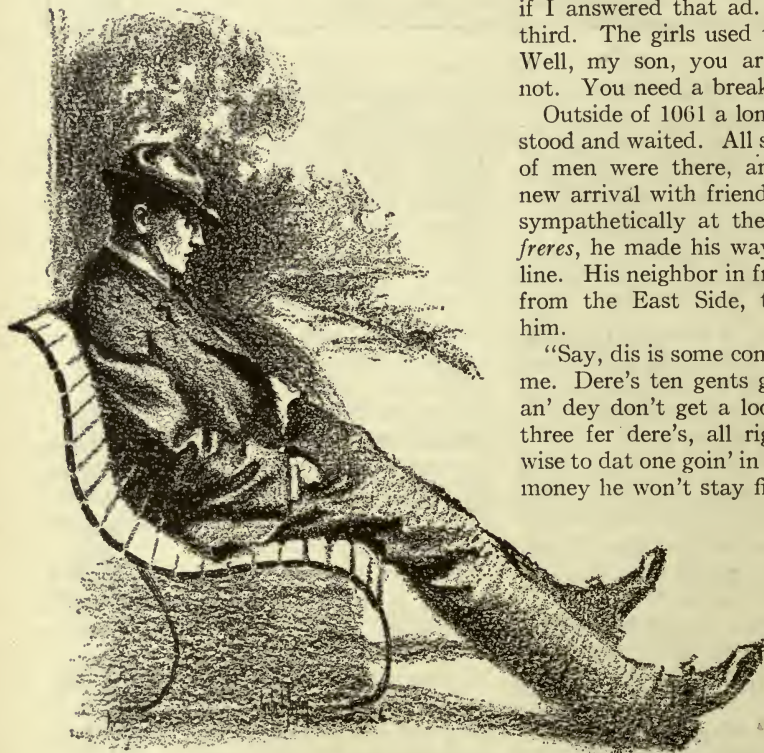
The eagerness with which he bore it back to his seat belied the laziness of his words. He sat down and smoothed it out carefully. Now that he really had opportunity within his grasp once more, there was no particular hurry. He could look over the sheet at his leisure and he proceeded to do so. Stocks and bonds, personals, real estate, horse sales, and all, claimed his attention in turn until the desired column was reached. Then he looked up with a grin.

"Guess I ought to mutter a charm and pour a libation to propitiate the high gods," he said. "I've read the darn thing through

so many times before, and it's always the same old story in the same old way. Verily 'there's nothing new under the sun.' Well, here goes."

He ran a long, tentative finger down the column, pausing now and then, only to go on the faster after a more thorough perusal of the statement.

"Agents, artists, bookkeepers, carpenters, clerks—no engineers, of course—



He was the one discordant note in the bright spring morning

gardeners, salesmen—O rot! waiters, and here endeth the first lesson. Well, I can be a waiter, I reckon; I've heard one can grow fat by merely smelling food. And I must live, if not by taste, by smell. Let's see where they want a waiter. Hotel—hello! Here's a little timid one hiding away in the corner. What does it say?"

Catching up the paper he read: "Wanted—A young man, educated, well-bred, of attractive appearance. Must be willing to agree to unique proposition. Call 1061 Parkside, between ten and twelve Monday."

"That sounds promising. 'Unique proposition,' eh? Perhaps to captain a filibuster to Mexico; maybe to start some gold-brick game, or to pull out chestnuts for some big grafter. Well, I'm for it, whatever it is—if I qualify in the right class. The first is easy; four years at Yale with a P. G. ought to fix that all right. The second—last year I attended the Philadelphia Assembly. Could one ask more? The third is harder. People would call me vain if I answered that ad. on the face of the third. The girls used to like me, though. Well, my son, you are going, vanity or not. You need a breakfast."

Outside of 1061 a long line of applicants stood and waited. All sorts and conditions of men were there, and they hailed the new arrival with friendly jeers. Grinning sympathetically at these, his jobless *confreres*, he made his way to the end of the line. His neighbor in front, a flashy youth from the East Side, turned to welcome him.

"Say, dis is some con game, take it from me. Dere's ten gents gone into dat joint, an' dey don't get a look-in. It's twenty-three fer dere's, all right, all right. Git wise to dat one goin' in now. Betcher even money he won't stay five minutes."

It was even so. Almost immediately he was out again, walking briskly away, without so much as a glance at the waiting line. It was too much for the East Side youth.

"Hey, you!" he called. "Come back here and put us next. W'at's doin'?"

His only answer was a sardonic smile as the man turned the corner.

"What do you think of that?" remarked the youth to the man behind him.

The next applicant fared no better, nor the rest; yet each smiled as he came out and hurried away. The young man who had chased the paper frowned a little. Was it possible that they were all being engaged?

"Guess you're right about that little trip to Mexico," he thought.

At last he found himself at the head of the line, standing in front of the massive door through which the East Side youth had just passed. Before he had time to meditate on his fate, it swung open again as his flashy friend emerged radiant.

"Ar chee," he said, as he rushed by. "It's a cinch!"

"What—" began the boy, but the man behind him began to push, and he realized that it was his turn to penetrate the mystery of 1061.

A very pompous butler appeared and motioned him in. He went with the air of a cotillion leader dropping in for tea. In the dim reception hall the butler turned and faced him.

"Your name?" he demanded haughtily.

"Thomas Howard Calvert," came the answer, promptly and more haughtily. Mr. Calvert was not accustomed to such tones from a butler.

"Sit here, please," said the butler, pointing to a chair placed near the curtained door of the drawing-room and full in the light of a small electric lamp.

Tom walked to the chair without haste or self-consciousness. He settled himself comfortably and looked inquiringly at the butler.

"Anything else?" he asked, mildly sarcastic.

"Your age, please." Into the butler's eyes and voice was creeping more respect.

"Twenty-eight." There was an amused twinkle in Tom's eyes now; being cross-examined by servants was a new experience. Even as office-boy they had not submitted him to that.

"Your last occupation?" the butler went on inexorably, but before he could answer, Tom was startled by a slight cough on the other side of the curtains. The butler, even more startled, jumped visibly and stared incredulously at the door.

"My last occupation," began Tom "was—"

The cough came again, more determinedly.

"That will do, sir," broke in the butler in decidedly agitated tones. "Kindly step this way, sir. I will announce you to Miss Fenton at once, sir."

He led the now thoroughly mystified Tom into a luxurious library and hurried

away. Left alone, Mr. Calvert gave vent to a fervent "Well, I'll be darned."

He puzzled a moment, then exclaimed, "That's it! The old man was trying to do a little business on his own account, and Madame came home and caught him at it. Wonder what I'm in for? What'll I say to her?"

Evidently he would have to say something very soon, for his quick ear caught the sound of feminine garments coming swiftly down the hall. As he sprang to his feet, Miss Fenton appeared in the doorway. She was small and fair, with an appealing quality to her beauty that caught at Tom's heart before she had spoken a word, and brought a frank, reassuring smile to his eyes. It found a faint reflection in hers for just a second.

"Won't you sit down?" she said in a low, sweet voice, as she moved to a chair near the window and sat with her back to the light.

Tom noted this significant fact and the nervous tightening of her lips. He felt sorry for her somehow, and he wished he knew what to say to make her smile again.

"I say," he burst out, "you mustn't feel so cut up about it. I'm sure the old man is sorry."

"The old man?" she repeated, mystified. "What old man?"

"Why, the butler. I—I say you mustn't jump on him for bringing all of us into your house, you know." Tom was floundering helplessly.

"But he didn't bring you," she explained, slightly apologetic. "I advertised for you all. I—I wanted a young man and I—James helped me," she finished weakly.

"Oh, I beg your pardon. I understand." His tone proved that he did not understand at all.

There was an awkward silence. She sighed, twisted her handkerchief and looked helplessly at Tom as he sat at polite attention.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "I had no idea it would be so hard! I—I—" She stopped, hopelessly embarrassed.

"You want a barber, perhaps? Or a valet?" Tom knew they were the words of an imbecile, but he could think of

nothing else, and he had to say something at once.

"A valet? Oh, no, no," she cried earnestly, ignoring his gasp as he realized what he had said. "I want—I want—" She turned to him desperately: "Let's have it over. Are you married?"

"Oh, please don't think me crazy," she begged. "Are you a Roman Catholic?"

This was not so bad, and he showed his relief by the prompt shake of his head.

"Are you an Episcopalian? Yes, oh, dear!" Her distress was growing deeper and her voice faltered over the last question.

"Then what are your views on divorce?"

This was too much.

"Well, upon my soul!" began Tom, when she interrupted him quickly.

"Oh, please don't ask me to explain—I will later," she begged. "It is all right, truly it is. Only tell me, do you believe in it or not? Do you?"

The pleading look in her eyes vanquished his resentment. He smiled again as he answered:

"Sometimes I do and sometimes I don't. It depends."

"Sometimes — you — do," she repeated slowly. Silence fell again. She had risen and was standing, a puzzled little frown on her forehead, twisting her rings on her finger. Then a burning blush spread over her face and she looked straight up into his eyes frankly, yet appealingly.

"Mr. Calvert," she said, "I want you to marry me."

Tom had a sensation as if the floor was giving way beneath him. He put out one hand blindly and clutched a chair for support; he was dimly

conscious of her voice going on somewhere in the distance.

"I advertised for a young man," she was saying, "because I wanted a husband."

The raw candor of the words brought him to full control of himself. She seemed so well-bred, so exquisite; he could not reconcile the two things. To advertise



"Won't you sit down?" she said in a low, sweet voice

Tom gazed back at her as solemnly earnest as she. "No," he declared.

"Are you—are you—in love?"

His earnestness gave way to sheer amazement. This was worse than the butler's court. He merely stared at her.

"Are you?" she insisted.

"No," gasped Tom.

for a husband like any common girl! It was unbelievable.

"I know what you are thinking." Her voice was tremulous. "And I don't really blame you, only you are judging without evidence. I will explain now; then you shall be at liberty to refuse my request or grant it, and I will abide by your decision. And forgive me—if you can—for the embarrassment I am causing you."

She sank into a chair and Tom was glad to do likewise. He was really beginning to suffer with hunger now, and he was dimly conscious of wishing she would hurry and let him go, for, of course, he must go now.

"I will tell you about it, Mr. Calvert; the whole wretched story from the beginning. I am Dorothy Fenton. I am very wealthy, and I am practically alone in the world. I have been engaged three times and three times—jilted. The first time I was in school and the engagement was known only to a few friends, so it was not so hard for me. The second time it was worse, for it had been publicly announced. But now—oh, it is frightful! Mr. Calvert, my wedding day is set for Wednesday next, the cards are out, all my friends coming from near and far. Last night I received this note from the man I was to marry day after tomorrow."

She handed him a sheet of paper. His face grew stern as he read it, and there was deep pity in his glance as he returned it to her.

"The cad!" was all he said.

"Yes," she answered simply. "He was always that. And I know now that he only fascinated me. He lived, as you see, far away from here, and none of my own friends have ever seen him. I cannot bear the ridicule I must face and the gossip and reporters—Oh!" She shuddered. "Rather than face it, I determined to have the wedding anyway. It seemed easy last night when I 'phoned the ad. down to the paper. But today when all those awful men came, I—oh! I thought I should die! I hid behind the curtains, where I could see their faces, and I told James if I did not cough before the third answer, he was to send them away, with a five-dollar bill. But if I coughed he was to bring them here. Poor James!" she gave

a delightful little laugh, "James was quite horrified, but he obeyed nobly."

Tom laughed, too; he was thinking of the East Side youth as a possible husband for this girl.

"The minute you came in I knew, if you were not married, or in love, or opposed to—to—divorce, that I was saved. When you gave your name I was more sure. You see, his name," tapping the note she still held, "was Howard Calvert, too. That was the one point I didn't know how to arrange without bribery, and I didn't want to stoop to that. But now it is so beautifully settled."

With a little sigh of relief she leaned back in her chair. She had pleaded her case well and she knew it. Tom was looking at her thoughtfully.

"Surely there must be a bunch of fellows who know you and would jump at the chance to be bridegroom on Wednesday," he broke out involuntarily. "Some fellows you know, too. Aren't there?"

"Oh, yes," naively, "lots of them. But, you see, if I asked one of them, I should have to stay married to him, and with you I shouldn't."

Tom looked blank. "Indeed?" he murmured.

"Yes," she went on frankly, "that is why I was so afraid to ask you if you were a Catholic or a strict Episcopalian. But if you believe in divorce, even sometimes, it is quite easy. You will leave me just as soon as possible after the ceremony, and we will never see each other again. It will be easy to get a divorce in Reno, you know."

This cool putting aside of the bonds of holy matrimony quite took Tom's breath away.

"But if we—er—you are divorced so soon, won't there be more scandal than if you are not married at all?" he stammered.

She laughed. "Oh, no! I've arranged all that nicely. You see, you are supposed to have a government position, and just as soon as we are married, you are to be sent to—oh, any place that is far enough away and frightful enough. Of course, you couldn't take me to endure such hardships as you must encounter, so you

leave me here. And you never come back. It's very simple."

"So I am to be exiled for life, am I?" he smiled.

"Oh, you don't really go so far—that's only an excuse. And while you are gone, we are quietly divorced; but, instead of paying me alimony, I pay it to you, whatever sum you name, for life. It's fair, isn't it? I want to be sure."

The smile died out of Tom's eyes, leaving his face very stern and grave. He rose a bit unsteadily, for the hunger was making him a little light-headed.

"Miss Fenton," he said coldly, "I think I must bid you good-morning. I cannot agree to such a plan. I know you mean to be just, but—well, for centuries, the Calvert men have cared for themselves and their women, and they will continue to do so. And believe me, girl," a faint smile coming back to his lips, "it is better to stand all sorts of gossip than to marry a man you don't love, even for an hour."

Dorothy had risen, too, and was looking at him with large, hurt eyes. They were very eloquent, those eyes, and they made him feel absolutely miserable, a worse cad than the other fellow, almost. He wished to thunder she wouldn't look at him like that, he was too hungry to be strong and stern with her.

"Mr. Calvert," there was a queer little catch in her voice, "there has been no question of your ability to care for yourself and your—people. When I put that advertisement in the paper, I did it merely as a business proposition, and I supposed you answered it as such. I was simply offering a position, a unique one, I admit, but, nevertheless, a position; and, in return for your services for one day and the use of your name indefinitely, I was prepared to pay a reasonable salary. That was all."

She paused, expectantly, but Tom was stubbornly silent. She smiled a little and moved close to him.

"Thomas Howard Calvert," she mocked, "I know you are poor, very poor, indeed, and I know you need a good position badly. If you object to both terms, if your pride will let you accept neither alimony nor salary from me, suppose we

compromise. Suppose I hire you simply for one day, Wednesday, and pay you for services rendered that day. The rest of your life you'll be free to take what positions you choose. Will that make it all right?"

Still there was no answer, and her composure began to leave her.

"Oh, please, please, say you will! I can't go through another ordeal like today's, and I've got to be married Wednesday! Don't you see I have? You're the only one I can depend on. Oh," stamping her foot, as her eyes filled with tears of mortification, "I never dreamed that Dorothy Fenton would be begging, absolutely begging a man to marry her against her will! I should have thought I would have died first," and she collapsed, a woe-begone little heap, into a chair.

It was the last straw, and it broke—not the camel's back, but the last vestige of pride left in Tom's being. With one stride he was beside her.

"For the love of Mike, don't cry!" he exhorted her. "I'll do it, I promise. I'll be at whatever church, whatever time you say, on Wednesday. I'll light out for the South Pole just as soon as the thing is over, and you can have my name or any old thing I've got. Only don't cry and don't ask me to accept alimony."

Eyes wet, but full of dancing twinkles, met his. "You are a dear!" she said. "Now, we'll get down to business."

She drew some papers and a check-book from a desk near her. "First of all, about the groom's man and ushers, Mr. Calvert," she said wickedly.

Tom started. How the mischief was he to get any? Let his friends in on such a joke on him? Hardly. He looked at her helplessly.

"I only wanted to tell you not to trouble about them." Her voice was without guile. "They are already engaged for you. My fiance lived too far away to bring any, so I provided them from among my friends. Now," handing him a paper, with the gravity of a judge, "please sign this."

He smiled in spite of himself as he read it and wrote his name at the end. It was a written promise to leave her four hours after the ceremony, to relinquish all

claims on her and never to attempt to see her again.

"Thank you," she said as she returned it. "Here is your safeguard against like actions from me. And here is a check in part payment of your services. No, don't refuse. Remember my flowers, and the carriages, and the ring and—oh, of course! You've got just two days in which to make yourself over from this hungry-looking young man into a proud, happy bridegroom. Rehearsal is at eight tomorrow night at St. Michael's. Good-by until then. Now—scoot!"

And Tom, wobbly, but strangely happy, obeyed.

* * *

It was all over. The last good wishes and the last handful of rice had been hurled after them as the train slowly moved out of the station, and Mrs. Thomas Howard Calvert leaned back in her seat and looked at her husband, a tremulous little smile on her lips.

"I can't thank you," her voice was deep with feeling. "You were too wonderful for thanks. If you could have heard all the nice things they said of—"

"Please!" he interrupted. "I heard a few things, too. Really, do you know, those ushers of mine made me almost sorry I've got to leave you in Washington very soon. They said you're a winner—and I didn't need any witnesses to that, either."

"Do you know I am very curious about you?" she asked quickly, ignoring his last words. "I have been wondering ever since Monday how you came to be in such dire need. Why, you were positively famished, poor man! You showed it plainly. Mr. Calvert," leaning toward him confidently, "won't you tell me a little about yourself?"

There was a touch of embarrassment in his laugh. "There's not much to tell. It's the old story of a spoiled boy, I reckon. My people lived in Maryland, and my father spent a lot of money trying to make me a civil engineer. After I was graduated, I thought, because he had a plenteous share of this world's goods, that there was no need for me to work. Thought it was smart to be called the idle rich, you know. I loafed, shamefully, I reckon.

Anyway, my father, who is a great hustler himself, stood it as long as he could. Then one day he called me into his office and told me a few things about myself; among them that I was brainless and no account, and not worth my salt—Gee!" He laughed ruefully. "It made me mad as sin, but it woke me up, Miss Fenton—er Mrs.—er—"

"Say Dorothy," she commanded, coming to his rescue.

"Thanks awfully — Dorothy," he amended. "I told him I'd show him. I refused to take a cent of his money and went to New York that afternoon, practically penniless. After that it was a string of hard luck and the bread line till day before yesterday." He ended with a smile.

"Mr. Calvert—"

"Say Tom," he mocked.

"Tom," she obeyed, smilingly, "you have already done more for me today than I can ever repay you, but before we say good-by, I want you to do one thing more. I want you to promise to go home to your father, and with his help 'and influence make good: I know you can do it alone, but it will please him to think that you do need him, after all. Your success will be like a second one for him. Will you promise?"

Tom hesitated, then: "You're right, girl. I'll promise."

After that silence fell, a silence that lasted until the train rolled into the station and Tom turned to say good-by. Something in her eyes caught at his heart and he grasped both her hands in his.

"Dorothy," he cried, "must we say good-by? Can't we be just friends and see each other sometimes? Can't we?"

"No—Tom." There was a queer little choke in her voice, but she smiled bravely. "It is better not. Good-by—but I'll never forget you—never!"

She turned and left him standing there.

Six months rolled by. To Dorothy, traveling on her lonely honeymoon, the first one was bad, the second worse, and the third almost unbearable. Then she determined to go home and forget him, in spite of everything. She had decided not to begin her suit for divorce until a year had passed; but, in the face of the anxious

queries of her friends concerning her husband, she regretted not having done it at once. It was torture to be so constantly reminded of him, though she confessed to herself that she thought of him as constantly, whether she was reminded or not. She grew restless and miserable, as the weeks went on, finding sweet comfort in the fact that, after all, he was her husband still; and she dreaded the breaking of the slender bond between them, even as she dreaded holding him if he longed to be free.

There followed, as it always follows worry and too much loneliness, a complete breakdown for Dorothy. The doctor ordered Old Point, and it was the ghost of her former self that wended its way thither one crisp October morning. It was late when she reached the Chamberlain. With an ironic little smile at the hollow mockery of it, she wrote her name, "Mrs. Thomas H. Calvert," and went in to dinner.

Half way through her solitary meal a burst of applause drew her attention to a table not far away, filled with men of distinguished appearance. They were all laughing and looking toward the door. Involuntarily she turned to look, too, and there, in corduroys and heavy boots, mud-stained, grimy and radiant, Tom, her Tom, was smiling back at them!

She stifled a little cry of joy and shrank back in her seat. What would he think if he saw her here? But he must have done

something fine to call forth that welcome. She beckoned the waiter.

"Who are those men?"

"Dey's some engineers from Washin'ton, ma'am. Down hyeh to see 'bout some big piece of work, I don' rightly know what. Dat gemman what jess' stood in de do' is de one what's doin' it fo' 'em, an' he is de fust one that 'lowed it could be done. Mighty fine man, dat Mr. Calve't."

He had made good, then! She went up to her room, almost happily. It was so good to know that he was happy; now, it only remained for her to free him and then—

A knock interrupted her musings and a bell-boy handed her a note. With feverish eagerness she tore it open, scarcely heeding the negro's "I'll wait fo' de anseh, ma'am," and read, in the strong writing, of which she had dreamed so long:

Dear, after all, you are my wife, and I have the right to tell you I love you. When I saw you tonight, so pale and thin, I knew that I had been a brute to keep that fool promise so long. I want to thank you for sending me home to my father on our wedding-day; I want to tell you of the success I've made of my life for you, and, more than all, I want to tell you that I love you, love you, Dorothy. May I come?

Tom.

Then Dorothy, a deep, radiant light glowing in her eyes, turned to the waiting bell-boy.

"Tell Mr. Calvert to come up," she said.



Papa Buys Some Diamonds

By ED. CAHN

Author of "Cohen's Insomnia," etc.

NOW Mommer! What did you go and shut up all the windows for? It's as hot as an oven in here. And who took those flowers out? Rosie! Ros-ie! You bring that bouquet of roses right straight back! I like your nerve, I don't think!"

Sallie stopped fluffing up the pillows on the sofa long enough to rescue her cherished flowers, and set them carefully down on the ornate centre-table.

"Vy, Sallie, mein childt! Vas iss id?" said her mother, dropping back into her German gutturals, which was a sure sign that she was astonished, for it took a great deal to make her forget her best English.

"It ain't anything, only I got some company coming to see me, and I want for once to have the parlor looking nice and lots of fresh air in it. Otto, he likes it piles fresh air. He says——"

"*Gott in Himmell Sallie!*" thundered her father from the doorway where he had been listening unobserved.

He thrust aside the portieres and strode into the room, clutching a newspaper in one pudgy hand while with the other he held an

enormous pair of silver-rimmed eyeglasses to his bulging, near-sighted eyes as if determined to get a good look at his eldest daughter for the first time in his life.

He was short and fat. The few remaining hairs on his dome-like head seemed fairly to bristle with anger.

Rosie gave a frightened little gasp and sank limply into the nearest chair. Mrs. Zuskin raised her hands to Heaven and shrugged her fat shoulders as much as to say: "Well, now Popper's started, who can tell when he will finish?" But Sallie set her even white teeth behind her well-cut mouth and stood her ground.

It was borne in upon her father then

and there, while he drew a long breath and prepared to explode, that she meant business. When Sallie's slumberous eyes flashed like that, when she lowered the lids just a wee trifle, when she threw her turbaned head back so and put her hand upon her trimly-corseted hip—she was in earnest, and he knew it. She was a highly improved edition of Moses Zuskin himself, and that did not calm his temper now as he realized it, and also the fact that she meant to have her own way in spite of all he could do.



"*Gott in Himmell Sallie!*" thundered her father from the doorway

"Do you mean to tell me," he cried shaking his glasses under her nose, "that you are still going with that Otto—that *schnorrer* what never keeps it a job for a month even, but swells it around all over in clothes what are so gay he looks it like a tailor's model? Ain't I told you fifty times already I will never give my consent to such kind of a feller marrying himself into my family?"

"Popper, don't holler so loud. I assure you I got good hearing yet," said Sallie, backing away. "I never said Otto wants to marry me. I—"

"Vat!" cried her mother, "mein darling!



"Ahem—good evening." A tall young man advanced

Are you crazy? For what else does he call on you then?"

"For the money he thinks he will get from me when they get married," said Zuskin sourly. "Certainly he thinks himself smart enough to get it. He sees Sallie is a fool, and he takes me for one also. I—"

"Ahem! Good evening!"

A tall young man, elegantly dressed, advanced out of the fast gathering shadows in the hall. He was entirely at ease and began apologizing at once.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Zuskin, for walking in like this. I rang the bell, but nobody came, and I thought, this being Thursday night, maybe your girl was out, so I walked in. Did I do right?"

Before she could answer Zuskin was upon him.

"No, sir, you did not. Ain't you got no manners? Why didn't you take it the hint and go away again? No young feller like you what is a good-for-nothing comes by my consent to see my Sallie or Rosie neither."

"No?" said Otto with perfect good humor. "What's the matter with me, Mr. Zuskin?"

"Popper!" broke in Sallie, appealingly. Then she turned to Otto.

"Oh, Ot—Mr. Goldmann, I mean—don't mind Popper; he is only a little upset—this heat—hasn't it been fierce? Sit down awhile." She offered him a

seat and pushed her father into one opposite. Her mother dropped into a chair beside Rosie and they looked on in awed silence.

"Sure," said Goldmann, accepting with a grateful smile which lit up his shrewd, dark face to fine advantage. "It has been hot all right, and enough to make anybody feel peevish."

"Now, see here," interrupted Zuskin angrily, "that will do. Such a gall as you got it to call me peevish in my own house!"

Goldmann laughed. "I didn't say you was peevish. I said anybody gets that way this kind of weather. When I was working by Levy's shoe store I learned that nobody has got to wear a shoe that don't fit him."

"You did, eh? Well, I guess that's all you learned then, for you didn't stay long. That's what is the matter with you. Already since you come from the old country you have had six jobs. Cincinnati, I know, it is a big place, but if you keep on so fast as what you are going you will have tried it all the jobs what there is here. You ain't a stayer. You are only a flasher, dressed up like a millionaire's son in clothes what nobody knows how you pay for. Big show and little money is what I call it. Besides, you are a gambler."

"I am, am I?" asked Otto. "Who told you that?"

"Sam Meyerstein," said Zuskin promptly. "He told me that when he was in Baltimore the last time he seen you

out at the Pimlico race track every day."

"Did he say he ever saw me betting?—No, I guess not, for I don't do it, Mr. Zuskin, and as for how I pay for my clothes, don't you worry. There is more than one way to kill a dog besides choke it to death, believe me. Because I don't stand on a street corner with a tray of shoe strings in front of me (a delicate allusion to his host's start in life) is no sign I can't make money to pay for my clothes, nor why I should go telling everybody my business."

Zuskin laughed scornfully.

"Fine talk, but it don't prove nothing."

"Well," said Otto, feeling in an inner pocket, "how about this?" He handed over a pass-book on the Commonwealth Bank which tersely stated his balance at that institution to be two hundred and fifty dollars. There was only a single entry of a recent date and no withdrawals.

"You must have had a swell tip on the races. Was it a long-shot?"

"I don't gamble, Mr. Zuskin. Look at this one," he added, passing him another on the Pioneer National Bank, crediting him with five hundred dollars in two entries, and a third on the County Savings and Trust Company, showing two hundred and fifty dollars. "How's that?"

"A thousand dollars ain't so much money. Who gave you the tips? Or did somebody in the old country die and leave you money? Why don't you have it all in one bank?" demanded Zuskin suspiciously.

"I don't bank on tips or bet on them. I had a concession at Pimlico and one at Latonia, that I had to hustle for; and while I was working by Handowitz's grocery store I learned not to put all my eggs in one basket," quoth Otto dryly.

"Maybe if you keep on learning a little every place you go you will know something some day."

"O Popper!" exclaimed Sallie, unable to contain herself. She could see that her father rather liked Otto for his sturdy defense of himself, and as she arose and snapped on the electric light, she flashed him a glance of encouragement.

"Popper, I think you are mean to talk to Mr. Goldmann that way. He and I

are just friends and he comes to call on me, not to tell you the story of his life. He will get the idea we ain't got any manners."

"I assure you, young lady, I don't care what ideas he gets. In my day a young fellow had to ask permission to call before he comes butting into a man's parlor without knocking."

"That's the style here, too," said Otto easily. "But I know how prejudiced against me you are, so I says to myself there is no use asking; but since you say I should ask, here goes for it. Mr. Zuskin, can I call on your daughter?"



All the way home Goldmann cudged his brains

To everyone's surprise, the old man did not answer hastily but sat reflectively rubbing his head.

"Goldmann," he said at last, "I ain't got no use for a better nor a concessioner either, whatever that is; but you have got a thousand dollars, which is something anyhow, only I think it was luck by a horse. I like a fellow to be calling on my Sallie what has a regular business, or at least a regular job, and all I got to say is, I won't give my consent to her seeing you unless you can show me another bank-book with two hundred dollars in it, besides the three you just showed me—just like they are—and show me also how and when and where you got the money, by the first of next month. No borrowing

of any kind goes. You got to get the money in a strictly business way. Is that plain?"

Goldmann felt the eyes of all upon him, and though his heart sank he kept his front.

"Put it there!" he cried enthusiastically, extending his hand. Zuskin grasped it and held it while he repeated his terms.

"Think you can do it?" he demanded.

"Surest thing you know," said Otto confidently.

"All right. Since I don't expect to see you back again, and you are here already, I guess you can stay now; but



As soon as breakfast was over he put his arm through Bennie's and led him apart

the girls have got to go to bed at ten." So saying, Zuskin left the room.

All the way home Goldmann cudgeled his brain, trying to devise some scheme whereby he could raise two hundred dollars in less than two weeks. He had nothing that he could sell, and no job; but he was not much cast down, for only the day before Jonas & Koch, the hide dealers, had offered him a position. A short time ago he would have jumped at it; but now, tempting as it was, he hesitated on Sallie's account, for it would take him away from her.

He had a beautiful plan for a start in business with his thousand dollars—and Sallie.

While he slowly prepared for bed he gave his mind up to thoughts of her. He was in love; so, perhaps, it was only natural that he first thought how pretty, how sweet and how generally charming she was. But he did not linger long on such, after all, trivial points. Oh, no. For Otto was first, last and all the time a Hebrew, and while charm and amiability are most desirable in a wife, thrift and a good head for business are infinitely better.

Ah! With Sallie for a wife, what could he not do? She would run the inside, book-keeping end of the business, and he would do the buying and general superintending. Such a head as that girl had, anyhow! Why, old Fresco, for whom she worked, had three times raised her salary rather than lose her, and he was such a miser that he hardly allowed himself enough to eat. If working for someone else Sallie was such a cracker-jack, what would she be working for herself and her Otto? He thrilled at the very thought and, certain that love would somehow find a way for business, he fell asleep.

Next morning he met Jacob Berg, Archie Spier and Bennie Marx at the entrance of Mrs. Stern's boarding-house, where he got his meals, and they all went in together to breakfast.

Jacob looked disgusted, Archie looked disappointed, and Bennie looked the picture of despair.

"Well, say, you fellers look about as lively as relations what's been left out of a will. What's the matter, anyhow?" said Otto, shaking out a napkin he had already used for eight or nine days.

"Ay," growled Archie heavily, "me and Jacob was in a pinochle game last night with some fellers what we had it on regular Dun and Bradstreet authority was rotten players, and they cleaned us out. I got a headache and nothing looks good to me. Ugh!" he finished, pushing away a steaming plate of hash, "this here is a skin game!"

"What?" cried the landlady's daughter, who was also the waitress. "Are you casting remarks at that hash, Mr. Spier?"

"Oh, no, no," cried Archie hastily, "I was speaking of life." "Oh," said Violet, "then I quite agree with you.

Life is a skin game, especially to folks like Ma and me what keeps boarding-houses."

"Cheer up!" encouraged Otto, laughing.

"Mr. Spier won't cheat you out of the week's board-bill he owes you, Violet. He ain't no skinner if you watch him close enough."

"Some folks gets skinned no matter how close they watch," remarked Bennie. "I read about a feller in the jewelry business what gets fooled by a couple of fellers on a fake diamond and lost three hundred dollars by it."

"How could anybody fool a jeweler on diamonds?" scoffed Otto.

"Pooh! Lots of fellers what call themselves jewelers ain't jewelers a-tall, and besides, a good fake diamond will fool even an expert unless he tests it. I've seen more than one stone I would 'av' bet my life was a diamond, but come to find out it wasn't worth no more than any other kind of glass. I got stung twice myself, and I got the stones to prove it.

"This feller I read about's game was to come into the store when the jeweler was not busy and pretend to be a jeweler himself from some place out of town, looking around for information about trade and jobbing-houses and an opening in some smaller town than what they was in. Pretty soon the jeweler gets interested and while they are talking another feller comes in with a couple of fine-looking diamonds what he claims is worth five hundred dollars. He wants cash for them and says he will sacrifice them for four hundred dollars. Of course, he and the first feller are pals and the stones are fakes, and they skin the jeweler."

This little narrative had given Otto an idea, and as soon as breakfast was over he put his arm through Bennie's and led him apart.

"Bennie," he said mysteriously, "do you know Moses Zuskin on Fourth Street? He's got a swell jewelry store."

"No," said Ben. "And from his name I don't want to. He sounds like a Kike to me, and for them I ain't got no use. Besides, I know already enough jewelers to suit me."

"Well, then, Bennie, how would you like to make in half an hour fifty dollars?"

"Does a bird like to fly? Tell me how to do it or else take care of yourself. Remember, I got fired from my job yesterday."

"Go on! Did you, Ben, honest?"

"Yes. That dirty pup what I been slaving for for two years tied the can to me. And for why? Only because he can't dress a window decent, and so it stays dressed, but tumbles down if I only look at it. He just finished fixing up a bum display when a lady comes in and wants to see a brooch what is in the



*"Rotten, young feller. I give you my word
I ain't got a cent to buy goods"*

window. I tries to get it out and down comes the display all over the place.

"You know how he is; goes up in the air, waves his arms like a crazy windmill, and calls me a *dappes* right before the lady. He says I got hands like feet, I am too slow to even make a jeweler, and that so long as he watches me I am all right—says I am just exactly identically like a dump-cart horse, only fifty times worse. 'Ben,' he says, 'when I say to you, whoa, you whoa, and when I say get-tup you get-tup. Now, put on your hat and get out! You are fired!'"

"Well," grinned Otto, "ain't he a sassy one? What did you do?"

"Oh, I got mad and quit. I wouldn't work for such a sucker."

"I'd have done the same thing, believe me. Now, listen here," and Otto rapidly outlined his scheme.

At first Ben declined positively; but, lured by the fifty dollars bait and fired with a desire to have some fun at the expense of a "Kike," he finally agreed to lend Otto his moral support and assistance.

Zuskin finished his dusting with the watch trays, and there being nothing to do this morning and no customer in sight, he settled himself to read the morning paper.

Presently he was interrupted by the entrance of a rather heavily built young man who certainly looked like Bennie Marx; but Zuskin could not be expected to know that, for until now he had never laid eyes on him.

"Good morning," said the visitor. "How is business?"

The oily smile, kept especially for customers, gave instant place to the cold scowl meant only for travelers.

"Rotten, young feller. I give you my word I ain't got a cent to buy goods. It's a uselessness to try to talk to me; I don't want nothing. When you go out, shut the door tight, or else the flies gets in and spoils my fixtures." And Zuskin took up his paper as if alone once more.

Now, long experience with the vagaries and tempers of his former employer had convinced Ben that nobody could nettle him with any sort of rudeness; but this was so uncalled for and the old man's tone and whole aspect was so sneering and offensive that he instantly determined to play the game for all he was worth and thereby get revenge. To him it had all been a huge joke with a chance of fifty dollars at the end, but now he was in dead earnest. Assuming a look of hurt surprise, he lifted his hand, exclaiming, "But I am not a travelling man, sir. I came in to get—"

"What!" cried Zuskin, springing up. "You want somethings, maybe? Excuse me, excuse me! What is it?"

"That's all right," said Bennie. "I didn't take no offence, believe me. I

know how it is myself. The drummers certainly do pester a man to death sometimes. I hate to trouble you for such a small matter as a crystal for my watch, but that's what I came in for."

"You are in the jewelry business, too?" queried Zuskin.

"Sure," replied Bennie, leisurely drawing out his watch. "I was, over in Kentucky. I come from Lexington. I have been hearing it for years what a fine place Ohio is to live in and make money in, and how it ain't so hot as Kentucky in the summer, and so I sold out my place and came here

to locate. I seen a feller on the train what tells me to see you. He said you was a fine feller and knows all about everything in this town. He says I don't make no mistake if I foller your advice.

"I ain't got such a awful lot of capital to put in a business, about three thousand dollars, and I am looking for a smaller town than what this is to start in."

Bennie could be wonderfully polite, wonderfully complimentary and wonderfully adroit when he chose, and now he fairly exceeded himself. It was not long before all the crafty suspicion and alert wariness faded out of Zuskin's face and a pleased, flattered look of complacency succeeded. His vanity

was tickled by this clever young man's frank appeal for his valuable advice and immensely delighted with the almost reverent attitude of one who is sensible of the privilege of sitting at the feet of the wise that he may learn wisdom. In the midst of the gentleman's dissertation on the jobbing-houses and their unholy ways another man entered the store.

His shaggy tweed suit was very short as to coat and scanty as to trousers, his dingy russet shoes of odd cut, his greenish felt cap with pointed visor and his bunchy brown whiskers—all proclaimed him but very recently arrived from the Old Country.

Zuskin excused himself from Bennie in a very different tone from the one in which he had greeted him.



*All proclaimed him but
very recently arrived
from the Old
Country*

The stranger evidently had a cold, for his voice was low and husky. He came straight to the point and offered to sell two very large, perfectly cut, blue-white stones for the unheard of sum of seven hundred dollars cash, vowing them to be fully worth fifteen hundred dollars at the least calculation.

Zuskin refused to consider or even look at the gems, but Bennie suddenly became interested and asked to see them. He explained that while he could not buy both at that price, he might consider one.

The stranger declared that he must sell both, and produced the stones. He said he was a jeweler by trade and had come to the United States from Liverpool, intending to go into business, having turned his old shop into money except for these stones which he had brought with him, they being extra fine. Since leaving England he had met misfortunes which had swept away his capital, and these diamonds were all he had left in the world. He was obliged to return to Liverpool, as his wife was very ill; hence this great sacrifice.

Zuskin offered no comment, but as he turned the beautiful baubles over and over with his pencil his small, half-shut eyes took on an avaricious gleam.

Ben made all manner of comments, pretended to find a flaw, which the Englishman indignantly disproved and dilated at length about their wonderful color and perfect cut. At last he offered them for six hundred and fifty dollars, but both men shook their heads.

Then, protesting that he was cutting his own throat, he came down twenty-five more; then, almost with tears, he made it six hundred.

Zuskin suddenly pushed away the patch of black velvet on which the tempters lay.

"It's no use to talk. I ain't got the money to use now. My bills is coming due and I ain't got much loose cash. If you say two hundred and fifty dollars for the both of them I could maybe find you the money."

"Just what I was going to say!" exclaimed Ben. But his words went unheeded while the Englishman filled the air with protestations. They were cut-throats, blood-suckers, leechers! Did they want his very life for nothing? Great Jehovah! He might better throw them in the street! He snatched them up as if about to do so and started out, but Zuskin hastily called him back.

"Wait a moment, *mein freund*," he said softly. "Please excuse us one moment." He drew Ben aside and made him the very proposition Bennie had been maneuvering to make him.

After displaying just the right amount of hesitation and allowing himself to be persuaded, Ben agreed and they returned to the impatient man from Liverpool.

"Well sir," he began, "Zuskin and me have decided to go into partnership, half and half, in this here deal. If we go into it, and if you see fit to

sell us them stones for five hundred dollars cash, we are agreeable."

"Five hundred!" gasped the other. "It's suicide! I couldn't do it."

"All right, then," cried Bennie loudly. "Nobody said you should unless you want to. Only don't throw no more fits about your poor sick wife. I guess you ain't so crazy to see her if you turn down such a good offer as that."

"That's what I say," echoed Zuskin. "All right. If I got to, I got to. Where is the money?"

"I'll write you a check for two hundred and fifty," said Bennie.

"Oh, no, you don't! Checks don't go with me. Only for checks, I might have



Zuskin was sitting huddled up into a miserable, shivering heap

more money than I got now. I got to have the cash in my hand before I leave the store, or the deal is off."

"Ain't that a hot one?" Ben grimaced, turning to Zuskin. "Afraid to take a check."

"No hotter a one than to sell a pair of stones worth easy fifteen hundred for five hundred," retorted the other bitterly.

"All the same I got a good notion to back out altogether." This from Ben.

"No, no," interposed Zuskin, soothingly, "that is nothing, lots of people don't believe in checks nor banks neither; that's all right. We are paying a good price for them things, but I believe in live and let live," he added piously. "Why don't you go with this here gentleman to the bank and get the money? I'll give him now my share, two hundred and fifty dollars, and it will be all right."

This the suspicious stranger agreed to and Zuskin counted that amount in bills into his hand. Then he insisted upon having a receipt for the stones and, fearful that some hitch would even now deprive him of his wonderful bargain, Zuskin at his dictation hastily scratched off the following on one of his letterheads:

"Received from A. Akitt one 3 1-16 karat diamond for the sum of \$250.00.
M. ZUSKIN."

"There," he grunted, as he thrust it at Akitt, "you Englishers is funny fellers. Such a queer receipt as you want."

Akitt expressed himself as satisfied and raised no objection to leaving the other stone behind for Zuskin to weigh and test. Then he and Ben left for the bank.

No sooner were they out of sight than Zuskin gave way to a spasm of silent laughter.

"Fools! Fools!" he muttered, rubbing his hands. "I've got both stones,

and they can't prove nothing against me!"

He admired them for a few moments, then put one in the safe and packed the other in cotton in a cigarette box which he wrapped and addressed to C. B. Rosenthal, General Delivery, City, marked it "Hold until called for," and darted out to the post-box a few doors away.

"There now, *mein freunds*, search the store all you want to. That there sparkler is safe until I get a chance to call for it." Then he entered the purchase in the books and resumed his paper.

In about twenty minutes Ben and Akitt returned. Akitt's brow was black as thunder.

"Hi!" he shouted, "this here feller changes his mind twict as often as a woman. He says he don't want to buy that stone after all. That's a fine trick to only buy one stone from me and make me lose a whole morning already. Give me the other stone what ain't paid for and I'll go somewheres else with it."

"What stone?" Zuskin asked blankly.

"What stone!" yelled Akitt. "Why, you old cross-eyed, hook-nosed, ring-boned, spavined

cross between a petrified baboon and a chicken-hawk—the stone I left here with you on trust!"

"You're crazy! I only got the stone I bought from you. Get out of my store! The two of you! You can't play no games on me."

Then the fat was in the fire, and Akitt raved all over the place. After some hesitation, Ben sided with him and they were both loudly berating Zuskin and calling him thief and murderer at the top of their voices when two policemen rushed in, threatening to arrest all three for disturbing the peace.

Akitt and Ben, amid many denials from Zuskin, who was now a pea-green from



Zuskin walked to the door

the fright, laid their case before the officers, who expressed it as their opinion that Zuskin was liable for such an act and all they had to do was swear out a warrant for his arrest and have their case tried in court. One of them remarked that even if he was not convicted, his business would surely get a death blow in that town and about all he could do would be to move.

Greed had blinded the old man's eyes to all this and fear now opened them so widely that every bugbear appeared twice its natural size. He sat mute and trembling while Akitt declared he would let the case rest just as it was until he had seen a lawyer and, grasping Ben's arm, he left the store, the minions of the law following, after a scowl at Zuskin, sitting huddled up into a miserable shivering heap.

He served a few stray customers in a daze, momentarily expecting arrest; but the noon hour came and went, and the long afternoon dragged into evening, and still no summons came.

The next day he took a little courage and decided to send the diamond to a firm of experts to be appraised. Every time the door opened he braced himself to meet an officer, but he had his fears for nothing. Just as he was closing the store for the night a messenger from the experts returned the stone and handed him a note which briefly stated that the so-called diamond he had submitted to them was not a diamond at all, but an exceedingly clever imitation.

"*Oi! Oi! Oi!*" moaned Zuskin. "I've been done up brown. No wonder them fellers don't get me arrested."

It hurt him terribly to lose two hundred and fifty dollars, but nevertheless he was immensely relieved to be rid of the haunting fear of arrest and scandal, and considered that he had got off cheaply.

When he reached home Sallie met him in the hall with the announcement that two gentlemen were awaiting him in the parlor.

It was Mr. Akitt and the erstwhile jeweler, Ben. He stared at them too surprised to utter a word.

"Mr. Zuskin," said Akitt, in his husky voice, "let me introduce Mr. Bennie Marx."

Ben in turn gravely said, "Mr. Zuskin, let me introduce to you my friend, Mr. Otto Goldmann, otherwise known as Mr. A. Akitt."

Otto pulled off his false beard and mustache and made him a sweeping bow, at the same time extending a fresh, new bank-book crediting him with two hundred dollars, deposited the day before.

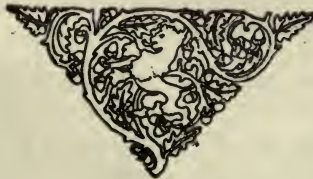
Zuskin seemed as if about to fly into a thousand pieces, but silently subsided, gulped hard once or twice, looked at the three original bank-boks which Otto displayed, sat down, stood up, and finally seized Otto's hand.

"My boy," he said brokenly, "you are a wonder!—and you, too," turning to Bennie. "Did you get the other fifty?"

"Yes, sir," said Ben, grinning from ear to ear.

Zuskin walked to the door.

"Sal—lie! My child, come he—ar, down by the parlor. Bring Rosie with you and introduce her to this here feller. Marx."



The Old Home

O H, dear Home Nest, serene you stand,
As pictured long ago;
Secure on memory's golden page
Though years may come and go.

Here 'neath this shade the grandsire worked,
Here built with mighty hand
This shelter that for many years
Was home to all our clan.

Here little children first saw light,
Here youthful hopes have died;
Here sorrows sore beset us,
Here love, that shall abide.

Here little children first took steps
About the open door,
Here hearts have bled for little ones
Whose voices are no more.

Here grew the flowers of long ago,
And blossomed many a year;
And mothers gathered fragrant herbs
That grew in plenty here.

As here beneath this spreading shade
Have sons and grandsons played,
So here were plighted solemn vows
By sturdy youth and maid.

Here seated round thy festive board,
Years past were poet, sage,
And men and women who hold place
On fame's historic page.

Here earnest words by lips and pen,
Whose power must onward go,
Through countless days and years to come,
In lessening human woe.

From out thy portals sons have gone
World knowledge to explore;
And mothers round thy hearth have told
Love stories as of yore.

From here thy sons with courage true
Have served their country well;
On ships at sea, in camps by land,
Their worth no man may tell.

And when at last with battles o'er
Back to thy portals come,
With tattered garb and graver mien,
Oh, welcome, welcome home!

O place of tender memories,
O home to all we love,
Thy Power for good within our hearts
Is like to that above.

O sheltered Nest! O place called Home!
O shade and flowers sweet!
From thee life's richest blessings fell
To make our lives complete.

Helen T. Woods.

Across the Night, Beyond the Day—

by

LOUISE POND JEWELL

THE night was rainy, and the play was not popular. Either one of these circumstances would have thinned out the house; as it was, the theater was almost empty. Stacy Meade leaned back in her seat in the front row of the first balcony with a peculiar sense of loneliness and of the footlessness of her life. She felt unwontedly aloof from the five pretty, softly rustling girls at her side, her charges from the fashionable "finishing school," now occupied in fortifying themselves against what promised to be a dull "show" by means of an armory of chocolate boxes. With an emotion of uncharacteristic distaste she reflected as she watched them that next year she would be doing exactly this same thing again, and the next, and the year after that . . .

She pulled herself together and sat up straight. "It is because there are so few here; nothing is more dreary than an empty pleasure house," she told herself, and moved her muff from the vacant seat on her left to make room for the boyish-looking person who had just been shown in; while at the same moment the murky twilight of the great house was suddenly withdrawn, the melancholy, reverberating strains of the small orchestra ceased, and the curtain went up on the Lincoln play.

It was a wonderful portrayal, throwing into strong relief, amid the dramatic and soul-stirring scenes of the '60's, the moral height, the homely majesty, the power and magnanimity of the great figure that towers head and shoulders above all others of his times. The incidents presented were thrilling, the acting unusual, the hero

actually lived upon the stage—before half a hundred eyes.

As the curtain descended upon the first act and the dim lights once more flared, Stacy continued for a moment to lean forward, her chin propped in her hand, forgetful of her surroundings, heart and imagination held captive by the moving events of sixty years ago. Finally, with a deep-drawn breath, she leaned back. The soft, gay babble of the girls on the right fell jarringly upon her ears, and instinctively she turned away. As she did so a strange thing happened; for her eyes met squarely and steadily the eyes of the young man beside her, and in them she saw her own mood perfectly reflected and understood—all her enthusiasm, self-forgetful absorption, tender appreciation of the great hero; they were given back to her in a look impersonal, yet curiously intimate and unreserved. As Stacy looked, she smiled, with a sudden happy glow, and her smile was returned.

Through the rest of the play she did not lose that happy glow. It was a fine thing to enjoy; it was a thing finer still to be able to do so with a sense that in that enjoyment one was not alone. She did not again look in her neighbor's direction, but she found her surroundings transformed—the cavernous theater, the chattering girls, the bored audience—just by the assurance that by her side was one who in the spectacle before them saw what she was seeing, felt what she was feeling, was moved as she was being moved.

Before the final curtain was fairly down the girls rose, and the audience with a rustle of relief began donning wraps and

overshoes. The young man at Stacy's left struggled into his overcoat and turned toward the aisle. The conventional girl could not have accounted for the feeling that suddenly possessed her—that she must not let him go like that. Outwardly, all that had passed between them had been one quiet look of mutual understanding; but it seemed to her as if they had shared the whole evening in a strangely intimate way. Impulsively she took a step toward him and held out her hand:

"I want to say good-night," she said.

He took her hand and held it gently for an instant. "Good-night—and thank you," he responded simply, as if she had done a perfectly natural and everyday thing.

As they turned away from each other, the thin music from the orchestra came to the discordant end; there was the sound of the pushing back of chairs, the lights went down for the last time, and Stacy hastened after her girls in the semi-darkness.

* * *

"Going home for your vacation, are you?" asked Stacy's portly seat-mate in the train, as she puffingly emerged from bestowing certain Christmassy-looking bundles into the space beneath their feet. "Glad to get home for the holidays, I'll warrant."

The spirit of the season and the woman's wholesome, beaming smile modified Stacy's city-bred stiffness.

"I'm not on my way home," she replied, "I am going—on a sort of trip."

Her companion eyed her with open disapproval before rising to dispose of a few more articles in the umbrella rack overhead.

"Well, everyone to their fancy," she conceded grudgingly, "but *I* should hate to be away from *home* at Christmas time. I ain't much for gallivanting 'round a great sight, anyway, but Christmas time I feel like I've *got* to be at home, and life would be pretty poor pickings without it!"

The girl made no answer; holding her magazine high enough to conceal her face, she pretended to read, but her eyes were not focused upon the pages before her. The woman's words, "Life would be pretty poor pickings without it," rang in her

ears, for they had once more brought her face to face with the question she was trying to evade for one day longer. How everything, even a chance traveling companion's words, conspired to show her over and over the lack and cheerlessness in her life and so pile up arguments in favor of the course she instinctively shrank from choosing!

"Well, good-bye," said the voice at her elbow—"I'm getting out here. I hope you'll have a nice trip, I'm sure, though I'd sooner think of you as going home."

Amidst the disorder attendant upon the station stop, Stacy's thoughts went on. After all, she mused, wearily, why make so much of a decision that affected only one little life? Life wouldn't last forever; why treat the matter as if it were so terribly important? Why not accept the obvious, easy path without more ado, putting aside the impossible vagaries of romantic youth?

And then, suddenly, strangely, a vision flashed before her eyes—a memory; the memory of a look, straight and steady, of impersonal but perfect sympathy. Three years had blurred her recollection of the accompanying details of that experience; she could not image to herself now the face whose eyes had met and read her own so strangely. But the look itself was as real as if it had been yesterday, and she knew it always would be. Why should she think of it now—?

"Is this seat engaged?" she heard someone addressing her; and, turning, she found herself as one in a dream looking into those same eyes again—the eyes of the "boyish-looking person" who had sat next to her at the Lincoln play on a rainy night three years ago.

Whether he remembered her or not, she did not question. It was enough that he was there. The crowded car with its thick, dull atmosphere that she had found intolerable before became a gay caravan of smiling faces, and the air might have been the air of heaven. The poignant Christmas season seemed suddenly only merry and beautiful, the bare, frozen landscape radiant. She was permeated with a sense of utter content; life was worth while.

Abruptly, in the midst of its high speed,

with a series of tremendous, lurching jolts, the train came to a standstill. It was a thing quick, violent, sinister. People were thrown forward from their seats, those in the aisles went headlong. There were screams, then all in the car seemed on their feet at once, struggling for the doors. Stacy's companion rose then, leaning over her, said quietly:

"Don't move. I will find out what the trouble is, and will come back for you. Please wait."

It seemed a natural thing that he should have assumed command so simply. She watched him making his way to the door, vaguely noting that his quiet purpose and unhurried coolness made him succeed where the struggling crowd failed. Presently he appeared outside her window, smiling reassuringly. "It is all right!" he motioned to her with his lips. And a little later the erstwhile terror-stricken and shrieking occupants of the car surged back in again, this time with laughter and jests, and with gibes at one another for the manifestations of fear that everyone except the one speaking—in every case—had exhibited.

Stacy looked up inquiringly as her seat-mate returned.

"It was only one of those little land-slides," he explained, "that have made themselves such a nuisance on this road. Fortunately, the engineer saw it in time to stop the train. We'll be here an hour or so while they clear it up, and I suppose that then we will have to wait and side-track for everything all day and be very late. Will it inconvenience you much?"

"No, not especially," answered Stacy; what difference did lateness make now?

"Isn't it curious how differently people react at such time?" he said, thoughtfully; he might have been speaking to one he had known all his life. "See that woman ahead, the one with the puffs, laughing and self-complacent; did you hear her piercing scream, 'Oh, my God!?' The event takes place, exactly the same phenomenon for these hundred people,

yet each one has his own individual way of receiving it. Did you notice?"

"Your way of receiving it was to notice what other people were doing, it seems," suggested Stacy, smiling.

"Well, you see, I felt pretty sure, when there wasn't an instantaneous crash, that the thing was over, whatever it might be. But of course at the very first it could have meant—almost anything. You



*He took her hand and held it gently
for an instant*

were perfectly quiet. Weren't you afraid?"

"I don't think I was afraid," answered Stacy slowly; then realizing *why* she had not been afraid, the color flew to her face. She went on hastily, in the hope that he would not notice:

"Doesn't that question of yours show that you don't fully believe what you just said? Did the same thing happen to everyone in this car?"

"Apparently."

"Yes, apparently; but I mean, really? Who can tell about another's experience of fear or pain? I prick my finger and you prick yours, but I can't know your sensations and you can't know mine; and when you are silent and I cry out, I don't think it indicates at all that you are braver than I, because perhaps I am actually suffering ten times as much as you are."

She paused a minute and then went on: "I try to remember this when others 'react' differently from the way I do, and it makes me more charitable many times. For I tell myself that I can't possibly *know* what they are really going through, physically or mentally, because I am not they."

"That is literally applying George Sand's '*To understand all is to forgive all*,' isn't it? The trouble is, that attitude of *laissez faire* works a greater advantage to yourself than it does to those you refuse to judge."

"How do you mean?" she questioned, smiling and curious.

"I mean, hard knocks and bruises harden our moral muscles and keep us in condition, and anything is to be welcomed that prevents flabbiness."

"But to be judged unjustly—?"

"It's a part of the day's work. Personally, I'd rather get some undeserved blows than not to get blows enough. We humans are made that way; he just criticism we've got to have, and if we're good for anything, the unkind criticism doesn't hurt us."

"You two blessed people!" broke in a gay voice, and both looked up to greet a debonair, prosperous and smiling woman standing beside them and bending down to shake hands, with a slight accentuation of her usual cordiality due to the strain her nerves had just received, and then the quick and welcome relief. She was the mother of one of Stacy's former pupils, a woman of wealth and fashion and culture, and representing the pleasantest and most desirable side of that "society" of which she was an ornament.

"I didn't know you two were friends," she continued, taking a new breath. "Weren't you scared to death by the accident? It wouldn't have shaken us up half so much in the Pullmans, but I

suppose you fared as I did—got to the station only to find all the seats taken. And then, of course, there has to be an accident this day of all days! To be sure, it didn't amount to anything, but it isn't worth while to have one's nerves so upset, is it? I suppose you are going to make a visit somewhere for your Christmas vacation, Miss Meade? I know your girls always want you."

"No, I am on my way to Lake Placid—to board, not visit," Stacy replied, delighting in the look of polite commiseration that instantly drew down the corners of Mrs. Lorillard's pretty mouth.

"Lake Placid—in winter! You are not ill, I hope?"

"Oh, no; I'm perfectly well, thank you. But I've always wanted to see the mountains in the snow, and this year I took the bits in my teeth and shall spend two whole weeks out of doors!"

"Well, I must say that seems a queer way to spend one's tiny bit of respite—all alone, too! I never heard of such a thing. What do you think of it, Mr. Van Alstyne?"

"It is what I should have expected of Miss Meade," replied her neighbor, using her name with unembarrassed familiarity. He had risen and was standing beside the newcomer. As he spoke he looked down at Stacy with that smile of comprehension she remembered so well, banishing the constraint she had felt from the moment of Mrs. Lorillard's coming, and putting her suddenly at her ease again.

"Well, *you* are not going to Lake Placid. I trust, you dispointer of hopes?" questioned the lady. "Can't I persuade you even yet to change your mind, stop off with me at Poughkeepsie for Geraldine and then come across the river to our house party?"

"I really can't do it, Mrs. Lorillard. I must spend a few hours at Schenectady tonight and go back to New York tomorrow. I can't take even a day off, for Christmas, this year."

"Oh, dear! That's what comes of being big and important," pouted the one unused to refusals. "All the *ordinary* men we know are always *glad* to come to our Christmas party! And of course we wanted you all the more for the very reasons that keep you away; we wanted a real *lion*,

and the girls are simply crazy about your work—that big thing you did last year. You know your presence just *made* that reception of mine in November. Everybody has been besieging me ever since to learn how on earth I induced you to come; and when I said *maybe* I could get you at Christmas—!”

The “boyish-looking person” laughed and made a gay rejoinder, and while the two talked together, standing in the aisle, Stacy looked at him from a different viewpoint. So he was a “big” person, a “lion,” one whom Mrs. Lorillard and her friends delighted to honor! Stacy knew well how much prized were invitations to that luxurious home; she knew “Society” was Mrs. Lorillard’s own bubble. And this man, whom she remembered even the girls at the theater to have commented on as being too “young for Miss Meade,” this man about whose personality she had felt so strangely possessive, was one who held a high place in the world, had done “big” things! What sort of things—political things? Was he a great lawyer, physician, scientist? Was he a season’s favorite writer? Her heart sank. Somehow, each one of these possibilities seemed to remove him to a great distance. Her eyes rested upon him now for the first time as upon a stranger—curiously, critically. She saw that the “boyish” look was not due so much to youth as to something else—something that years would never take away. As he stood talking with his friend, she observed that he was perfectly mature, self-possessed, master of the situation. In that impression of unspoiled youthfulness that he gave lay the record, she believed, of strength and poise and fine living.

Mrs. Lorillard had evidently finished her conversation with her “lion,” and leaned over to take Stacy’s hand in parting.

“Well, good-bye, Miss Meade; I shall tell Geraldine that I saw you, and I know she would wish to be remembered. She thinks you ought to be teaching in college; says no one makes them *love* their work as you did. But I hope, for the school’s sake, you’ll never leave Miss Dwight’s. Well, the train is actually starting, and I must go back to my sister. I’m *so* glad to have met you both. Do come in to dinner

when we return to the city, Mr. Van Alstyne, any night; don’t trouble to let me know. Good-bye.”

“She has consumed fifteen valuable minutes,” said he who answered to the name of Van Alstyne, as he seated himself again, “but I don’t believe there is a kinder woman in the world. And kindness is the mother of all virtues.”

“Do you mean that,” questioned Stacy, “or do you merely say it because it sounds so neat?”

“I don’t ‘merely say it’! It happens to be one of the things I have a conviction about. It isn’t a roaring, sumptuous virtue, I admit; indeed, it’s quite tame and modest; but to my mind it’s the most indispensable one of all.”

“It isn’t to mine.”

“What is, then?”

“You used the expression ‘most indispensable.’ I have come to think that even kindness is not of very much value unless it is built on sincerity.”

Again she met the quick, answering smile.

“But sincerity isn’t a virtue at all; it’s essential, the only decent rock on which any sort of character can be built. Have I escaped, do you think?”

“I think ‘speciousness’ is the word that belongs to that kind of maneuver, don’t you?” laughed Stacy.

“How fine the winter sports will be, where you are going,” he remarked, later on, as they looked out upon a big and beautiful snowstorm which the train was passing through. “I commend your use of a vacation. Fancy being cooped up with steam heat and ballroom perfumes, when one could be out and genuinely *living* in a scene like this!”

“I am afraid I must confess to you,” said the girl, hesitatingly, “that it is not pure sporting blood on my part that made me choose as I did. Of course I always *have* thought I would come up here in winter sometime; but this year I really came more for another reason. I had a problem—a pretty important one to me—to think out, and wanted to be alone and out of doors to do it.”

“So you have found that out, too—how to get the cobwebs out of the brain! I made the discovery fifteen years ago,

when the biggest question of my life came up; I did exactly what you are doing—went off to the woods for a week on an ostensible hunting trip.”

“And it worked? You got the cobwebs out?”

“May I tell you about it and let you judge for yourself?”

“It is so easy to judge, for other people,” sighed Stacy.

“Well, it was this: When I finished at the professional school and found that all my small patrimony had been used up on my education, my guardian came forward and made me a tempting offer. He was an old man and was fond of me; and his proposition was that I should come and live with him, look after his property, which was large, give him something of my companionship—in short, take a son’s place with him for the rest of his life, and take a son’s place in his will. But it necessitated my giving up the work for which I had been fitting myself, and which naturally involved my going to a different locality.”

“Well,” Stacy prompted, as he paused, “was it hard to decide?”

“Yes, I admit that to the penniless boy, alone in the world, the offer of home, security, luxury, a position of distinction, a future of certain usefulness, seemed to weigh a great deal. What would you have done?”

“Of course I don’t know, because I don’t know how much that work of yours meant to you; whether all your best ideals were connected with it.”

“And if they were?”

“Then I don’t see how there could be but one thing to do—unless your guardian had been good to you—and needed you.”

“He had as a member of his family an orphan niece,” her companion went on, without answering her directly. “That complicated matters. I think he had certain hopes about that girl—and me.”

“Did she—like you? Perhaps you would rather not answer.”

“At any rate, it didn’t seem a simple situation,” he evaded. “But probably I should have decided as I did, in any case. The woods clear one’s eyes, you know.”

“You went away and you have never been sorry?”

“No, because I have found out in the years that have passed since then that the satisfaction of doing one’s chosen work outweighs every other satisfaction in the world.”

Stacy longed to ask what that work was, but the rules of the game they were playing seemed to forbid probing beyond a certain impersonal point. While she was wondering, he spoke again:

“Now, are you going to tell me what you are taking to the woods for? Don’t do it unless you wish to.”

She gave him a startled look. The idea took her breath away for a moment; then came the thought, why not? With a little gasp of astonishment at herself she came to a decision and spoke quickly, before she should change her mind:

“I think I do wish to. . . . Perhaps you can help me. . . . I am going away to decide whether or not I shall marry a certain man; I must give my answer within a week.”

“Then yours is a vital question, too,” he commented, showing no surprise. “Why do you have to go away to find your answer?”

“Why, I can think better when I am by myself. I thought you said you understood that.”

“But why think at all?”

“How can I decide what is best to do without thinking?”

“Oh—then you want to do what is best?”

“Why, of course! Shouldn’t one—a sane, reasonable person?”

“I suppose so—a *very* sane, reasonable person. . . . Then, I take it, there are arguments to be weighed on both sides of the scales?”

Stacy shook her head. “That is what makes it so puzzling,” she said, slowly. “All the arguments are on one side. He is everything he should be, personally; and besides, can give me all the things I’ve wanted all my life.”

“A marriage with him,” suggested her companion, “would mean leisure and opportunity for a fuller, freer existence than you can possibly know now. Is that it?”

“Yes,” she assented; “study, travel, culture, association with stimulating peo-

ple. Don't you think," she said a little wistfully, leaning forward, "that it is wise for a woman of thirty to think of these things? Aren't the material advantages of life of a good deal of account when one is no longer young?"

"Undoubtedly," he agreed promptly, smiling.

"And do you know of many happy marriages founded on romantic love?" she urged, as if pleading a cause.

"No, not many."

"You see, he wanted me to be *sure* I did not care before I said no, this final time. He told me I demand too much of what I call 'love'; that I have an impractical girl's notion. He said that if he is really an important element in my life, if he has been the means of making it happier and more interesting these two years back, if I would miss him and the things he does for my enjoyment, if he went away—that is real 'caring,' and that nothing else is of real importance."

"Well—and so you are going to think out whether you do 'care' in this way?"

"No, not exactly. For I already know that he has done a great deal to give me pleasure, and that my recreation time would be very dull indeed without what he puts into them; but—"

"There is still a 'but'?"

"Oh, there is!" breathed Stacy. "I can't see why. Can you?"

"Yes," answered her hearer.

"Well, let's not talk about it any more," she said hastily. "It seems very simple, but I wish I could get rid of this callow indecision. I am afraid I am a coward, and that, that is why I hesitate to hazard—everything!"

"The woods will help you see straight," he said gently. "And whatever you decide to do—you are not a coward."

As the train left Schenectady and Stacy's traveling companion behind, late in the afternoon, the girl's whole mind was in a whirl of incredulity at what had just happened. The day had passed like a dream, and she had all along told herself that it must end as all dreams do. Yet she knew now that she had not really believed it possible that at the last he would not make some mention of the things of real life, express some hope of a future meeting;

that he would say "Good-night" again as pleasantly, but with as much finality, as before, and vanish forever out of her life.

But when she resolutely put away this feeling of protest and disappointment, she became conscious of a wonderful light-heartedness such as she had not known before in months. For suddenly she realized that she no longer needed the help of the woods; that her problem was already solved. She saw unblurred what before she had but dimly felt; she had caught a fleeting glimpse of what *might* exist in the world, what perfect companionship, what oneness of spirit between two human beings. And, since such things might be, though they might never be for her, she would accept nothing less; no second best, no compromises.

* * *

But often in the succeeding months, especially at nightfall, at the end of weary days made the harder because of a protracted illness on the part of her chief, Stacy's thoughts would revert to the one whom twice she had met so strangely and had seemed to know so differently from all the rest of the world. In spite of reason, she allowed herself, at first, half to expect him to follow up the acquaintance, to seek her out. Once or twice when the door bell rang below of an evening, she caught herself listening for footsteps, bringing an announcement of a visitor who all her common sense and knowledge of the world told her would never come.

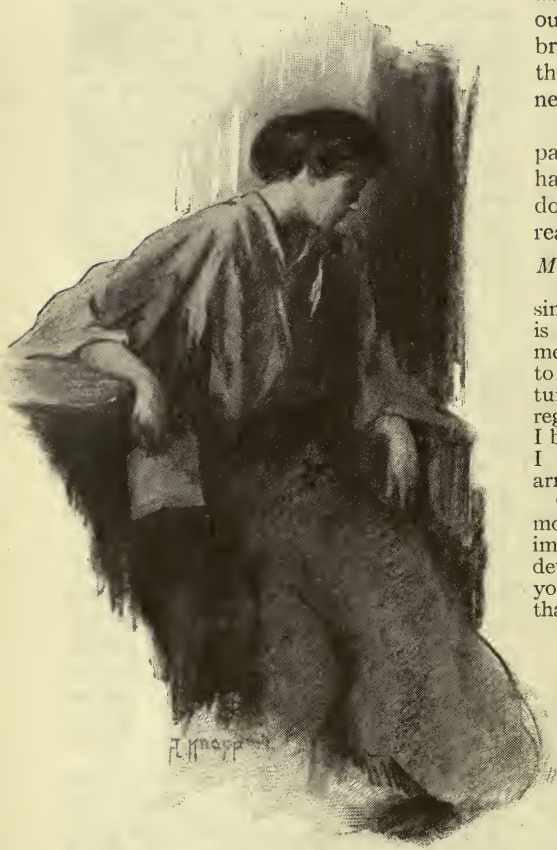
There came a day in March when Miss Dwight's illness reached a crisis. The claims of friendship and duty kept Stacy at the older woman's side every available moment, and it was late in the evening when the nurse finally insisted on her going to her room for the night. "You haven't spared yourself," she said, "and you look ready to drop."

The girl walked slowly down the long hall. She was pale and weary, it was after eleven, and she almost resented being waylaid by one of the maids as she reached her door.

"Oh, Miss Meade," came a penitent voice, "I hope it won't make any difference, but this letter came several days

ago, and I put it in my pocket to bring up to you, and never thought of it again until I put on this dress tonight. I didn't like to call you out of Miss Dwight's room, so I waited here. I do hope it isn't important."

"I'm sorry you stayed up, Annie; it would probably have done just as well



She sank down in a chair by the table

in the morning," Stacy responded, reassuringly, as she took the letter.

"Oh, I was glad to do that much, and I knew you'd be nice about it; I told Delia it was good it happened to be you, if it had to be someone, because you wouldn't make a fuss. Good-night, Miss Meade, and thank you."

Stacy switched on the drop light and bent over indifferently to look at the superscription on her belated letter. As she

had expected, it was an unfamiliar handwriting, probably from some stranger about school matters, and her first impulse was to lay it aside until morning, for tonight she had no heart for other people's troubles. But the long, familiar habit of service proved stronger than her inclination, and carelessly opening it, she turned absently to the signature, slowly pulling out hair pins the while from her pile of braids, in leisurely preparation for reading this rather long missive in comfortable negligee.

The name that met her eyes on the last page caused the hand on the way to her hair to stop and fall at her side. She sank down in a chair by the table and in a daze read from the beginning:

My dear Miss Meade,

I have gone out to the Coast and back since we parted at Schenectady; but that is not the reason you have not heard from me. Before I wrote I wanted to give you time to do that "thinking" of yours quite undisturbed, so that your decision might be made regardless of everything save the main issue. I believe you have had time for this now, and I believe I can guess what decision you arrived at!

On the train that day we talked, in a way, most intimately, yet in another way most impersonally. Purposely I withheld certain details about myself that I hoped to tell you sometime. But that day I had a fancy that you should know me as I knew you, just as a human being, apart from all social environment.

That unique day has passed, and I want to fill in the missing links in the story I told you then. One is that my guardian was Angus Speyer, a name you will be familiar with. The other important detail is that my work, which is that of mining engineering, took me at once to the far West, where it has kept me absorbingly occupied ever since. I have been successful, fairly so as success is ordinarily reckoned, but more truly so in that I feel that I have been of some use in the world—have never had a moment's doubt that I had "found my task." I want to live as many years as I can, and I want to do as much good work in them as I can, and—I want you to help me!

When I met you at the theater that rainy night I knew at once that I had found the girl who fitted into a certain far-back boyhood phrasing of mine—"the Only One." I knew that I should see you again; I stayed in New York weeks longer than I had intended that time, confident that Fate would repeat the meeting she had evidently planned. But Fate's methods are leisurely; she waited

three years! When, in my seat in one of the rear Pullmans the other day I saw you pass my window, I left the car and followed you, and the rest you know.

I say you know the rest; I think you do. It would be hard to convince me that true natures could meet as we have, twice, and share so much, feel such an undercurrent of mutual understanding, in both speech and silence, without the consciousness on the part of both of the present of the Greatest Thing in the World. That the experience is unprecedented is no argument against its reality. Perhaps people do not usually wait long and quietly enough for the best things to come. But be that as it may, I believe that you and I, living at opposite sides of a continent, in surroundings so dissimilar—I with my congenial, stimulating work to do, and you in the dull treadmill you were not meant for—belong to each other and have been waiting for each other all these years!

Today letters have come that call me back to Montana in a week. I go on the New York Central next Wednesday at midnight. I want to see you at once, my Brushwood girl, and—if it is all true—I want you to marry me and go back with me! In that case, before you answer this, you must look me up; you have the data. I insist on this; it is the one concession we will make to custom's ways. After that, if you write me to come, I will come knowing that my wife will go back with me. I want nothing less; if it can't be all, it is not what I thought. If, when you read this, you have a single feeling of doubt or hesitation, if you ask yourself, demurring, "What shall I do?"—then—do nothing. That very shrinking would show that my premises are all wrong. I have not much of the gambling spirit, and certainly in the matter of marriage I should not care to take a leap in the dark. And that is what it would be unless this secure feeling of conviction and finality of mine has been yours also—the feeling "It is decreed." So, if all this seems a thing wild, unnatural, preposterous; if your response is not spontaneous—no "problem" this time!—do not answer in any way. I shall understand your silence and thank you for your sincerity.

But—I believe you will write! Already this fine world of ours is irradiated for me by the prospect of having you for a comrade to share all life with—its mountains and valleys, yes, and its desert places, too. Is this poetic, do you think, for a plain engineer? When you have lived in our big western solitudes and cities, you will know that the poetry of life has hardly a beginning in the East.

You see I have not even once used the word "love." But you, with the true, deep eyes, will know that that word enfolds and is enfolded by every line I have written; and if you don't quite comprehend, I will explain it to you all the rest of your life!

Faithfully yours,

ROBERT VAN ALSTYNE.

As Stacy finished reading, she held the letter to her face a moment, living again in the world she had found once before when sitting at a play, once when riding in a day coach on a jolting train—a world of sweetness and brightness and utter content. "Unnatural, preposterous?" No, it was the only thing that could have happened. She felt as if it had all taken place a thousand years before, and she had somehow known it all the time. Of course he was an engineer! How could she have imagined his being anything else? And how easy it was to think of him as belonging to the big West, with its boundless possibilities, its constructiveness, its optimism. It struck a chord of gladness in her that he asked for her help, that he wanted her comradeship in the rough places as well as the smooth ones, that in all things there was to be mutual responsibility, sharing.

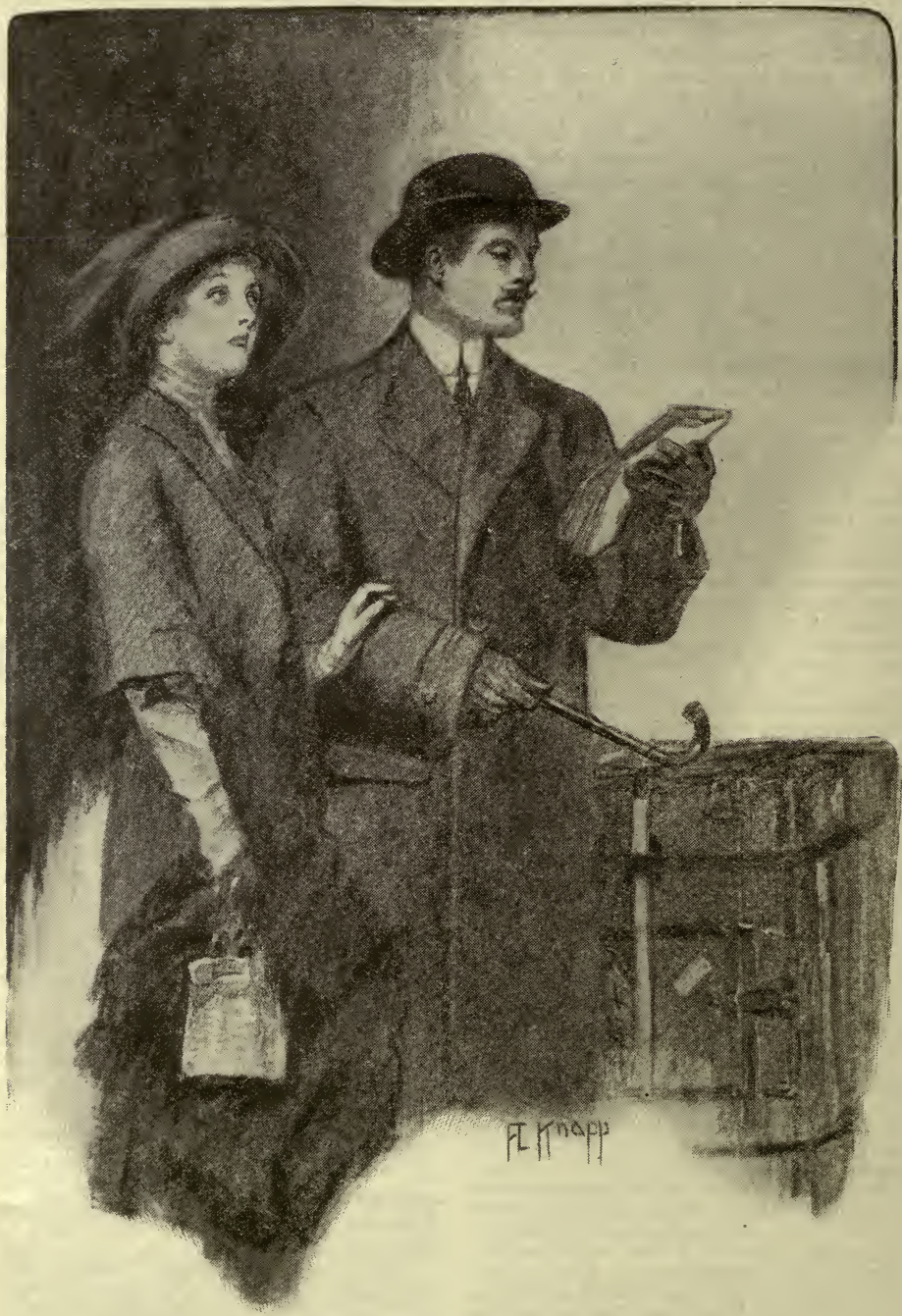
Then suddenly her heart stood still. He had bidden her write at once, and the letter had been delayed; she looked at the first page and found it dated a week back. On "Wednesday next"—today—he was going back. It was nearly half past eleven now; he was to start at midnight. A letter or a silence was to have a definite meaning; she had been silent. Even had she received the letter in time, Miss Dwight's condition would have made it out of the question for her to leave the school at present. But—he must not, should not go, without knowing, without a word!

She ran up the stairs which separated her floor from the servants' rooms and knocked at one of the doors.

"Annie," she said at once to the girl who opened it, "I'm glad you have not gone to bed yet. I've got to hurry to the Grand Central to take an important message to a friend, and I want you to go with me. Please get ready as quickly as you can, and I will telephone for a taxi. Will you meet me in the lower hall in ten minutes?"

"Why, yes, Miss Meade," agreed the bewildered maid. It was cyclonic, but this teacher was a favorite, and her manner showed that the case was urgent. So Annie obeyed without question.

As they went at full speed down the



She crossed the little space between them and touched him on the arm

dark streets, Stacy was beset with all kinds of fears. Suppose he had changed his plan and left before this, when he had not heard? Suppose he had boarded his train early—on the midnight express, she knew, the sleepers were open at ten—and she could not see him? Suppose they did not arrive in time? Of course, now, she could reach him by letter, but—she wanted to see him, to see him *at once*, and not have that silence of hers, and all that it implied, lying longer between them!

They drew up at the curb before the station and hastened into the brilliantly-lighted waiting room. The clock hands pointed to ten minutes before twelve; she was at least in time!

She made Annie sit down near the entrance, then she took a few steps forward and looked around. The glare of light dazzled her eyes a little, after the darkness outside. It seemed strange, at such a time of night, to find this place as busy, as full, as teeming with the tides of life, as in the day. She did not realize how conspicuous she was, her pale face illumined with a sort of shining inner light, her anxious

eyes sweeping the length of the large room. Utterly unconscious of herself she stood—and then, in a minute, she saw him.

He was near one of the ticket windows, turned half away from her, his suit case on the floor beside him. He wore a heavy, fur-lined coat and bore that subtle and unmistakable air that distinguishes one about to start upon a long journey. He was consulting a timetable, and had not seen her, for which she felt suddenly glad. For a delaying instant she stood surveying him, this “boyish-looking person” who had done, was doing, big things in the world, whom she had seen but twice before in her life, whose name she had never spoken, whose very face, a moment ago, she could have recalled only with difficulty. As she looked, conscious of the old feeling of perfect content, she smiled as she remembered how, in his letter, he had cautioned her, if his summons created any doubts or misgivings, to “do nothing”! Then, with the smile still on her lips, she crossed the little space between them and touched him on the arm.

THE HEART OF FRIENDSHIP

HERE'S to the heart of friendship, tried and true,
 That laughs with us when joys our pathway strew;
 And kneels with us when sorrow, like a pall,
 Enshrouds our stricken souls; then smiles through all
 The midnight gloom with more than human faith.
 Here's to the love that seeks not self, and hath
 No censure for our frailty, but doth woo,
 By gentle arts, our spirits back into
 The way of truth; then sheds upon our lives
 A radiance that all else survives.

—*Heart Throbs, II.*

John L. McCreery

The Author of "There is no Death"

By FRANK J. METCALF

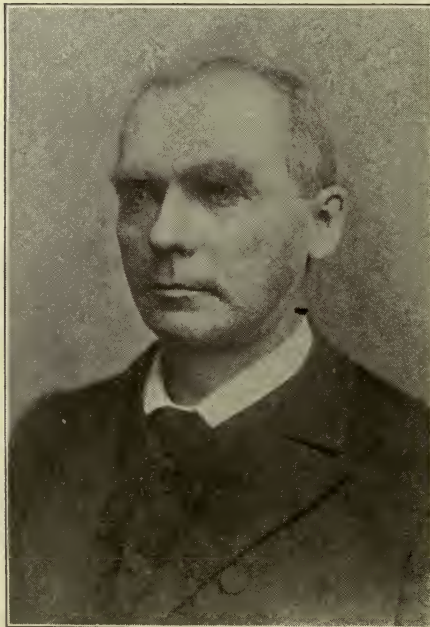


NOW that the controversy over the authorship of the poem, "There is no Death," has been settled in favor of John L. McCreery, it may be of interest to learn how it happened that it should have been attributed to Bulwer-Lytton. It is a strange story of evolution. The poem was first printed in *Arthur's Home Magazine* for July, 1863. The author at that time was living in Delhi, Iowa, and publishing the *Delaware County Journal*. After the appearance of his poem in the Philadelphia paper he copied it into his own, crediting it to the *Home Magazine* instead of signing his own name to it. A marked copy was sent to a friend in Illinois, where Mr. McCreery had learned the printer's trade, and this friend reprinted the poem in the paper on which he was then working. Somebody named Eugene Bulmer wrote an article for a Chicago paper on immortality and closed with these verses without attributing them to the source from which taken. From

this paper the verses only were copied and ascribed to the author of the article on immortality, but instead of using the whole of the given name the verses were signed, E. Bulmer. Now some wise body, who knew more about Edward Bulwer than of E. Bulmer, thought he had discovered a typographical error, and having changed the "m" to "w" the evolution was nearly complete. One more change and the poem became the composition of Bulwer-Lytton.

A search for data on the author and his life prompted the writer to investigate in and about Washington, D. C., for McCreery is buried in one of the Washington graveyards. Near one of the entrances to Glenwood Cemetery, there is a modest monument of polished granite bearing this inscription:

1835-1906
John Luckey McCreery
Author of
"There is no Death"
There is no death! the
stars go down
To rise upon some other
shore,
And bright in heaven's
jeweled crown
They shine forevermore.



JOHN L. MCCREERY
The author of the immortal poem,
"There is no Death"

Upon consulting the Washington Directory for 1906 it was found that Mr. McCreery was at that time living at the capital, where his widow still resides.

After spending an evening in Mrs. McCreery's home many interesting facts were learned.

John Luckey McCreery was born December 31, 1835, in Sweden, Munroe County, New York. Luckey was his mother's maiden name. His father was a Methodist minister. His brother was prepared for his father's calling, but John did not incline in that direction. He attended school for a while at Alfred Seminary, New York, and after his folks had removed to Ashtabula County, Ohio, he was sent for a year to a school in Austinburgh. He began to learn shorthand when fifteen years old, thus preparing for his life work as a newspaper man. He learned the printer's trade in the office of the *Telegraph* at Dixon, Illinois. In 1856 he removed with his father's family to Iowa, and grew up with the country. He founded the Delaware County Journal at Delhi, and conducted it for four years. Later he served for a number of years as superintendent of the schools of Delaware County, and for fifteen years he was connected with papers in Dubuque as editorial writer. He came to Washington in 1880, and served with the congressional committee that went to the South to investigate the election frauds there. He also served with several other Congressional committees, held a position in the Post Office Department, and during the last years of his life

he was an assistant attorney in the Interior Department. He died September 8, 1906, as the result of an operation for appendicitis.

* * *

Mr. McCreery never could decide the exact date on which he produced his immortal poem. The circumstances that inspired it, however, were indelibly stamped in his mind. As nearly as he could determine it was written in March or April, 1863. He was driving home and the shades of night had fallen around him when the first four lines "came to him" in their completeness. The next morning he tried to complete the idea, but the inspiration had gone, and he "labored" all the forenoon to produce several other stanzas. The original poem had only ten stanzas, but when he was collecting his work for a volume in 1883 he changed it considerably, adding six stanzas, and altering many of those first written. The controversy which has so many times been raised as to the authorship of the poem, as well as the inherent beauty of the verses themselves, have resulted in making his name one that will live in literature, and thus will be realized one of his fond ambitions. For he says in another of his stanzas

I have
Hopes, like the mirage in the distance,
To win the bright chaplet of fame,
And, dying, to leave in existence
A worthy and world-honored name.

THERE IS NO DEATH

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in Heaven's jewelled crown
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers,
To golden grain or mellowed fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best loved things away;
And we then call them "dead."

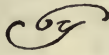
* * *

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead.



A SHIPFUL OF JAMAICAN DARKIES GOING TO WORK ALONG THE CANAL

To Panama *for* Rest and Fun



M. L. Blumenthal



IN "The Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides with Samuel Johnson, LL.D.," by James Boswell, that worthy shadow wrote that Johnson said this: "I advised Chambers, and would advise every young man beginning to compose, to do it as fast as he can, to get the habit of having his mind start promptly: it is much more difficult to improve in speed than in accuracy."

Now when I'm "beginning to compose," that advice from the sage Samuel gets to me like gumdrops to an Eskimo.

You know, or more likely you don't know, that I make pictures for the magazines, and this writing game is an entirely new one on me; but I've just come back from a trip to the West Indies and the Panama Canal and I saw things and had a deuce (that's not the word I wanted to use) of a good time. So I've just got to write some of it down and pass it along, and I figure that if I do it "as fast as I can" you'll stick by me if it's only for the fun of watching me stub my literary toes.

Well, that's a kind of a start, anyhow!

You see I was dead tired, fatigued, weary and done up. For two long years I had been supplying eager (?) editors with wonderful delineations of such soul-stirring lines as "She stood at the garden-gate," and "Ah! well I remember dear old Mary's face," and such like. My brother was about in the same condition, but from a different cause (he's married), so we decided to pull up stakes.

We started in on the merry game of collecting travel literature. We got booklets, folders and maps of every conceivable

trip to every conceivable point of the globe, quite undisturbed by the fact that we could spend only a little time and less money. So very naturally we got awfully excited about whether the trains ran on time from Shanghai to Canton (not Ohio), or whether they ran at all. And I remember also our doubt as to the entire safety of the rack-and-pinion road up Mt. Pilatus, and if we did get captured by the brigands of the Caucausus how would we get uncaptured. It's a lovely sport, this collecting of travel literature. Lovely! There's so much of it to be had for nothing, and the more you get the more you don't know where you want to go.

But I'm getting this thing "all out of drawing."

* * *

Out of the stupendous mass of pretty pictures and prettier words we narrowed down to only a thousand alternative journeys and then it was easy to select the one to the West Indies and Panama Canal as the best.

So far, all serene.

Then we found out that there are five distinct lines going down that way and the booklets of each one proved positively that its line was the only desirable line. Next we asked the advice of everybody we knew to have traveled, it didn't matter, where, and this process cut the five lines down to five. After that we put all five booklets in a row and counted "eeny, meeny, miny, mo," and that picked the only line in the bunch we didn't want. And then there were four. So we asked a sympathetic little lady to choose for us and she immediately said: "Oh, how can you hesitate? Go on the United Fruit

Line. Just look at that beautiful white boat on the cover."

Settled!

I took a lot of winter and summer clothes and my brother, and one cold day we sailed from the New York pier through the bustling East River and into the sunlit bay, on the Santa Marta, one of the United Fruit Company's great white fleet.

Here I must digress. I find that all the great writers "digress" more or less. This is not a steamship advertisement, but I've just got to tell you about that boat. This story is about "why I had a good time," and the Santa Marta was one of the biggest "whys" in the whole trip. The rest of the Company's boats are just like her. When we left New York it was cold and everything about the Santa Marta was warm and grateful. Its big, deep, loungy chairs were warm and they took me in and sang a soft lullaby of rest into every pore of my tired skin. The roomy state room was warm and I climbed into my sweet clean berth (my brother got the lower) and rested until the rising bugle woke me to a burst of sunshine pouring in through the windows! not portholes—windows!

I was almost untired, friend.

And such a breakfast! Then the wide, clean decks and the good fresh air, and all the deck amusements, and the friendly passengers, and the helpful crew, and the warming sunshine, and everything that goes to make life worth while on just the right boat at just the right time.

As the splendid Santa Marta steadily chugged mile after mile along the glinting coast, toward the south, we shed our weariness with our winter clothes and things changed entirely. The big loungy chairs became cool chairs and the state-rooms, flooded with fresh cool air from the pumps and the noiseless electric fans, were cool staterooms with the temperature exactly as we pleased. Before we went I thought the man who wrote the United Fruit Line's booklet was "laying it on." Now I think he is a model of modesty and repression in writing.

One of the passengers, the Honorable Mr. Some-thing-or-other, who is many things in Jamaica, amused us greatly. He was so anxious to tell us all about the

beauties of Kingston Harbor that he was out on deck before six, the morning we reached Jamaica, with his British trousers buttoned to his "B. V. D's." He just effervesced, but a half-blind man could have seen the beauties without his genial help. The Santa Marta stopped to await the port doctor. Everything was quiet except for the low lap, lap of the clear water against the boat's side. All about us in a tremendous semi-circle stretched the misty green and blue hills, the softly droning little city, already sunlit, and the rolling strip of velvet land toward Port Royal. The port doctor received our clean bill of health and was rowed away by three white-clad, bare-footed Jamaica blacks. As we approached Kingston the view grew lovelier every second, and the quaint capital of Jamaica seemed to beckon a welcome when we tied up to a long white dock crowded with the noisiest, most friendly lot of people, all of them apparently wanting to sell something—great long strips of red and black beans, most wonderful cigar bargains, lacy things for the ladies, walking sticks of beautiful native woods, sugar cane, post cards and lots of other things you'd never find any use for, especially the cigars. This is not a slur on the Jamaica cigar. The good ones that you buy in the good shops are very nice, but they had better be smoked in the West Indies. They lose charm with transference.

* * *

Kingston is right good to look at, but hot: hot as—, oh, well, it's hot. We walked very slowly up to the so-called carriage and were driven, or shaken, to a business house to which we had a letter. By way of pleasantly opening a conversation I said to the chief clerk (pronounced "clark," if you please): "Great Caesar's Ghost, how in the name of Beelzebub do you fellows stand this heat?"

"Heat, sir?" he answered. "Heat? Why, sir, this is our cool season, sir. In summer, sir, it's much warmer, sir, but we seldom have heat in Jamaica, sir." Otherwise this chief "clark" was quite normal, and made it pleasant for us during our stay.

We stayed at Jamaica from 7.30 A. M. until 4 P. M., and really enjoyed the natives.

There is little else, but they are quite enough. In appearance the Jamaica negroes are about the same as our Southern darkies, but there the resemblance ends. Their talk is surprising. It is divided between what I supposed to be a native Jamaica language and a soft, drony, baffling English. This English, while very hard to understand, on account of the peculiar accent, is quite remarkable in its purity and choice of words. For instance, I

lessly clean. Their dresses are peculiarly built in tiers below their waists. For the purposes of the day these marvellous garments are gathered in bunches below the waist line and enough is allowed to hang to reach a pair of big, flat, brown feet. At night, when social duties demand, of course, effects of style and that sort of thing, y'know, this gathering is unleashed, and behold! our Jamaica lady has an approved train. May I suggest that the



COLD STORAGE PLANT AT COLON WHERE THEY STORE EATABLES

heard one black say to another, "Why, yes, I presume so; it depends, however, upon several things." Imagine saying that to a U.S.A. southern darkey. "Boss," he would reply, "Boss, I ain't nevah eat none o' dem fings. No, suhree, Boss, not muh."

Like their American brethren, the Jamaica darkies lean to the brightest colors in dress, their strong preferences finding glaring evidence in the violently hued turbans affected by the women. These glorified bandannas are always spot-

hobble skirt would be more practical and sanitary, if less picturesque.

We went later to one of the native market places, and it was rich in color and life. Everything was purveyed there from vile-looking coils of molassed tobacco (?), called "jackass rope" and sold by the yard, to meat and fish that attract by odor. To and from the markets the goods are carried in panniers slung across the backs of patient flea-bitten little burros. One sees long processions of these heavy-laden little beasts

prodded into a semblance of motion by the merchants, mostly women, punctuated by other women with enormous and impossible loads of everything balanced perfectly on their heads, winding along dusty roads flanked by palms and masses of bright tropical growths. They make vividly colorful and noisy moving pictures.

* * *

A lot of deck passengers were shipped for Colon at Kingston. These were most-

Arrived at Colon, the Atlantic end of the Panama Canal.

Here I can save some space, because the less said about Colon the better. It's just a nasty little Spanish-American town, "flat, stale and uninteresting." They told me it was much better since the Americans had cleaned it up. Oh, it's physically clean enough, but— In Colon, as in Panama City, there are no street cars and the riding is done in poor, trembly



SIGNAL HOUSES IN THE PANAMA JUNGLE

ly Jamaica negroes and Chinese going to work on or along the Canal. For a small sum they are allowed places on the lowest deck and on the awninged bow. They bring their own sleeping accommodations, mostly canvas steamer chairs, and most of their food. It was curious that the seventy-odd we carried made no noise—on the shore the same gathering would have been deafening. They lay and sprawled, for the most part, quite motionless during the forty-four hour journey to Colon.

little hacks pulled by trembler, little, dog-tired, native ponies. They are never allowed to walk and all the storied cruelty of the Latins is heaped on these little beasts. The fare is ten cents gold per ride for each passenger carried within reasonable limits, and the time rate is scandalous for the accommodations. In Panama City it is \$1.50 gold per hour for three people. Your just soul rebels at paying this price and a tattered but authoritative "tariff" is waved in your face. Your sense of values is outraged:

the entire rig, excluding the driver, seems not to be worth the price of an hour's ride at a forced sale. I say "excluding the driver," his inclusion would, of course, make the value less. I think that the next thing cleaned up by the Americans should be this "hack system." As a friend of all animals I hope they do it soon.

One crosses the tracks of the Panama Railroad in Colon, and a wonder-work is disclosed. Here is Cristobal, the first of

may have been at fault. This would be a stunning record for the best railroad in the States running under ideal conditions. The Panama Railroad runs through jungles, across swamps so deep that a pontoon foundation for a road bed was necessary, over temporary trestles; and with a dozen stops in the forty-eight miles and eight or nine hundred trains of all sorts being operated by the same force daily, it is really something to think



COLONEL GOETHALS' PRIVATE "BRAIN CAR," COLORED A VIVID YELLOW

the chain of settlements for the Canal and railroad employees. There are about a baker's dozen of these settlements along the forty-eight miles of the railroad.

The Panama Railroad is practically government owned (I have heard that J. P. Morgan owns the only share that is not) and although it rather rubs it in on the tourist for fares, he cannot but admit that it is admirably run. We used it continually along the work and were able to detect only one minute's deflection in the schedule, once: and then our watches

about. In addition to the usual business of a railroad, this one maintains a commissary equipment for about thirty thousand Canal and railroad employees and houses and keeps happy its own employees. Hats, off, friends, to the Panama Railroad. It's a wonder! It runs for the most part along the line of the first railroad, about which everybody insists on telling you that "It cost a human life for every tie laid, and that the pathetic and mute evidences are to be found in the great cemetery at Mt. Hope," just beyond Cristobal. This

bit of information is a set piece along the Canal, and its constant repetition becomes tiresome. I got so that I learned "to beat them to it," and as soon as someone would start on the Panama Railroad as a topic of conversation, I'd rush in with—"Oh, yes, it cost a human life for every tie, etc." While I was there the route of the railroad was being relocated to make a detour, several miles beyond the Canal, at Gatun, to encourage, I suppose, more scattered settling of the Canal Zone, after the Canal is finished.

Now for the Panama Canal.

* * *

Here's where I work my superlatives



COLONEL GEORGE W. GOETHALS

"The man who is on the job to build the Panama Canal"

to death. Everything there is the most marvellous, the most wonderful, the greatest, the finest, the grandest, the largest, etc., so you'll have to forgive me if I repeat these words very often.

There have been articles and articles written about this "greatest—there's the first one—engineering feat the world has ever seen," and each one, I modestly admit, was written by someone more competent than I am. I refuse to concede, though, that there was ever anyone more appreciative of the wonder of it all.

In the first place you cannot be on the Canal for more than a very little while

before you are conscious of a most wonderfully—there's the second one—strong and tense organization. It is everywhere. You cannot get away from it. Every locomotive whistle toots its presence. It is clear and definitely marked and every line of it leads quickly and surely to the Administration Building at Culebra and Colonel George W. Goethals, United States Army. He has many titles: Chief Engineer, Chairman of the Isthmian Canal Commission, etc., etc., but after all, he is one thing, the man who is "on the job" to build the Panama Canal and the man who will do it in spite of slides, accidents, troubles, obstacles, Congressional Committees of Inquiry and tourists. If by any possibility of a chance he does not finish the work you can just put it down in your little note-book that the Great Father does not want the Canal finished, and that is all there is to it! The Colonel is clear-eyed, calm, straight and strong, and to me he seemed to be not only a human being, but a force, fine, big and sure, just conveniently poured into the mould of a real man. To every worker on the Canal he is everything. "Is the Canal assured?" I asked one employee. "Have you seen the Colonel?" he answered. The answer was correct. If I had seen the Colonel the question would never have been asked. He works a little harder than anyone on the Canal! He is readily accessible to every person, white or colored, down there, and he is giving every little drop of his splendid brain power and vitality to this job that he has set himself to do. Every man, woman and child on the Canal is a friend of the Colonel's, and the Colonel is just as much a friend of theirs. I firmly believe that his people would tell you, and really believe it, that the Colonel could build a bridge from San Francisco to Melbourne some fine morning and another from Melbourne to New York after lunch.

He is "on the work" every morning at seven, off it at five. These are the "hours" there, eight a day. He works some every night and is at his little "Court for Adjusting Everything" each Sunday morning. Everything, literally everything, comes to this Sunday morning tribunal. If the wife of Abraham Brown of Spanish Town,

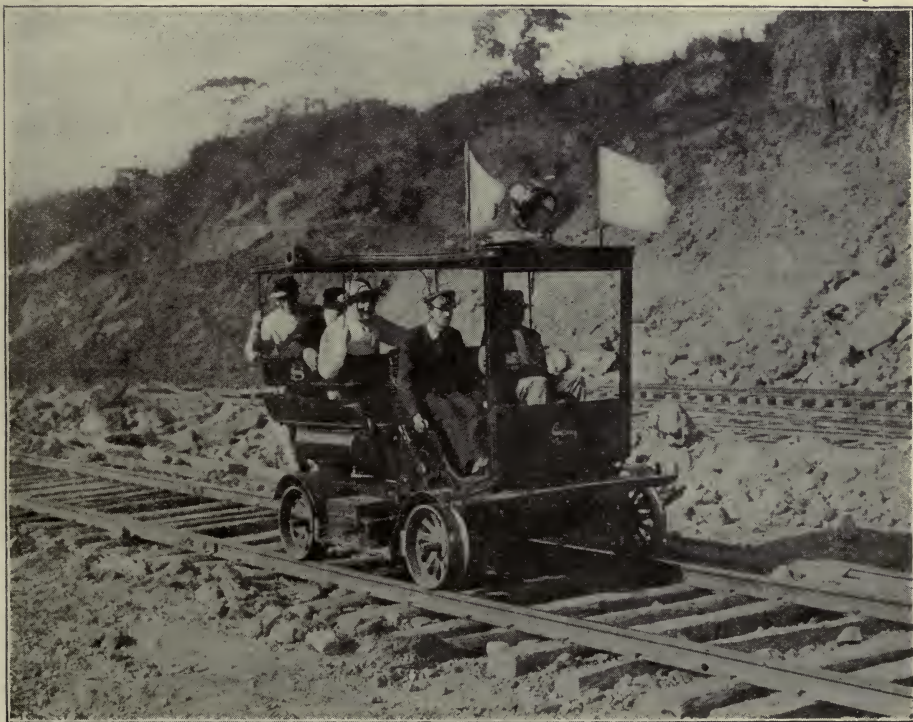
Jamaica, finds that Mrs. Abraham Brown heaves a lamp with a little too much accuracy, the Colonel is the man who pacifies the outraged black Cupid, and Mrs. and Mr. Brown walk arm-in-arm out of the office with mended marital ties and vows of fealty on their thick lips.

I saw the Colonel. He looked a little gray and tired, and he said he was nervous. He was none of these things: they are only words and they do not describe.

know you have not been on the Canal since the Colonel came. If you have been there you'll think my tribute a weak one.

* * *

I won't try to tell you about the millions of tons of dirt that have been taken out of the vast ten miles of the Culebra Cut, of the millions of cubic yards of concrete work on the locks at Gatun, Pedro Miguel and Miraflores, of the great shovels, of the cyclopean blasts, of the



THE BUGGY CAR AMONG A BLOCKADE OF DIRT TRAINS IN CULEBRA CUT

You cannot say that a flame is gray and tired and nervous. The Colonel is a flame, a flame of splendid energy that will lick its way through trouble, obstacles, opposition, swamps, slides and dirt from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Then, when all is done and the fireworks and speeches have been set off, the flame may flicker, it may even go out; the Colonel never thinks of that. He is giving to you and me every little bit of George W. Goethals, and he is putting us in a debt that we can never repay. If you think this is lavish, then I

enormous dredges. Statistics are tiresome and, besides, all these things have been told so many times that they have lost their meaning. I won't try to tell you just how the Canal will work. That you either know or can find out from a surer source. I won't try to tell you of the marvellous work of the Sanitary Commission, under Colonel Gorgas, in changing this fever-ridden section into habitable, clean, healthful country! That's a part of many records also. I will try to tell you, however, of the spirit that animates even

the blackest laborer there, and of why, when you go down to the Panama Canal and look on and see all that is being done for you by your brothers, you are glad to say, "Thank God, I, I too, am an American."

The work has the feel of the "U. S. A." Don't let's get "jingoistic," but you know we have a great country, and it is only when one goes to foreign shores, away from the continuous "self-lambasting,"

some well-bores in Culebra Cut asked me to photograph him standing beside his machines. It was only the vanity of the love of his job that prompted the request, and the snapshot shows him standing erect and proud by the big drills. If a foreigner and a black can show that, what of the American? I spoke to one at Pedro Miguel, "What will you do when the Canal is finished: go home?" I asked him. "Great guns, man!" he cried. "Don't



ONE OF THE Y. M. C. A. BUILDINGS ERECTED BY THE GOVERNMENT

and listens to people who know us for what we are, that one learns the truth. And best of all, one learns it on the Canal Zone.

Down there the very air is tense with possibility and realization; everything is earnest; everybody is alive. The country is no longer "Manana." "Tomorrow" never is on the Panama Canal. It is now, today and today's work. It is every man's job, and every man on it is as proud of it as though he were doing it all by himself. A Jamaica negro in charge of

speak of that, go home? Why, I'm a part of this. I've been here seven years. When it's finished! Gee! I hate to think of it!"

The workers live Panama Canal, and Panama Canal only. One day at Gatun the rain drove us to shelter on a sight-seeing car, that was being run through the bed of the locks, loaded with wives of the workers. I asked one of the ladies this—"I suppose when the day's work is done the men are glad to talk of something else?" She chuckled. I expected the

answer I got. "You haven't been down here long, have you?" she replied. "Why, at the little evening gatherings we have at each other's homes, you can't get the men to talk anything but Canal. Tired of it? Never! It's Panama Canal, Canal, Canal, incessantly, and the women are as bad as the men."

We talked to the men, white and colored, all along the work and always it was the same story—pride and joy in

"Why, man alive!" he exclaimed, "do you know that these men are living in luxury down here? Yes, I mean it, luxury."

* * *

And when I thought it over, I concluded that the word was well chosen. They are better paid than they would be for similar work in the States. The married men are given a nice tropic-adapted home with heat, light and one servant, all free. The



Y. M. C. A. READING ROOM ON THE CANAL ZONE

their work. There it is down here, fifty crowded miles of it, and if there is one dissatisfied worker someone else met him, we didn't. I asked this of the Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. Club at Culebra: "I haven't met a 'grouch' down here yet: are there any?" "There are not!" he answered emphatically; "there is not a 'grouch' on this job, so far as I know, and I know many of the men. They love their work, and, even if they did not, they could be contented."

"How do you mean?" I asked.

bachelors are given apartments and service free; their meals are provided almost at cost, and every little thing is being done for their comfort and welfare that it is possible to do so far from home.

Take the Y. M. C. A. Club houses as an example. Seven of them are maintained, along the line of the work, at the government's expense and conducted under Y. M. C. A. auspices by secretaries especially sent from the States. The Clubs are housed in large, airy, comfortable buildings erected by the Government

just for that purpose. They have libraries, rest rooms, billiard and pool rooms, light lunch counters, gymnasiums, sleeping accommodations for transients, and some have bowling-alleys and swimming pools. Bowling, baseball, basket-ball and other leagues are organized, and the inter-club rivalry is keen. Lecturers on all subjects are brought from the States, as are moving-picture shows and other entertainments. Not once in a while, but very often. During the progress of the World's Championship Baseball series of 1911, the scores were posted at the Club houses a few minutes after the games were finished in New York or Philadelphia. During the progress of the big leagues pennant races the comparative standings of the clubs are on view, at all of the Club houses, received daily by cable. They have a weekly newspaper and a good one—*The Canal Record*, and in Panama City and Colon there are newspapers published daily in English, devoted almost entirely to happenings along the Canal. Balls and dances are frequent, and the Panama Railroad runs special

The men are not "serving time" down on the Canal. They are allowed a forty-two-day vacation every year, and I spoke to several who preferred to take the pay and work through the vacation.



THE PANAMA HIGHWAYS ARE THE DELIGHT OF THE HORSEMAN

My first look at the Canal work was from the observation platform at Culebra. From there you can see for about a mile each way. Right here the cut is deepest and widest and most interesting. It is being continually widened to counteract the effects of the slides. The gigantic Gold Hill is on the far side and Contractor's

Hill directly opposite. The pressure inwards from these hills is another fruitful source of trouble. The men told me that almost every morning they found long lines of tracks twisted and shifted far out of place and great ridges of earth created by this pressure.

The view from here is almost terrifying as one looks from the high platform far down into the Cut. It is an awe-inspiring gash! The terrible difficulties under which the work is being done are here very apparent. Good-sized streams and pools of water lie about, and the pumps are constantly at work to raise the water from level to level so that the drills and shovels can work. Blasting is very frequent, and one has to watch sharply for the warning signal of whistles and scurry under the flat cars or to a respectable distance to escape the showers of dirt and rock. My brother and I walked along the bed of the cut, rode on the bumping dirt trains, and talked to the men. We never found one man, during all our stay, who was not very willing to give gladly all the information at his command.

The sightseer is absolutely unrestricted



A "RUBBER-NECK CAR" FOR THE SIGHTSEER

trains to accommodate the dancers. When the affair is sufficiently important the government allows the use of the great ball room at the Hotel Tivoli at Ancon. I witnessed a ball at the Tivoli. It was given by the Spanish-American War Veterans resident on the Zone, and it was a most wonderful aggregation of fresh, vigorous manhood and womanhood. At this ball, Colonel Gorgas spoke of the possibility of a future organization of the Canal workers.

in his wanderings about on the work. He can walk anywhere, climb up or down at his pleasure and can never complain that he is at all hampered in seeing or understanding any part of the Canal. Colonel Goethals told me that I was free to go anywhere I pleased and talk to any of the men at any time. This was not a "special privilege" to me alone. The same opportunity is given everyone, and I understood that all the workers are especially instructed to treat the sightseer with every consideration, and they do it, too.

Just a word or two for Panama City at the Pacific end of the Canal. It is just as interesting a Spanish-American settlement as Colon is not. Here, at Ancon, just over the Panama City line, is the fine big Hotel Tivoli. It is kept by the Isthmian Canal Commission, and Uncle Sam makes a very good host.

The day after we came to Panama City was November third, the Panamanian Republic's Independence Day, and, as all work along the Canal was suspended in honor of the day, we had nothing to do but watch the festivities. The Republic of Panama has no soldiery, so the holiday parades consisted, for the most part, of firemen and school children. The firemen were over-exhibited. Starting the night before they paraded incessantly, and it got to be an awful bore to see the funny

Panamanian bands immediately followed by the red-coated, helmeted gang who looked exactly like the volunteer fire-fighters of any little town in the States. Collectively this comparison stands, but individually it falls. The men varied in color from a rich deep chocolate to a weak wavering yellow, and in size about as much.

One is always at a loss to locate the true Panamanian type. I am sure it does not exist. There is an absolutely baffling mixture of everything from the genuine Spaniard to the West Indian negro and they are all bunched together, in a typical American classification, as "Spiggoties." This term is very generally used, and I heard it explained as a derivation from the constant answer of the Panamanian. "No spika de Ingles," when you ask him a question. They get back at us by dubbing us "Gringoes," which means foreigners.

If you have a vacation coming to you, go to Panama. It's a three weeks' trip as most of the lines make it. The United Fruit steamers will leave you for a week on the Canal and pick you up on their return from Santa Marta, Colombia. Their regular itinerary includes twenty-eight hours on the Canal, but if you take my advice you'll take the whole week there. Young men and honeymooners, go to Panama!





CHARLES G. DAWES

Pitfalls for Investors

With Comments on Stock Exchange and Board of Trade Manipulations

by Charles G. Dawes

President of the Central Trust Company of Illinois

(Revised by him from the stenographic report of an address delivered before the Chicago Dental Association)

I OFTEN have business with men who come to the bank to see me at times when the stock market is low, who bring in securities out of their strong boxes, negotiate a loan, and get a cashier's check made out to some stock broker to pay a loss. I recognize generally in those men the same people who were telling me some five or six months before about their wonderful judgment in investments—how they had bought this stock and taken out that profit, etc. Their time had come. It always comes. The ordinary man has not one chance in a hundred of making money in stock speculation. Now, why hasn't he?

In the first place, the investor in stock on the exchanges, in ninety cases out of one hundred, invests upon representations which he does not or cannot investigate. He does not know the conditions which surround the investment which he is asked to make. He is buying goods from a public show window, managed by brokers and agents, with the seller hiding in the dark.

We all know that we naturally want what seems hard to get. We all know that we become interested in anything which promises to give us a profit, which is generally something which is increasing in price before our eyes, the presumption being naturally that it will continue to increase in price. We will say that some of these manipulators of the stock exchange want to get some of the money of the men of other professions, whose attention is chiefly devoted to their work and whose professional proficiency comes at the

expense of the time which is requisite to enable them to invest their money in the best possible way.

We will take the stock of a railroad for which manipulators desire a sale at a high price. They will arrange with other large holders of stock to form a pool. Now this is not a pool of money to buy something. That is one kind of a pool. But this, at first, is a pool to keep something from being sold. Why? Because they have got to do a little buying themselves before they get the public interested; before they get your interest excited in this up-trend of the stock on the market, and in doing this they do not want to buy any more than is necessary. They have got something to sell. So they will take, we will say, the stock of a railroad corporation that is new, and they will form a pool of the large holders of the stock, and there will be a rigid iron-bound agreement that none of that stock is to be sold except at an agreed-upon time and conditions. That lessens the supply of stock which is to be manipulated, and then they will start in with what are called "wash sales." One firm of brokers will bid the stock up and down by pre-arranged transactions with other brokers; no stock actually passing at all, the brokers by agreement buying and selling simply for the purpose of making public quotations to excite the interest of the public, holding back in reserve this supply of stock which they want to sell. When public interest is finally awakened in the stock then they commence to sell them the pool stock. Now, I never realized what a little tempest

in a teapot a local stock exchange was until one time when I was in office as Comptroller of the Currency. An insolvent national bank which I had closed in a large city owned, as I remember, several millions of stock in a mining concern which was intrinsically worth, as near as I could ascertain from the reports of the experts and the examinations which I had made, about seventeen cents on the dollar. I have forgotten at what price it originally went into the bank, but my duty as custodian of the assets was to get the honest price for the benefit of the depositors. The receiver of the bank, whom I had appointed, came to me and said, "Two or three brokerage firms want to market this stock, and they say if we will leave the matter entirely in their hands, they will sell it for what it is worth." It was quoted, we will say, at about four cents on the Exchange at that time. So I told the receiver to put the sale in the broker's hands, provided they did not sell the stock at more than it was actually worth, based upon the investigation we had made. We fixed seventeen cents as the fair price. After we told the brokers to go ahead there was some excitement on that particular stock exchange. The stock began to go up. It went up from 4 to 6; declined from 6 to 5; rose from 5 to 7; dropped from 7 to 4; fluctuated from 4 to 12; from 12 to 14; from 14 to 10. We had not sold a share of stock in the meantime, nor had anybody else sold any for real money. Pretty soon it touched 17; then went from 17 to 14; then from 14 to 19—and then one of the brokers came over to the office of the receiver and said, "This morning you may offer on the exchange—not \$100,000, not \$1,000,000 worth of stock—but you can offer one hundred shares"—\$10,000 at seventeen cents, which would mean a \$1,700 cash transaction. Mr. Citizen Speculator, who had been sitting in front of the blackboard of these brokerage offices and paying no attention whatever to the stock when it was inactive at four cents, had become interested in seeing it go up and down and without any detailed knowledge of the value of the property behind the stock, but simply from the gambling spirit, had finally decided that it was good enough for him

and commenced to buy it at 17. We could just as well have sold the stock at 30 if we had permitted the brokers to go ahead. The stock, as I remember, was finally all sold at about 17. It has since proved more valuable, and I suppose that any of those buyers would tell you what a wise man he was and what good judgment he had shown if you would ask him about the transaction. What an opportunity for the deception of the public is given by our stock exchange! And what chance has the ordinary man, when he can have no confidence in the reliability or fairness of the conditions which underlie stock exchange prices?

* * *

Now, take it over on the board of trade. They only speculate in a limited number of commodities. Why is that? That is for the purpose of limiting the speculative supply so that the prices can be manipulated easier—so that this advertisement to attract the attention of the people outside can be secured at cheaper cost. They speculate in ribs and in lard and in barrel pork, for instance—just three of the products of the hog. Hams are just as staple an article as ribs or lard, but they do not speculate in them on the board. Take it in wheat. They eliminate this class of wheat and that class of wheat and speculate in Number 2. Nothing else is good delivery. The whole purpose is to limit the amount of the supply of these commodities, stocks and grains, which can be deliverable on the exchange and thereby make more easy this window-dressing of prices to attract the public.

I do not know whether you, gentle reader, are smart enough to beat this game. I never felt that I was, and I have never tried it. And the lesson to be gained from this is that, when you go on the exchanges, in nine cases out of ten you are playing another man's game. It does not mean that you can't sometimes buy cheap on the stock exchange. At times you can. At times, with a largely scattered stock, an immense crowd of outsiders get frightened and throw it on the exchange, and then values sink away below what they should be. After a pool has sold out at high prices, it is a favorite pastime to create a panic and buy stock back at

low prices to form a pool to sell it over again at high prices.

I have seen many people who pride themselves upon their judgment in the matter of stock quotations, but I have yet to see the broker—and I have done business with a great many of them in loaning money upon their collaterals and stock exchange securities which they bring in—I have yet to see a broker who would say that over five per cent of his customers ever did a continuing business with him and came out with a profit. The financial mortality of men who speculate on the stock exchange—outsiders—is almost as great as the mortality financially among the people who invest in stocks through newspaper advertising. Don't speculate on the exchanges.

* * *

Let us look at the philosophy involved in buying investments outlined in newspaper advertisements as promising large profits. What is the psychology of that? Take these mining stocks, plantation stocks, common stocks of manufacturing corporations which are advertised. You are buying them in the first place without negotiation; and, if ever you did any real trading in your younger days, or occasionally do any on the side, you know that when you come face to face with a man in a trade, you generally get a better price after a negotiation than you do by simply paying him his price when he first names it. When you buy in response to a newspaper advertisement, you buy at the seller's price; without the advantage of personal contact; without a chance to see what sort of a man it is who offers you the goods, and whether or not, after looking in his eye, you want to trade with him. Many a time you look at a man who comes to sell you something and decide that you do not want to trade with him. You are buying through advertisements without examination of the property; without an examination of the conditions under which it is offered, and without any of the information which you yourself would want to acquire if you were going to do business with an individual. There is not a purchase that you make of securities advertised in the papers that you make under the conditions you would impose

upon yourself in a private negotiation with a seller whom you did not know. And then we see the familiar method of stock exchange men in these newspaper advertisements. The great purpose of the majority of what we might call the get-rich-quick newspaper advertisements is to distract the attention of the investor from those fundamental principles which should govern every negotiation and every examination into the value of that which he buys. We see in the advertisements: "On the first of May the price of this stock will be advanced ten per cent." Now what is the purpose of that? The purpose of that is to distract attention and to induce hasty action by fixing the mind upon a prospective profit, and to so appeal to the avarice as to lessen the inclination to investigate and apply sound common sense reasons to the transaction. I am almost willing to say it is a safe rule never to buy anything which promises extraordinary profits in an advertisement.

If anybody has ever got out of such stocks more than interest—there are some preferred stocks which have survived and paid ordinary dividends—if anybody ever made an extraordinary profit out of a stock bought through newspaper advertisements, I have yet to see him, and I have seen many investors. So do not buy investments offering extraordinary returns which are advertised in newspapers.

This, however, does not apply to those advertisements of investments in stable securities, which give the facts and the statistics bearing upon their safety, the names of the men associated with the enterprise, which throw light upon the question of responsible management, and only promise a safe, reasonable and proper return upon money. With advertisements of municipal bonds, and of the high-grade public utility and other bonds offered by responsible institutions and by banks of standing, I have no war to wage. But beware of the advertisement which promises extraordinary returns.

* * *

In considering the question of real estate investments, I want to point out some of their dangers and some of the philosophy which, to my mind, should be indulged in in connection with them. There is a great

deal of money lost in high buildings, stock in which, principally in the East, is being offered to small investors. Now the monopolistic value of real estate is in the ground floor. Let us discuss the downtown office building proposition first. It is in the ground floor and basement only that you have a practical monopoly in real estate. You can get only just so many store rooms on a city square and so many basement rooms with access to the street. But the minute you go above the first or second story, the supply of equally desirable rooms can be almost indefinitely multiplied. You can build two stories or you can build twenty stories—I do not know what the building restrictions are now in Chicago, but let us take New York—and the man next to you can do the same and the people owning the balance of the block can do the same. The result of that is when you get above the first floor you are getting, in a sense, into a competitive business, but with this difference and disadvantage, that in the ordinary competitive business under the law of supply and demand, as the demand falls off, the inducement to increase the supply diminishes, and the supply decreases, and there is a quicker adjustment between supply and demand; because, as I have just said, when the increase of the supply ceases to be profitable it stops, and the demand catches up with the supply. But in office buildings in depressed times when your town is overbuilt and the tendency always is (real estate being a favorite form of investment) for the supply to keep pace with the time of greatest demand—in the office renting business, in such times, you have got a constant supply and a decreasing demand. You are really worse off in times of depression than is the man who is in a competitive business. His business will adjust itself to returning prosperity quicker than yours will. Beware of stock in high office buildings. I suspect that the high office buildings of New York have been one of the greatest sink-holes for the loss of money that they have had down there, for when a change in the form of a safe investment means a permanent lowering of the rate of return, other things being equal, it means a loss of wealth. Now, how opposed to the ordin-

ary idea that statement is to one who has not studied the question. The most of us look at these great office buildings, with their great rental returns, as most profitable investments. We constantly hear about the great success the Rookery has been; of the success of the Railway Exchange Building and some other buildings, their large rate of investment return generally depending upon some special condition or some especially favorable purchase or lease of the ground. I am not speaking of exceptionally low leaseholds, and I am not speaking of those forms of city investment which the shrewd man and which the adroit man and the courageous man every time will make better than you and me, but I am speaking of the ordinary building erected upon leased ground, the lease taken at the ordinary current rental rate. I would not buy any stock in any such office buildings.

* * *

There is a very general desire on the part of people who accumulate a surplus to make something else besides three per cent interest; and it is perfectly proper that they should have that desire. A man gets three per cent in a savings bank account, and for the great majority of people either that is the safest place to put their money, or in a good municipal bond or first mortgage railroad bond or first mortgage public utility bond, or some of those secure investments backed by value which give an ordinary interest return, say five per cent. But there are still a number of people who insist upon trying to make a larger return than five per cent. Now how can they do that? What is the rule? Well, I racked my brains quite a while to find out a rule which I could safely give those people who came to me, as they sometimes would, asking "How can I do better than five per cent?" and I told them a story. There was a man I knew who had a comparatively small but quite prosperous business, and one of the leading bankers of this city came to him and said, "Mr. So and So, I want to invest some money with you in your business." This gentleman was quite surprised, because he did not do business at this man's bank, and he did not know him intimately. He said to him, "Why do you ask to invest your

money with me?" "Well," the banker replied, "I came to you because I have joined in some outside ventures with large business men and I have invariably lost money. The reason, as I figure it, is because we men who are successes in our individual lines of business go, four or five of us, into some outside enterprise, and no one of us gives it the proper attention—no one is educated in the particular business. What is everybody's business is nobody's business, and as a rule the management is left entirely in the hands of somebody who is outside of our guidance. And in the second place, even if he is not outside, we cannot properly guide him, and so my experience is that when I invest with the large business man in outside business ventures, I lose money. I am so firmly of that opinion that if Marshall Field had asked me to go into the manufacturing business or any outside business, I would not have put a cent in. But if Marshall Field had asked me to put some of my money into *his own* business I would not only have given him all I had, but borrowed more to do it."

Now out of that incident I deduced a rule, and that is, if you are going to try to make over five per cent, invest your money *with the man who is a success in the business in which he has succeeded*. Now that is not an easy thing to do always. In the first place, the large business man who has succeeded, when he wants additional capital in his business, borrows it and gets it at a low interest rate. It is too expensive for him to take small amounts of money as capital in his business and divide up a portion of his profits. It is very hard to make that sort of an investment. It can be made at times and it is the only way I know that the ordinary outside investor can hope to make more than a reasonable five per cent return, and then he has got to take his chances, because if there is one fixed and unalterable rule in business, it is that the usual rate of compensation for capital varies with the risk.

* * *

How many stop to think what a corporation really is? A corporation in one sense is nothing but a co-partnership contract expanded to include classes of investors. If I make a contract with you by which you and I are to go into business, you to

furnish the capital and I to do the work, with an even division of profits over six per cent on the capital invested, and you put ten thousand dollars into the business, you are relying upon a partnership transaction and it is comparatively a simple affair. Now, underneath every corporation in existence lies a contract something like that. And it is a fair contract or it is an unfair contract. Now that contract between you and me being a matter of negotiation, I needing your money and you needing my efforts, is generally a perfectly fair contract. There is no question of watered stock about it. You want me to run the business and you trust me with your money. I give you a first lien on what your money buys, to wit: the business and its property. I give you six per cent on your capital first, and then we divide extra profits evenly. The wise man in investments is a man who always seeks to extract the underlying contract from every corporation. Now how many do that? In buying stocks you often become a party to a contract which, if a man would ask you to sign up, expressed in the simple terms which would pertain to a contract between you and that man as an individual, you would have absolutely nothing to do with him, if you did not turn him over to the police. Now take this contract I have with you and express it in a corporation. Ten thousand dollars, six per cent preferred stock. Then since we divide evenly the profits over six per cent, twenty thousand dollars of common stock—ten thousand dollars to you and ten thousand dollars to me—and since you want me to control the business of the corporation, the preferred stock is not to vote, and I would receive, say, one share more than you of common stock. Now that carries out our contract, because the control of the corporation stays with me by agreement just as it would in the partnership contract between us. But when I want a million dollars for my business and you have only ten thousand dollars to invest, I make that proposition not in the form of copartnership with you, but to Mr. A, Mr. B and Mr. C and other people who collectively can furnish me a million dollars. I offer a million dollars six per cent preferred stock under those same conditions, without the

voting power, and give as the division of the prospective profits half the common stock to these people, the rest, with one share over as a majority, going to me, in order that I may control the business, as is desired by all. Watered stock in nine cases out of ten represents the location of control as desired by the investors. It is not issued, as a rule, for the purpose of defrauding people—to sell them something at a higher price than it is worth—not at all. The master manipulators of our exchanges don't need watered stock in order to get money away from a fool. The United States Steel common stock is watered, as it is ordinarily understood. The Standard Oil Company's stock is not watered, or was not before its separation into constituent companies (to the very great profit of the stockholders of the Standard Oil Company, under the mistaken corporation program of the administration). At any rate before the very great addition to its value which has been made by futile efforts to reform business conditions under the Sherman anti-trust law, it was not a watered stock, and was quoted at about six hundred dollars per share. Do you suppose it is or was any more difficult to manipulate stock of the Standard Oil Company, that is not watered, than United States Steel Company stock, which is watered? The relation of the intrinsic value behind the stock has little to do with the prices which are quoted upon the stock exchanges, if the stock is manipulated. The intrinsic value of the property behind the stock has everything to do with the real value of that stock, and nobody is going to be safeguarded if you prevent the watering of stock.

You take a losing business and in a year the stock, paid up at one hundred cents to start with, can represent one hundred cents loss on its value and thus be wholly water, or a successful business and in a year the stock can represent two hundred per cent of value. If you take your dollar marks off the stock and let each certificate represent a certain fraction of the whole property and business, there is probably not a stock manipulator in the country who will object, and you would take out

from under the demagogues who go around preaching about the millions that have fraudulently been taken from the public by watered stock, every prop that they have to stand up on.

* * *

A man should never invest in the stock of a corporation unless he understand the fundamental contract which underlies it, for under every corporation there is a fair or an unfair contract. Now let us see how they swindle people in the mining corporation propositions, for instance. We will say, as between you and me, I having a mine and you \$50,000 which I want to get to develop it, that a fair division of profits between the money at risk and the mine is one half to each; that I, furnishing you the opportunity, am entitled fairly to one-half the prospective profits, which will come from the development of the mine which your capital makes possible. Now we can express that contract in a corporation of this kind; we issue \$100,000 stock; \$50,000 of which represents your money and \$50,000 of which represents my mine. That is a fair proposition. Now supposing I was a dishonest man and I wanted to make a dishonest proposition and invite a large number of people to participate in that investment under unfair conditions. I would capitalize that mine for \$500,000, \$450,000 of which I would take for the mine, and then I would advertise \$50,000 of treasury stock for sale at par, and I would be very careful to follow the same plan, I think, if I was dishonest enough to indulge in that sort of thing, that these mining advertisers, do, and emphasize the fact that none of this \$50,000 stock was sold for anything but money which would go into the development of the mine. Well, now, how would a man land who took that \$50,000 worth of stock? He would have a one-tenth interest in the mine when that money was paid instead of one-half. I talk with a great many people who lose money in these things, and I really don't see how anybody can safely invest in any of these advertised stocks as I said before, which promise an exorbitant rate of profit.

THE Text-book of the Fourth Estate*

by Mitchell Mannering

IN GERMANY last March I saw on the desk of a manufacturer a welcome sight in the form of The American Newspaper Annual and Directory. Its possessor was not advertising in American publications, but he informed me that in no other single volume had he obtained so much detailed and reliable information about the country in general, its towns in particular, and especially concerning the thousands of publications scattered over the United States.

Again, at a little dinner party in Norfolk Street, Strand, which included a number of the advertising men of London, it was pleasant to an American to hear The American Newspaper Annual and Directory commented upon and consulted to verify statements made in discussion.

In any line of enterprise a publication like this, devoted to unifying and describing an industry, is bound to be appreciated and with every year this is increasingly true of The American Newspaper Annual and Directory. Leading American publishers recognize at once the invaluable service which this single book renders as the exponent and promoter of publication interests at large.

In these days of modern business every industry depends on the printed page to unify and inform its constituent members and to effect co-operation between them. The architects, engineers and bankers, the hardware, metal, textile, insurance, coal, automobile, furniture, drug and electrical men all have publications that represent their line of activity.

It is such a service that the Annual and Directory renders the twenty-four thousand publishers of this country, giving ten important facts concerning each publication, and making it possible for them to find each other and be found by the advertisers whose patronage is indispensable to their prosperity and existence.

In the many years of arduous toil given to the preparation of his dictionary, Noah Webster performed for the schools and scholars of the English-speaking world the same kind of service that George P. Rowell and N. W. Ayer & Son have rendered newspapers, periodicals and business men in the compilation of The American Newspaper Annual and Directory. The publication office in Philadelphia is within a short distance of Independence Hall, where the Declaration of Independence was signed and the Continental Congress convened, and where Thomas Jefferson and other fearless patriots of revolutionary days paid their tribute to the power and influence of a free and untrammelled press. It is fitting and appropriate that a record—in fact the final word spoken—as to the growth and development of the American press in every form and phase, should yearly come from an organization located among these historic scenes.

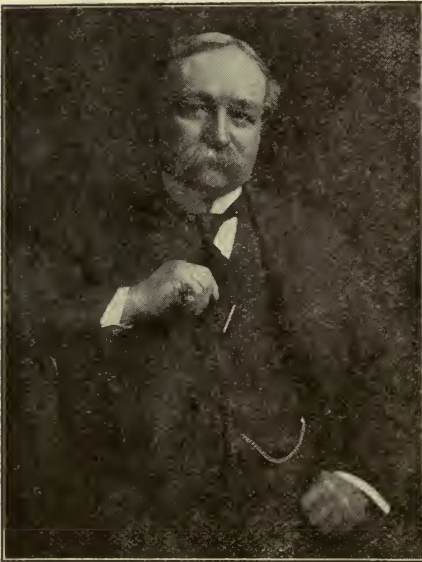
This record of the newspaper and periodical business of today is, indeed, a wonderful book. It reflects as in a mirror the chief intelligent and initiative forces of the nation. It sets forth in an array of figures and concise description the many phases of American progress as

* "Edmund Burke said that there were three estates in Parliament, but in the reporters' gallery sat a 'fourth estate,' more important far than they all."—*Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero Worship."*

reflected in the publication interests of the country.

During the past twenty years the publishing and printing business has risen from a position far down in the roll of leading industries until now it ranks sixth in importance. And this book, crystallizing between two covers the information concerning this vast industry, is the great, convenient source from which publisher and advertiser can learn about and become acquainted with each other.

The Annual and Directory contains



F. WAYLAND AYER

The present publisher of The American Newspaper Annual and Directory

sixty-one specially prepared maps, covering every state, territory and province of the country. This feature is much prized by business men, who use these maps constantly in connection with the information as to transportation, banking, population, etc., which is given as to every town.

The faithfulness and accuracy demanded by this work give N. W. Ayer & Son the opportunity to apply their business motto, "Keeping everlastingly at it brings success," which has become almost a classic in the business world.

The present volume of the Annual forms an up-to-date history of American

progress and prosperity, for it not only contains explicit information about newspapers and periodicals, but about the cities, towns and counties in which they are printed. The newspaper census, as compiled in this Annual, marks more intimately and closely the progress and development of the various sections of the country than any other single publication, for the Annual for 1912 opens the forty-fourth year of a marvelous record with more than twelve hundred pages, describing 24,345 newspapers and periodicals and giving the last federal census figures of the population of eleven thousand cities and towns in which these publications are issued.

Significant of the swiftly changing interests and developments of the age, one notes in this book mention of periodicals devoted to aeronautics, moving pictures, Esperanto and such recent interests. There are more than two hundred of these lists in the book just from the press. Religious publications number 865, agricultural journals total 463, and there are no less than 129 separate divisions of class and trade periodicals. Exponents of more than forty secret society orders are catalogued. Foreign language papers printed in thirty-four different forms of speech are described in a classification of their own. And a host of new "organs" and representative publications are listed.

* * *

Besides important statistical information there is a concise resume of the resources of the country, and a wealth of reliable instruction with reference to transportation and of the nature and scope of business in the several sections (almost as complete in general detail as that furnished by Dun or Bradstreet), all of which descriptive matter has long been renowned for its accuracy.

The statistics for the year 1911 show that the number of daily newspapers is diminishing and indicates the general trend toward consolidation in newspapers and periodicals as in other great lines of industry. There has developed an enlarged field for daily newspapers because of rural free delivery. Weekly and semi-weekly newspapers also seem to have reached their limit in numbers. The 1912

Annual names and describes 16,229 weeklies, 40 less than in 1911, and 605 semi-weeklies, as compared with 617 in 1911.

Sworn detailed statements are printed in bold-faced type throughout the book and marked with a star, while publishers' claims unsupported are printed in plain figures and marked with a double dagger.

A familiar sight in every publication office in the country, large or small, is the American Newspaper Annual and Directory. There may be campaign lithographs and photographs of celebrities on the walls; there may be dusty files of publications, yellow and untouched for years, but close at hand on the top of the desk and not far away from the hand that grasps the editorial pen you are likely to find The American Newspaper Annual and Directory. The man at the desk knows it as a question answerer for his inquiring readers as well as an informant for his own daily needs. Especially does it lodge nigh the manager of the advertising department, with whom it is the first book of reference, whether it be for information as to the circulation of other papers or the facts concerning the location of

an advertiser in whom he is interested. In brief, it is the publisher's geography, gazetteer and ready reference combined.

As the years come and go the annual appearance of this book is looked for by an increasing number of the world's workers. In many libraries it is a constant visitor. The historian of the future must rely upon its pages for important facts and reference. There is always a keen interest in picking up the new volume fresh from the press. Every newspaper man feels it a necessary part of his equipment. The country editor who starts with his little "army" press has his Annual, even as those with their Cottrells, Hoes, Gosses and great perfecting presses. It

is an expression of the democracy of American publication interests, for before the Annual all circulation statements must bow.

The Annual necessarily carries advertisements. Without that practical endorsement on the part of publishers, it could not be maintained. However, it has no advertisements other than of publishers, whom it serves without charge in its work of collecting, printing and circulating the facts concerning these publications. The Annual carries advertising for the same reason that all publications carry

advertising—to maintain its prestige and to furnish its readers more than they pay for, on the same basis that the publication interests of the country have been developed.

The Annual contains a description of the Ayer & Son Audit Plan, which, without any blare of trumpets, has been extending over the country, meeting the growing demand for exact knowledge. The audits cover uniform periods of nine months and are a most convincing word to an advertiser.

The American Newspaper Annual and Directory has been published

consecutively since 1869—forty-four years. The N. Y. Ayer & Son Annual was first published in 1880. After the death of George P. Rowell, it acquired the title and property of the familiar old green book with a spruce tree on the cover, known as the Rowell Directory, which first began publication in 1869. Its present title, American Newspaper Annual and Directory, suggests this combination.

Year by year N. W. Ayer & Son have steadily improved the Annual, giving it the scrupulous care and attention for which they are noted. Each year the appreciation of their efforts becomes more enthusiastic and discriminating, for the Annual is, in fact, a timetable, giving the



THE LATE GEORGE P. ROWELL
Originator of The American Newspaper
Annual and Directory

dates of issue of every publication, from the leisurely quarterly to the ten edition daily.

Discriminating observers insist that The American Newspaper Annual and Directory has in many instances been the silent but forceful influence that has crystallized tentative advertising expenditures into regular appropriations which have now grown to mammoth proportions.

Thousands of manufacturers and large advertisers first realized the stupendous influence and importance of systematic publicity through turning over the leaves of The American Newspaper Annual and Directory. It is a roster roll of the men and mediums which directly influence national initiative and action. For the power of the "Fourth Estate" is not altogether a self-created force, but a reflection and crystallization of public sentiment. There is no organization, no trade or vocation that does not have its publication. And through their publication the various lines of industry and effort have been brought closer together, and the bitter rancor of old-time competition eliminated, for even a most casual survey of the Annual indicates the cohesiveness of the great publication interests of the country.

And one point is more clearly emphasized as time goes by. The American Newspaper Annual and Directory has to a large extent eliminated the old impression that newspaper directories are merely schemes to sell advertising space to publishers. The Annual is thoroughly revised each year, and a printed proof of the entry of each one of the twenty-four thousand newspapers in the previous Annual is mailed to the publisher for corrections, together with blanks for circulation figures and detailed statement, and with a stamped and addressed envelope to return the proof and statements. Upwards of fifteen hundred dollars for postage was expended by N. W. Ayer & Son solely in the work of revising the Annual for the 1912 edition. Likewise a description of each of the eleven

thousand towns named in the Annual is sent out for correction every year. Of the fifteen to sixteen thousand newspapers whose publishers felt sufficient interest in their correct representation to return the blanks to N. W. Ayer & Son, many were found to have changed in size, price, issue, name, politics or ownership. A conservative estimate of the number of such changes made every year would be at least fifteen thousand. This does not include circulation changes, which probably reached twenty thousand.

This summary of the changes made in a single year instances the truth of the statement of the late George P. Rowell, the first publisher of a newspaper directory, when he declared that a last year's newspaper directory had about as much value as a cancelled postage stamp.

In preparing the 1912 edition, N. W. Ayer & Son sent for copies of 3,136 new journalistic ventures, of which number the publishers of only 1,957 had interest enough to send in copies. Out of these, 1,635 were entered in the Annual. Numerous consolidations and suspensions made necessary the elimination of 1,525 names from the catalogue during 1911.

Despite the large outlay of effort, time and money which N. W. Ayer & Son have made to avoid errors, it were a marvel indeed if every one of the half million distinct pieces of information in the listing of more than twenty-four thousand newspapers and eleven thousand towns should be absolutely correct.

After running over the pages as one of the twenty-four thousand publishers; after looking up carefully the particular cities, states and publications of special interest, and after glancing over the list of the great forces of publicity, the covers of the Annual and Directory are closed with a feeling that a survey has been made of a field of achievement in which has been located the generating spark of the gigantic industrial development and the magical activities of modern times.



The Case of Senator Lorimer

By · W · C · Jenkins

NOW that the dust of confusion which attended the Lorimer investigations at Chicago, Springfield and Washington has, in a measure, cleared away, a glance at Senator Lorimer's political record affords an interesting opportunity for study and contemplation.

Senator Lorimer's entry into Illinois politics began in 1884, when he cast his first presidential vote for James G. Blaine. There was no Australian ballot in those days—that was the era of ticket peddlers and ballot stuffing. Right at the beginning of his political career, Lorimer saw the evils of the ballot system which was then in existence. He experienced difficulty in getting a ballot so that he could vote for Blaine, and he saw that others were subjected to the same annoyance. When he learned the next day that the great state of New York had gone for Cleveland by a little more than a thousand, he reasoned that if but a few of the voting places in New York State were in such a chaotic condition as was his own precinct in Illinois, the defeat of Blaine might be attributed more to lack of efficient Republican organization than to the "Mulligan Letters" or to "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion."

With William Lorimer to think was to act; and he conceived a plan to organize the Republicans of his voting precinct so that the unsatisfactory methods of voting which had characterized former elections would be a thing of the past. The first organization was perfected in his mother's home, and the active members were young men who had confidence in the new movement. Lorimer was subsequently interested in perfecting similar

clubs in every precinct in his ward. This was the beginning of the Republican organization of Chicago, which has since distinguished itself in many a political campaign.

A leading citizen, who was editor of a great Republican newspaper at that time, sought to influence the actions of Lorimer's ward organization in the election of a member of the common council. A committee was appointed to wait upon the editor, and Lorimer was selected as spokesman. In plain, unmistakable language the editor was told that the Republicans of the ward had chosen their candidate, and that they would brook no interference from outsiders. This signaled the beginning of a newspaper war on Lorimer which has continued to the present day. At that time Lorimer was not known in the commercial life of the city, although he was recognized as a good politician. His business, if it might be thus characterized, was that of a conductor on a horse car line.

As years passed, Lorimer became more active in the Republican party of Illinois, but he was always confronted with a condition of affairs that required candidates for every important office to climb certain newspaper stairs before there was the least possible assurance that success at the polls might be obtained. In those days, thousands of Chicago voters followed the dictates of a great newspaper with blind obedience, displaying a temper midway between the unreasoning docility of sheep and the masterful sense of duty which drew on the six hundred at Balaklava. It was the heyday of newspaper influence in American politics.

During the campaign of 1888 it was apparent to Lorimer and his political associates that newspaper interests had gained alarming influence, and many conservative Republicans were chafing under the yoke. The humiliating distress of the average voter left him no path to follow but that which had been carefully prepared and which ultimately led to an editorial room.

But a younger element began to direct affairs in several important sections of the city, and Mr. Lorimer became the object of bitter attacks from the interests which could not fail to perceive that the new movement meant new control. The Democratic landslide in 1892 indicated the necessity of better Republican organization and more freedom from machine dictation, and a few far-seeing Republicans started a reorganization movement in the city and county. Mr. Lorimer was chairman of the committee on organization of the county committee, and every precinct was organized. In about a year the county organization had an aggregate membership of over eighty thousand, and this was the first comprehensive organization of the Republican party in Cook County. Then came a time when conventions represented the party and not a newspaper. Men were named for office because the majority had so decreed and the well-worn stairs to the editorial rooms were no longer the trodden path to political victory.

In the fall of 1894 the friends of the late Joseph Medill, owner of the *Chicago Tribune*, urged him to become a candidate for United States Senator to succeed Senator Cullom. In plain terms Lorimer told Medill that his chances for election were anything but encouraging, and a canvass of the Republican members of the legislature subsequently proved this to be true. Without notice Medill suddenly withdrew from the contest. It is stated that he always believed that Lorimer's lack of interest or, as he termed it, opposition, contributed in no small measure to keep the desired plum out of his reach. At any rate Lorimer was never forgiven, and apparently the policy of the *Tribune* has been to drive Lorimer out of Illinois politics.

Although Senator Lorimer was elected seven times to the House of Representatives, his candidacy on each occasion was fought with the most persistent vigor by the interests he had offended when he undertook to organize the Republicans of Cook County. Perhaps the incidents connected with the fourth election will more strikingly illustrate the extremes to which his enemies ventured. Mr. Lorimer was elected for the fourth time after a campaign war of the most slanderous nature had been waged against him. He was depicted in cartoons as a most undesirable character. He was charged with every low and contemptible political act that the human mind can conceive, and it was openly avowed that his association with mankind was a blight upon the race. It was hinted that he had corrupted judges and paid money to falsify election returns. That the ballot boxes had been stuffed was charged without hesitation, and it was declared that a large number of Lorimer men would soon cross the threshold of the penitentiary.

A second canvass of the vote was demanded, and the county judge ordered the ballots recounted. At every vital point Lorimer met the opposing forces. He insisted that only the people's tribunal, the Congress of the United States, had a right to assume jurisdiction in the matter. During this discussion all sorts of rumors were afloat. It was stated that Lorimer and his "gang" were engaged in every dishonorable manner to prevent an honest investigation. So great was the excitement that one day the police in wagon loads were driven from all parts of the city to surround the city hall. A large force was placed on the roof instructed to patrol every inch and with orders to "shoot to kill"—all this, it was claimed, to prevent Lorimer and a gang of ballot box stuffers and their plug-ugly co-workers from breaking into the election commissioner's office, blowing open the door of the vaults and stealing the ballot boxes used in the election of Congressmen. Many citizens look back upon this incident as one of the most ludicrous farces ever staged in Chicago.

The recount of the votes showed that instead of 986 majority for Lorimer the

correct amount was 1,001, and, it should be stated, every man who participated in the recount was unfriendly to Lorimer's election.

These facts, being only of local importance, never reached the ears of the thousands who are now interested in the contest in the United States Senate. Opinions have been formed without a full knowledge of all the facts. It has been claimed that the charges would not be made without justification; but when it is considered that every political point of vantage gained by Senator Lorimer in Chicago has been stubbornly contested by his enemies, a reason becomes apparent for the recent attack upon his seat in the United States Senate.

Struck with the principal figure, we do not sufficiently mark in what manner the canvas is filled up. If we were to imagine that the descriptions of "rotten Illinois politics" were faithful representations of the condition, we would see nothing but Lorimer. But the picture would be discredited by everyone familiar with the facts. Sophistry may evade, falsehood assert and impudence deny, but when we trace motives to their original source, we perceive that the vilest arts have been employed to blacken the character of one who through his own energy and ability has gained the confidence of the majority of his constituents to the extent that practically any office within their gift was his for the asking.

Disappointed ambition, resentment for defeated hopes and desire for revenge assume too often the appearance of public spirit; but whether designs be charitable or wicked, the fair-minded citizen always believes that it is possible to condemn political conduct without a barbarous and criminal outrage against men. Lorimer has been the victim of the most persistent persecution that ever wrecked the ambition of politicians. But the Senator, as is usually the fortune of public men, has his defenders as well as his assailants, and many people who love fair play and justice are not only disgusted with the methods adopted to fasten the badge of guilt upon him, but they are astonished when they realize the results which have been obtained.

When analyzed the incidents that led to the ousting of Lorimer from the United States Senate, reveal a repetition of previous efforts to blacken his character and drive him from office in disgrace. His persecutors—I use this word because it can be more correctly applied than prosecutors—were unable to discuss political questions without descending to the most odious personalities. They have gone out of their way to torment a man who has spent the best years of his life battling for the cause of the people and especially that of the poor. When political ambition or disappointment prompt men to attack the conduct and character of a United States Senator and especially when the revolting accusation of purchasing his election is made, common policy as well as prudence require that accusations of such a nature be supported by at least some show of evidence and that this be done with the utmost moderation of temper and expression. But so sober a conduct would have been beside the purpose of Senator Lorimer's enemies, whose business was not to reason, but to rail.

The establishment of purity in politics is a delightful idea and under this banner all good men will enroll themselves. They will hesitate, however, to follow the leadership of self-appointed reformers whose chief claims to distinction are the notorious fiascos which have attended every political innovation they ever launched. The declaration of war on Senator Lorimer might have found favor with the public if it had been adopted upon principle or maintained with patriotic resolution. A careful analysis of the senatorial election and the subsequent investigation will disclose the motives and the malignity behind the design.

On the twenty-sixth day of May, 1909, the Forty-sixth General Assembly of the State of Illinois in joint session elected William Lorimer to the United States Senate. The general assembly consisted of 153 representatives and fifty-one members of the Senate. Of the representatives eighty-nine were Republicans and sixty-four were Democrats; of the Senate, thirty-eight were Republicans and thirteen were Democrats. Of the 204 members of the general assembly 202 were present and

voted on May 26 and William Lorimer was given 108 votes, fifty-three being from Democrats and fifty-five from Republicans. A constitutional majority having cast their votes for Mr. Lorimer, he was declared the choice of the people of Illinois for United States Senator.

During the senatorial deadlock at Springfield, the names of various prominent citizens of Illinois were suggested as possible candidates upon whom the Republicans might unite. Senator Lorimer was particularly active in his efforts to find a compromise candidate. He suggested Colonel Lowden, a member of the House of Representatives, Representatives Rodenburg and McKinley, Edward Shurtliff, speaker of the Illinois House of Representatives, and others. He also urged Governor Deneen to enter the race. When it became apparent that the Republican members of the Legislature could not unite on either of the gentlemen whose names had been suggested, Mr. Lorimer then decided to become a candidate himself. He was not known as a candidate until two weeks prior to the final decision of the General Assembly, and as ninety-four ballots had previously been taken without a choice, the sudden ending of the deadlock by Mr. Lorimer's election naturally caused surprise and considerable ill-feeling. As is usually the case with political surprises of this character there was more or less talk among friends of the other candidates regarding the alleged improper use of money in the contest; but the attention of the public was not attracted to these rumors until a year afterward when an article appeared in a Chicago paper purporting to relate a confession made by Charles A. White, one of the members of the Legislature, in which he stated that he had corruptly cast his vote for William Lorimer. The result of White's confession was that a prosecution was begun in the criminal courts of Cook County, against Lee O'Neil Browne, a member of the lower house, and there was also instituted an investigation in the United States Senate to determine whether or not Senator Lorimer had been elected in accordance with the spirit of the Constitution.

The criminal prosecution in Cook County

against Lee O'Neil Browne after two trials, resulted in an acquittal; the prosecutions against John Broderick in Sangamon County also resulted in a verdict of not guilty. The investigation in the United States Senate terminated in a decision in favor of Senator Lorimer retaining his seat.

It would not be difficult to point out the true reasons for the animus which suddenly appeared against Senator Lorimer after he had taken his seat in the United States Senate as a careful study of political conditions in Illinois leads the impartial observer to conclude that Senator Lorimer's activity in the deep waterway matter, and his opposition to Governor Deneen's plan to spend twenty million dollars of the money of the state on the project regardless of whether the federal government would co-operate—a requisite which Senator Lorimer insisted was necessary—was the principal cause of the trouble. When the voters of Illinois adopted a constitutional amendment providing for a twenty million dollar bond issue to assist in constructing a deep waterway to the Gulf, they were led to believe that federal co-operation was practically assured. But until the appropriation had actually been authorized by Congress, Senator Lorimer insisted that faith would be broken with the people of Illinois if any part of the state's money were used in the undertaking.

Governor Deneen and his friends caused a bill to be introduced in the Illinois Senate providing for the expenditure of the twenty million dollars without any provision for federal co-operation, although it was well known to everybody familiar with the subject that this appropriation would only provide for a few unconnected pools, which would in no sense be a continuous, navigable, deep waterway. The bill passed the Senate but through vigorous opposition on the part of Senator Lorimer and his friends it was defeated in the House, and, in resentment for defeated hopes, Lorimer's right to a seat in the United States Senate was immediately questioned.

Whatever significance may be attached to the election of a Republican United States Senator by the aid of Democratic votes it was plain to political leaders at

Springfield that nothing could prevent many of the Democrats from voting for Lorimer when he declared himself a candidate. Time and again he had been elected to the House of Representatives in a Democratic district by the aid of Democratic votes. He had addressed the voters in every part of the state, advocating a constitutional amendment to enable the state of Illinois to vote the twenty million dollar bond issue for the deep waterway project, and his subsequent attitude when improper legislation in reference to the matter was proposed at Springfield made him many friends among the Democrats. Furthermore, there were Democrats in every part of the state who recognized the valued services given to the state of Illinois by Lorimer when a member of Congress. He did more than vote for appropriation bills; he was largely responsible for the success of the Chicago Drainage Canal—a project which is intended to be a part of a great waterway between the Great Lakes and the Gulf of Mexico. That was not a Republican vote-catching scheme; it was a proposition advocated by the leading business men of Illinois regardless of party affiliations, and Mr. Lorimer's successful championship of the cause made him many friends among both Republicans and Democrats. Hence, there is nothing strange in the fact that fifty-three Democratic members of the Legislature voted for Lorimer.

But was this so-called political apostasy without precedent? Does history furnish no occasion where the members of one political party voted for the candidate of another party? Strange as it may seem the action of the Illinois Democrats in the Senatorial election has been characterized as a proceeding without precedent or excuse; and yet it is a matter of history that Lincoln signalized his entrance into national politics by advocating a similar procedure. In 1855, Lincoln was a candidate for the Senate and was supported by all his partisans in the Legislature. The Democratic candidate was James Shields, but his election was considered impossible by the refusal of five members of his party to vote for him. These five Democrats voted for Lyman Trumbull and after an inefficient effort to elect Mr.

Shields, Governor Matteson was substituted as the Democratic candidate. Fearing the election of Governor Matteson, Lincoln advised his friends to vote for Trumbull, who received forty-three of the forty-five Lincoln votes and with this aid he was elected Senator.

Illinois furnishes another precedent of a similar nature. In 1885 the Democratic nominee for United States Senator was William Morrison, and the legislature stood 102 Republicans to 102 Democrats. The Democrats were unable to poll the party vote for their candidate and when it appeared that the election of the Republican candidate was imminent they cast ninety-odd votes for Charles B. Farwell, a Republican. The Republicans, however, refused to be stamped for Farwell and the Democrats withdrew their support and cast their votes for Judge Lambert Tree. By the death of a Democratic member and the election of a Republican to fill the vacancy the deadlock was broken and Logan, the Republican candidate, was re-elected to the Senate.

Every Republican in the Alabama legislature voted for Senator Johnston, a Democrat, when he was elected to the United States Senate.

When Senator Kyle was elected in South Dakota, the Populists controlled the legislature, but they were divided into two or more factions. Senator Gile was a Populist, but could command only nine partisan votes; another Populistic candidate controlled the big vote of the party. There were fifty-three Republicans in the South Dakota Legislature—the exact number of Democrats who voted for Lorimer at Springfield—and they all went over in a body to Gile and elected him.

Senator Lodge of Massachusetts was elected through the threatened aid of Democratic votes. There were two factions in the Republican party, Senator Lodge, belonging to what was characterized the reform element. He, however, lacked a small number of votes and when it was announced that ten Democrats had concluded to vote for him, the deadlock was broken and the opposing Republicans rushed pell-mell to get on the band wagon.

There were deadlocks in the last legis-

latures of Montana and Iowa during Senatorial elections. In both cases the members of the legislature went over in a body and elected a new candidate.

The election of Senator Lea of Tennessee was not brought about alone by the vote of members of his own party; he received the support in the joint assembly of a large element of the Republican members.

Senator O'Gorman of New York was elected last winter as a result of the Republican members going over to his support in a body.

The election of Lorimer by the aid of Democratic votes was not altogether of unusual significance. It was not without precedent and in itself was no evidence that bribery had been practiced. No one ever thought of suggesting bribery and corruption when Lincoln helped to elect a Democrat; and it was not hinted that the fair name of the state of Illinois had been soiled when William Morrison failed to poll the full party vote. But times have changed. This is an age of investigations, and the general credence given the report that Senator Lorimer's election was brought about by corruption affords one of the clearest proofs that can be found that, at the present time, the wild language of disappointed politicians can act with greater force upon the human mind than the simple deductions of sober reasoning and the calm evidence of facts.

Perhaps the clearest explanation of the action of the Democratic members in voting for Senator Lorimer may be found in the following extract for an editorial which appeared in the *Chicago Tribune*, May 27, 1909:

"It was nothing strange for Lorimer to be elected through the aid of Democratic votes, for he has enjoyed a large Democratic following for many years. Three times he was elected to Congress in the old second district, which was Democratic, and his political sway has been strongest in Democratic territory. To such a marked degree has Democratic support figured in his political achievement that his friends point with pride to the non-partisan character of his following, while his enemies contemptuously dub him 'bipartisan Billy.'"

* * *

Through all the praise and abuse, Lorimer has maintained the same placid, benign attitude, which by many is con-

sidered the secret of his success. A man who never lost his temper, who never has been heard to swear, who does not smoke or drink, who always speaks softly and kindly, Lorimer, with that patient, childlike countenance, those compassionate, drooping eyelids, has endured all and bided his time. Always observing, apparently, the doctrine of non-resistance, he has waited opportunity, rested while his enemies worked, listened while his rivals talked, and then blandly and gently led his way to the solution.

* * *

He was about twenty years old when he made his appearance as a horse-car conductor on the old Madison Street line between State Street and Western Avenue. In this employment he first showed his talent for handling men. He organized the Street Railway Employees' Benevolent Association, and became at once the big man of that little world.

On the promise that new testimony would be produced to prove there had been bribery and corruption in the election of Senator Lorimer the United States Senate, without a dissenting vote, decided to give the opponents of Lorimer an opportunity to submit the proof they claimed to have in their possession. The committee appointed by the Senate to conduct this latest investigation into the election of Senator Lorimer listened to a great deal of testimony, mostly irrelevant, filling eight or nine volumes, or a total of more than 8,500 pages. The verdict of that committee was followed by a debate whose features will always remain a luminous picture of American debate, but the speech of Senator Lorimer himself is the gem of the whole galaxy of forensic eloquence. Whatever a man's opinion may be of the justice of the sentence that closed the door of the American Senate on William Lorimer, there can be no doubt that he fought manfully to the end and made a new record of brilliant and effective oratory. Two paragraphs of his peroration are notable. The first threw an intimate personal light upon his private life:

"When I return to my home, one glance into the beautiful faces, one kiss from each

and caresses from all, is compensation enough for the trials and the efforts of a lifetime. They will not feel that they are disgraced with me if I am turned from this Chamber. It will draw them closer about me; they will love me the more; they will form a hollow square around me and defend me against the world. In them am I not blessed beyond my merits? Such blessings are not always bestowed upon men; and in all this strife and in all these trials and tribulations—in the last two years when they have been fiercer and more ferocious than ever before—with all this, surrounded by them I am the happiest of men living under God's sun. Oh, yes; I have been abundantly rewarded, and I ask nothing because of them or because of the ideal home life."

His conclusion was delivered amid the intense silence of the great chamber. To see him standing in the center aisle, clad in his quiet serge suit and tan shoes, blonde visaged, with light, curly hair and blue eyes, the heavy beads of perspiration on his broad forehead, now pleading and now defiant, was a picture that will never pass from the memory.

"Resign when and why? Because defeat stares you in the face? Oh, such an argument; run from defeat which stares you in the face. What sort of a man is he who will do an act like that? If the men who built this country

and made it what it is had run when they saw defeat staring them in the face, we would have had no history to boast of; we would have no Stars and Stripes to pray for and to praise. We would have no country. He who is so cowardly as to run because defeat stares him in the face surely has no place in this body. This is not a Chamber for cowards. It was not built on fear or cowardice. No man who will run because defeat stares him in the face or because there is danger ahead is fit to occupy a seat in this body.

"Oh, Senators, you may vote to turn me out. If every vote in the Senate had been canvassed and been declared against me, I am still, while I have strength and am alive, going to continue to try to make a character and reputation of never having been a coward.

"Oh, no, no, no, I will not resign. If I go from this body it will be because more Senators vote in favor of that resolution than against it. My exit will not be from fear. My exit will not be because I am a coward. It will be because of the crime of the Senate of these United States.

"I am ready."

No man with a heart in his body, no admirer of the type of manhood which William Lorimer represents will ever forget this dramatic chapter of senatorial history.

THE JOY OF BATTLE

By FLORENCE L. PATTERSON

WHAT of the man, who from his earliest years
Naught of a hard world's struggle knows or fears,
But finds his path with roses scattered o'er
By those whose industry has gone before?

Shall he, in dull contentment walk the road
Of life, while those who bare a load
Find strength beneath their burden, 'til at last
They fling it down, labor and hardship past.

Will not his smothered manhood claim the right
To take its place with others in the fight,
And that exultant moment live to see
Which turns defeat into Life's victory?



MRS. ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

The favorite American authoress, who enjoys the vacation season on the Connecticut shore at the "Bungalow," amid her famous Oriental collections,

EDITORIAL NOTE.—Good news for the readers of the *National*! For some time it has been our wish to have Ella Wheeler Wilcox associated with the *National* as a regular contributor. This distinguished writer has entertained and cheered millions of readers in all parts of the world, and it is gratifying to announce that our plans have been consummated and that Mrs. Wilcox will hereafter have an article every month in the *National Magazine*.

There are few, if any, women writers today more widely read and appreciated than Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Her life and her work are an inspiring chapter in American literary annals. Her wholesome optimism has encouraged many a disheartened person to take a fresh grip and to go on and attain. Her poems have become household words to millions of people in America and Great Britain. There is always something militant and stirring in the verse and prose of Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Her books of verse had a larger sale in Europe the past year than those of any living poet.

After many extensive trips abroad, into the lands of the Turk and the Arab and mystic India—far from the beaten track of the tourist, from Orient to Occident, Mrs. Wilcox will take the readers of the *National* with her on her pen-picture journeys. She will talk to *National* readers, and we are assured the pleasure of her own experiences in travel and the delight of having a little call and chat every issue from this brilliant author.

An Afternoon at "The Bungalow"

With Ella Wheeler Wilcox
By The Editor

IT was a delightful Sunday afternoon that we enjoyed at "The Bungalow," the summer home of Ella Wheeler Wilcox at Short Beach, Granite Bay, Connecticut. The party of friends and neighbors gathered under the sheltering roof, for the rain was pouring down with the sweeping squalls of "a green sou'-wester."

The bungalow stands on a pile of pink rocks, thirty feet above Long Island Sound, at its widest point. A beautiful bay surrounded by granite rocks has given the sub-title of Granite Bay to the unromantic and inappropriate name of Short Beach. The bungalow is surrounded by great oaks, elms and cedars which grow to the very water's edge. The house is so near the water it seems like a ship at anchor; and the big living room is therefore known as the cabin. Back of the cabin, in a quiet, restful nook, is Mrs. Wilcox's summer study.

In this cozy seaside home are gathered the collections made by Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox in their many years of world-wide travel in Egypt, including rare and beautiful curiosities from India, Ceylon, Java, Burma and Africa. In the loft above, called "the cage," Mr. Wilcox pursues his work. Under the stairs, with a quaint sailor's rope balustrade, were books peeping out in a social way, giving just a hint of the literary activities and tastes of the hosts. The furnishings were suggestive of the Far East and ancient days, and when the chairs were all taken, the young people caught the Eastern spirit and seated themselves on the floor cushions, in true Oriental fashion.

Mr. Baker of New Haven had brought with him six pupils from his music school, and there were trios, solos and violin obligatos. Under the gable roof of "The Bungalow" the strains of sweet music struck every chord of joy and longing with marvelous effect. Miss Gertrude Marchand of Hartford, a stately blond girl of striking presence, rendered a number of selections gathered from popular operas, which indicated the wide range of her repertoire in preparation for the operatic stage. The applause for every number was earnest and emphatic.

Some of the guests gathered about the windows and listened from the veranda, for there was a rare accompaniment of surf-song that day; and the singers and players assisted in a symphony where MacDowell's mystic, mature tones and the ring of the voice blended.

It was a neighborhood gathering of both young and old, and Mrs. Wilcox as hostess was most cheery and gracious, and enjoying every minute. She received her guests attired in a bronze satin princess with a solid front of old Mohammedan embroidery brought from Bombay, and once a decoration of a priest's robe. In the rear of the "Bungalow" is the house to which Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox move later in the season, called "The Barracks." Over the threshold is an old Colonial flintlock. The greensward which runs out among the rocks, and the rambling vines and flowers along the sea wall, give a rare touch of color and picturesque beauty. On the second floor of "The Barracks" is the literary workshop of Mrs. Wilcox, furnished in dainty white, with two win-

dows commanding a splendid expanse of sea and coastline. Books, books are everywhere, and at a dainty desk, arranged in a businesslike manner, Mrs. Wilcox writes every day, with the system of one attending to regular business duties.

As one is shown about the Wilcox home, there is real inspiration in the books and greetings from friends, which are on every hand. On the walls of the dining-room are works inspired by authors and artists from all parts of the world, making an appropriate decoration about the author's table.

Cosmopolitan, and yet simple and democratic, one cannot visit the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox without feeling the warmth of their homelike hospitality. After the guests had gone, and the chairs were put back in their accustomed places, Mrs. Wilcox laughingly told us we were to be entertained by the Bungalow Band. This is composed by Mrs. Wilcox, first mandolin; Miss Katherine Ascherman, an artist friend and companion of Mrs. Wilcox, first guitar; Mr. Charles Brown, of the Schubert theatrical house in New York, first flute; and Mrs. Brown at the piano. The host, Robert Wilcox, was critic and general director on this occasion. Mrs. Wilcox

took up the mandolin only recently, but reads and plays little classics, as well as popular airs, readily, and the Bungalow Band is justly popular at Granite Bay. Mrs. Wilcox puts into this work the same ardor and enthusiasm with which she invests everything she undertakes. The gentle courtesy and chivalry between Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox in their home shows how the years may add to the deference and charm of marital companionship.

Amid the varied trophies of their world travels, making it a veritable treasure house and Oriental manse, Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox live devotedly and happily in their seaside hermitage. It was built twenty-one years ago, in the early days of their honeymoon, and the rocks and the wave songs that welcomed the young lovers have ever since had a great attraction for them. They entertain largely, and the Bungalow has been the scene of many brilliant functions. In this charming environment, amid literary and artistic mementos of a busy life, Mrs. Wilcox will entertain the readers of the NATIONAL in that gracious vein which charms her friends at "The Bungalow." Every month we will have a little visit with Ella Wheeler Wilcox at "The Bungalow."

THE HARP'S SONG

ALL day, all day in a calm like death
The harp hung waiting the sea wind's breath.

When the western sky flushed red with shame
At the sun's bold kiss, the sea wind came.

Said the harp to the breeze, Oh, breathe as soft
As the ring dove coos from its nest aloft.

I am full of a song that mothers croon
When their wee ones tire of their play at noon.

Though a harp may feel 'tis a silent thing
Till the breeze arises and bids it sing.

Said the wind to the harp, Nay, sing for me
The wail of the dead that are lost at sea.

I caught their cry as I came along
And I hurried to find you and teach you the song.

Oh, the heart is the harp, and love is the breeze,
And the song is ever what love may please.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox



ASIDE from Ella Wheeler Wilcox's charming sketch, "An Arabian Luncheon," which will appear in the October NATIONAL, there will be some fiction offerings that have been chosen particularly for the early fall. Allan Updegraff, a young New York writer who contributes to all the standard magazines, and whose stories have been especially popular with readers of the NEWS-LETTER, will contribute "The Wit of Saadah," an Arabian story. The name of Salloum Mokarzel appears as co-author with Mr. Updegraff, which brings out an interesting fact with regard to this fascinating tale. Mr. Mokarzel, a Syrian editor, while looking over some old Armenian manuscript, stumbled upon an ancient love tale, which he afterwards repeated to Mr. Updegraff. The plot appealed to the American writer, and he has worked out a story that is as delightful as it is unusual.

"The Ivory Buddha" is a story of love in diplomatic circles. The scene is laid in the Capital City, and has a typical Washington atmosphere. As the title suggests, the story is somewhat Japanese—in fact, the hero is a prince of Japan, and a very fascinating hero he is. The heroine is one of America's first young ladies—the daughter of "The Great American Chief," and seldom have we found a prettier story. Mr. Leslie L. Benson has put his finest work into the charcoals which illustrate "The Ivory Buddha."

"A Laughing Success"—here is a skit that is really humorous besides being funny. A young fellow who couldn't make good at any of the approved "trades"

in his native town, or in any of the regular employments in the city, hit on a novel plan to make money—or, rather, a theatrical manager hit on the plan, and our hero made the hit. Williams, the favorite cartoonist, has done some lively drawings for the sketch.

A fine character story, full of adventure and incident, is "The Desire of El Capitan," by Mrs. E. R. Cogswell, Jr. As one of the speakers remarks in the beginning, it is "a straight bit out of the story of a *man*." The tale is rich in sentiment, and leaves you feeling that the world is better for the lives of men like "El Capitan."

Speaking of sentiment introduces "The Road of Gold," a heart parable by Isabel Anderson, whose contributions are always welcomed by NATIONAL readers. Then there is "Three Days," the month's "thriller," with a murder, a mystery, and—a marriage. You become breathlessly interested in the fate of the little Cost Rican heroine who is entangled in a net of intrigue and conspiracy, and you admire the manliness of the typical American hero, who rose to the occasion that was incidentally thrust upon him, and in "three days" experienced adventure enough for a lifetime.

The second instalment of "Two and a Pocket Handkerchief" will continue the story of two young people, whose marriage, rather than completing their romance, was but the beginning of their real career. Before the publication of the next NATIONAL, we hope to hear from some of our readers as to how they like the new serial.

This custom of our readers to drop the publisher a line of comment upon the appearance of a new serial is one of the most gratifying returns that come to the editorial desk.

This much for the October stories. There will also be timely articles on the political situation, and the Washington resume, with gleanings from the editor's observations of the Capital City in the renewed activities of early fall.

* * *

HOW did you discover HEART THROBS? Nearly every mail brings a story concerning some one of the Three Great Books—HEART THROBS, HAPPY HABIT, and HEART SONGS, and often some important event in the writer's life is indissolubly associated with the finding of the book. From West Virginia Mr. Harry B. Kight indites some sentiments concerning HEART THROBS that have a real "heart throb" touch. The letter itself tells the story, and reveals the personality of its writer, even more than the "personals" that are received discussing editorial subjects.

"I have received your book entitled 'Happy Habit.' I don't want to take up your valuable time, but I do want to talk to you in this letter. I am a poetical fiend; I can't write poetry, but I love to read it—the kind you have in 'Heart Throbs.' I have saved my clippings and they have often caused my heart to throb, and when I read 'Heart Throbs,' I read the book that I'd been looking for.

"Will you allow me to tell you how I discovered 'Heart Throbs.' My darling mother was on the brink of death. The nurse who nursed her back to health found out my love for good reading. She brought 'Heart Throbs' to me. On the fly leaf was inscribed 'To my dear father. With best wishes this happy birthday, and hoping that he will get the pleasure out of reading this book that I did. From

'Your little Grandlady.'

"So you see the book was the nurse's father's, and whoever gave it to him had enjoyed its bright pages.

"Yours sincerely,

"(Signed) HARRY B. KIGHT."

Sometimes the publisher thinks that a collection of HEART THROBS fly-leaves would make an intensely interesting study.

AFTER a journey of nearly five weeks, a letter with a Tokyo postmark arrived at the NATIONAL office and contained an interesting reference to a paragraph that recently appeared in the Washington Department. The letter was neatly typewritten on a dignified attorney's letter-head, stating "T. Miyaoka, Attorney at Law, Patent Agent, 1, Kagacho, Kyobashi, Tokyo," and the telephone number—Shimbashi 522—in due order. After the stenographer's initials a clipping marked "enc" was attached, the NATIONAL's paragraph on the first Japanese in America, as quoted in the *Japan Advertiser*. Thus again it was manifested that the scope of the NATIONAL's circulation is world-wide, and further shows how much closer together the world is growing these days. Dr. Miyaoka recalls in his letter a visit he made some years ago to the NATIONAL plant, where, in the editor's absence, he met the gracious lady of the house, setting in order the editorial desk.

Much of Mr. Miyaoka's letter is of a personal nature, recalling his American visit. Then follow some interesting facts in regard to Dr. Nakahama, of whom the NATIONAL wrote as the first Japanese to come to the United States.

"Manjiro Nakahama, the fisherman boy," states Mr. Miyaoka, "after his wonderful experience in America, came back to Japan an educated man, was summoned before a law court and was tried for having gone abroad without permission. He was acquitted because it was established that his going abroad was independent of his volition, being the result of *force majeure*. There is still in existence the original record of this trial. The father of Baron Ishii, who was until recently vice-minister for foreign affairs, and had just been appointed Japanese ambassador to France, came into possession of this record many years ago, and I am sure it is still in the possession of Baron Ishii himself.

"After acquittal Manjiro Nakahama married, and I do not know how many issues there were of this marriage; but I know that one of the sons (or the son) is no less a man than Professor Dr. Togo Nakahama, the well-known bacteriologist and physician of Tokyo. Dr. Nakahama

In your hand you hold a five-cent piece.

Right at the grocer's hand is a package of Uneeda Biscuit. He hands you the package—you hand him the coin. A trifling transaction?

No—a remarkable one—for you have spent the smallest sum that will buy a package of good food—and the grocer has sold you the most nutritious food made from flour—as clean and crisp and delicious as it was when it came from the oven.

**NATIONAL BISCUIT
COMPANY**

LET'S TALK IT OVER

is regarded as one of the leading authorities on the diseases of respiratory organs."

So now our readers have the complete career of Manjiro Nakahama, the Japanese boy who was picked up by a New England fishing smack in 1841, and brought to the United States.

* * *

WE read of the "Age of Gold," "The Age of Bronze," "The Age of Crusades," but this is certainly "The Age of Hustle." Thousands of live American boys who are now selling the NEWS-LETTER in every state and territory are soon to become the most successful merchants and hustlers of the future. Since the *Saturday Evening Post*, the *Williamsport Grit* and other publications have developed their circulation through boy sales, the keen activities of bright American lads between twelve and sixteen years have foreshadowed the advent of the successful men of the future. The most important part of

the curriculum in our schools should be the development of self-reliance and the habit of self-support. A boy who can sell things develops a small but increasing circle of customers. He gets results, and in time commercial success. When he applies for a position and can show a record of having sold newspapers or anything else with good results, it proves that he is the man for the place—a real business producer, who can help to fill the pay envelopes.

To sit down and go over the letters of our boys who are selling the NEWS-LETTER is an inspiration. They show that the American boy has push. He knows how to go after things when he wants them.

Our NEWS-LETTER boys are not only handling the NEWS-LETTER, the little magazine which sells for two cents, "the price of a postage stamp," and which contains snappy stories by E. Phillips Oppenheim, George Barr McCutcheon, Louis Tracy and the world's most prominent writers; they also sell the NATIONAL MAGAZINE during the third week of the month, as the NEWS-LETTER is sold in the first week of the month. These boys of ours seem to have a rare

capacity for work and some write of the time when they are coming to Boston to see Joe Chapple and "talk it over."

"The Chapple plant on Dorchester Avenue, Boston, is putting on more steam," recently announced a friendly contemporary. We want our friends to know that the extra "steam" has come largely through the efforts of the lively, keen-eyed, bright-faced lads who carry the NEWS-LETTER pouch. It is a rare distinction to be known through the medium of our bright-faced, energetic boys. They

scout for big trade, and always render service that creates and increases business.

We are getting baseball outfits for our boys and scout kits are also under consideration. Some day I hope it will be my good fortune to have some of the boys from the different states and territories come with me to attend a presidential inauguration at Washington. Sometime also I would like to take some of them on a trip to Europe or to Panama. The company of boys makes the spirit of youth infectious, and as long as I can maintain a buoyant spirit and the enthusiasm of boyhood days, I am going to enjoy life to the full, just because I know boys.



CHARLES H. GREEN
Chief of Department of Manufactures
Panama Pacific Exposition

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